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The Overland Monthly

and

Out West Magazine

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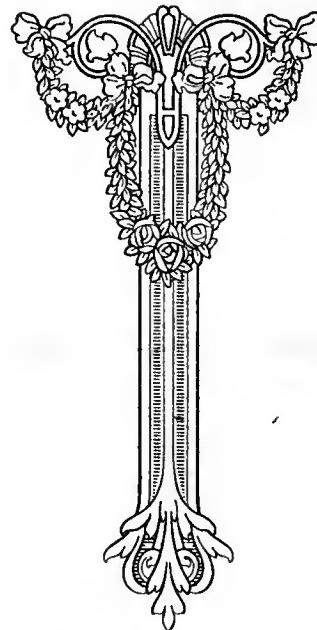
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OVERLAND MONTHLY



FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868
AND THE
OUT WEST MAGAZINE
CONSOLIDATED



If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money

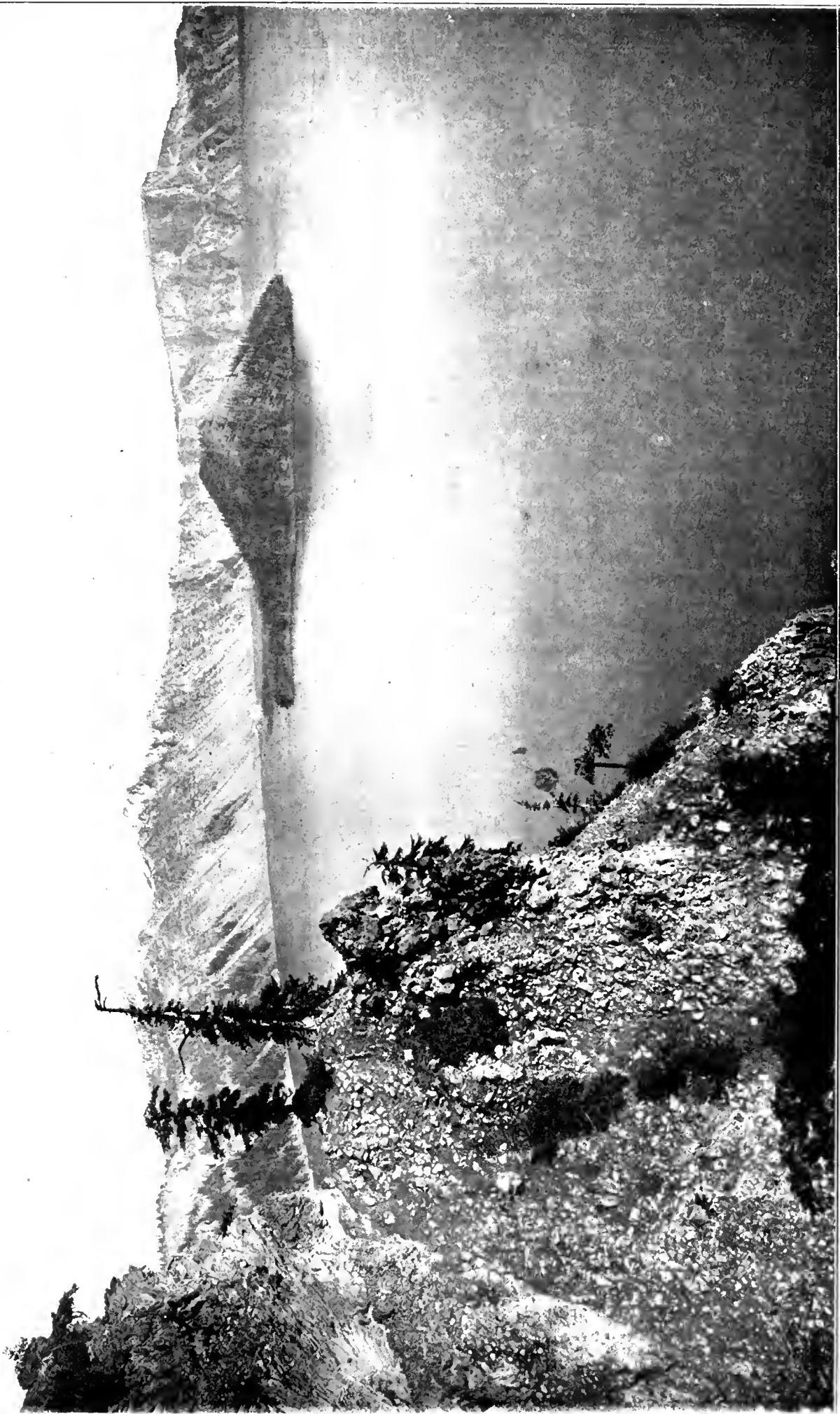
which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service





Crater Lake and Wizard Island—a masterpiece in the world's gallery of natural architecture.—The waters of this wonderful lake are 2000 feet deep and are as clear as crystal.

The Shrine of Song

and Other Poems

Written Expressly for This Number

On Reading George Sterling's Ode to Shelley

By Laura Bell Everett

Thanks to you, Bard, your song is such as he,
The West Wind, might have poured in rhythmic surge.
Peace to his ashes by the Tiber verge.
Time shall remember that by this far sea,
You sang and built a monument to be
His westmost cenotaph, no weary dirge,
But fervent ode, whose ecstasy shall purge
The mind of all that is not poesy.

Sing yet again—sing through the war's abyss;
Sing through the jungle of material days
And through the dark morass of vicious woe;
Show us the beauty that we hold, yet miss,
The starshine lambent on penumbral ways,—
In vibrant measures sweeter than we know.

The Summit

By Harry Noyes Pratt

Out of the mist of the mountains that clamber
Blue-black and silent against skies of amber
Into the white of eternal snow's shriving;
Ultimate peak of the earth's stolid striving.

Up where the sea of white peaks wildly tossing
Beats at my feet in the turmoil of crossing—
Up where the bowl of the heavens' wide spreading
Seems but the goal of the fierce eagle's heading;

Here is forgotten gross earth and its passion.
Here is re-birth into new life. We fashion
Out of the mold of the old, new beginning.
This is attainment; the goal and its winning.

The Shrine of Song

By Herbert Bashford

Come with me! Fear not to follow!
Some old trail shall lead us there
To the ancient hill and hollow
Far beyond the Gates of Care.

Through the wood as we go wending
What rare music shall be heard—
Lyrics in the sweet, unending
Conference of bough and bird!

Song of cedar shall awaken
Faith unknown to city mart;
Greed and Envy shall be shaken
Like old shackles from the heart.

There the south wind softly blowing
Fans the wild rose to a flame,
And the river, seaward flowing,
Signs in silver Beauty's name.

We shall find those leafy portals
Where the summer days are long,
Only known to dreaming mortals
Who would seek the Shrine of Song.

Pele

By Jane Comstock

O Pele, pagan goddess of the world,
Alluring in your flaming garments dressed!
Should lover's kiss upon your mouth be pressed;
Love's hands caress your ruddy tresses curled;
Or toy with your mantle's flame unfurled;

Or pillow'd be his head upon your breast;

Or rest he in your burning arms caressed;

Swift is his soul by your endearments hurled

To endless torment. Pity you have not.

To love you is but torture—endless pain;

You give but fire where parched earth pleads for rain.

Yet have you place 'within Creation's plot,

As seething cauldron to fair garden spot;

As hell to heaven;—you point the contrast plain.

A Tale of Calaveras in '58

A Serial

By Honoria Tuomey

"**T**HE divvil be from me! but if iver that Chinee gang comes down here an' robs me sluice boxes like they done over to Tim R-r-rafferty's claim, I'll be afther goin' up there and tyin' all them pigtails in a ha-r-r-rd knot an' droppin' the whole dommed kit in the Mokelumne—the divvil be from me if I don't!"

Mr. Michael Kalaher, owner of the "Garryowen" placer mine, situated on the south bank of the Mokelumne River, and in the County of Calaveras, swung aloft his powerful arms and brandished his sledge-like fists as, in the language and manner of his Irish forbears, he invoked exorcism before uttering a dire threat.

"Ivery ounce did them yellah specimens o'humanity shteaL from Tim—may the bad luck go with it! An' him havin' to be diggin' out o' the bowels o' the earth fer to keep the wifeen an' the babbies."

He stooped, and picking up the two buckskin sacks he had just finished filling with freshly washed gold, hefted them slowly and solemnly till his wrists ached with the weight of them.

"God love us, but 'tis the gr-r-reat luck I had, the day," the monologue went on, now in tones vibrant with the emotions of a pounding heart. "A couple more o' them potholes o' this, an' 'tis Mike Kalaher'll be a r-r-rich man!" The salmon hue of sunburn on his shining countenance deepened to the crimson of a manly blush: "An' thin, I'll be afther sendin' back for Tessie, an' we'll take up the gr-r-rand far-r-m down be the coast, far enough away from this wild, murdherin', minin' land." Now returned the flame of just wrath to the keen blue eyes: "If ary thief—yellah, black, white er brindle—sets foot on the 'Garryowen' claim—well, God help him if I gets me hand on him! 'Tis not fer the likes of them scruff, is it, faith, that Tim an' me an' more of us be toilin' and shtrivin', but for the sake o' them that's dear to us."

It may be stated here that as Michael recited the foregoing list of racial colors, he had in mind the variegated population of the mining region, of which the questionable "brindle" type formed not the least portion, while the despised "yellah" element figured largely.

Wading into the shoal waters of the river, Mike thrashed his feet about, to wash his high boots clean of the day's accumulation of mud. His spirits were rising within him as the tides of the sea rise, in a deep,

full, strong flood, as his thoughts dwelt on the imminent prospect of his achieving fortune in gold and love. "If me luck houlds, it's home I'll be afther goin', an' fetch out Tessie meself. Shure, an' it's no fit thravelin' fer her, ner fer ary lone, daicent woman, all the way from the ould country to California—that it's not."

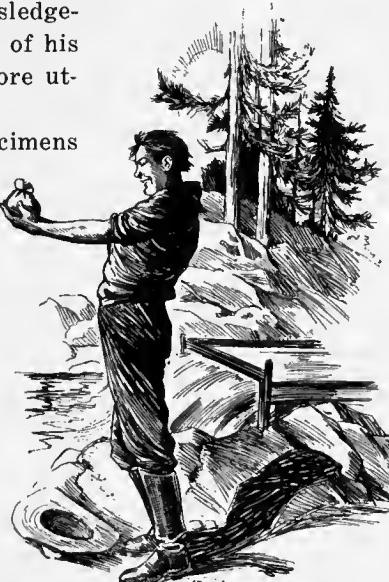
His eye twinkled, and it was with a guilty grin that he muttered as he gave his boots a last noisy swashing about in the stream: "Ye know right well, Mike Kalaher, ye'll be wantin' to go home an' show off yer riches, an' carry off Tessie away from all the other lads—ye know it right well!" He chuckled at his own roguishness as he stamped up the bank.

Lifting the precious sacks, Kalaher took the beaten path to his little weathered cabin, that stood with its rear toward a group of young pines, and its front toward the river; and busy as was his mind with new thoughts of great moment, he did not fail to let his gaze rest with affection on his small lone home—the dun shanty, the green setting, the wild garden of gay blossoms now closing their petals to sleep in their bed of ferns.

Turning at his door, as every outdoor soul does involuntarily for a parting look at earth and sky before entering within enclosing walls, Mike mutely saluted the fair sunset heavens, the silvery river traveling musically in purple shadow, the rough, sunlit heights beyond. It was upon the mountains his gaze lingered longest and most tenderly, and a mist dimmed the sparkle in his eye. "They remind me o' the Reeks. If I go home, I'll be takin' what's left o' the boys, an' we'll be afther climbin' once more the ould Knob." Something in his throat choked the big Kerryman, and he got out of his sentimental, homesick mood by stalking forthwith into the cabin and commencing his regular evening wrangle with the pots and pans.

But the clatter of cooking utensils was accompanied by whistling in high, melodious tones, this eventful evening; and the one tune running in his head and piped forth from his puckered lips, was the lilting march that Mike loved best, and which, in consequence, he had bestowed on the mining claim wherein he had hoped to discover his fortune—"Garryowen."

It is not in the nature of any honest, generous, social human being to hug happiness and the joy of good for-



He stooped and picked up two buckskin sacks.

tune selfishly to his secret bosom. Prudence may demand that the cause for rejoicing be kept hidden; but there must be some outward signs and manifestations of the happy inner state. Michael Kalaher, his pots and

Mike began preparations for shaving.



pans having served in the preparation of his tasteful supper—for he was a born cook—and been duly polished again and put away, could not bring himself to settle down to his pipe and book, as was his wont in his solitary home. The desire to communicate his high spirits to some congenial fellow soul, to let tried friends share at least the effervescence of the ebullition of joyous emotions within him, became too strong to resist.

"Michael me boy, put by the book, the night," Kalaher ordered himself; "put by, an' be afther strollin' up the river an' spendin' the evenin' with the boys. 'Tis the fine celebr-r-ration ye ought to be givin' yer friends, afther yer day's luck," and Michael proceeded to obey his injunction to himself.

With a reverence always manifest when he touched it, Kalaher lifted his treasured "Life of Washington" and replaced it on the tiny bookshelf to keep company with the half dozen other books ensconced there. Michael had spent the first year of his residence in America as coachman for an attorney-at-law, whose wife took a kindly interest in her faithful Irish help, and taught them, men and maids alike, to read and to write. And when in the course of events they departed from her household to seek their fortunes in farther fields, this true disciple of the Father of His Country gave to each a well-bound volume of that great character's life, also a few other choice books, that the young mind should have some sound and upbuilding reading as information and balance while battling with the obstacles and dangers of those cruder days of the republic. And the name of Mrs. Warner Jerome was called blessed by those she served for love, and who served her for both love and livelihood. From Michael Kalaher's brogue-touched tongue came "Missuz War-r-rner Jer-r-rome" with a roll

of relish, at every turn of conversation about "The States," and he invariably added, "God go with her!"

Tossing off his workday coat, Mike began preparations for shaving, for, disliking equally all the prevailing styles in whiskers, he wore none of them. "Give me a clean mug," he would say, "like the Pope and Giner-r-ral Washin'ton, an' none o' yer mustashes, ner side chops, ner blackenin' brushes, ner mess o' beard. Shure, wouldn't the Pope be the rar-r-re picture with a scrub o' a blackenin' brush on his chin, an' think o' Washin'ton with one o' thim trailin' mustashes hangin' over his mouth—faith, 'tis enough to give ye pain to be afther con-tem-platin' such a thing—it is, that."

As the shaving proceeded the drollery of Kalaher subsided, and stern marks of thought appeared on the young man's face as the razor scraped it clear of its mask of lather. The corners of the mouth were bowed downward, and the glance was cast sidewise in the direction of the dusky space beneath the table. A boot toe moved into the apparently vacant darkness there till it pressed the knobby sacks. But even as a shock of joy and exultation thrilled him at the contact, the bowed lips remained firmly shut, and a frown of deep concern sat between the slanted eyes.

Michael Kalaher had begun to develop into a man of large responsibilities and plans since that hour of a day not yet past, when, with shovel and with bare, desperately eager hands, he had scooped up half a splendid fortune out of an innocent-looking, gently gurgling, wimpling pool within the lines of his claim on the



"Thank ye kindly," responded Mike, sealing himself.

river's margin, and felt confident he could scoop up the other half, or better, out of similar pools to which he held the rights.

The instincts common to all mankind were strong in this husky, virile young Celt—a mate and a fireside, a bit of the earth's fair surface, means to live well and enjoy a share of the manifold blessings of this life,

and something to offer those less fortunate—these were his dreams; and a normal Celt is the world's greatest dreamer along normal lines, being the prodigal child of Hope. Now, a fear new to him, had seized upon Michael Kalaher—a fear that by craft and stealth he should be bereft of his newly won wealth by miscreants, especially the, to him grotesque and utterly outlandish but diabolically cunning "Chineemen," as they were called in the mining country. In the excess of his suddenly awakened sense of caution, he compressed his lips tightly and permitted no more of the sociable half-aloud chatting with himself, lest some sneaking seeker after his gold have an attentive ear held close to his door crack.

The shaving done with, Mike, still with the strange new manner on him, put on his old hat and coat, blew out his candle, and listened at his door. Not a sound but the river's liquid voices, still chattering softly in the night. Noiselessly he unbolted the door, peered into the darkness, listened again. No sight or sound to alarm. He stepped outside and stood. Nothing to see or hear amiss. Returning within doors, he groped for the sacks, came out again, closed the door, and hastened away in the gloom.

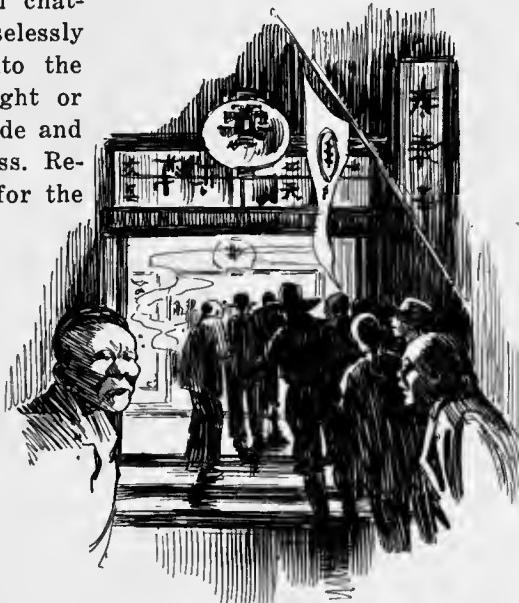
CA C H E ! Why the divvil they calls it a cache when it's not cash yet, beats Mike Kalaher to—whist! ye dommed omadhaun!" Clap went both Mike's large palms over his mouth while he shot fearful glances at barred door and window, and listened with straining ears. The sputtering of the candle was the only sound audible; there was no evidence of eavesdroppers nigh to catch his incautious outburst in three languages.

"Michael," he breathed behind his hands, his eyes rolling and his whole frame in a convulsion of suppressed laughter, "Michael, me boy, be afther bitin' off the tip of that tongue! Oh, be all the angels an' saints, it's no wonder I'm no better'n cr-r-azy the night! First, me shtrike in that pothole—God bless us, an' keep it up! —an' then me goin' home for Tessie—faith, I'll do that same if I have to be afther crossin' all the oceans o' the earth an' keep nothin' down but a cr-r-racker a day—an' thin the thoughts o' thim yellah, dried up, shwarms of Chinee pigtails with their thievlin' an' sluice robbin' an' final, says I, the neat hidin' place I took for thim buckskin sacks—shure, it's the gr-r-reat acthor I'll be havin' to be from now on—for it's Michael Kalaher'll thrust no man's tongue seeing he can't thrust his own, be the law! An' now I'll be takin' the thrail fer the town beyant."

San Andreas appeared an irregular double row of lighted squares against the blackness of the night to Mike Kalaher, approaching along the county road. It

was near nine o'clock, and the town all alive and well warmed up for its usual evening's diversions. Every square of candle-glow showed its dark silhouettes of men moving about or sitting at gambling tables. Every open doorway was busy with a stream of men entering and departing—nearly all roughly clad miners. Sounds of music and the shuffling of many feet came from several places. There was much noisy talking, and an occasional convivial yell, to enliven the dim main street. Two mustangs tied to the rail in front of Hank Beamish's saloon were carrying on an argument in a peevish temper, and, just as Kalaher was passing them, both suddenly squealed something that must have meant in bronco parlance, "Quit yer talkin' an' go to fightin'", and four hind legs were flung into combat, there was a wild fusillade of vicious kicks, then a teetary prancing in a half circle till bared teeth could snatch for wicked bites, then again the teetary prancing in a semi-circle till heels battered endurated hides, then again teeth, again heels, the while Michael from the peaceful dingles of ancient civilized Killarney, stood and watched.

"That ye mightn't!" he finally exclaimed, "that ye mightn't, ye pair o' on-civilized imitations o' horses. Ye an' all the r-r-rest o' this outlandish countrhy be well met, faith, ye a-r-re."



Through the surging tide of yellow men that filled the premises of the Chinese Theatre.

PROCEEDING along the sidewalk till he came to "Frenchy's" place, Mike entered and walked direct toward a table in an inner corner, where sat three men, smoking and talking

quietly. They were garbed in miner's clothes.

"Evenin', gentlemen," interrupted the beaming owner of the "Garryowen." "Evenin', Tommy, you rascal! Pether, me boy, how a-r-re ye, anyway? Andy, 'tis good to see ye!" He grasped each outstretched hand in turn. "An' here's me own chair waitin' fer me, like one o' the family."

"Kalaher, man, 'tis yerself's the welcome sight. Sit down, sit down, an' what'll ye have to dhrink?" Tommy was beckoning the waiter.

"Murdher, Mike, but 'tis you's lookin' the fine ould lad, the night," from Peter. "Fetch on a jorum o' punch," to the waiting barkeeper's assistant, "an' have it sthrong enough fer this starvin' young laddiebuck."

"An' maybe 't will make him tell us, be the same token, what's afther puttin' that grin across his mug," laughed Andy, the observant.

Which latter remark had the effect of fixing the grin on Michael's face, but throttling the secret in his throat. It will be seen that his friend Andy was trusting as well

Ruminations by an Outside Californian

By Vernon Kellogg

OF course, once Californian, always Californian. One doesn't have to be born a Native Son to be a son of California. California is a generous adopter of sons—and daughters. She is an abundant foster-mother. So in her large family are many who have come from such foreign parts as New England and Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and other regions less favored than California by an inscrutable Providence. As one of these adopted sons, who for his sins, is now compelled to pass most of his time in outer darkness, that is, outside of California, I feel like bursting occasionally into poetic rhapsodies in praise of my foster-mother. However, even with all the special privileges and opportunities that the present acception of free verse offers those who cannot write real verse, I still have to confine my rhapsodizing to prose, and an awkward and halting prose at that. And finally, as a man of scientific training and manner of speech, I cannot even—without much embarrassment—indulge in prose rhapsodizings; I can only reminisce and ruminate.

I once made a trip of 300 miles by rowboat through the heart of the California-Arizona desert. One doesn't think at first of a rowboat as a vehicle for traveling in the desert. But traveling by rowboat is, nevertheless, a particularly easy and pleasant way of seeing the heart of the desert. Our little group of desert explorers got into the boat on the Colorado River at The Needles and left it at Yuma, after making, leisurely and comfortably, such a fascinating desert journey as cannot be made elsewhere in the world.

Then I remember an especially joyous ramble—by carriage under the guidance of David Starr Jordan; it was in the leisurely days when one did something less than two or three hundred miles a day by gasoline—through the Northern Sierra, the Sierra of the Mother Lode and of Bret Harte. We made acquaintance with Bumpas' Hell, we climbed Mt. Lassen and we lived, in retrospect, in the days of placer-mining and Hank Monk.

As a change from boating and driving, I toured Lake County and the Sonoma and Napa Valleys by bicycle, and I sat on the dump at Silverado where Stevenson once sat and surveyed a world of beauty.

Down the rough coast from Point Pinos to Point Sur I walked, as preparation for later stiffer trampings in the High Sierra of the Kings and Kern regions. Here I hunted over unnamed, hence presumably unclimbed mountains, and gave myself the distinction of naming Mt. Rixford, just over Lake Charlotte near Kearsarge Pass. For a whole week of nearly continuous rain a companion and I sat close in camp under the Kearsarge Pinnacles waiting for the stones to stop rolling so we could climb University of California Peak which towers so nobly above Independence.

Well, there were others—many others—of these eye-filling, lung-expanding, brain-clearing rambles over and among what my old friend Professor Jenkins used to call the physical features of California.

But there are other features of my foster-mother no less worth knowing than her physical ones. She has such a hospitable big heart, such an independent bright mind, such a mercurial joyous temperament, that the name of her means to me much more than climate and oranges and mountains and gold, and great warm valleys and wheat. There is California — and there are The States. She is not in revolt; she is not a rebel; but she is different, self-contained, self-satisfied — sometimes probably a little too self-satisfied.

One likes her non-conformity. One loves her cheerful optimism and independence. One longs to feel her "winds of freedom blow." It is cruel to be a Californian, shut away from California. There is no homesickness like the homesickness for California. But there is one joy about being a Californian out of California. One has always the joy of knowing that she is there to go back to. And that is an entirely sufficient reason for continuing to live.

Since July, 1868, the Overland Monthly has been a factor in the literary and commercial life of the Pacific Coast. Bret Harte, Mark Twain and a group of writers known the world over, made the Overland famous. At the time when the Atlantic Monthly, Scribners and Harpers were practically the only well known magazines published east of the Mississippi, the Overland was making a place for itself, not only in this country but in England.

And now, founded upon the spirit and purpose of these early literary pioneers, the Overland, with this issue, begins a new era. It is with great satisfaction that we bring to our readers the enlarged Overland, and consolidated with it, the Out West Magazine which has played such a part in the development of the Great Southwest.

It is with appreciation too, that we acknowledge the assistance of scores of men and women, East and West, whose loyalty and inspiration are guarantee of abundant success.—(EDITOR.)

Messages of Appreciation



"Somewhere in France," February 20, 1923.

I greatly regret that it was impossible for me to deliver a message in time for the initial number of the new-old Overland. I love the magazine. Before ever I met Jack London, my people were connected with it. And Jack's association with it endears it beyond all other reasons for endearment. I am vastly interested in its rejuvenation, and in that of Out West. Once I was a contributor to the latter in the days when I pioneered in "cross-saddle riding." So earnest was I in bringing into good repute the sensible method of horreback riding for women, that I took up pen in its defense. After one article in the San Francisco Examiner, I essayed another in Out West. The combination of these two monthlies seems a wise and interesting experiment, and I look to its great success.

Once, for a brief period in my girlhood, I was one of the editorial department of the Overland. If I remember aright, my official title was Assistant Sub-Scissors. So it will be seen that I have claim upon many good memories of the "cradle of Bret Harte" and other immortals of the West.

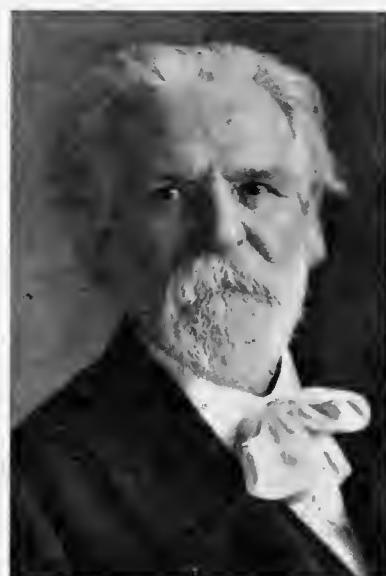
I send you a world of good wishes for success with the new magazine.

Sincerely,
CHARMIAN LONDON.

BOHEMIAN CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO

I am, naturally, interested in the news of the rejuvenation of the "Overland," and wish you all success with it. The effort to restore the Overland to its former glories has my entire approval. Its tradition is too noble a one to be willingly lost.

Sincerely,
GEORGE STERLING.



*West New Brighton,
New York*

Heartiest hopes for the coming back of the old Overland and Out West. The wonderful beauty of our Pacific shore, the nobility and daring of our people, demand original, vivid expression. We have a fine beginning. Clear the way, cheer the way for song and story and glory.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Pele, Goddess of Kilauea

By Junius C. Hoag and Ernest B. Hoag

THE traditions of the Hawaiians and those of the Polynesians in general are as replete with interest as those of any primitive peoples. In their original form they have come down to us in crude though not unpoetic style and in language quite unknown to the great world until comparatively recent times; this language, too, is not easily translatable, for it abounds in terms conveying double meanings.

The folk-lore of Germany and Scandinavia, long since polished by master minds, is now enjoyed by all the world in the form of beautiful songs, poems, dramas and operas, as well as in such delightful tales as those crystallized in lasting form by Hans Christian Anderson of Denmark and the Grimm brothers of Germany. As poor, toiling writers, the Grimms attained little success until, listening to the ancient stories as related by the wife of one of the brothers, they conceived the idea of gathering up the curious fragments of traditions and weaving them together in garlands of imperishable beauty, whereby they obtained a lasting place in the literature of their country. The Hawaiian stories have been retold by various lovers of the myths and traditions of the islands, but it can hardly be said that any one of them has received as yet the polish required to make of it a literary gem. The material is abundant, for the unlettered dwellers in the "Paradise of the Pacific" have peopled rugged mountains, fertile valleys, dreadful craters, dense forests, turbid streams, and azure waters with a multitude of fantastic creatures which were very real to them and directed most of the activities of their daily lives. So numerous are their legends that the natives tell us that there is hardly a well marked spot upon all the Islands that is without its story of enchantment. Sometime, perhaps, an American Anderson or Grimm will string a necklace of Hawaiian stories, each one a pearl of the Pacific.

The religious beliefs of all primitive peoples appear to have had much in common; thus the manifestations of Nature in her various phases and moods, suggests to the untutored mind the presence of deities, generally hostile to their designs and therefore to be placated. The unknown heavens above them, with their far-away celestial bodies; the earth upon which they live, struggling for an existence with predatory beasts and with the forces of nature, quite uncontrollable by them; the sea beneath them, with its furious storms; the winds, the thunder, the lightning, the earthquakes, the volcanoes and tidal waves all supply materials from which ignorance attempts to create beings more or less tangible to their senses and approachable in their fears. Nothing could be more natural, therefore, than the

Hawaiians' conception of the goddess Pele, who was supposed to preside over the volcanoes of Hawaii, and who took up her final abode at Kilauea.

Pele shakes the firm earth; she darkens the skies with vast eruptions of smoke and ashes; she illuminates the skies with her burnings; she pours out red, molten lava in living streams that destroy forests, lands and homes. Her incandescent lava flows with a devastating power, sometimes unchecked until the deep, cold water of the sea far beyond the shore-line destroys its awful heat, and converts it into waterfalls of stone, or even rocky promontories. To the primitive Hawaiian mind, Pele approached nearer than any of the other many deities. They know she dwelt in the fiery heart of the mountain, when they saw her dancing in the flames, riding the molten lava on her surf-board and shrieking in demoniacal laughter. We still see her jewels in the curious olivines that glisten like diamonds when we pick them up from the surface of the hardened lava, and tufts of her blond hair, wafted from the crater when the lava fountains burst from their pent up gases, and light masses of silky glass filaments are tossed here and there; and her tears in the curious black tear-like crystals which lie about in little heaps where she has shed them.

The sated tourist of today, who no longer seems capable of any form of enthusiasm, thrills at once to the majesty of Pele. Like women of all ages, her moods vary. She is never twice alike. The spectator always wonders what she will do next. The natives have always watched her but never understood; but of late years trained scientists, vulcanologists they are called, are living in intimate touch with Pele and she is no longer a Goddess of Mystery but a natural phenomenon of unceasing scientific interest. Scientists have sounded the depths of the molten lava in the great fire pit, Halemaumau; they have measured the enormous heat of the burning mass; their delicate instruments record every throb of Pele's heart and predict her actions. Her various moods, hitherto so subtle, are now being interpreted by trained minds. At last some of her vagaries can be anticipated. Most interesting of all is the fact that every movement of Pele is recorded in lasting form by photography, while her more active manifestations are being rendered capable of reproduction by means of motion picture films and photographs from aeroplanes.

ALTHOUGH Pele for centuries was the most respected and feared of all the Hawaiian deities, she was not a goddess in origin. She began life as a mortal of noble and priestly lineage, upon one of the islands of the far South Pacific, probably Tahiti, or Samoa. The head of

her family having been slain in battle, Pele, together with her brothers and sisters and a considerable number of followers, made their way northward in canoes, landing finally upon the Island of Hawaii, in about the year 1175 A. D. Here they took up their residence among the foothills of Mauna Loa, that lofty mountain upon whose slope lies the volcano Kilauea. At the time of their arrival a great volcanic eruption was in progress and in the preceding year an extensive lava-flow had occurred a few miles to the westward, the molten stream having even made its way to the sea many miles distant. It was by reason of these occurrences that the newcomers found it an easy matter to obtain a suitable location for settlement, the original dwellers having abandoned their homes through fear of the great volcano's power. At this time Pele's family comprised two brothers and two sisters; later on, after the deification of Pele, some of her other followers shared in her glory and the family was considered as comprising five deified brothers and eight sacred sisters. To all these were ascribed various supernatural powers as indicated by their curious names, all of which, with true fidelity to Hawaiian detail, have been preserved in traditional history. Thus one of the brothers was called Makore-wawah-i-waw, signifying the Fiery-eyed-canoe-breaker, while a sister bore the imposing name of Hiata-hoi-te-pori-a-Pele, or the Cloud-holder-kissing-the-bosom-of-Pele. Moho, the eldest son and titular head of the family, was known as Kamoho-arii, or King Moho, the kind of stream. Owing to the boldness with which these new people took up their residence where others feared to dwell, they were soon considered to enjoy the special protection of the deities, while their actions were credited to supernatural agencies.

Contented with their lot the settlers lived in peace and harmony in the valleys back of Keauhou, until, at last they were rudely disturbed by the appearance of a hideous savage, called Kamapuaa, together with a band of followers. Kamapuaa, afterwards feared as a monster of supernatural powers, was the descendent of a great chief named Huma, who likewise had emigrated from one of the islands far to the south and had settled on the Island of Maui half a century before the time when Pele reached Hawaii. Kamapuaa's mother was Hina, wife of Opalana, a chief of the Island of Oahu. Opalana had a young and handsome brother who became enamored of the fair wife of his brother and when Hina gave birth to a boy, the jealous chief refused to recognize him as his son and named him Kamapuaa, or Hog-child. When the boy grew to manhood he became a powerful chief and leader of men, but his reputed father ever looked upon him with bitter hatred and finally, unable longer to abide his presence, he drove him away from his district under penalty of death should he return. Before his departure, his alleged father's brother, the handsome Kahikiula, presented him with a fine spear tipped with bone, while his mother threw over his shoulders a beautiful feather cape and hung around his neck a palaoa, a curious ornament carved from the tooth

of a whale, both of these articles being significant of high rank.

Kamapuaa made a home in a rocky cave in the hills, where he soon surrounded himself with a hardy band of reckless followers who preyed upon their more honest neighbors, stealing their food and even destroying the fish nets and canoes belonging to Opalana. To give himself the appearance of a desperado and thus live up to his name, he had himself tattooed in black, shaved his head and face in resemblance to bristles and wore a hog-skin over his shoulders. The operations of these lawless men being carried on in darkness, their identity was at first unknown and the kahunas, or sorcerers, were called upon to detect them. Guards having been set for their apprehension, they were finally detected in the act of destroying a great fish-pond, were driven away but secretly followed. Opalana then sent a force of warriors to destroy the marauders in their stronghold, but these were all killed except one man, who was sent back with a message of defiance. A force of 600 warriors was finally sent out to attack them. Unable to withstand such an army, Kamapuaa's band retreated into the higher hills where many assaults were frustrated by the shrewdness of the leader. On one occasion destruction was avoided by a quick retreat across a steep chasm, the escape being so cleverly effected that the traditional account made it appear that Kamapuaa assumed the form of a gigantic hog, spanned the cañon and gave passage over his back to all his followers. The spot where this occurred is pointed out to this day and it is said that the footprints of the monster-hog can still be seen in the rocks. In the end, numbers prevailed, Kamapuaa's forces were surrounded and annihilated, their leader being reserved for sacrifice. A sacrificial altar was erected before which Hina, the mother of the victim, pleaded for the life of her son; but Opalana was implacable. The events that followed are recorded in great detail, but in the end Kamapuaa escaped, with the collusion of the priests; these had bound him and had pretended to kill him in the usual manner, by blows on the head, after which he was smeared with blood of a fowl and placed upon the altar. The high priest then pretended to remove the left eye from the victim's body, as the customary offering made to a victorious chief, but in this instance the eye of a hog was substituted and sent on a tray to Opalana who affected to eat it, as was usual upon these occasions, and then advanced alone to the altar; here he gazed for a time upon his victim and then turned away, but in that moment Kamapuaa sprang from the altar and seizing an ivory dagger (pahoa), left beside him by the priest for this very purpose, slew the chief by plunging the dagger into his back. Then grasping a huge axe of stone he challenged the warriors to assail him; but they, overcome with awe and excitement, refused to attack him and silently retired with the body of their chief.

AFTER this Kamapuaa rallied around him another band, but incessantly pursued by his enemies, he crossed the mountains and finally with fifty followers,

(Continued on page 39)

Winter Trails in Enchanted Lands

By Charles Griffin Plummer

With Photographs by the Author

ACH time I have made a pilgrimage to our own Bryce Cañon, Utah, I have sought out a particular up-standing rim-remnant at the edge of that polychromatic amphitheatre—and faced toward the east.

This point is the highest portion of the rim of the Parunuweap Plateau in this vicinity, separates the Great Basin from the Colorado Plateau and is about 8,000 feet above the sea.

Go back about a half a thousand million years and take your aeroplane with you. Go into the air somewhere below central Wyoming and fly south and southwest about 1,000 miles. As far as you can see on either hand the unfissured, undulating plateau of the Colorado drainage basin will be spread out before you.

Hop off today from the same point. Look down, down, ever down and you will see where this vast surface has become eroded to the depth of several miles. You will see an inextricable maze of rock-walled gorges and cañons, some knife-like crevices, others wide washes, which slash the upturned face of this wonder region. Everywhere one is reminded that those magic workmen, wind and water, have been unceasingly employed throughout this unappreciable period of time. But the strangely resistant character of the rock bedding in portions of the plateau still permits jagged, rugged remnants to project upward from 7,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level.

Standing thus upon my favorite lookout my eyes encompassed an arc of more than 90 degrees of transcendent scenic beauty, unrivaled anywhere, extending from a point beyond the Colorado boundary in an easterly direction, southward to where I failed longer to discern distant objects west of the San Francisco Mountains, on the very edge of the Grand Cañon in Arizona.

Although they were enveloped in the mystical haze of the far-away, I was able approximately to make out

the Escalante Mountains, the San Rafael Swell, the Henry Mountains, the Wahweap, Smoky Mountain, the Warm Creek Country, Brigham's Plains, the "Sand Hills," (Pahrea Plateau in Arizona) the White Pockets, Lee's Ferry, "Robbers' Roost," the Crossing of the Fathers, Buckskin Mountains in Arizona, (the Kaibab Plateau) Pahrea Box Cañon, the Pink Cliffs, romance-enshrouded Navajo Mountain, mountain of mystery, and many other regions of cow-punching and sheepherding fame, about which I had heard so many weird tales around waning camp fires, and along the steep, winding trails leading off into the unknown.

Surely this was a panorama of illusive beauty and enchantment which spread itself so enticingly before me!

Because Tropic, Utah, nestles so unpretentiously in the very jaws of beauty-scared Bryce Cañon, thus making a natural gateway into those unvisited regions east, southeast and south, I concluded to outfit there.

With team, saddle and pack animals we set out early one November day not long ago for three months in an unconquerable territory of enchanted, desert-crowned mesas and ascent-

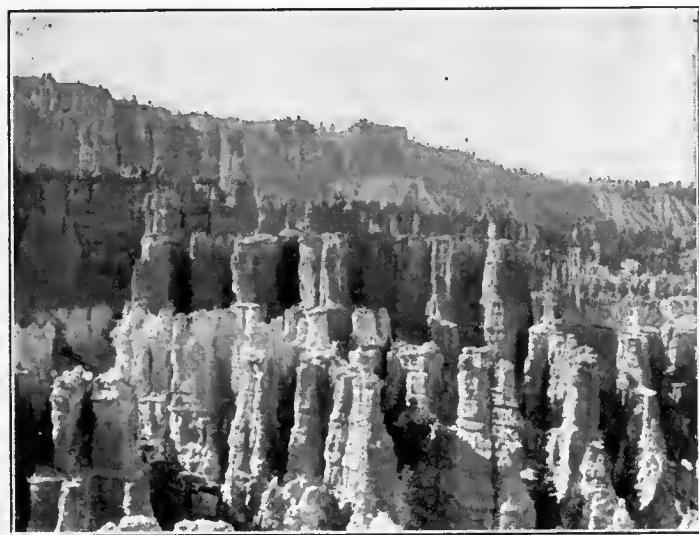
defying box cañons in southern Utah, northern Arizona and western New Mexico.

As we laboriously made our way down the middle of the stream in the Pahrea Box Cañon, fording the shallow stream 135 times in about 40 miles, we passed the birthplaces of several natural bridges which in later centuries will be sure to become objects of wonder and attractiveness to those having the temerity to seek them out.

There is but the one trail or road leading into or going out of those shut-in places, the one made by the earliest Utah pioneers, or those short-cuts known only to the Navajos and Utes, for this is Indian country in its original barbaric state. Only these native Americans



Cathedral Spires in the Campbell Creek Arm of Bryce Cañon.



A Close-up Summer View near South Rim of Bryce Cañon.

made their way about the region with a familiarity that is the wonder and amazement of travelers who have today traversed these nearly inaccessible passes and waterless mesas, since the time when such explorations began to be made.

Dry washes of great depth, walled in by precipitous cliffs and ledges which only a bird can scale, bar one's egress on either side of the Pahrea.

Going from the old town of Pahrea, never more than a collection of several rude shacks, across Telegraph Flat and the very head of the Buckskin Gulch which later cuts its way straight through the Buckskin Mountain miles southeast, down Kimball Valley and into Johnson Run, with the Kaibab Forest to the south and the pink-cliffed sky-line of Escalante, Bryce, Cedar Breaks and other flashily colored ledge uplifts glittering to the north, we journeyed toward Kanab, the metropolis of southern Utah.

When we could not find a wagon-way into any region we desired to explore, we went with pack train and saddle horses. When the way was too rough and rugged for four-footed creatures we shouldered cameras and pack outfits and tramped. This paid wonderfully for it contacted many almost inaccessible spots which gave forth geologic, archaeologic and photographic wonders of great beauty and value.

Side cañons of Johnson Cañon yielded much cliff dwelling materials of intense interest to me and gave forth information telling the story of the daily lives of these prehistoric inhabitants with a trueness to detail which is amazing.

On more than one short pack-train tour miles away from Zion National Park to the east and south, we were privileged to look long and lovingly upon her peaked-rims glitteringly beautiful in their winter haze

of crimson-violet as the sun slowly sank out of sight. More than at any other time the silent sentinels guarding the Great Temple of the Sinawava, far down between perpendicular walls of red sand stone in the cañon of the park, seemed to invite the traveler to bide a while in the midst of their mystic grandeur.

They appeared to be "just over there" as we traversed the mesa which separates Kanab Cañon from Long Valley to the east. But a positively impenetrable box cañon through which runs the Virgin River drove us around eastward across the "Arizona Strip," over the Great Plains east of Hurricane, Utah, from which point we dropped down into the Virgin River wash at Rockville, Utah, and proceeded Zion-ward over the state highway.

A week of winter exploration of Zion National Park, her cliff dwellings, petrified forest, far into the "Narrows," out on to the rim we were in bitter cold and driving snows, but down on the floor of Zion it was quite semi-tropic,—much like middle October,—all entranced us beyond expression.

Every cow-puncher in southern Utah told wondrous tales of the "Sand Hills," off southeast in northern Arizona, so toward that region of silence, aridity and mystic glamour we turned our faces.

Nearly 400 square miles compose this up-standing plateau whose summit may be reached only from the west. Along its northern border flows the Pahrea River, carrying the waters right from the heart of Bryce Cañon and other heads away to the north and northwest. A perpendicular wall of sandstone 1,800 feet above the brim of the Colorado River Cañon forms the eastern boundary of this desert plateau. To the south and west are Houserock Valley and Coyote Flat.

From the eastern rim of the "Sand Hills," one may



The winding course of the Pahrea River just before it enters the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry.

look down upon the junction of the Colorado River and the Pahrea River at Lee's Ferry. Here we crossed the Colorado on a big ferry boat and landed on the Navajo reservation more than 1000 feet below the rim-rock of the high plateau above the cañon of the Colorado River.

The old-time "Bar-Z" cattle ranch is located in Houserock Valley and the company uses the ferry at this point for transportation of thousands of head of white-face cattle onto the reservation for trail into Mexico.

One of the most dangerous dugways on earth, with sharp elbow-bends at every turn, narrow gangway around out-jutting rock points, leads from the river to the rim. The Navajos look upon this dugway with such fear that they never think of driving a wagon on it. Always they leave the wagon at the summit and either walk down the long, tortuous grade or ride a slow, steady mustang for certain safety in transportation.

Navajos met us on the wagon road into Gap, Arizona, stared at us good naturedly, called out a gruff greeting and never smiling, passed on. "Hastine Yazzie," plain Mr. Little in English, with a boy of ten years, made friends with us and asked for the ever-desired tobacco with matches, if you please!

We gained their good graces by giving each one a handful of peanuts and raisins. No one ever saw a Navajo refuse anything good to eat! With this little present we knew we had paved the way to their friendship and at the first opportunity I made good pictures of them on their wild horses—no longer were they wild, having been ridden almost to death.

Our way was toward Tuba City, the very heart of the Hopi Indian Reservation. Here was the government Indian school with about 400 Indian children in attendance, learning the ways of the white invader.

At Moenkopi is the principal Hopi village in this region. This town is about two and one-half miles southeast of Tuba City. It also has an Indian school well patronized because many of the Hopis are well educated in English, having been to various Indian schools in the United States, yet always when they return home they revert to the life and practices to which they were born.

We had been traveling nearly a week alongside a dark red sandstone ledge towering far above us named Echo Cliffs. This ledge-rim bordered a portion of the famous Arizona Painted Desert over which we slowly made our way toward Flagstaff at the feet of the San Francisco Peaks. These peaks are volcanic cones about 12,204 feet above sea level. From this wonderful source the city of Flagstaff secures its water and the arable land near by is watered from pent-up streams hidden within their depths.



The Great Temple of the Sinawava in Zion National Park.

Far to the north and west towered the Buckskin Mountains on the other side of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River,—toward which we cast eager glances. That was our destination for a few days of scenic grandeur, photography and exploration.

Zero weather, real blizzards and blinding fogs and mists enveloped us at times, but we would not be deterred. From the rim on the south side at El Tovar down the trail to the river's border, on foot, we went as fast as a big camera strapped on my back would permit us to travel. Before we reached the water's edge it was warm, then hot and finally as I set up my tripod for a picture, a wind-blast up stream that nearly swept myself and camera into the water gave us a kindly but forceful greeting.

Rare pictures of this rim during a blizzard are not to be gotten by every visitor, but those I made with the snow driving into my face with a pelt and a sting more than repaid me for cold fingers and stiffening ears. A blinding storm swept the grand abyss from rim to rim. On the far side, called the Utah view from Bright Angel Point, the sun shone in great brilliancy. Over us hung an impenetrable pall of snow except at certain moments—and it was at these instants I made my views.

Rugged towers and minarets of rock, still, silent rock, with vast spaces between, stood out prominently as the sun hit here and there and gave to my pictures an unreality not often secured in such a place. One or two points became sun-tipped and kissed even as the sun gleams upon the gold-domed mosques of a holy Mohammedan city.

The old fellows who once dwelt in the Walnut Cañon National Monument cliff dwellings beckoned us thence and again we were hunting out the lone places, the narrow trails and the silent cities of forgotten peoples who came and went about their daily affairs in those

(Continued on page 44)

Historic Spots in California

By Rockwell D. Hunt

CALIFORNIA the Magnificent. California the Golden! No state of our glorious union has a richer heritage from the past; none a more resplendent present; for none does the future hold more glittering prospects.

I am proud of the distinction of being a native son of the Empire State of the Pacific, the son of a pioneer father of 1850 and a pioneer mother of 1854, the husband of a native daughter, the brother of four native sons, the father of four native sons, and,—most wonderful of all—the grandfather of a beautiful two-year old native daughter! Who will dare question my right to sing (or shout) "I love you, California?"

To love our California more truly, we should know her better. We should learn the fascinating earth history of our wonder state, acquaint ourselves with her infinitely varied geography, and give ourselves to the absorbing story of the peoples that have dwelt within her borders.

"The harvest gathered in the fields of the Past," said good Doctor Arnold, of Rugby, a generation ago, "is to be brought home for the use of the present." The materials of our history lie all about us and are daily in the making. With Carl Ritter let us say, "Whoever has wandered through the valleys and woods, and over the hills and mountains of his own state, will be the one capable of following a Herodotus in his wanderings over the globe."

Because the teacher often fails to afford the pupil the means of rendering concrete and living the noble heritage of the past, much instruction in our schools has been sadly lacking in reality and the qualities of vitality. Our local history, which is to be closely correlated with local geography, is of special value in furnishing what we may call first horizons or circumferences to the expanding intellect. If we would arrive at the noble concept of the unity of human history, we must take as our point of departure the here and the now.

Therefore, I urge upon our people the study of our local history, and for several reasons. (1) It will afford a body of worthy information no less valuable to our children and to ourselves than the story of the settlement of

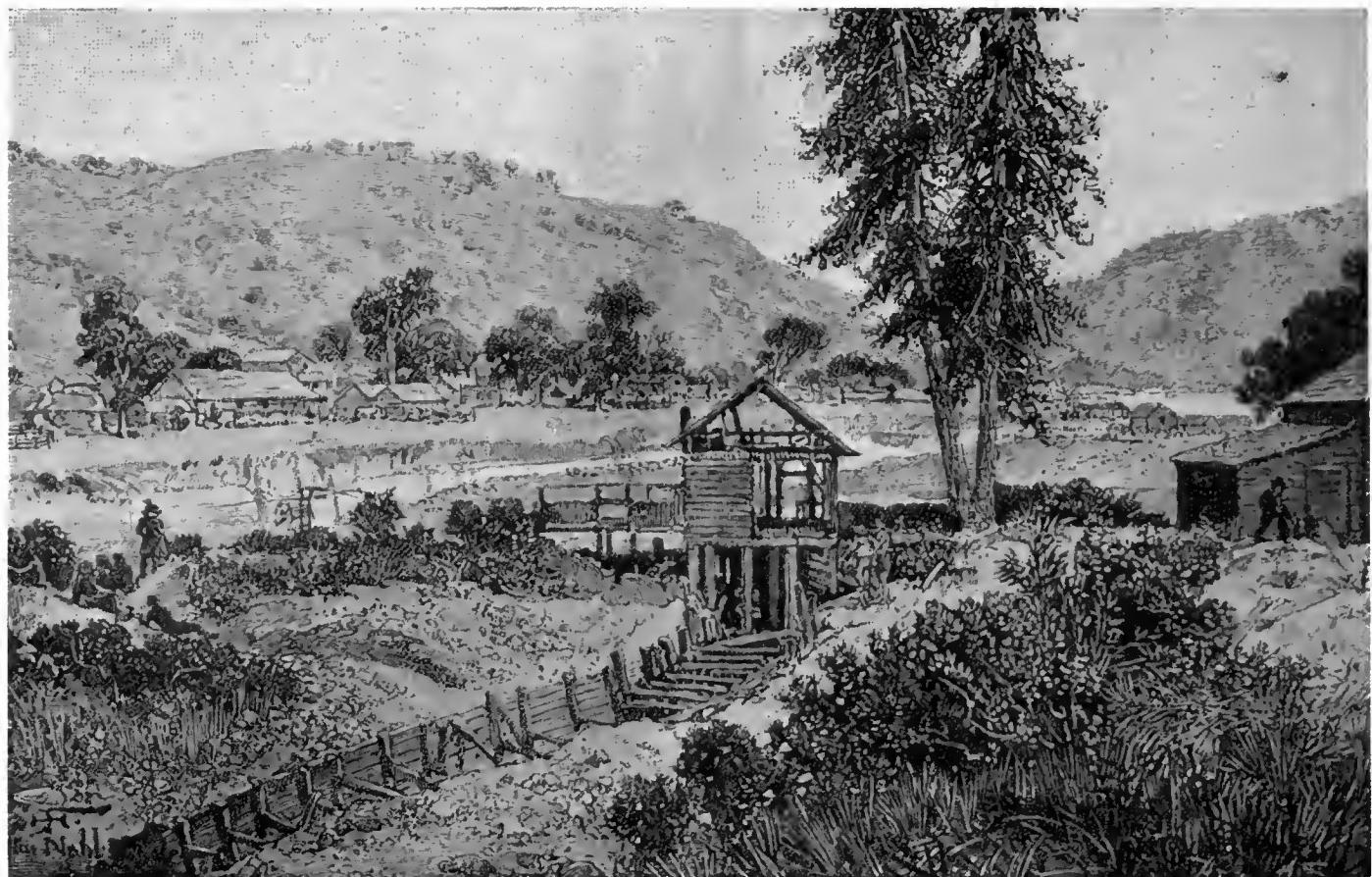
Jamestown or the landing of the Pilgrims on the Atlantic border. (2) It will stimulate the spirit of historical-mindedness, so indispensable in giving solidity to our thinking and supplying a true perspective. Bishop Stubbs uttered a fundamental truth, too often overlooked, when he said: "The roots of the present lie deep in the past; and nothing is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is." (3) It assists in the correct interpretation of the present and in the socialization of the life of today by making us real sharers in the community's past and better qualified to preserve unimpaired the patrimony of the present for the use of the future. (4) Lastly, it lays the foundation for an appreciation of the concept of universal history. "History, like charity, begins at home." The wide deductions and generalizations of universal history, of the history of civilization itself, are absolutely conditioned upon the inductions made in local history and institutions.

Every period of the history of our loved California throbs with human interest. Even the study of the California aborigines, so often maligned by being given the undeserved nickname "Digger"—a term of opprobrium that should never be employed—yields interesting results and adds to our knowledge of ethnology and primitive human institutions.

Dwelling under our blue skies for centuries before the coming of the first white men were these numerous tribes—or hordes—of degraded Indians, a population probably more dense than that to be found in any



Old Custom House at Monterey.



Sutter's Mill on the South Fork of the American River at Coloma, where gold was first discovered by James W. Marshall, in the sluice race, January 24, 1848.

similar area in North America. Part and parcel of the great aboriginal race of the continent, the Indians of California nevertheless had their distinctive traits and characteristics when compared with the "noble redmen" of the East. Likewise, they had their special places of rendezvous,—they frequented certain localities, like Shell Mound Park, near Oakland, in search of a seasonal food supply; they repaired to places like Obsidian Mountain in Lake County for their supply of raw materials for arrowheads, and New Almaden for their cinnabar for war paint; they have left a few prehistoric records, such as spear-heads from the beds of rivers and crude symbols on their picture rocks.

The first truly historic period of California history is the era of the Spaniard, and a fascinating story it is. It does not seem a very long cry from the American discovery by the great Columbus to the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa and the Mexican conquest by Cortez. It is certainly not a far cry from Cortez to Cabrillo, whose frail storm-tossed craft "crept into the haven of safety" at San Diego near the end of September, 1542. When the intrepid Cabrillo thus entered the inimitable "Harbor of the Sun," Alta California was opened to the white man's civilization sixty-five years before the settlement of Jamestown and seventy-eight years before the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. Truly, California has an early history, and San Diego, where later were founded the first Franciscan mission and the

first of a series of presidios, will ever and rightly be regarded as one of our most significant historic spots.

The actual settlement of Alta California dates from 1769. July 1 of that year may fittingly be regarded our natal day, since it was on that day that the fourth division of the expedition from New Spain reached San Diego, thus paving the way for the remarkable missionary enterprise of Father Junipero Serra and his band of friars.

The Spanish Period proper extends therefore from 1769 to 1821, the year when Mexico finally achieved independence from oppressive and decadent Spain and began her own national career. During this period the mission system enjoyed its golden age of activity and progress, due to the indefatigable labors and unstinted devotion of the Franciscan fathers. During this period the military occupation of California was signalized by the establishment of the four presidios—from south to north—of San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and San Francisco; and civic settlements were effected at San Jose, Los Angeles and Branciforte. With but few exceptions, the historic spots marking the locations of these missions, presidios, and pueblos have since become the sites of prosperous towns and teeming cities.

In common with the South American colonies, Mexico, through a series of revolutionary movements, extending over the decade 1910 to 1920, finally won her

(Continued on page 40)



WITH THE PUBLISHERS

*Comment and Criticism
on Timely Books*



THE DAYS OF A MAN

David Starr Jordan's Autobiography *

"There was a man who saw life face to face;
And ever as he walked from day to day,
The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path he trod in loneliness."

Since Thomas Starr King, probably the most eminent representative of the Pacific Coast has been David Starr Jordan. Take this fact together with the prevalence of general fondness for autobiography in our generation and "The Days of a Man" must command wide attention, even before its literary and historical qualities have been



tested. Moreover, another element, that of personality, pronounced and captivating in the case of the author of this Life, insures it a partial audience, while it renders dissent and criticism rarely difficult. The fact that one finds himself little inclined to dissent is apt to rouse suspicion that he has yielded to the spell of this charm.

There can be no doubt that this book steps into the rank of great autoographies. At the same time it is unique in method. We all love childhood and would like to know more of the childhood of a great man from whom we have learned much. But in his Biblical title Dr. Jordan has, as it were, prepared us for hearing little of his childhood and youth. Out of 1616 pages less than 100 go to youth. The earnest boy was pressing forward to "the large excitement that the coming years will yield," and memories of the earlier days, "the days of a child" are less vivid, or are judged less precious.

In certain respects "The Days of a

Man" challenges comparison with the Auto biography of Andrew D. White, of which it seems to be a sequel, just as Dr. Jordan's educational career has been a sequel to that of the great Cornellian. But Dr. Jordan has deposited his social and ethical philosophy in so many separate publications that he could well feel at ease in omitting much of this from the pages which are illuminated by it, whereas White blended his whole reaction to his time with his account of his career. "The Days of a Man" might well have been entitled *Res Gestae Jordani*, for it is a crowded canvas of travel, of scholarly achievement, of public service. It should be supplemented by the little shelf of seventeen books printed by the Beacon Press, of which the following are familiar and illustrative titles:

The Religion of a Sensible American, The Blood of the Nation, The Strength of Being Clean, The Human Harvest, The Higher Sacrifice. Not that reflection is wanting in the Life, but often the essence of a book or a great address is given in a paragraph.

Along with the account of educational achievement and social aspiration, the striking and valuable feature of this book is the portrayal of men and women; it might be sub-titled, "Who's Who in Education and Public Service for the Past Fifty Years." The carefully prepared index gives an extraordinary list of names, supplemented by over 100 largely original photo-plates. And, speaking of technical features, the reader is aided by very full chapter analyses, by hanging heads, and by letter press unmarred by typographical errors.

Already in the Foreword one is reminded of the triple life of the writer: "Naturalist and explorer, for the love of it; teacher, also for the love of it; minor prophet of democracy, from a sense of duty;" and he adds: "If he had his days to live over, he would again choose all three."

The interest of the reviewer or the reader in one or the other of these fields would lead to a one-sided review, while an adequate account of even one side would far exceed the limits of this page. It has been Dr. Jordan's effort to keep them balanced; as in his educational

career he aimed to avoid a narrowing devotion to executive work alone.

Vol. I. P. 297: At that time the youngest university president in the country, (of the University of Indiana), I had little sympathy with the conventional methods of my contemporaries in similar positions, most of whom were retired clergymen and ex-officio professors of philosophy. . . . Some degree of contact with objective reality I have ever thought an important element in university administration. Consequently in undertaking administrative duties, I decided not to abandon either research or teaching, as most other university heads had done. . . .

It has always seemed to me that if a university president is to exert a stimulating influence on students, he should never relinquish the opportunities of the classroom. . . . Moreover, a university head is subject to the foible of omniscience, being expected by the public to speak with authority on almost every conceivable subject. Lacking the discipline of research, he is in danger of being satisfied with second-hand knowledge and of drifting with the current along lines of least resistance.

The obligations of my position now led me to enter on a new kind of activity alien to my taste and preparation. Up to 1885 I had given a few scientific lectures to general audiences, but no public addresses of other character beyond the occasional reading of an essay on some special occasion. It became at once evident that I must make the people of Indiana realize that the state university belonged to them.

It was this theory which led Dr. Jordan to continue throughout his career as executive of Stanford both his biological researches and his collegiate lectures, the latter in the popular course entitled Bionomics. It is doubtful whether this would have been possible in the office of president of the state university. It was the vision of this possibility that led to the acceptance of Senator Stanford's invitation to open the new institution. The account of this meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Stanford as well as the outline of the guiding principles of the school will interest even those who have heard them before.

Vol. I. P. 355: After a short consultation with Mrs. Jordan, I decided with some enthusiasm to accept Mr. Stanford's offer in spite of two apparent risks. As to the first, California was the most individualistic of the states, and still rife

*Being Memories of a Naturalist, Teacher, and Minor Prophet of Democracy." The World Book Co., Yonkers on Hudson, 1922.

with discordant elements. Secondly, the new institution was to be "personally conducted," its sole trustee a business man who was, moreover, active in political life. But the possibilities were so challenging to one of my temperament that I could not decline.

Vol. I. P. 357: In Circular No. 3, I announced certain guiding principles to be observed in the Leland Stanford Junior University: . . . The first aim would be to secure and retain teachers of highest talent, successful also as investigators. Work in applied science was to be carried on side by side with the pure sciences and humanities and to be equally fostered. Women and men were to be admitted on identical terms. Eighteen departments of instruction were provided, all with equivalent entrance requirements, accompanied by large liberty of substitution and election, no fixed curriculum of any sort being contemplated. The unit of faculty organization would be the professorship rather than the department. . . . To secure the Bachelor's degree, each candidate would be obliged to satisfy his major professor and to complete enough of other approved work to fill the conventional four years. . . . In time . . . the unit of organization became as elsewhere the department.

Vol. I. P. 420: Among the students generally the presence of the women was from the first taken as a matter of course, only a small set (commonly reputed to be "fast") regarding them as in any sense intruders. However, as time went on, certain elements began to voice their opposition to co-education at Stanford. Mrs. Stanford herself resolutely refused to make any change whatever in her husband's recognized purposes.

There follows an explanation of the origin of the limitation of the number of women to 500, a purely practical necessity in order to prevent the decline of the number and quality of the men. The number of men also was limited.

(P. 422): The only alternative, a high tuition fee, was something to be avoided, as it is, in fact, a tax on education which tends to discourage self-supporting students, many of whom are among the very best.

Dr. Jordan does not express his thought regarding the recent application of considerable fees, but doubtless he would bow to the stress of the times.

A single passage, from the midst of an account of travel in the south, will illustrate the zeal and straightforwardness of the naturalist:

"At Key West I saw a small rattlesnake swimming in the sea."

The career of the President of the World's Peace Foundation, followed through conditions which made it the equal for heroism of that of the man in the trenches, would constitute alone a fascinating volume. But after all, the most attractive feature of this book is the revelation of the personality of the author, a personality which has never concealed itself, although combining great shyness with great courage.

Senator Stanford, has been called "a

Unitarian Methodist;" Dr. Jordan might be called a Methodist Unitarian. He does not hesitate to claim his portion in religion, but he defines religion in his own way.

Higher sacrifice, the essence of Jordan's philosophy of life may be found in this paragraph from a commencement address:

"Every robust human life is a life of faith. Not faith in what other men have said or thought or dreamed of Life or Death or Fate, not faith that some one far off or long ago held a key to the riddle of existence which it is not ours likewise to make or hold. Let us rather say: Faith that there is something in the universe that transcends humanity; something of which the life of man is part but not the whole; something which so far as may be it is well for man to know, for such knowledge brings peace and helpfulness.

And now when my candle is fading a little, I am trying to use its light for those things which seem to me best worth while. Of those that come near me, three stand out as all important. These are clean living, sound education, and fair play between men and between nations." (From a Confession of Faith, 1913).

The shyness of a country boy still dominates the manifestations of this great man. He hides his face while mentioning the two really deepest loves of his life: religion and poetry. He does indeed get so far as to declare himself a minor prophet, which is to say in common language, a preacher. But his poetry has never been printed in a volume for sale. A few good examples are printed here in an Appendix. Naturally the best expressions are connected with Barbara, and Barbara's mother, of whom the dedication says:

"Without whose quiet persistence this book would never have been begun, and except for whose keen sympathetic criticism and unfailing help it could never have been completed."

Let this inadequate notice close with a portion of the exquisite poem—
TO BARBARA.

(Vol. I. P. 530)

Little lady, cease your play
For a moment, if you may;
Come to me, and tell me true
Whence those black eyes came to you.

Father's eyes are granite gray,
And your mother's, Barbara,
Black as the obsidian stone,
With a lustre all their own.
How should one so small as you
Learn to choose between the two?

If through father's eyes you look,
Nature seems an open book—
All her secrets written clear
On her pages round you, dear.
Better yet than this may be
If through mother's eyes you see;
Theirs to read—a finer art—
Deep down in the human heart.
How should one so small as you
Choose so well between the two?

—W. H. Carruth.

MOUNT LASSEN

Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn's book, and the Research Society.

WE have received from the Nemo Publishing Co., of San Francisco, a very unusual and wonderfully illustrated study of "The Kingship of Mount Lassen," which is "the only active volcano on the mainland of the United States," and is the crowning glory of the Lassen National Park of 124 square miles in extent, set apart by Act of Congress seven years ago.

The author of this volume, Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn, of San Francisco, is also the author of "Yermah, the Dorado," and of many stories and poems published in Californian periodicals, chiefly under her maiden name, Frona Eunice Wait. She tells us in her "Foreword:" "Many have climbed Vesuvius, and have peered into the molten lava crater of Kilauea but have never seen Lassen Peak. This fact is neither creditable nor profitable. Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann has aptly said that Northern California has mountain ranges which in the possession of any country in Europe would be made to support the entire population. Not only is this statement true, but the immediate vicinity of Mt. Lassen is the greatest scenic asset of the entire state. . . . Although my work is confined to the limits of California, I am not unmindful of the great changes wrought in Oregon and Nevada by the volcanic disturbances centering in the original mountain. Much of the lava found in the Cascade and Sierra Nevada Ranges was erupted by local peaks and craters, but all responded to the fiery impulse of Lassen—the beneficent. I have treated Lassen volcanic area as a whole in order that the reader may have a comprehensive background in which to visualize the glories of peak and mountain."

The book contains less than a hundred pages, but we think it will be treasured by many a tourist, and studied by many a stay-at-home. The author has put a tremendous amount of hard work and enthusiasm into the accumulation of her facts. She has dug up no end of pioneer history. One gets here, for the first time, the full account of heroic old Peter Lassen, the trail-maker, and also the interesting item that the padres with the Arguello exploring expedition of 1820 named Lassen "St. Joseph."

Mrs. Colburn is the President of the "Woman's Auxiliary Mount Lassen Research Society" organized at Del Monte last May. It is intended to cooperate closely with the Lassen Volcanic National Park Association in making the wonders of this volcanic area known throughout the world. To do this effectively the Landmarks Department of the State Federation of Women's Clubs will be

(Continued on page 45)

Contributors to This Number

HERBERT BASHFORD

As editorial writer on the staff of the San Francisco Bulletin, as author of Northwest Nature Stories, as public librarian and state librarian in Washington, as contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, Cosmopolitan and Saturday Evening Post, Herbert Bashford has achieved prominence and fame. It is, however, for his former connection with the Overland Monthly and for his numerous books of poems that he is best known to many on the Pacific Coast. His plays have been produced by Virginia Harned, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry B. Walthall, Anita Stewart, and others.



THE HOAG BROTHERS

The Hoag brothers, Junius C. and Ernest B., are physicians, authors, travelers. The former has demonstrated his literary ability through numerous published scientific essays and papers. His world travels have resulted in descriptive articles and his photographs of persons and places take high rank. Ernest B. Hoag is a bacteriologist of wide reputation, a lecturer, and the author of several volumes having to do with health and hygiene; several of them with special reference to children. He is an authority on mental diseases, crime, the juvenile court and social problems. Both have made extensive travels and investigations in the Hawaiian Islands, and have studied the archives. The article on Pele in this issue is the first of a series of three to appear in this magazine.

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

Dr. Hunt is well qualified to write on the historic places of California. Those who have read his book "California, The Golden" know how fully he has studied the historical records of the state.

For years he has been a teacher of history and economics. His published papers and articles on historical subjects have advanced him to a position of authority in this field. He is now Dean at the University of Southern California and is serving as President of the Historical Society of Southern California.

HONORIA TUOMEY

No living person is as fully qualified to write upon certain phases of the past history of California as is Miss Honoria Tuomey. She inherited the atmosphere of the mining camp and the days of '49. Her entire life has been spent in studying, writing and teaching. Her story of Old Calaveras, the first installment of which is in this issue, indicates clearly her thorough understanding of early day conditions. The dialect used in the present story, which is founded on fact, is exact to the last degree. The author will later furnish Overland readers with some interesting sketches of the old Russian settlement and occupation of California.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

To readers of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine there is no need to introduce George Wharton James. He has for years been a contributor to the former, and was at one time editor of the latter. As a lecturer and writer on matters of travel, our national playgrounds, the great southwest and Indian life and



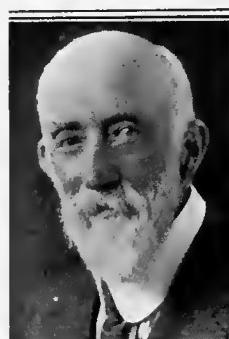
lore, Dr. James is known on two continents. His researches cover a wide territory and a vast range of subjects—historical, literary and scientific. No author has begun to make such a contribution as has he, either in amount, scope or quality, on subjects connected with the Pacific Coast and the West.

VERNON KELLOGG

As Scientist and Author, Vernon Kellogg is widely known. For many years he was connected with Stanford University, and has collaborated with Dr. David Starr Jordan, and others on several volumes, including Animal Studies, Insect Stories, Insect Anatomy, etc. During the war Dr. Kellogg served as Director for the American Commission for Relief in Belgium. Here he gained material for his famous "Herbert Hoover—The Man And His Work." Later he was sent as chief of our mission to Poland and served as Special Investigator in Russia. He is at present serving with the National Research Council.

CHARLES H. SHINN

The name of Shinn has for many years been known to those who were familiar with the literature of California and the Pacific Coast. A sister, Millicent W. Shinn, was at one time editor of the Overland Monthly. Charles H. has, during the past years, contributed many scientific articles, essays and book notes. His studies



have carried him into the realm of nature and he is now greatly interested in National Forestry work. As an author, his volumes on Land Laws of Mining Districts, Story of a Mine, and Pacific Rural Handbook are standard. He contributes constantly papers, monographs, and articles of scientific interest.

BARTON WARREN EVERMANN

Barton Warren Evermann writes for this number a story of unusual interest, not only on account of the subject and treatment, but because the setting is one that will appeal to all Overland readers. Few know of Pyramid Lake, or that it was discovered by John C. Fremont. Dr. Evermann has had a wonderful experience in the field of science and has served both national and state governments in positions of responsibility and honor. He has written extensively on all phases of science, particularly in reference to the natural and biological sciences. California is fortunate in having him as Director of the Museum, California Academy of Sciences and of the Steinhart Aquarium.

CHARLES GRIFFIN PLUMMER

Perhaps no man living today possesses in greater degree the qualities of John Muir than does Charles Griffin Plummer. He is a naturalist — a nature lover and a nature student.



Seeing as he does in terms of science, and writing in non-technical language, the product of his pen proves interesting and instructive to young and old alike. Dr. Plummer's work as a physician has given him the power of close investigation. He has as well the soul of the artist, as reflected in his many photographs of the out-of-doors. Those illustrating his article in this number are typical.

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VOSÉ

Bob Turner's Chowchillas

(Continued from page 15)

There was the head of the last victim in a very good state of preservation. There were the heads of a dozen earlier victims.

"My big black hawg," cried Billy. "Best one I owned —worth twenty dollars!"

They put a sack around the head and carried it back to Bob's cabin. They sat down on the porch looking at it, and then at each other, in utter silence.

"And now what next?" said Scotty. "It's a clear case. Shall we go and get witnesses and swear out a warrant? That's one way."

"We can stir up things and put a rope around him," said Billy. "Scare him good, anyhow. He's coming in from Millerton today. There's that tree in front of the store where they hung the half-breed."

"Oh, yes, he deserves anything we please to do. Still, he has been here amongst us for years. We grew up together, and he has a sister down in Millerton. We have to think of that, too."

"I wish he had come and told us he needed the money," said Billy. "But we've got to handle this now. We can't drop it. I never want to see him again, but I'll pull the rope if I must."

Suddenly Scotty got up, went to his horse and brought back his long stake-rope. A word explained his idea to Billy. They put a hang-man's noose around the ghastly neck of the black hog; they ran the rope up to a rafter, and so suspended the grisly head against the cabin door. They propped the jaws wide open with a stick, and the setting sun shone full upon the horrid warning.

"That ought to be plain enough," said Scotty grimly. "We won't see him again—and we won't hang him."

But Billy pulled out a pencil-stub, picked up a box-cover, and wrote:

"Bob Turner, damn your wicked soul,
Your neighbor's piggy-wigs you stole.
We have a rope, we've dag a hole;
We'll hang you on a cedar pole.
Chowchilla, Old Chowchilla."

He pushed the board behind the rope, and both men rode off, just missing Bob, who, after a drink or two at Hardscrabble was leisurely returning to his cabin. Looking back from the bend of the trail by the rancheria, Billy and Scotty saw him entering his gate.

"Hope the medicine will work," said Billy.

"It will. It can't help it."

Bob rode in cheerfully, singing a Chowchilla—a new one which he had made up on the way from Millerton. It set forth the grief of vigilantes who had hanged the wrong fellow, and couldn't find the right one. He rode up to his cabin door. The last sunset light was clear enough to bring out the whole message; he recognized Billy's handwriting, and the fierce parody on his own best Chowchilla.

The suddenness of the thing shattered him clear

through. "They've gone for the others! Me first, and then Sammy!"

Bob turned and fled toward Nevada, riding all night. He slipped into the brush whenever he met anyone; he paused at Sammy Short's only long enough to give him warning, and at the saloon only long enough to get a bottle of whiskey. Short was soon gone, too, and was only heard of when he was arrested in another county for an equally shady performance.

Bob's cabin slowly went to pieces, and a falling tree smashed half of it to the earth. But the front stood for years, and on the sagging door a grinning porcine skull still hung, leering strangely at every passer until the rope rotted through.

"**B**EST hawg country I ever saw," said prosperous Billy ten years later. "Everybody seems to be honest these days."

Scotty had planted an orchard, and begun a flower garden—that most fatal sign of a rancher's surrender. He had found a girl, and brought her home. On every available occasion she said: "It is my duty and I will"—but that was invariably music to Scotty's inmost soul. Billy wondered awhile, accepted it as Old Scotty's notion, and began once more to hunt up, as he said, "a real nice sun-bonnet." Pretty soon he brought in a load of young apple trees. Scotty saw his finish, and offered him some sweet-pea seed for a garden.

"Guess I better take 'em," said Billy. "Ain't you got any 'sturtiums?" Mrs. Scotty suddenly beamed on him, and halved all her home-grown flower seeds.

"Strange how much good it's done that girl to marry Scotty," thought Billy as he rode down for his mail. "I don't mind even her duty remark any more. She's a good little woman." He fell to thinking about another one, and so entered old Scraptown.

The place was buzzing like a bee-hive. "What's on?" asked Billy of the nearest cow-boy.

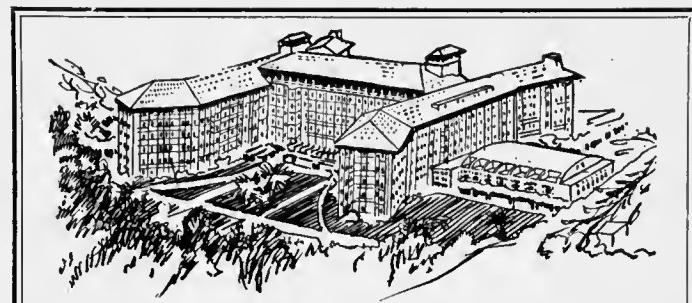
"Bob Turner's come back. Looks like another man. Came in yesterday; bought the old hotel and livery stable. Won't take a drink. Says he had to cut out all that."

Billy turned a little whiter under his outdoor tan, and pulled his horse in, to think it over awhile. "Bob Turner back and settled down! Well! But that's a nerve to beat the band! Still," he reflected, "it might be the only way for some men to get a new hold on themselves. Wonder what old Scotty will say."

Billy half turned his horse to go back and talk it over with Scotty. Then something within him rose and compelled him to make his own decision. He rode down the single street to the little knot of men in front of the hotel and stopped there.

Yes! That was Bob Turner, only ten years older, but aged as if full twenty-five years had passed since he left for Nevada.

The two men measured each other, not in hostility, nor in either fear or contempt, but with an absolutely honest desire to know once for all how it stood between them. Each saw that the other had grown up, and each



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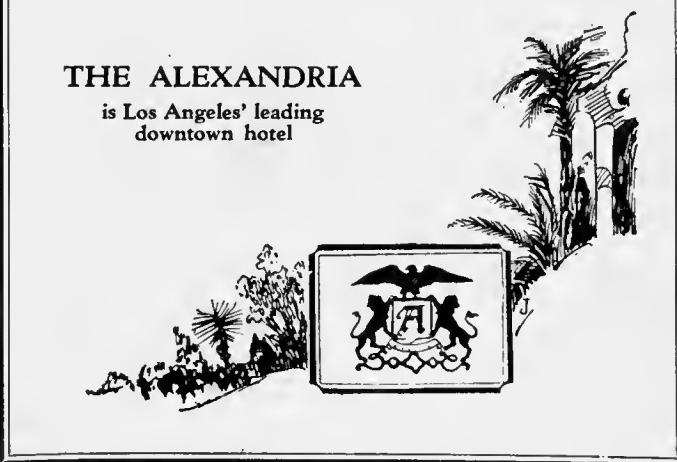
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knew, as everyone else did, that this public meeting would permanently settle their relations.

What Bob saw was what he might have been himself, if he had always run straight.

What Billy saw was a man who had gone through wild terrors and into great depths, and had almost perished, but had somehow made a new start, and was struggling out in utter fearlessness.

"I don't see how he managed it," thought Billy, as he sprang off his horse, reached out his hand and seized Bob's.

"Glad you come back, Bob. Here is where you belong."

An old shake-maker from the sugar pines spoke, just above his breath, and no one heard him: "Billy is a Christian!" and leaned forward looking into Bob's face, which had lit up till he looked almost young again.

"Thank you for that, Billy," he said. "Now come into the hotel. I want to pay you for some hogs, with interest. Then I want you to meet my wife." His quiet look swept over the crowd. "Boys, excuse us; old friends have much to talk about." They disappeared into the little office.

The old shake-maker spoke out, more loudly: "Both of them are white," he said, as the crowd separated with a murmur of assent.

"Scotty," said Billy later, "I didn't want to take the money, but he made me see that it had to be done. And when I see his wife, I sort of understood the whole thing. She is the kind of a woman to take the lead in this valley, as long as she lives. But I don't suppose she knows anything about Bob's performance here."

"Knows all about it," said Scotty. "Come here to live it down—and they can, too."

"Sure," responded Billy. "Anybody throws it at him has to fight me. We were all young once—Bob will cheer up, and sing his darned old Chowchillas again."

"No, he won't," said Scotty. "He's lost that for keeps. But what's a Chowchilla beside a good wife?"

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PELE, GODDESS OF KILAUEA

(Continued from page 27)

left the island altogether. A roving life was continued by this band; they visited several of the islands and took part in many minor wars, finally reaching the Island of Hawaii. Here Kamapuua first learned of Pele. It was related to him that she was of unusual beauty and that she and her followers enjoyed protection from the Hawaiian gods and were secure even from the wrath of Kilauea. He therefore preceded to the coast of Puna, taking up his residence near the abode of Pele, where he soon made his appearance. Moho received him and offered him food. During the meal Moho learned that Kamapuua was the desperado who had ravaged the estates of Opalana and slain him; but being assured that this present visit was a peaceful one, he continued to entertain his guest and finally presented him to his sister, Pele, with whose appearance Kamapuua was greatly impressed and with whom he promptly fell in love, little considering how repulsive he himself must appear to all beholders. Soon he began an active suit and endeavored by means of an ingratiating manner and the presentation of gifts, to win the affections of beautiful Pele. In this he met with scant encouragement, but nevertheless proposed a union; this Pele promptly rejected, being sustained therein by her brothers, even his plea of noble blood being of no avail. Kamapuua then assumed a threatening attitude and became violent, whereupon Pele denounced him as a hog.

Kamapuua's next move was to plan the destruction of all of Pele's male retainers and the seizure of their lands, their high-priest, one of Pele's brothers, alone to be spared. This plan was undertaken and most of the men were massacred, though Pele's brothers were not attacked. The survivors took refuge in a volcanic cavern, on the slope of Mauna Loa, where defense could be made by piling up rocks in front of their retreat and where they knew of a hidden stream of water. The party numbered 25 persons, of whom seven only were men. For some days they remained undiscovered but Kamapuua at last found them with the help of a dog and with his forces attacked them furiously; the assailed party defended itself bravely by thrusting at their assailants with spears passed through the interstices of the rocks. Then the attempt was made to smoke them out, but this failing it was resolved to dig them out. To effect this purpose it was necessary to go down to the depth of 12 to 15 feet. For several days digging constantly went on and a depth of 10 feet had been reached when the earth began to tremble and sulphurous smoke came up from the depths of the mountain. Looking up the narrow gorge in which they were at work, the warriors beheld a great torrent of lava, 100 feet in width, pouring rapidly down toward them. They fled in dismay never pausing until well out at sea in their canoes, when looking backward they could discern that the narrow gorge was nearly filled with a molten mass that had flowed completely over the cavern in which Pele and her followers had taken refuge.

(Continued next month)



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Historic Spots in California

(Continued from page 32)

independence from Spain, thus inaugurating the Mexican epoch of California history—this to end only with the oncoming of the Americans and the final acquisition of California by virtue of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Here we come upon the Arcadian Age of our local history, reaching fruition in "The Splendid Idle Forties." With the increasing agitation for the secularization of the missions, ending in their sad, complete overthrow, and the growing sense of independence from the mother country, the ranchero comes to the fore as the typical Californian, and cattle raising takes its place as the chief industry. In that romantic period, however, it is not now so customary to study the industry as to revel in the gaiety and festive amusements of the care-free knights of the saddle.

Land grants from the Mexican government, numbering in all several hundred, became the basis for the great ranchos of California. Here were enacted many of the scenes that give name and fame to picturesque California. Early American pioneers, coming into the country during the Mexican regime, were given valuable grants at almost negligible financial outlay. Even today the complete abstracts of our land titles run back to the original Mexican, or Spanish grant. Many a historic spot may yet be identified,—here and there the ranch house itself, or other historic relic, has survived the ravages of time. It was my privilege only the other day to visit the old adobe at La Ramada. This house, in Casa Verdugo, just outside the thriving city of Glendale, is situated in a beautiful spot on the Rancho San Rafael,—later and better known as Rancho Verdugo,—which was the very first of the Spanish land grants in California. Here is one of the historic spots at our very door,—La Ramada,—and now the old adobe faces demolition by the stern process of sub-division, unless by organized effort the site is speedily secured and the adobe preserved.

In the light of the long perspective and in view of a great unfolding future, it would seem that all of the forces and activities of California's early story had been conspiring to inaugurate the American regime.

The true Golden Age of California history is not to be found in the far-past pre-American days. Our remarkable history focuses not on the age of the Spanish conquerors, not yet on the Arcadian days of the Mexican period. The true focus came only with the magical transformation of California from an undeveloped province of Mexico into the great American commonwealth. All that went before recedes into the background—much of it lovely and romantic,

to be sure—while with the great shout "Eureka! Eureka!" we witness the real emergence of California the Golden.

The American conquest brings to mind many a historic spot. Among these the Custom House at Monterey must ever take a prominent place, for here it was that, acting under orders from Commodore John D. Sloat, Midshipman William P. Toler, raised the American flag on the morning of July 7, 1846. This was the momentous event that signalized the conquest. Here it was also that in the autumn of 1842, Commodore Thomas Jones, acting under the mistaken belief that Mexico had declared war on the United States, had raised the Stars and Stripes, only to haul them down again on becoming convinced that there was no actual war.

Attention must be called to one other landmark among the many in the quaint town of Monterey, in which the very spirit of history so richly abounds. This is Colton Hall, a structure of yellow sandstone in the upper story of which the Constitutional Convention of 1849 so worthily prosecuted its labors, giving us in our first state constitution a fundamental system of law founded upon the principles of social and political equality, enlightened in its provisions and at once liberal, advanced and thoroughly democratic. The unanimous decision that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for punishment of crimes, shall ever be tolerated in this State" has been pronounced the "pivot-point with the slavery question in the United States." Colton Hall is one of the most notable landmarks in our entire political history; it should be sacredly preserved and guarded for future generations.

The Historical Society of Southern California has become interested in the battle sites of the re-conquest of Los Angeles. The decisive contest took place at the Battle of the San Gabriel River, near Montebello, on January 8, 1847. The result left no real doubt that Southern California was to belong permanently to the United States. On the following day the advantage was followed up in the Battle of the Mesa in Boyle Heights; and on January 13th the "Capitulation of Cahuenga" was duly signed. Historic spots abound in and about Los Angeles, but, alas! how little are they heeded!

History is everywhere in California, had we the eyes to see and the understanding hearts to appreciate. Sutter's Fort in Sacramento, rendezvous for incoming Americans and scene of significant activities, now fortunately restored by the Native Sons of the Golden West; the Plaza of Sonoma, witness to the raising of the Bear Flag in 1846; Gavilan Peak, where Fremont dared to raise the

(Continued on page 44)

A Tale of Calaveras in '58

(Continued from page 23)

as observant; also, that he did not fully divine the nature of Mike Kalaher under stress, nor that liquor could not betray him.

"Thanks, me friends—thank ye kindly," responded Mike, seating himself and assuming quite unconsciously a new air of leadership and a poise born of the sense within of power over life and men. "Ye mustn't be smotherin' me with so many flattenerin' attentions. I've just dropped in, the night; to see how ye all ar-r-re, an' to get livened up a bit afther not seein' a sight o' nobody since the last time I was here. What's goin' on in the town these days?"

"Nothin', faith, only Jake Fisher jumped Nosey Schmidt's claim the other day, an' Nosey mauled the livin' daylights out o' Jake, and chased him back to Lancha Plana," Tommy responded.

"An' Curly Nan got caught with her purty little paw into the Stockton stage driver's coat-tail pocket yesterday, an' he made her give up the goods an' pack up her things an' go back with him to her folks down there—thought she might behave better around her own, an' not get so close to the calaboose as she was here," Peter added to the local items of interest.

"An' man, we had a horrible murdher in the town, the Monday," Andy announced in an awed whisper, accompanied by a glance of reproof at Tommy and Peter for gossiping of claim-jumping and pocket-picking while the awful homicide remained to be told.

"Well, well," commented Michael, the guest, "me spirits were afther goin' up, Andy, me boy, but now ye have a bloody murdher fer me. Go ahead an' tell it, man. Tell it an' done before the punch comes."

"Why, shure, Mulatto Jim shot a lot o' bullets into Old Man Hackensack," stated Andy rather in an injured tone.

"That Hackensack was one pesterin' ould codger," pronounced Michael judicially, "an' likin' to be blowin' about his crack shootin'. What became o' all them bullets, Andy?"

"Why, shure, they was buried in him, afther the inquist, the Chuesday," replied the sensitive little man, disconcerted at such indifference and cold-bloodedness, especially in an Irishman. "Ye wouldn't be thinkin' they took them all out o' the corpse first?"

"Meanin' no manner o' disrespect fer the dead," Mike averred, "'twas too bad it took so many to quiet the braggin' ould chap. Bullets is high. An' what did they do with the wasteful murdherer?"

"Oh, he took the thrail fer somewheres, an' not a sight o' him since," Andy answered, and turned his attention to the

scenes in other parts of the room. He felt hurt at the levity, that was evident.

"Here comes the punch—put it here, Johnny lad—I'll be doln' the honor-r-rs," Tommy called to the fuzzy-haired youth with the steaming bowl on a tray. "An', Johnny, 'tis you should be at some betther job fer a fine, promisin' boy, than dishin' it out in whisky shops in this wild countrry, me wor-r-nd fer that."

"Here's where the sure money is made, Tommy," readily retorted the fuzzy-haired one, laughing as he received in a small dish on the tray the pinch of "dust" Tommy placed there in payment for the punch.

"Don't ivir be thinkin' the yellah metal is all ye wants in life, me son," Tommy admonished him, with a nod of dismissal. "Boys," to his three friends, "take this while it's good and hot, an' dhrink hearty to the success o' ivery Irishman that sets foot in California."

After this first liberal swallow of punch, and while deep breaths were being drawn in enjoyment thereafter, the toastmaster turned to the still silent Andy with: "Nivir mind the likes o' me an' Mike an' Peter, that's been in the countrry this long time. Ye're a green-horn, Andy, come acr-r-ross the other day as I might say, an' don't know the ways an' doin's yet, or ye wouldn't be afther makin' a bother about that ould Hackensack gettin' what himself invited many's the time in this town, nor ivir rememb'rin' that Mulatta Jim had vamboosed the rancho."

"Thru for ye, Tommy," "That's it, that's it, Andy. Shure, an' 'tis the har-r-nd sense ye do be gettin' knocked inta yer noodle here," came from the others, to which the mild Andy responded with a nod and "Here's to the soft hear-r-rts ye scamps usta have, to home," raising his glass and laughing with the others.

"An' what have ye boys seen o' Tim Rafferty lately?" Mike now asked, following a sudden prompting in the back of his head to seek possible clews to the robbery of his particular friend, him with the little family to support.

"Faith, he's the sore-hearted lad, with thim Chinee divvils a-robbin' him o' the fine fortune he come on, last week—that he is, is Tim. An' no livin' white man can be tellin' which one o' them thousand and one done it. They all look alike, an' they all shticks together like a shwarm o' bees," Tommy declared with much heat.

"'Twas all he had, Mike—his whole clean-up. His claim's pethered out, an' there's none left he can get along the Mokelumne. He'll have to pull up shtakes an' thy some other diggin's," added Peter.

"An' there's the wife an' them two fine childer," Andy concluded the tale.

Mike Kalaher's eyes were bent on an

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imprisoned star of refracted light in the rim of his glass. A depressing silence fell.

In the minute of quiet, the prompter in Kalaher's head let a ray of psychic divination have a moment's play upon his healthy wits. His acute sense of hearing, also, came into action, and after listening intently he raised his head and asked abruptly:

"What in the name o' creation is that I hear, from across the sthreet? It sounds like all the brass kitties and pewter plates, an' poisoned coyotes—"

"Whist! that's the big new company from 'Frisco the other day—aucthors an' fiddlers and' what not, to the Chinee teayther. They do be givin' the gr-r-and performance ivery night," Peter informed him in a voice of mockery, while the outburst of clashing tom-toms, resounding drums, and shrieking fiddles went triumphantly on. The orchestra from the metropolis had some out upon the balcony to attract the crowd to the play, about to commence.

Kalaher felt a distinct tap under his thatch of rampant black hair—there was no mistaking the signal to action. That live prompter was ordering him forth to do some wonderful turn. Good! this was his day for doing the wonderful.

"Gintlemen," said Kalaher, drawing himself buoyantly erect in his chair and speaking with a fine air of geniality touched with formality, "will ye do me the honor-r-r to be me guests at the illigant perfor-r-mance beyant in the Chinee teayther? Ye know this town. Ye know there's nothin' here to the taste o' men like ourselves, that's sober an' honest and daicent. There's nothin' at all to do but fill yerselves with dhrink at the whisky shops, or let them blacklegs thrick ye out o' yer dust over the car-r-rds, er be afther gallopin' to a fiddle tune with one o' them hurdy-gurdy wimmin—the Lord look with mercy on them unfortunate, torn-down girls—I'm wonderin' about the mothers o' them, what kind they must a-been. Let us be patronizin' the high class entertainment o' the yellah par-r-ties across the sthreet. Is it a go, gintlemen? But first, allow me to ordher—here, Johnny, ye rascal, bring another bowl o' punch—come on the run!"

TOMMY, Peter and Andy had sat dumbfounded during Mike's half earnest, half sarcastic, and very unusual, sort of speech. What had come over the man? Now Andy spoke quickly: "I'm thinkin'," he began, blinking rather fearfully at the highly confident, very evidently possessed Michael, "I'm thinkin' we've had a-nuff punch, Michael. An', it's no safe place fer us to go, in among them crowds o' Chineemen."

"We'll have the punch, Andy, me lad, an' here it comes now. Here, Johnny,

put it by me. Boys, down with this, an' 'twill carry ye through fire an' flood, be the law, not to mind that handful o' chat-terin' monkey faces over there." And down it went, only Andy slighting a sec-ond glass.

Mike tossed a dainty little nugget into the "dust" dish, and flipped its mate at Johnny's right eye, hitting his mark, and leading the shout of laughter that greeted the antics of the boy as he dived to retrieve his tip.

"Come, boys," commanded Kalaher, rising and starting for the door. The three hastened to follow. For this strange-acting friend must be looked after.

Outside in the street, facing the brilliantly lighted, two-story Chinese theater building, Tommy laid hold of Mike's arm and halted him.

"Man dear," he said, "I take it ye know how by Tim Rafferty come to get them Chineemen down on him so's they went an' robbed him?"

"Thin, sir," answered Mike in a down-right tone of voice, "divvil a know I know beyant hearin' they took his all. An' divvil a care I care, Tommy. Tim's me friend."

"'Twas up there it happened," Tommy imparted impressively, pointing to the left of the two upper rooms. "Maybe you don't know the ins and outs o' that Chinee house. You see there, on the right o' the ground flure, that's the big, long reshtaurant, an' on the left, that's the shtore. Upstairs over the restaurant, that's the teayther, an' over the shtore be the quare place entirely, the joss house, they calls it. Ye know, maybe, what's meant be a joss house?"

"Faith, I've heard. It's where them heathens do be a-prayin' to a wooden figger like it was God Himself—the Lord save the mark! So that's where Tim riled the feelin's o' the pious Chinees."

"Shure, yes. He wint in with one o' the other Irish boys, and 'twas him told me what it was Tim did in there. The Chinee in charge was a fat, shlick old body, an' Tim was afther askin' him what in under the heavins he wanted to be a-prayin' to an onnatural image o' wood or whatever 'twas made of, all shtuck up with trimmin's and fixin's, an' some stinkin' little tapers, or whatever they was, a-burnin' before it, an' a fine gold nugget a-settin' in a bowl in betwane the burnin' tapers an' the ould joss, as an offerin', d'y'e mind. Well, Tim went a-harryin' the ould fat keeper, an' a-tellin' him he'd be afther goin' to the hot place, some fine day, fer worshippin' a wood statchoo or whatever it was, instead o' the livin' God, an' that started the row."

"Why wasn't Mike Kalaher there thin? The divvil be from me, but I'd——"

"Whist, man! Tim tried his fist, he did that. He let out a yell an' give the joss statchoo a smashin' crack on the

nose, a-knockin' it off the althar, if that's what it was, an' thrun the goold chunk affer it to the flure. An' thin, the Chinee gang come a-runnin', an' Tim an' Con made the jump o' their lives down the shtairs an' got away."

"So that was how," Mike calmly said, folding his arms and studying the building and its sights. His glittering eyes seemed to feast on the picture of the constantly moving throng of Orientals flowing like a sea of bloused and queued twins in and out the doors, along the sidewalk; filling the long balcony above, and casting masses of shadows on the windows from within. He noticed that the fewest shadows appeared on the windows of the joss' quarters.

"Now, Kalaher," Peter began to plead, "ye don't want to be a-goin' in there. Ye see the hundrends there are, an' they know an Irishman like we know a Chinee. An' after Tim's troubles, we betther be keepin' out. Let's be goin' down to Tim's house an' see him an' Missuz Tim and the babies."

"It's too far in the night to be goin' to Tim's," quietly replied Kalaher. "We'd be disturbin' a sleepin' family."

Andy thought he saw a promising cue. "Faith, an' it's a proper hour fer all honest men to be abed," he remarked.

Something like a spark of ignition flashed from that curious new Power back in Mike's deep consciousness. He saw himself led by the spark—pressed by the Power—to go where? to do what? He felt held aloof.

Scanning the faces of his companions, he saw that they were waiting for him to yield to their persuasion. He addressed them in his usual tones:

"Well, gentlemen, Andy's word goes: 'Tis time to make the bunk." Offering his hand: "Good night, Tommy, an' good luck to ye. Same to you, Peter. Andy, ye spoiled me fun, the night, but we'll try a betther thrick next time. Good night, good night, boys."

With further pleasant parting words, Mike swung into his stride for the tramp to the distant "Garryowen" cabin, and soon the gloom left no sight of him.

"Whatever got into Mike Kalaher to turn so quare, anyhow?" Tommy and Peter and Andy wondered together as they took the road up the Mokelumne toward their claims. "Shure, he was possessed, no less."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Michael Kalaher was insinuating in a polite and peaceable manner his towering person through the surging tide of yellow men that filled the premises of the Chinese theater building in the town of Calaveras.

(To be continued next month)



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Winter Trails in Enchanted Lands

(Continued from page 30)

rugged gorges and defiles so many hundreds of years ago. Here we found the first white-tailed squirrel on the south side of the Colorado River Canyon. On the north rim in the Kaibab Forest this beautiful animal is called the "Kaibab Squirrel."

A number of miles off southwest of this point and well off the main traveled road lie the Petrified Forests of Arizona. Another blizzard came suddenly upon us and drove us ahead of it as we sought out these ancient growths now felled and turned to stone, as magnificent in chalcedonized wood as they were when they stood upright crowned with the glory of green leaves and twigs.

A few days with the Zuni Indians in their ancient dwellings and city of Zuni, watching them dance their tribal dances for rain, snow, health and big crops yielded much of interest with a desert beauty of great charm, but lacking the mountainous mixture with the desert that our own Utah always presents.

To Gallup and Shiprock far to the north we made our way, thence back into Arizona across the celebrated Chin Lee wash, a chocolate colored stream, making its way into the San Juan River so justly renowned in southeastern Utah. Then we came upon that lonely Indian trader's post, Kayenta, where live the Wetherill family so creditably known among the Navajos of the entire reservation.

Water and fuel for winter camps were scarce, almost unobtainable in many places and often our stock spent the night in a dry camp, eagerly awaiting the morrow with the promise of "rock wells," just hollowed-out pools in the solid rock containing a little water, with which to slake their thirst and give us sufficient for a bit of cooking.

A hundred and twenty-five miles wandering over the rock and sand trails of the Navajo reservation brought us again to Gap, Arizona, the last Indian trading post before Lee's Ferry is again encountered, where I made some splendid Navajo pictures, traded for rugs and became friendly with the Indians who look upon the white man as a trespasser always, and would scowl him off the reservation if he were thin-skinned enough to pay any attention to their unvoiced complaints.

Our winter in southern Utah and upon the Painted Deserts and Enchanted Mesas of Arizona and New Mexico, 131 days of unrivaled interest in the country and its ancient peoples, gave us a splendid opportunity to contrast so celebrated a region with all other parts of the United States which we had visited.

The varied vastness, the unexcelled scenic beauty of desert, mountain and

plain in Utah, with its great plateaus, immense pine and fir forests, unnumbered mountain lakes hidden away amid almost unapproachable locations, make this stand out in appeal as no other land could.

Zion National Park is unrivaled by any other park for true scenic grandeur and beauty. Bryce Canyon, colorful, brilliant, subdued in flashiness at times according to weather and light, yet always an indescribable erosional creation, gripped one's heart with a strength, a purposeful urge nowhere else found. Cedar Breaks, larger than Bryce Canyon, but not so delicately beautiful and appealingly fantastic in its rock formations, yet truly wonderful, carved from the same pink ledges, both of them, they take one's breath away by their silent, almost wistful salutation. The Natural Bridges in southeastern Utah north of the San Juan River, the Navajo Mountain a bit farther west and south of these, while the Dinosaur National Monument far to the northeast in Utah, each a grand asset to any state, one yet wholly unrealized, must not be overlooked.

Then the Great Salt Lake, the final water hole of the Great Basin, like Lot's wife, turned to salt, its romance-enshrouded islands inhabited by birds and other wild life,—all stand out as natural touches of incomparable beauty, grandeur and sublimity. Always will this region sound its appeal for inspection, for understanding, for placement in the world's gallery of natural, undefiled beauty.

Historic Spots

(Continued from page 40)

American flag in the protest to peremptory orders from Gen. Castro to leave the country; the site of the first capitol building for the new state of California, in San Jose, where sat the "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks;" these must suffice to give hint of the richness of our loved commonwealth in spots that are truly historic. From south to north, from west to east the California atmosphere is redolent of history. We would be better and worthier citizens if we would give exercise to what Henry James called our "sense of the past," and encourage historical-mindedness in others by marking with appropriate monuments those spots the memory of whose meaning should never be allowed to perish.

California (or parts of California) has been under many flags,—and each has a story, whether Spanish, British, Russian, French, American, or revolutionary.

Likewise, many faiths have been upheld here. The Franciscan Missions along the Pacific will never be forgotten, but the "neglected missions of Southern California," the Gila-Colorado missions,

La Purissima Concepcion and San Pedro y San Pablo, seem in danger of dropping completely from memory. Likewise there is danger of forgetting that early California had its Greek Catholic Church—the quaint little Greek chapel at Fort Ross, where once the Russians worshipped, unfortunately overthrown by the earthquake of 1906, should stand permanently as a reminder of a unique phase of our history.

Scores of California place names are suggestive of our history. The county names,—as Klamath, Siskiyou, Modoc (Indian); Alameda, Mariposa, Contra Costa (Spanish); Lake, Riverside, Imperial (American),—are suggestive. Our mountains, Sierra Nevada, Shasta, Whitney, San Gorgonio; and rivers,—Sacramento, San Joaquin,—have stories all their own. Our cities, and even the names of their streets,—Figueroa, Alvarado, Kearny, Geary, The Alameda,—all these speak of history, had we the ears to hear.

Therefore, I plead for a revival of the study, and wider deeper appreciation of our own history; for a juster regard for the historic spots that so richly abound; and for the eye of faith that discerns the real golden age of California still in the future.

The care-free days of the pre-American period were the days of beautiful but wasteful childhood,—we cherish their memory but desire not to return to them. The days of '49 and the flush days following were the period of hectic youth,—wonderful, dramatic, never to be repeated. Only now in the early twentieth century are we coming into the full vigor of robust manhood.

Destiny points the way to still greater, nobler achievement, if only we enter upon our true heritage and prove worthy of our own great day.

"O California, prodigal of gold,
Rich in the treasures of a wealth untold,
Not in thy bosom's secret store alone
Is all the wonder of thy greatness shown.
Within thy confines, happily combined,
The wealth of nature, the might of mind.
A wisdom eminent, a virtue sage,
Give loftier spirit to a sordid age."

Pelicans of Pyramid Lake

(Continued from page 18)

is also abundant, and doubtless constitutes a very important part of the pelican food supply. This sucker attains a length of two feet and runs in the latter part of May. A third species of sucker, is *Catostomus arenarius*, or the Sandbar Sucker, which is probably not abundant.

Of the minnows, there are two or three species, the most abundant being the Lake Minnow (*Leucidius pectinifer* Snyder). While this fish reaches a length of

only two to four inches, it swarms in incredible numbers during the time of the run, which is late in May, when it is scooped up in enormous quantities by the pelicans. A second species of minnow, the Lake Chub, *siphateles obesus* (Girard), which reaches a foot in length and spawns late in May, is scarcely less abundant, and doubtless constitutes a very important part of the pelican's food supply. Besides the suckers and chubs there are in this lake at least two species of trout, *Salmo henshawi* Gill & Jordon and *Salmo smaragdus* Snyder. The former is very abundant. It attains a length of two or three feet, a weight of 20 pounds or more, and is of great importance not only to the anglers who frequent that lake but also to the Indians of the reservation on its shores.

In my examination of the Pelican breeding grounds I saw a great many suckers and chubs lying about in various stages of decay and disintegration; frequently they seemed quite fresh, as if just delivered by the adults at the nest; more often they had the appearance of having been recently disgorged by the birds, old and young, and were partly digested. Apparently the young bird does not always catch all that the parent throws up; some of it sometimes spills over and falls to the ground. What with these decaying fish and the hundreds of dead and decaying young, and the odors they emit, a pelican rookery is not exactly the most pleasant place for an afternoon promenade. However, the scientific investigator, seeking oological and ornithological truth, never minds a little thing like that; he simply notes it as an interesting and not wholly unexpected fact, and goes on about his business.

Although I made careful search for examples of trout, let it be said to the credit of the pelicans I did not find one. There were plenty of suckers and chubs but not a single trout. The species in order of abundance were Quee-wee, Red Sucker, Lake Chub, and Lake Minnow. And now the question naturally arises.—What is the amount of fish these pelicans consume annually? Joe Green says that each adult pelican eats more than four pounds of fish each day; others with whom I talked agree that this is a very conservative estimate. From my own observations I agree with them.

Assuming, then, 10,000 adult birds as the pelican population of Anahó Island, that they remain at Pyramid Lake from April to November, or about 200 days, and that each bird eats four pounds of fish daily, we find that the amount of fish consumed by these pelicans during their stay at Pyramid Lake reaches the enormous total of 8,000,000 pounds or 4,000 tons each season.

It is true that the fish eaten by the pelicans are of inferior quality judged by

the white man's standard; nevertheless, they are nutritious, have a high food value, and are highly appreciated by the Indians of the Pyramid Lake reservation. Indeed, these fish have constituted the chief food supply of these Indians from time immemorial, as is evidenced by the native name of the tribe, Quee-wee-to-cod, which means Quee-wee-eaters.

Four thousand tons of suckers and chubs would support a very sizable fishery. At one cent a pound the catch would yield the very respectable sum of \$80,000 annually.

It must be admitted that the supply of suckers and chubs does not appear to have suffered any serious depletion. I have heard no complaint from the Indians; and anglers who go to Pyramid Lake have no fault to find with the biting qualities of the trout. But when Joe Green, my Indian guide, said he thought 10,000 pelicans were rather more than Pyramid Lake really needed for scenic purposes, I was inclined to agree with him.

Mount Lassen

(Continued from page 34)

asked to assist and so will the Native Daughters of the Golden West, the Automobile, the Hotel and Good Roads Associations. It is planned to have a series of talks given, both with and without illustrations, before the various women's organizations. In short, a campaign in education very much needed to make the average Californian familiar with the fascinating history of our volcanic territory. Many people are profoundly ignorant of the scenic values of Mt. Lassen. This situation is neither to our credit nor our profit. The society just formed will make a determined effort to rectify this error and to place before the peoples of the world—something historical and geographical concerning our own wonderful California mountain.

"The Kingship of Mount Lassen" has been reviewed in some of the California newspapers. It is one of the books that belongs in every working journalist's library for constant reference. Here is one suggestive item: "The Lassen Volcanic National Park Association is urging Congress to appropriate sums aggregating \$750,000 to be used in building a seventy-mile belt line of roads around the base of Lassen Peak. This loop highway will circle the inside of the park and connect all points of interest, so that a traveler may see them at his ease. Once the belt line is complete the area accessible will be greater than the Yosemite Park Region, and will be the novel scenic feature of the state."

Here is a bit from what an observer with the aviator fire-patrol said: "The pilot turned and called my attention to Lassen Peak. I looked back; Mt. Shasta



was behind us. The crater of Lassen yawned below and just ahead of us. The big De Haviland dove downward. We were making a nose dive over the volcano! I leaned over and peered directly into the mouth of the crater. I saw a round, green lake of boiling slime, set like an emerald in gold-colored sand. . . . On the third turn I realized that we were less than one hundred feet above the crater, and that I was looking down at its boiling lava. The steep, slanting sides of the volcano raced beneath us to its earthward base more than ten thousand feet below. We were scarcely five hundred feet from the crater edge when the plane suddenly dropped one hundred and fifty feet."

CHARLES H. SHINN.

AMERICAN PERIOD OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY

A History of California: The American Period, by Robert Glass Cleland, Ph. D., New York; The Macmillan Co., 1922.

"THE Californian, in every truth, is a citizen of no mean state." With these words, the author of this new volume closes his illuminating chapter on the material progress of our great commonwealth.

Doctor Cleland, who is the well known Professor of History at Occidental College has made an important contribution in the wide field of western history in completing the present work, which is complementary to the work of Doctor

Charles E. Chapman (*History of California: The Spanish Period*) published several months ago. These two volumes beyond any question constitute the best and most authoritative history of California of moderate size that has yet appeared.

Many writers have been prone to dwell upon the hardy Spanish *conquistadores* of the sixteenth century, the devoted *padres* of the Franciscan missions, or the carefree *caballeros* of an arcadian era to such an extent as to point the conclusion that after all the Golden Age of California history is far in the past, in the pre-American days. The early history of California is indeed fascinating and romantic—we must never cease to treasure it; but the true culmination of our marvelous history comes only with the transformation of California from a Mexican province into the Empire State of the Pacific.

Doctor Cleland has rendered conspicuous service in leading us toward a correct perspective in the narration of our history not only with reference to chronological sequences, but likewise in emphasizing the fact that "California history is vastly more significant because of its national and international aspects than for any local interest it may possess."

The author comes to his task with exceptional preparation. He combines long residence in California and an understanding sympathy for the local atmosphere with thoroughgoing and productive scholarship, long-time official membership in the Historical Society of Southern California and worthy professorship in Occidental College on the E. L. Doheny Foundation. His doctoral dissertation, "The Early Sentiment for the Annexation of California," presented several years ago to Princeton University, forms a sound basis for much of the present larger work. His recently published Handbook of Mexico serves to illustrate his intimate acquaintance with the affairs of our sister republic to the south. His researches in the great Bancroft Collection at Berkeley and elsewhere have been the means of setting us right on many a long-disputed point in the stirring period of the American conquest.

For the first time the general reader is provided with an adequate treatment of the early industrial activities centering in California,—an entire chapter is given to the whalers and traders in hides, another to "James Ohio Pattie, Fur Trader and Explorer." In a fascinating chapter on "Advertising and Immigration" the author points out as no other writer has done the marvelous publicity work accomplished by our first pre-pioneer settlers. Captain William Shaler, whose narrative was published in 1808, is pronounced "the first American publicity agent for California." Hall J. Kelley is

described as "an indefatigable advertiser of the whole west." "The 'booster,' indeed," writes Doctor Cleland, "is no recent product of the Golden State. Long before the advertisements of railroads, chambers of commerce, and modern real estate dealers began to attract 'tourists' from the east and middle west, the charms and advantages of California were widely heralded throughout the United States."

Much new material appears in the interesting chapter, "California and Sonora: The Day of the Filibuster," and the treatment of the difficult transportation problem, including the building of the Central Pacific Railroad and subsequent transcontinental lines, is perhaps the best that is available in reasonable compass.

One of the most striking chapters is entitled "The Queen of the Cow Counties." It should be explained that in early days the population from Monterey to San Diego was so devoted to cattle raising that "the counties were derisively dubbed the 'cow counties' by the commercial and mining communities of the more prosperous north." And Los Angeles was chief of these "cow counties." "The city with an abundance of land inherited from the original grant of the Spanish Crown, sought for two years with poor success to dispose of thirty-five acre tracts, in what is now the main business section, at the exorbitant price of a dollar an acre!"

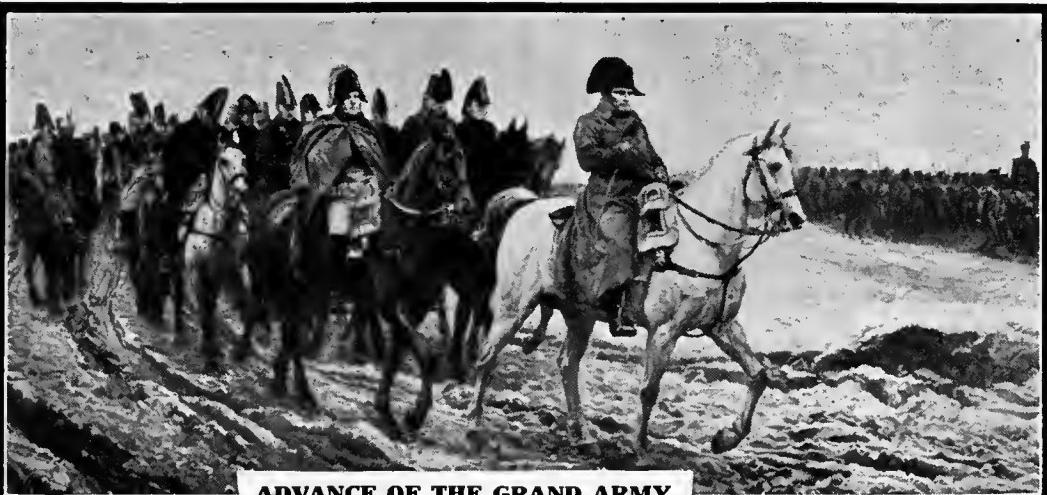
It is a matter of regret that the author did not find more space for the history of the state since 1879. This last generation has never yet been adequately treated—it deserves better at the hand of the historian.

The short-comings of Doctor Cleland's book are few and trivial in comparison with its many excellencies. It is a worthy complement to Doctor Chapman's volume and withal a most welcome addition to our Californiana. It will doubtless be accorded the wide reading it so richly deserves.

There is still ample room, however, for an authoritative, facile-reading, one-volume history of California from its shadowy beginnings to its marvelous present-day achievements, that will at once preserve a true perspective, take little for granted yet omit non-essentials, and reveal a sympathetic understanding throughout. For such a book multitudes of readers are waiting.

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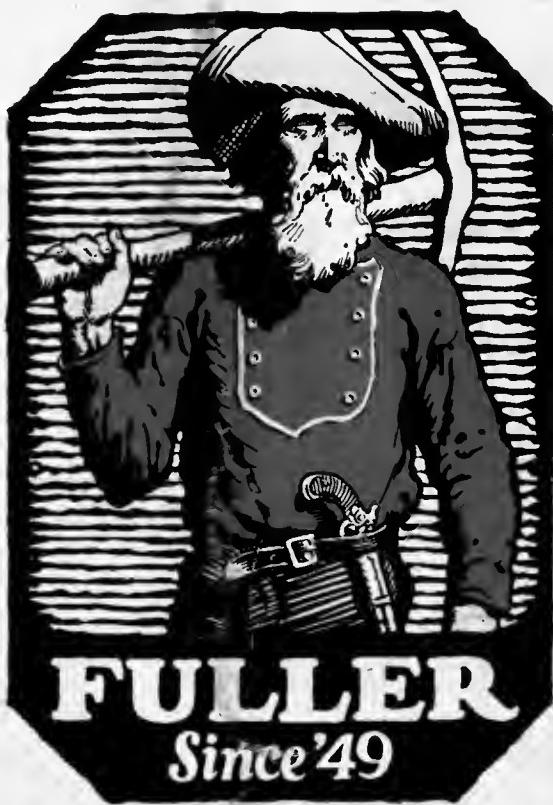
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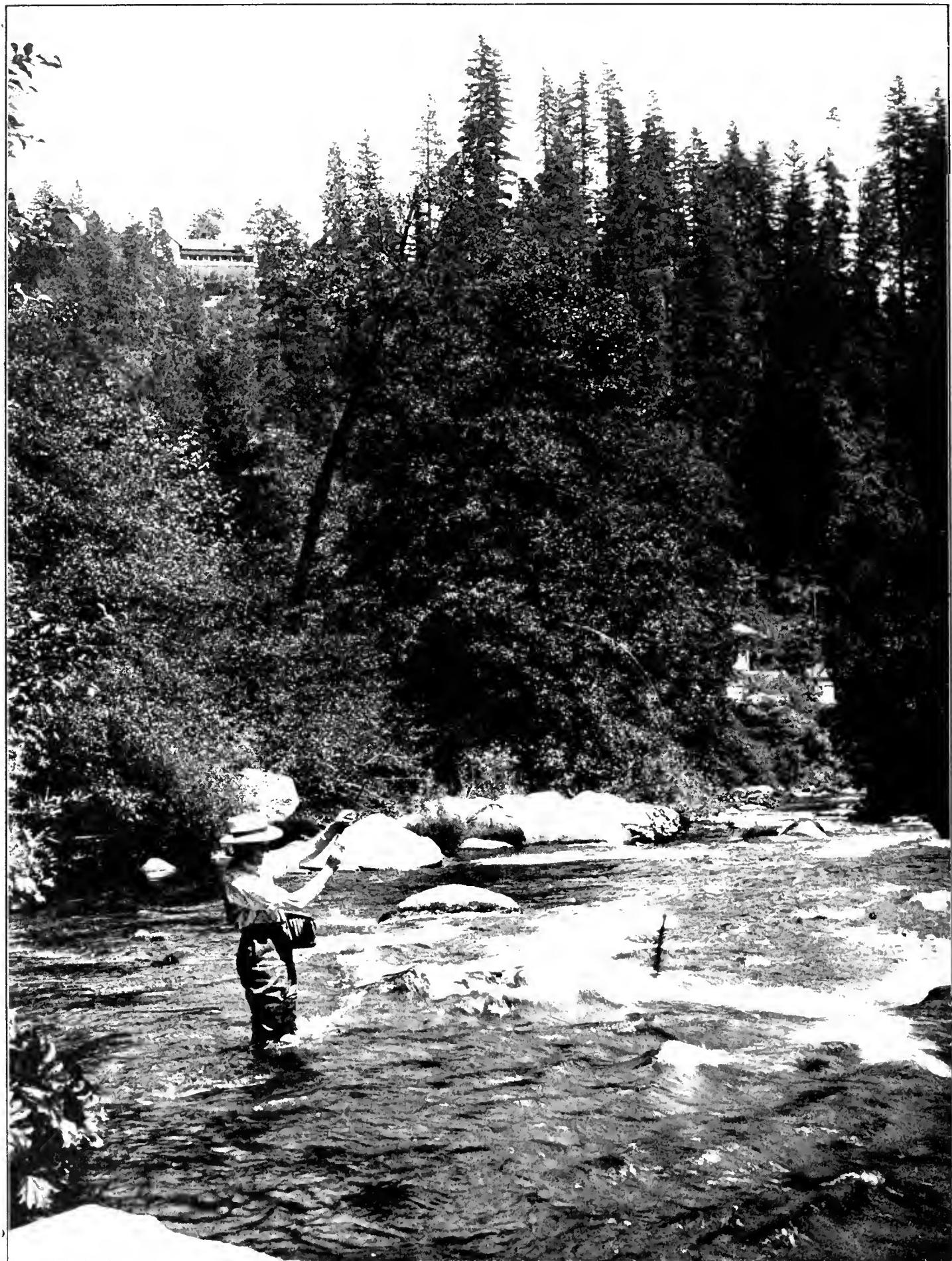
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JUNE DAYS IN CALIFORNIA



William van Dresser

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Special Overland Features for June

"Hamlets I have Seen and other Hamlets," by Eugene T. Sawyer, the man who achieved fame as the originator of the "Nick Carter" stories. Mr. Sawyer's familiarity with the San Francisco stage of an earlier day, is reflected in some interesting recollections.



William Herbert Carruth contributes a wonderful bit of prose-verse as distinctly individualistic in conception as it is in style. Dr. Carruth of Stanford University is known for the quality of his writing.



The work of Edith Daley, set forth under title, "The Woman War Poet of the Pacific Coast," is featured by Henry Meade Bland, a long time favorite among western writers.



Charles G. Booth, Park Abbott, Laura Bell Everett, Stella G. Trask—a quartette of popular writers, will give readers of the Overland something unusual in short stories.

To meet varying tastes and desires, there will be departments featuring musical activities, progress in the arts, the stage, out-door life, travel, the national parks, resources and industries, economic progress, trade, finance and investments.

A serial of gripping interest—"The River of Doom," by Frances Hanford Delanoy, will begin in the May number.



Omar Barker tells of the Fiesta at the End of the Trail. In his description of the Hoover War Library and how the collections were made, Ralph Haswell Lutz tells a story known to but few. The Brothers Hoag will continue their Hawaiian articles with an illustrated paper on Hawaii, Yesterday and Today; Charles G.

Plummer will write on "Hat Island—Home of Birds;" Honoria Tuomey will unfold another chapter in her "Calaveras in '58."



Edwin Markham, Millicent Shinn, James W. Foley, Dallas Lore Sharp, Luther Burbank, George Wharton James, Charmian London (Mrs. Jack London), David Starr Jordan, John Steven MacGroarty—such are the writers to appear in future issues of this magazine.

And each month there will be reprinted some story by Bret Harte, Mark Twain, or other of the early writers, that first made its appearance in the corresponding initial number of the old Overland.

OVERLAND MONTHLY



Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

and the

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Consolidated

Vol. LXXXI. No. 1.

D. R. LLOYD,
Associate Editor.

MABEL MOFFITT, Mgr.

Published Monthly in
SAN FRANCISCO.

Editorial and
Business Offices:
PHELAN BUILDING.
Phone Douglas 8338.

Entered as second class
matter at the Post Office,
San Francisco, under act
of March 3, 1879.

Eastern Representatives:
GEORGE W. GIBBS, Ad-
vertising, 11 East 42nd St.,
New York City.

V. H. ADAMS, Circulation,
18 East 41st St.
New York City.

Chicago Representative:
GEORGE H. MEYERS,
14 W. Washington St.,

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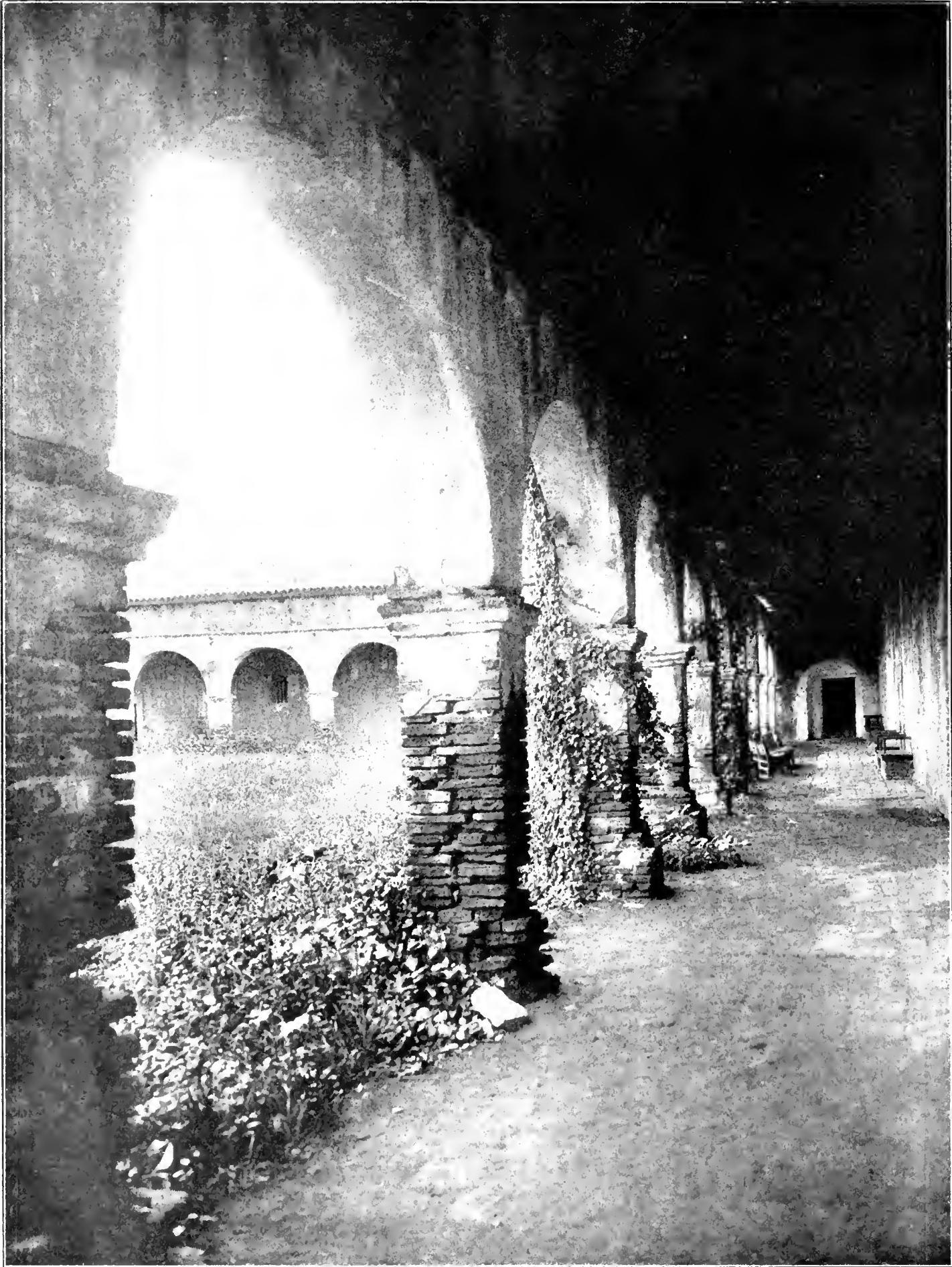
Address all
Communications to
OVERLAND MONTHLY
and
OUT WEST MAGAZINE
(Consolidated.)
PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO.

\$3.00 per year.
25 cents per copy.

MAY, 1923

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The Old Mission San Juan Capistrano, showing the arches and patio. A visit to this spot brings back the history and romance of the early Spanish Period.

Bret Harte's First Editorial

In the first issue of Overland Monthly, July, 1868, Bret Harte began that series of editorials, stories and poems that almost from the beginning placed him in the front rank of the world's litterateurs. His editorials appeared under caption, "ETC." In this first issue of the new consolidated Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, it is especially appropriate that Bret Harte's initial editorial of 1868 should appear. That Bret Harte had imagination not only, but judgment and vision and commercial understanding, is clearly shown in the accompanying statement. (EDITOR.)

ETC.

By Francis Bret Harte

11625

YET it falls to my lot at the very outset, to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called "The Overland Monthly"? It would perhaps be easier to say why it was *not* called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how "Pacific Monthly" is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston "Atlantic"; how the "West", "Wide West" and "Western" are already threadbare and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how "Occidental" and "Chrysopolis" are but cheap pedantry, and "Sunset", "Sundown", "Hesper", etc., cheaper sentiment; how "California", —honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the termini? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?



WALLACE IRWIN
16 EAST 95TH STREET

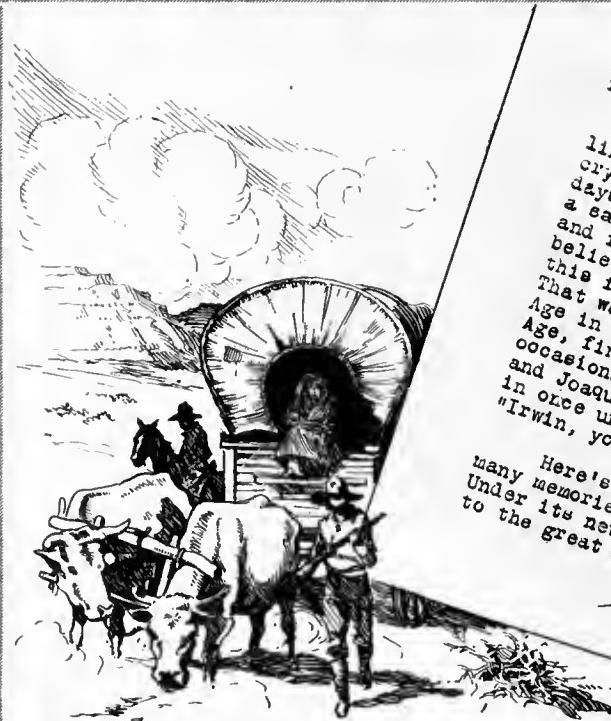
January 25, 1923.

As the Overland Month
be either a boy or an editor - I send greetings
to the New Overland and things which I am sure
it will stand for.

In the old days I occupied the burning deck
like the boy who stood on the burning deck
crying, "Women and children first!" In those
days we were located on Kearney Street - over
a saloon, if I am not mistaken. I was so young
and inoffensive that contributors wouldn't
believe me when I said I was the editor -
this frequently saved me some embarrassment.
That was not the Golden Age or even the Silver
Age, financially speaking. But we got out an
occasional story by Jack London and James Hopper;
and Joaquin Miller, who contributed often, strolled
in once under his red bandanna and wheezed,
"Irwin, you'll never be a poet. You're too fat."

Here's to the Overland for which I have
many memories, both sentimental and whimsical.
Under its new guise may it prosper and do honor
to the great man who founded it!

Wallace Irwin



Greeting from Wallace Irwin

DEC 1923

Founding of the Overland Monthly

and History of the Out West Magazine

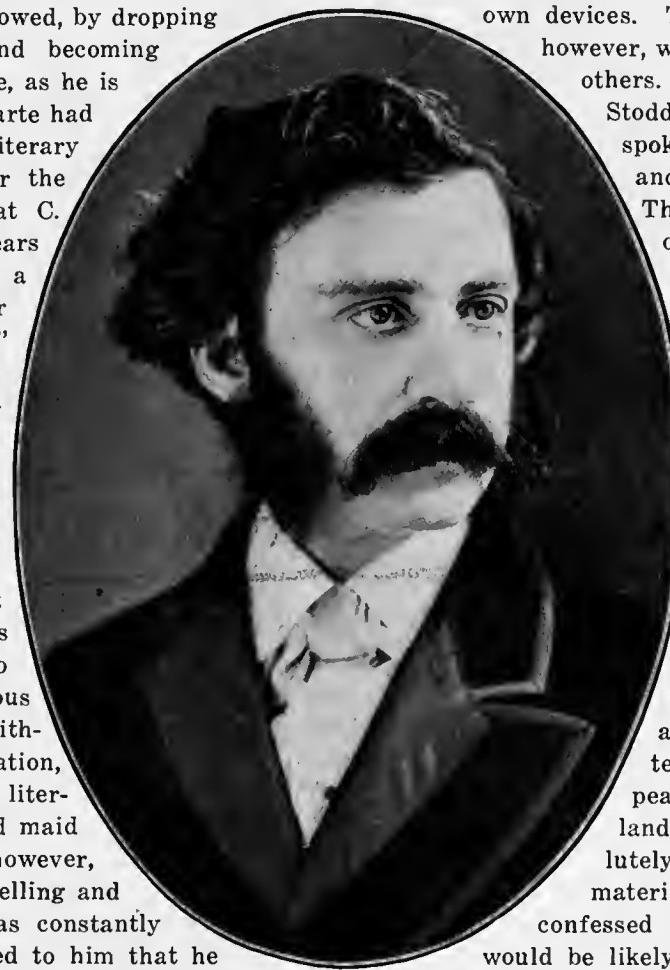
By George Wharton James

WHEN Anton Roman, who had had some little experience in both selling and publishing, decided to publish a magazine of California, devoted to the development of the country, he and his friends almost unconsciously turned to one man as the literary guide or pilot of the new literary ship. This man was Francis Bret Harte, who later set the example so many literary men and others have followed, by dropping one of his triple names and becoming henceforth merely Bret Harte, as he is almost universally known. Harte had already launched into a literary career. He had written for the Californian, a magazine that C. H. Webb had started some years before; and he had edited a small volume of poems under the title "Outcroppings," which Roman had successfully published two years before. But he was diffident as to the success of a magazine. He questioned whether there were enough first-class writers on the Pacific Coast to assure the constant supply of such material as alone would be acceptable to him. For he was fastidious and critical to a degree. Without any large academic education, he was yet as rigid in his literary ideals as a puritanic old maid is in her morals. Roman, however, was confident. In his book-selling and publishing endeavors, he was constantly having manuscripts submitted to him that he regarded as worthy of a place in such a magazine as he contemplated, and he persisted in urging Harte to assume the editorial responsibility. Harte then consulted with his literary friends, those in whose work and word he had absolute faith. Several of them definitely guaranteed that, if necessary, they would write

regularly for the new venture. At Harte's request, two of them consented to act as a kind of editorial board, with himself. These were Noah Brooks, then editor of the Alta California, and W. C. Bartlett, editor of the Bulletin. They did advise with him about the first number, but both gentlemen had discernment enough to see, after that first issue, that their work was purely supererogation, and they henceforth left Harte to his own devices. There were two of his friends, however, who were nearer to him than any others. These were Charles Warren Stoddard, whom he affectionately spoke to and of, always, as Charley, and Miss Ina Donna Coolbrith. These three made such a compact of mutual helpfulness that Harte's objections were overruled, his questionings satisfied, and the new magazine was launched. Harte himself suggested the accepted title —The Overland Monthly—and wrote in the first issue a most interesting little editorial telling the why of the name. He also suggested the cover, "the grizzly bear," which is always associated in the minds of "old timers" with the Overland Monthly. As a practical printer, he also determined the typographical appearance, or format, of the Overland Monthly. He was to be absolutely free in his editorial choice of material, though Roman has since confessed that he was afraid "that he

would be likely to lean too much toward the purely literary articles, while what I was then aiming at was a magazine that would help the material development of this coast."

For three months before the magazine appeared, Mr. Roman planned to have Mr. Harte with him all the time, in order that they might constantly discuss plans and



Bret Harte

stories that would help the new magazine to succeed. "Together with our wives," he writes, "we went, first to San Jose; then, after a month or so, to a pleasant retreat in the Santa Cruz Mountains, thence to Santa Cruz. . . . I have no recollection in detail of the many pleasant interviews we had together at our leisure moments, and during the many hours while journeying in the cars up and down the attractive valley of Santa Clara, and during our excursions in stage coaches across the beautiful wooded mountain roads. They were three months of delightful pleasure to me, and never can I forget his charming companionship."

July, 1868, was the memorable month. Though Harte expected to write a story for the first issue, he was unable to complete it. One of his associates, Noah Brooks, wrote his promised story, "The Diamond Maker of Sacramento," and it was published, and Miss Coolbrith contributed one of her sweetest poems. W. C. Bartlett, the other editorial associate — contributed his *Breeze from the Woods*, a vivid and glowing out-of-doors Western sketch, as strong in its descriptions, as fascinating in its style, as powerful in its philosophy, as quaint and subtle in its humor, as skilled in its observations, as anything that either Gilbert White, Henry D. Thoreau or John Burroughs ever wrote. Other articles of note appeared, of which Noah Brooks thus comments:

"BENJAMIN P. AVERY, that gentle and lovable soul, whose sympathetic hand touched nothing that it did not adorn, wrote of '*Art Beginnings on the Pacific*', a theme which found in him an intelligent and appreciative treatment. Years before, Avery and I had been associated together in the editorial management of a daily newspaper in Marysville; and now, after many changes, we found ourselves together in San Francisco; he was then a member of the editorial staff of the *Evening Bulletin*, and I was managing editor of the *Alta California*. His death in China, in 1874, while he was United States Minister to Peking, deprived his country of the services of an able and patriotic citizen, and made a vacancy in the ranks of our American writers which never has since been filled. Avery was editor of the *Overland Monthly* from 1872 until he went to China. Another journalist who appeared in the first number was Samuel Williams, also of the *Bulletin* staff.

"At that time Mark Twain had made his celebrated trip on the Steamer *Quaker City*, and his jolly, mirth-creating letters had been printed in the *Alta California*, but they had not been published in his first famous book, '*The Innocents Abroad*'. That volume did not appear until near the end of 1868, and Mark's paper in

the first number of our magazine, '*By Rail Through France*', was a disappointment to those who expected to find in it some of the broad and rippling humor that had so distinguished his '*Quaker City*' letters. His subsequent contributions were chiefly reminiscent of foreign travel, but one of these, '*A Medieval Romance*', printed in October, 1868, was sufficiently full of rollicking and extravagant fun to satisfy the most exacting of laughers.

"Ina D. Coolbrith sent to this famous first number one of her subjective, thoughtful poems, '*Longing*', a good example of the poetic fancy with which she afterwards embroidered many a page of the *Overland Monthly*. The best poem in that number was a clever bit of verse, '*Returned*', by Bret Harte. It was composed on the lines of '*Her Letter*', a poem which Harte has since included in his collected writings, but which was, like so many of his good things, hidden away in the fine print of his '*Etc.*' It was Harte's modesty that induced him to seclude many of his best minor poems in his '*Etc.*' to Jefferson Brick, in his magazine for December, 1869. But that did not fool anybody. For '*Poverty Flat*' was Harte's own creation, and none but he could have so deftly turned the lines:

"And how I once went down
the middle
With the man that shot Sandy
McGee."

"Another delightful piece of versification was Bret Harte's '*San Francisco from the Sea*'. Harte had promised a short story for this number, and when he failed to make that ready, with some confusion of countenance he said, 'Well, I have a bit of verse that will have to take its place.' The lines beginning, '*Serene, indifferent of fate*', added to the fame of the versatile poet and story-writer.

"From the first, emphasis was laid on the proposition that the *Overland Monthly* was devoted to the development of the country in which it was printed, and Harte was always anxious to give the magazine that '*local color*' of which we had heard so much in literature and had seen so little. His own stories and poems were full of that color; in fact, they had no other atmosphere than that of California.

"He was disappointed that in the first number of the *Overland Monthly* he was obliged to use so many articles that were distinctly alien to our soil. This defect was duly remedied as the enterprise grew and steadied itself. John S. Hittell, for example, with his wonderfully exact and intimate knowledge of the material resources and social history of the Pacific Coast, contributed to the early numbers of the magazine many papers on mining, geology and our increasing agricultural resources. The old *Alta* furnished forth a group of writers in the *Overland Monthly*. Besides Messrs. M. G. Upton, Hittell and myself, Alfred S. Evans wrote several admirable sketches

Romance was everywhere, though few had time to stop to consider it; the outside world saw and felt it, and over it all the glamor of gold shone as a glittering halo, bewildering, dazzling, exciting those under its beams and attracting and alluring those who were far away. But no one thought of California as a place of literature; it never entered the mind of the staid East that this new and romantic era was to create a new and romantic style of literature; that it was the forcing-house of poets, short-story writers, essayists, historians, novelists.

And 1868 saw the dawning of that idea in the mind of the outside world, for in that year the Overland Monthly was born.

of travel among the mining camps on the eastern border of California, and John C. Cremony contributed some striking reminiscences of early times. Upton, who was a careful writer, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and an old journalist in California, confined himself strictly to matters of fact. He had no aptitude for fiction, although his own private fund of humor was apparently inexhaustible. The great earthquake of October 21, 1868, gave us all a topic for serious reflection, and Upton's careful paper on that disturbance, 'Earthquake Theories,' in the December number of the Overland Monthly, was a valuable contribution to the vast volume of observations on seismic phenomena. Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, in his paper, 'Concerning the Late Earthquake,' took a more scientific view of the subject; and Harte, in his 'Etc.' for November, 1868, apologized for some slight defect in the printing of that number of the magazine, the earthquake shock having disturbed the office in which the printed sheets were lying. But on the whole, Harte was disposed to treat the whole subject with a levity which some dignified dons of the city thought unbecoming.

"Henry George, who had been associated with me in the editorial management of the San Francisco Times, since defunct, wrote for the third number of the Overland Monthly a somewhat optimistic paper on 'What the Railroad Will Bring Us.' The first transcontinental railway was then advancing upon California, and George, while he deprecated the concentration of capital which the great work was certain to hasten in accumulation, was disposed to regard the ultimate effects of the completion of the road as likely to be far grander than they really have proved to be. His dream of the prodigious enrichment of San Francisco has not been realized."

THE second number of the Overland Monthly, however, was the most memorable one. While the first issue made a decided impression, both at home and in the East, it was the second number that compelled the Eastern critics to recognize and openly acknowledge that a new star had arisen in the literary heavens. Yet, strange and fatuous as it may seem, it was the second number, or Harte's story in it, which undoubtedly made his success as well as that of the magazine that came near wrecking it in California. The story has often been told, but it is worth telling again, as it will be many times. In their San Jose and Santa Cruz mountain rambles, Roman had used his best efforts "to impress upon his mind that the field of story writing of the early California gold diggers and their mining camps was yet comparatively new ground, and almost entirely open on all sides for him." He had also secured for Mr. Harte "whatever was within my reach in the way of sketches, tales and incidents in print and picture form, showing the life of the miners in the gold diggings during the early pioneer days of California." Harte had absorbed this material to good effect, and the result was his story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The proof sheets came to Roman while he and Harte were at their hotel in Santa Cruz. "One copy I gave to him, and took

the other to my own room, where I asked my wife to read it aloud to me. She did so, but the story so affected her that she could not finish reading it aloud. Then I took it and finished reading it. We were both pleased with it, and I so expressed myself to Mr. Harte."

But the story in proof sheet had caused no such pleasure in Mr. Bacon's printing office in town, where the Overland Monthly was printed. In Noah Brooks' words: "A vestal virgin . . . declined to have any hand in the proof reading or publication of a story in which one of the characters was a soiled dove, and another of the dramatis personae remarked: 'He rastled with my finger, the d—d little cuss!'" This vestal virgin is said to have been the lady who afterwards became known as Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. She openly avowed her disapproval of the story, prophesied the immediate downfall of the magazine if the editor persisted in publishing it, and when he did persist, personally made it her business to see that, as far as possible, her prophecy came true. Harte's attitude may be understood by his later references to the prurient prudes who "frantically excommunicated my story and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." Yet in the editorial sanctum, where his friends, with Mr. Roman assembled at Harte's request, he treated it in a most serious manner. He said in effect: "As Harte, the author, I see no objection whatever to that story, nor do I as Harte the editor. As Harte, the author, I care nothing, however, whether the story goes in or not, but as Harte, the editor, I care everything. If that story is not fit to appear in the Overland Monthly, that fact demonstrates that I am not fit to be the editor of the Overland Monthly, for if I cannot decide upon the propriety of my own contributions, I cannot be relied upon to decide upon the propriety and availability of those of others that may be submitted to me. Therefore, while as Harte the author I am perfectly willing that the story be left out, as Harte the editor I say emphatically it must either go in or I immediately resign my position."

Needless to say, proprietor, associate editors and friends were unanimous in saying the story must go in. It did so. When the August number appeared, the vestal virgin's fine work also soon appeared, for whatever else one may say of her, none can question Mrs. Cooper's indefatigability and energy. The press, pulpit and lecture forum abounded in denunciation of the immoral story, its author and the magazine in which it appeared. A perfect tempest in a teapot raged for days. Harte grimly smiled and waited. I don't know whether he had read John Burrough's

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait," and I would not like to say he was serene, but he did wait. He knew that there was a larger and wiser audience in the East, whose voice, if in his favor, would soon quiet any clamor in California. When the reviews in Eastern magazines and papers began to appear, the grimness of his smile was lost—it became a broad smile. The flattering comments were unanimous and enough to turn any one's head. From that moment his fame

was made, and the fact that in one of the earliest mails there came a letter from the publishers of the prim, staid, puritanic, critical New England literary mentor, the Atlantic Monthly, offering Harte a salary that in those days was accounted a fortune for a story a month, similar to "The Luck of Roaring Camp," forever silenced all but the most persistently prurient of prurient prudes who had so foolishly condemned it. Today, fathers buy it for their young sons, mothers give it to their daughters, and all alike enjoy its wonderful characterizations—its felicitous descriptions and its quaint and subtle humor, while all weep at its human sentiment and strong pathos. Here was a new field for story writing, and a new note in literature. While the power of Edgar Allan Poe was still felt, and rightly, too, here was a decided departure from his wild and weird, his blood-curdling and hair-raising stories. A new master, with a new medium and a new style was sending forth new canvases for the world's delectation. For Bret Harte was essentially a stylist. Not only did he give new matter, new literary material, to the reading world, but he gave it in a new style. . . .

I have never had the slightest sympathy with those morbid and thin-skinned Californians who have felt "hurt" and "grieved" and "angered" and all the rest at Bret Harte's leaving California and at his mining camp pictures, claiming that they reviled the miners and threw discredit upon them. Bosh! As well condemn Dickens for the pictures he gives of the life of his characters—or Thackeray or George Eliot, or Zola. What Harte wrote in 1869 ought to have settled that question forever. Indeed, it never ought to have been raised. "I trust that in the following sketches I have abstained from any positive moral. I might have painted my villains of the blackest dye—so black, indeed, that the originals thereof would have contemplated them with the glow of comparative virtue. I might have made it impossible for them to have performed a virtuous or generous action, and have thus avoided that moral confusion which is apt to arise in the contemplation of mixed motives and qualities. But I should have burdened myself with the responsibility of their creation, which, as a humble writer of romance, and entitled to no particular reverence, I did not care to do."

Out West Magazine

PERHAPS the most individualistic — nay, there is no question but that it is safe to say the most individualistic magazine ever published in America was "Out West", under the editorship of Charles F. Lummis. About two years before he took hold of it, it was a small quarto started in 1886, and edited by Frank A. Pattee, under the name of "The Land of Sunshine." Then it was changed to an octavo, still holding the same title, but already bearing the striking marks of its new editorship. Lummis was no novice in the editor's tripos. For some years he had been the City Editor of the Los Angeles Times, under that veteran journalist, Harrison Gray Otis. When he left the East to join the staff of the Times, he tramped across the continent. This gave him material for the book which he afterward published, but more, it opened his eyes to the marvels of the scenery and of the Indian life of our great Southwest. From that time on, he became one of the foremost exponents of this wonderland, and I question whether any modern pen has yet equalled his in the vividness of its sketches and its intimate revelations.

On assuming the editorship of "The Land of Sunshine" he began, immediately, to make the new California magazine the vehicle for carrying his knowledge of the Southwest to the world at large. He delved into its ancient history and gave translations of valuable reports and other documents; up to that time, practically unknown. He photographed the Indians at home, in their sports, in the field, on horseback and in their religious ceremonials. For over two years he lived with one tribe of Pueblo Indians, mastered their language and wrote a most fascinating book about their folk tales.

He became equally familiar with the scenery in all its magnificent variety and he photographed it widely, sometimes under the most adverse conditions. He became familiar with the intimate life of many of the leading Mexicans of the country; was the first to describe by both word and picture the horrible fascinations of the ceremonies of the Penitentes,—those fanatic religionists who whipped their naked bodies with cactus-whips until the blood streamed down, and then crucified one of their number in imitation of the Passion of our Lord.

These, and kindred subjects, engaged Mr. Lummis' pen during the entire time of his editorship of the magazine. When it reached its sixteenth volume, he changed the name from "The Land of Sunshine" to "Out West", and under the new title it grew in size, popularity and influence, for Mr. Lummis took upon himself the task of being the censor of everything dealing with the Southwest. When it came to matters dealing with this subject, his virile pen became an instrument of torture to all those who were dealing in an incapable and incompetent manner with subjects connected with this region. It became the standard question, not only in California and the Southwest, but even in the libraries and magazines in the East, "Who will Lummis pillory next?" Many a man who deemed himself almost above criticism found himself stripped naked, as it were, shot through and through with arrows, and even scalped, because he had presumed carelessly to handle subjects that were within the domain of Mr. Lummis' interests.

I could mention a dozen such cases, but perhaps the three most notable are those in which he attacked Dr. Stephen Peet, Editor of the American Antiquarian, and Dr. Smith, Editor of the Century Dictionary. I myself

was the third victim of these onslaughts. Dr. Peet had written a book on the "Cliff and Cave Dwellings of the Southwest." Lummis clearly showed that Peet knew nothing of his subject, and that the book was a pretentious fraud,—which censure, as anyone who knows the subject will agree, was not too strong.

In the second case, Dr. Smith certainly regarded himself so far above Mr. Lummis' criticism that he treated him at first with a haughty superciliousness which we, who knew Lummis, were assured would speedily bring its own just results. We were not disappointed. Dr. Smith was pilloried, laughed at, scorned, and treated as if he were an overgrown schoolboy who had pretended to the knowledge of a professor. Those editorials make good reading—of a kind—even to this day. In my own case, perhaps the least said the better, but Mr. Lummis took an article of mine, which the editor had mutilated and altered without my knowledge or permission, and proved that I was writing upon a subject of which I knew nothing. In those days our relationship was such that I refused to make an explanation which would have changed Mr. Lummis' attitude.

The result of criticisms of this kind naturally brought down upon Mr. Lummis' head responses that were neither kindly nor wise. Yet once in a while something about him was written that produced a universal chuckle. Such were the following stanzas which appeared originally in one of San Francisco's weeklies, but the author of which I have never yet been able to find.

I had gone down to visit my old friend, Dr. Wellwood Murray, at his hotel at Palm Springs on the border of the Colorado desert. I had scarcely settled myself in my room before the old Doctor came to me and said in that rich, sonorous, deep voice of his: "I have a poem I should like to read to you, written about your dear friend and mine, Charles F. Lummis." I shall never forget the sententious way in which the verses were read and the gestures that accompanied the reading. My reader must imagine them. In reading the title, re-

member that Mr. Lummis' magazine was called "Out West". He himself was from the East.

DOWN EAST—OUT WEST

My name is Lummis, I'm the West!
For culture I don't give a hang;
I hate the puny East, although
I can't conceal my Yankee twang.
My trousers they are corduroy,
Ditto my jacket and my vest;
For I'm the wild and woolly boy,
My name is Lummis; I'm the West!

I am the mountains and the sea,
I am the salty plain between;
You've seen the orange crop!—That's Me,
I did it with my magazine,
My monthly Indian reports,
Drier than old Mojave's breast,
Where the uncultured jackass sports;
My name is Lummis; I'm the West!

Who first beheld the Indian race?
Columbus, say you? 'Tisn't true.
I was the first to see his face;
I've had him copyrighted too,
I'm local color, Sitting Bull,
Tracy, the bandit, Teddy's guest;

* * * * *
My name is Lummis; I'm the West!

WHILE Mr. Lummis' work made "Out West" world-famous, the financial side of its publication was not always cheering, and after a dozen successful years of editorship, he was compelled to give it up. Then for several years it had a very checkered career, and finally, I was prevailed upon to accept the editorial helm, which I held for a period of two and a half years. During the whole of that time I was required to provide not only all the literary matter but also the cuts, practically without expense to the business management. And when I found that my name was being used to bolster up dishonest circulation reports, I immediately severed my connection with it. Then, for a few months, Cruse Carriel edited and published it, and there my knowledge of it ends.

Bret Harte, in first issue of Overland Monthly, July, 1868

The bear who adorns the cover may be "an ill-favored" beast whom "women can not abide," but he is honest withal. Take him if you please as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. He is crossing the track of the Pacific Railroad, and has paused a moment to look at the coming engine of civilization and progress—which moves like a good many other engines of civilization and progress with a prodigious shrieking and puffing—and apparently recognizes his rival and his doom. And yet, leaving the symbol out, there is much about your grizzly that is pleasant. The truth should, however, be tested at a moment when no desire for self-preservation prejudices the observer. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, grey tranquillity, like that of the hills in midsummer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his fore paw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind. Educated, he takes quite naturally to the pole, but has lost his ferocity, which is perhaps after all the most respectable thing about a barbarian. As a cub he is playful and boisterous, and I have often thought was not a bad symbol of our San Francisco climate. Look at him well, for he is passing away. Fifty years and he will be as extinct as the dodo or dinornis.

San Francisco from the Sea

By Francis Bret Harte

*Originally written
by Bret Harte for
the first issue of
Overland Monthly,
July, 1868.*

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;
Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O warder of two Continents!
And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,
Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, besides the Western Gate.
* * * * * * *
O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,
I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,
And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.
Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride!
Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.
Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,
With thy grey mantle cloak her shame!
So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.
Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;
Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.
When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;
When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;
When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,
And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see—
Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—
But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

Bob Turner's Chowchillas

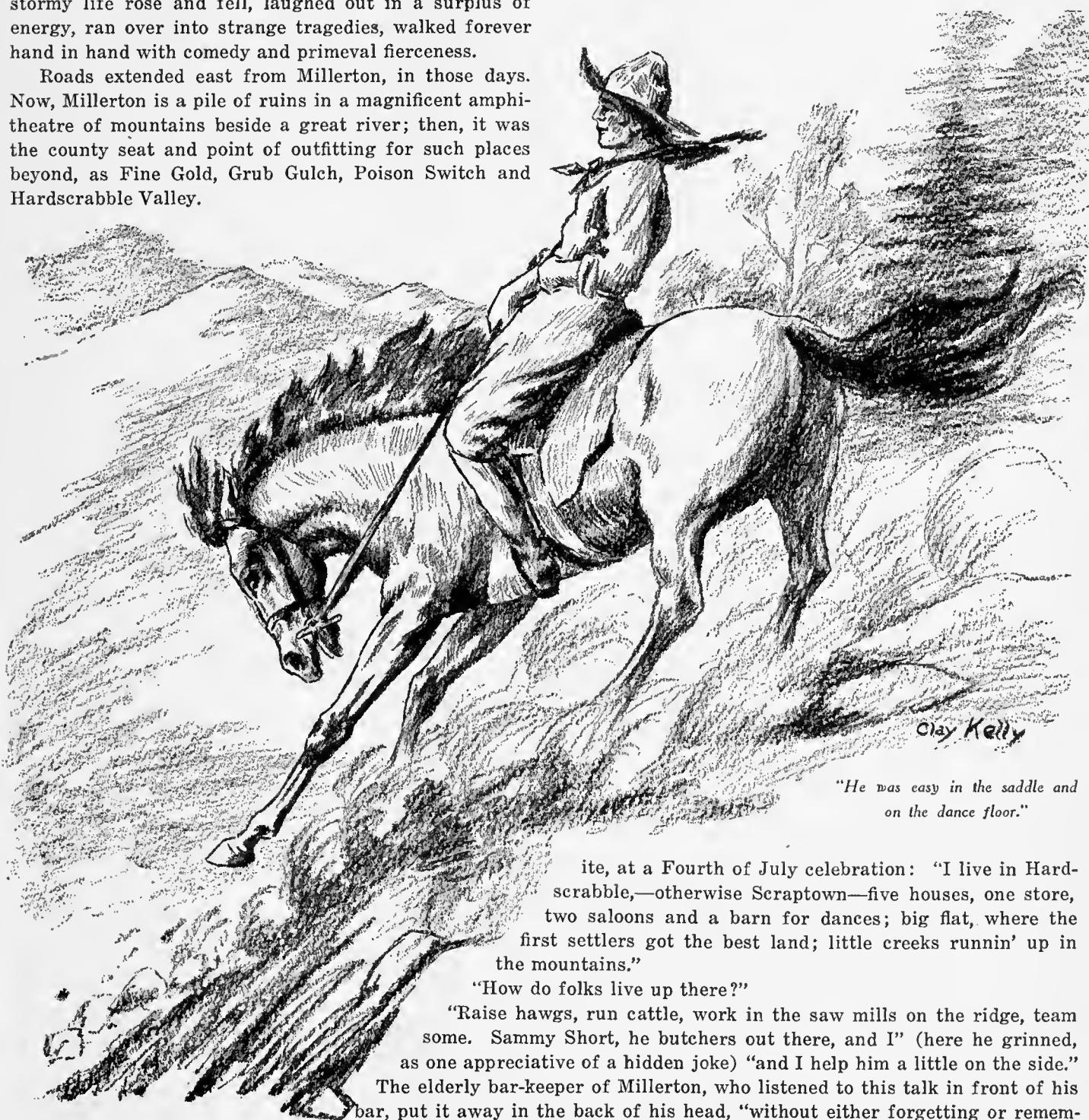
By Charles H. Shinn

With Illustrations by Clay Kelly

NEW were the settlements and colonies of the broad San Joaquin some fifty or sixty years ago; new were the lumbering camps of the Sierra; new, also, the farming, mining and stock-raising communities of the foothills between. But stormy life rose and fell, laughed out in a surplus of energy, ran over into strange tragedies, walked forever hand in hand with comedy and primeval fierceness.

Roads extended east from Millerton, in those days. Now, Millerton is a pile of ruins in a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains beside a great river; then, it was the county seat and point of outfitting for such places beyond, as Fine Gold, Grub Gulch, Poison Switch and Hardscrabble Valley.

This last was a little settlement on lands as yet un-surveyed, away east in the Sierra, some forty or fifty miles from Millerton, and it had a well-earned reputation for doing things its own way. As Bob Turner, one of its most prominent young men once told a Millerton-



"He was easy in the saddle and on the dance floor."

ite, at a Fourth of July celebration: "I live in Hardscrabble,—otherwise Scraptown—five houses, one store, two saloons and a barn for dances; big flat, where the first settlers got the best land; little creeks runnin' up in the mountains."

"How do folks live up there?"

"Raise hawks, run cattle, work in the saw mills on the ridge, team some. Sammy Short, he butchers out there, and I" (here he grinned, as one appreciative of a hidden joke) "and I help him a little on the side." The elderly bar-keeper of Millerton, who listened to this talk in front of his bar, put it away in the back of his head, "without either forgetting or remem-

bering," as he once said. "A man in my place must never tell what he hears, nor put two and two together. It's unprofessional." But all the same, the pensive saloon man, who was also the proprietor of the establishment, caught the subtle turn of cheerful Bob Turner's little remark, and he looked the young man over very carefully.

Rather small and slender, dark and handsome was Turner. He was easy in the saddle, and on the dance-floor; easy everywhere and with everyone, easy of look and speech, and easy with his money, too.

For a little longer, Turner cheered the souls of several bibulous Millertonites; then he bade them farewell and rode down the slope to the ford, singing a forgotten mountain song about the Chowchilla Vigilantes:

"Jim Jonesy, bless his foolish soul,
His neighbors' hogs and calves he stole.
We found him crawlin' like a mole.
We put him in his little hole—
Chowchilla, Old Chowchilla."

In those days they sang verses of that all over five counties, and now and then made up a few more to suit new occasions. It was a growing ballad of the foothills, and each of its stanzas went home somewhere. One picks up a Chowchilla now and then that has all the swing of a limerick, but with ruder force. Its name was from a long-forgotten village where the first song was sung.

Chowchilla verses did not have to correspond in rhyme and meter; twenty years of time and fifty different men had helped in their making. They told about rodeos, turkey shoots and Indian wars, as well as of frontier courts and Judge Lynch. Sammy Short, the butcher, had once added a lugubrious verse, and Bob Turner had made several very popular ones. But Billy Rafferty and Scotty Dunn could only make minor adaptations. It was in vain that Bob Turner joked them about it when they rode into Hardscrabble from their claims.

RAFFERTY had a fine big outdoor voice, and he loved dearly to pick up a new Chowchilla or to modify an old one. Billy and Scotty were singing that morning, with utter abandon:

"Nobody knows how it all began
Nobody cares; together we ran
To catch Dutch Pete in the butcher-ee
To call on Jones who died suddenlee—
Chowchilla, Old Chowchilla."

"Say, Bill," said Scotty, "I don't get ahead none these days, how is it with you?"

"Same here, Scotty. I seem to be losin' all my hawgs this season. Nothin' to sell."

"Billy, ain't we dead easy, somehow? Ain't somebody workin' this Hardscrabble country? Don't some other folks have lots to spend? I hate to say it, but don't it strike you, now and then, that some folks will bear watchin'?"

"Sure, Scotty; strikes me plumb centre. But if we

go into this it may hurt somebody. No one knows how far these things go. There'll be no end of guesses, blunders, and ill-will. Most of it will last a life-time. Some times I suspicion that all the hawgs in Hardscrabble ain't worth it. It's all right to sing verses about vigilantes, but when it comes to pullin' a rope on a man that we know, for a little pork,—that he may need worse than you do—Well, Scotty, we ain't got no money for law, nor any evidence yet, and the Chowchilla trail is darned hard to travel."

"That's so, Billy, but I ain't proposin' anythin' hasty as that. But nobody is lookin' into this matter. If you an' me take it up, and find out where we are at, then we can keep it quiet and think it over. Perhaps we can run the whole game. But I hate to lie down under it. They's more to it than just ourselves, you know."

"Have other fellows lost hawgs, Scotty?"

"Why, I suppose so, of course. But I don't mean exactly that, Billy."

By now they had reached the top of the ridge, had dismounted, and were sitting under an oak.

"What are you drivin' at, Scotty? You seem to have thought of this a lot."

"You bet I have, because it sure is some one that travels with us, and knows about everything we do, and it seems to me that there's misery ahead in this. But mostly what I think about is what my old Grandmother used to call 'the ought of it.' It's not right to lay back and let this thing go on."

"You see, Billy, there's children growing up here, and schools are coming, and maybe in twenty years there'll be a couple of little ranches improved up, if we can hold on, and our children will be trotting off to school. It's driven in on me, Billy, that we ain't any-wise mean in wanting to make this a better country to live in. I know that sounds like fool-talk, Billy, but I feel just so."

"It isn't fool-talk, Scotty, it's better sense than mine. It is what the girl down at the Crossroads said to me once when I asked her down to supper: 'It is my juty an' I will.'—And the way she ate pickles and cake after that was something fierce. She made the same remark about her juty every time she took a piece of cake. I did my duty too, 'cause I laughed every single time, but it wore on me. I kinder wanted somethin' new."

No more Chowchillas for Billy and Scotty. They rode around the woods awhile, looking for stock. Then by a common impulse they turned into a trail which led over a ridge and into the hollow which Bob Turner had preempted.

"**B**O'B'S been away three days, and he was flush when he went, and each of us has missed hawgs within a week," said Billy. "It's only one chance in a thousand, and I hope to goodness we don't find anything. But we've got to look now, 'specially if he's at home and kicks."

"Yes, we begin right here," said Scotty.

They rode around the claim, examining every detail, with the keen eyes of mountain men.

"For a man that doesn't own hawgs," said Billy,



"He rode up to the cabin door. . . . The suddenness of the thing shattered him clear through."

"there've been plenty around here, leavin' hair on the under rails."

"There's been a rope run over that oak limb down by the creek," said Scotty. "Here's a rope and pulley under the house and a chain round a rock—a one-hand pulley arrangement."

"Yes, and here's blood dried on these chips, and by George! here's the hawg stick!" cried Billy, pulling a home-made oaken gambrel from under a pile of leaves.

The young men turned sick at heart. Not that this was real evidence as yet, for a court. Bob bought and sold hogs, and sometimes butchered them, as others did in the valley. But then, others left all their tools out in plain sight.

"Let's go all over the place now," said Scotty. "Here

are his light wagon tracks under this tree, and out of the gate. If he sold the pork to Sammy Short at half-price, that's the way he would handle it. Short's place is on the county road. They couldn't work it there, for anyone might drop in."

"Right you are," said Billy. "There must be fresh dirt somewhere, too."

"It's the heads we want, with the earmarks," said Scotty, sighing as he spoke.

For three hours then, the young men searched the gulches and the little half-cultivated fields, till they found a wagon track leading into the bushes and at the end of it struck their evidence—plenty of it, in plain sight, for the grawsome cache had been torn open by a band of hogs. (Continued on page 36)

The Pelicans of Pyramid Lake

By Barton Warren Evermann

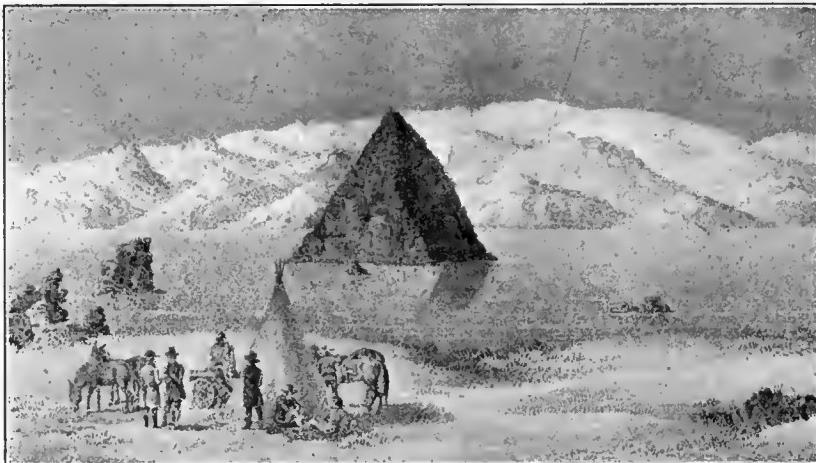
ABOUT forty miles north of Reno, Nevada, lies Pyramid Lake, one of the most remarkable and interesting bodies of water in America. It was discovered January 10, 1844, by the incomparable Pathfinder, John C. Fremont, while on his Second Exploring Expedition. Since then it has been the subject of special investigations and study by geologists and naturalists as one of the few remaining pools of the great Quaternary Lake Lahontan which once covered northern Nevada and northeastern California.

Pyramid Lake extends in a general north - and - south direction, the length being about thirty miles and the width five to twelve miles. The area is about 828 square miles and the maximum depth 360 feet, that in the greater part of the lake being under 300 feet. The only stream flowing into the lake is the Truckee River (which Fremont named Salmon Trout River), the outlet of Lake Tahoe, which enters Pyramid Lake at its southern end. It has no outlet; nevertheless the water is nearly fresh. As nearly all the water entering the lake is delivered at the south end, the lake increases in salinity from south to north. In the south end the water is sufficiently fresh for camp purposes, while at the northern end it is far too saline and alkaline for human use, but may be drunk by animals without injury.

In the southern part of the lake the water is slightly discolored, probably due to the suspended silt brought down by the Truckee River. In the northern portion it is wonderfully clear and, at a little distance from shore, deep blue in color. When disturbed by strong winds, as it often is, it exhibits a play of colors not surpassed in beauty by the waves and surf of the ocean. The surface appears bright and blue in the sunshine and cold and gray in the storm.

At the north end there is a rugged cape known as the "Needles" projecting a mile or more into the lake. These consist of spires, domes and crags of the most fantastic shapes and exhibit a really wonderful display of tufa

in many varieties. About these "Needles" are several small islands of similar structure and bizarre forms. The highest rise some 300 feet above the surface of the lake and furnish excellent nesting sites for colonies of California Gulls and Farallon Shags, as well as numbers of Violet-green Swallows and an occasional pair of Prairie Falcons and other cliff-loving birds.



Pyramid Lake and Pyramid Island as they appeared to the great pathfinder, John C. Fremont, the day on which he discovered them, January 10, 1844.

island rises 289 feet above the lake. On the very apex of this pyramid a pair of Great Blue Herons nest regularly every year, and in the cavities in the immense accumulation of tufa deposited on the walls many Violet-green Swallows and several pairs of the American Merganser have their nests.

The other island is much larger and is known as Anahó Island. The Indian name, as given to me by my Indian guide, Joe Green, is Wa-na-na-mó-geh-mud. In the Marquesas Islands is a small bay called Anahó Bay on which is a village, Anahó. How this word became attached to an island in a lake set down in the Nevada desert is a mystery.

Anahó Island is of considerable size and rises in its highest points more than 500 feet above the surface of the lake. When viewed from a distance the island presents a convex-outline, as Professor Russell well describes it, due to the deposition of vast amounts of tufa at certain horizons.

As Professor Russell further says, "a broad terrace has been carved all around it at an elevation of about one hundred feet above the lake, which forms a pediment for the extremely rugged crags that are piled upon it." This island, though with no water and with but scanty vegetation, is one of the most interesting and

instructive objects about the lake, and will well repay a visit from the geologist, the artist or the naturalist. To the naturalist, it is of unusual interest because it is the breeding ground of great numbers of White Pelicans.

My first visit to Anahó Island was on June 19, 1917, the primary purpose being to secure material for the habitat group of the White Pelican which is now in the Museum of the California Academy of Sciences. Our first landing was made on the southwest shore at a place called Rattlesnake Point. Here on a broad strip of level or slightly sloping ground 15 to 30 feet above the surface of the lake, was a colony of several hundred pelicans. Nearly all the eggs had hatched. Most of the young were large enough to leave the nests and had gathered in pods like flocks of sheep.

As I approached, they waddled about in a very awkward, ludicrous manner, making scarcely any noise, and showing but little resentment at my intrusion. Several dead young were noticed. A few smaller young were still in the nests and a good many eggs were noted. Investigation showed that a large percentage of these eggs were stale and that most of the others were far advanced in incubation; some, indeed, were actually hatching. Several dead fish, all suckers or chubs, were seen lying about the nests. From this point we passed to the eastward and on entirely around the island, making landings and examining many other colonies which we could easily reach from the shore. There were colonies, some large, some small, in apparently about all possible places along the shore and

up on the benches. A good many young had come down to the water's edge and were sitting on the rocks along the shore. Great numbers of adults were seen on the more level areas in all the higher parts of the island. On the north side is a long, relatively low peninsula extending out into the lake. Though covered with many



A small section of one of the several groups of breeding pelicans on Anahó Island, Pyramid Lake. This is shown as a Habitat Group in the Museum of the California Academy of Sciences.

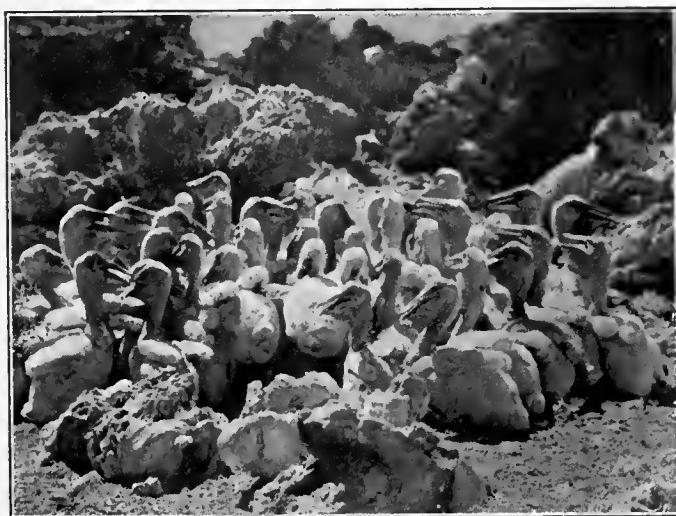
rough jagged rocks, it is in most places suitable nesting territory and has many colonies scattered about over it, extending out even to the very point of the peninsula; and these were the principal colonies visited. On the east side, apparently at the very summit, was a very large colony which could be seen distinctly from the train as one approached the lake from the south. Still other large groups could be seen plainly from Sutcliffe on the west side of the lake, all looking like large patches of snow on distant hillsides.

In most of the colonies visited practically all the eggs, except the stale ones (of which there was a considerable percentage) had hatched. The young were of considerable size and had gathered up into pods varying in number from a score or fewer up to several hundred.

Evidently the height of the breeding season had passed. Only a relatively small proportion of the nests contained eggs and not many of these were fresh. Others were in all stages of incubation from barely begun to eggs pipped and hatching.

I again visited Anahó Island June 3, 1921, and spent several hours on shore during which time about a dozen of the Pelican rookeries were inspected. Landing on the east side and near the point of the long peninsula on the north end of the island, I examined rather carefully all the rookeries on the north half and then climbed to the top of the island between the two prominent pinnacles, where I found three large colonies, as well as several others on the north and west slopes, all of which I examined.

The White Pelicans return from the south to Anahó Island rather early in the spring. The first bands come before the snow has all gone, probably as early as the first of April. Other flocks arrive from time to time,



The young pelicans gather up into pods like sheep.

the last not appearing probably until early in May. They are said to remain until late in the fall.

The evidence at hand indicates that the birds begin preparation for nesting soon after their arrival. The first flocks to come seem to select the highest suitable places, those coming later select the sites next lower down on the slopes, and so on, the last to come choosing sites on the flats not far above the water level of the lake. Thus, in 1921, the first arrivals were about 1000 birds that appropriated the highest level ground on the island where they separated into three rather distinct groups; probably they arrived as three separate flocks. That these began nesting first is evidenced by the fact that there was a larger percentage of hatched young here than in any other colonies. The percentage of hatched young was, in a general way, lower and lower as the lake level was approached, until in the four groups nearest the water line none of the eggs had hatched. It is true that the largest young seen were in a colony or group of about 800 nests half-way up the slope, and they must have been the very first to hatch, although the percentage of hatched young was not as great as in the colonies at the top of the island.

The number of eggs constituting a full set is usually two. Of the many hundred nests examined the number of eggs (or young) was almost invariably two or one, those with only one egg probably representing in most cases incomplete sets. In only three cases did I find more than two; in one of these were three eggs; in another, one young, one pipped egg, and one egg not pipped; and in the third there were two young and one egg. As the nest usually consists merely of a quantity of loose gravel or broken rock, with a very slight depression in the center and practically no walls, the eggs sometimes get misplaced or pushed out of the nest or even transferred from one nest to another, the nests in many cases being very close together.

I inspected a total of 13 breeding colonies. Listing these colonies, starting with those highest up, the number of nests in each was, respectively: 150, 200, 150, 150, 100, 25, 150, 800, 150, 200, 150, 150, and 6. The total number of occupied nests was 2381.

All of these were on the north side of the island. The southeast, south and southwest parts were not visited. In 1917 there were several considerable colonies on those parts, and it is quite probable a good many were there in 1921. An estimate of 1800 nests seems reasonable. This would give a total of 4181. It is believed that an estimate of 5000 pairs of breeding birds for the entire island is a conservative one.

It is believed the number breeding on Anahó Island in 1921 was considerably fewer than in 1917. In my recent visit I noted several areas that were occupied in 1917, but now without any birds at all; and some areas now occupied had more birds the earlier date. The decrease has probably been 20 to 30 per cent.

The mortality among the eggs and young is astonishingly great. In the first place, a considerable number of eggs must inevitably get broken or thrown out of the

nests through the ordinary movements of the great mass of birds on the breeding area. In the second place a good many eggs are destroyed by the California Gull (*Larus californicus*) several hundred pairs of which breed annually on one of the Needles near the north end of the lake. During my recent visit to the Pelicans a score or more of gulls were noted on the island, watching the rookeries, dashing in when opportunity offered, and breaking the eggs. Many broken eggs were seen, most of them evidently having been broken by the gulls. But the most serious loss occurs after the young have hatched. Hundreds of dead young birds were seen. They varied in size from very young just hatched to others apparently four or five days old. It is not clear as to what may have been the cause of their death. When the young hatches it is a very delicate, helpless little thing; how the big clumsy old bird can feed it is a mystery to me; perhaps she sometimes fails and the little one starves; possibly the sun's rays beating down upon the hot gravel and sand literally bake the life out of the naked little creatures; and doubtless the life is literally worried out of many of the smaller ones by their elder brothers and sisters.

Of the two eggs in a nest one always hatches a day or two or even longer ahead of the other. The first one hatched thus "gets the start" and is usually quite a husky youngster by the time the second one hatches, and proves to be a very disagreeable, overbearing "older brother." It seems to be the regular thing for the older one of the pair to peck, bite and otherwise annoy the younger one. I saw scores of instances in which this was being done. In some cases the little one was almost dead, in some cases actually dead, but the older one still pecking it. I am inclined to think this one of the most serious causes of the high rate of infant mortality among these pelicans.

A fourth cause of loss may be physical injury to the young incident to the movements of the old birds on the rookery. They are heavy, awkward birds, and it would not be surprising if young were not sometimes injured or killed by being stepped on by adults.

My Indian guide, Joe Green, informed me the Indians sometimes use considerable numbers of the pelican eggs for food. This season a boy brought a quantity to the Agency where he sold them two for five cents. He says the eggs are "pretty good." From my observations I am of the opinion that the loss of eggs and young birds on this island is fully 25 per cent.

At Pyramid Lake the pelicans subsist almost exclusively on fish, with which the lake is abundantly supplied. The principal species upon which the pelicans depend appear to be the Quee-wee or Cuiui (*Chasmistes catus*) and various species of minnows.

The Quee-wee is very abundant. It reaches a weight of six pounds, with an average of perhaps four pounds. The breeding season is in April, the big run beginning about the fifteenth. Another species of sucker (*Catostomus tahoensis*), locally known as the Anwa-jo or A-wuh,

OVERLAND MONTHLY



Founded by Bret Harte in 1868

and the

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Consolidated

Vol. LXXXI. No. 2

D. R. LLOYD,
Associate Editor.MABEL MOFFITT, Mgr.
R. D. HART,
Adv. Mgr.Published Monthly in
SAN FRANCISCO.Editorial and
Business Offices:
PHELAN BUILDING.
Phone Douglas 8338.Entered as second class
matter at the Post Office,
San Francisco, under act
of March 3, 1879.Eastern Representatives:
GEORGE W. GIBBS, Advertising,
11 East 42nd St.,
New York City.
V. H. ADAMS, Circulation,
18 East 41st St.
New York City.Chicago Representative:
GEORGE H. MEYERS,
14 W. Washington St.Contents of this Magazine
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Address all
Communications to
OVERLAND MONTHLY
and
OUT WEST MAGAZINE
(Consolidated.)
PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO.\$3.00 per year.
25 cents per copy.

JUNE, 1923

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LUTHER BURBANK
In his Golden Jubilee Year—1923

Personal greetings to the new Overland. May it have great success in championing the advance of progress in our beautiful state; thus fulfilling the desire of its famous founder, Bret Harte.

Santa Rosa, May 1, 1923.

Sincerely *Luther Burbank*

JUN 1 1923

DECATUR, ILL.

His Early Struggles and Later Triumphs

Luther Burbank---Intimate Glimpses

FIFTY years ago Luther Burbank, slender young market gardener in his native Lancaster, Massachusetts, brought into being his first great plant creation, the Burbank potato. In this year of grace the Golden Jubilee of Luther Burbank, world celebrity in the realm of plant creation, is being observed not only in the county of Sonoma, California, where he has lived and worked for the past forty-eight years, but also over the civilized world.

It was far back in my childhood days that I first became familiar with the personal aspect and the place in our local life, of Mr. Burbank. I knew him as the nice, friendly man we met on our way to or from town, the slim, always alone man in the gray "duster," who exchanged neighborly nods and smiles with us as his steady little bay and open buggy jogged past our gray ranch team and spring wagon — do you recognize the period? He was on his daily trip between his Santa Rosa and Sebastopol grounds. His hat was the then popular "Texas," worn with a sober air of use as protection from sun and rain, while being within the mode. His hirsute adornment, also, conformed to a favored style, the close-cropped "sideburns." But it gave him the look of a cleric or a professor, rather than a fashionable. As the roads of that period were deep dust in summer and deep mud in winter, there enters into my mental picture of the nice nurseryman, Mr. Burbank, much of the earth of the highway, as a hot, stifling cloud, or a flying spatter of mud—for even if you walked your horses, the stuff seemed to rise at you. Such is the way of the adobe of song and story.

It was usual after Mr. Burbank's dust or mud salute and ours had subsided, for the driver of the ranch vehicle to say: "That's about the finest man I know. He always attends to his own affairs, and his nursery stock can always be depended upon to be just what he says it is. You never see him in a saloon, and often as I have talked with him, I've never heard him swear. And," he invariably added with emphasis, "he's got a whole lot of ideas about making new and better kinds of things grow that make me wonder what he will pro-

By Honoria Tuomey

duce yet. His Burbank spuds were a great start, and he has new plums and other things already. I shouldn't be surprised if he turns out some mighty big sorts of plant stock."

I was a ranch tomboy in those days, learning the housewifely arts perforce, but vastly preferring to be careering about the hills or on the highways and byways, mounted on a cow pony. Another of my preferred occupations was reading, and another was day-dreaming. As is commonly the case with the budding mind, opening to the wonders and beauty of the world of nature, and especially if the mind is fired with reading the romantic, poetic, and esthetic, I felt a distaste for working with my hands, and a great craving for the out-of-doors and the spiritual and intellectual life. Fortunately for my proper general development, there was sensible family life in the ranch house, and I learned the practical and useful as I grew, although "poems" were composed over the dishpan, and "serials" and "essays" were sweet abstractions at sewing machine and pie-board.

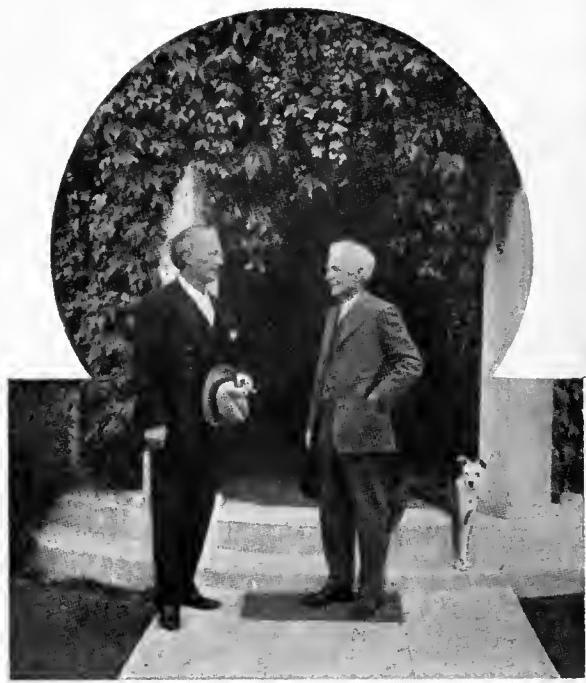
But between the time of my earliest acquaintance with the distinguished figure of this narrative and the pie-board advance in my education, a momentous thing came to pass. Mr. Burbank, local nurseryman, ceased to exist, and Luther Burbank, horticultural experimenter, was announced to the world.

Here is a place to pause and ponder.—Annual gross receipts, \$16,000—annual net profit, \$10,000—an established name and business—a sure competence, more, a fortune, in sight—all the comforts, pleasures, and ease that wealth can procure—by remaining a commercial dealer, a tradesman, only.

Ponder again—no income but the interest on the money put by during those ten fat years in the nursery business against the day when he should turn from vocation to avocation—no capital but that accumulated sum—only the foundation of a name as a successful plant breeder and experimenter—no academic training or standing among the academic scientists—all the heavy expenses of maintaining competent help, a household, and all the other charges on the head of the establishment—indifferent health—and the burden to bear, in patience and silence, of criticism and ridicule, from



LUTHER BURBANK
In his Silver Jubilee Year, 1898.



TWO MIRACLE MEN
Ignace Paderewski and Luther Burbank
at the latter's home in Santa Rosa.

neighbors and former patrons, from the socially pretentious and the academicians, saving a few fine souls with vision, because he had launched himself as a creator of new and improved forms of plant life on a large scale!

The little buggy still traveled to and fro between the home grounds at Santa Rosa and the principal experimental grounds at Sebastopol, over a somewhat improved county road. A Fedora and a mustache were featured now, in place of the "Texas" and "sideburns," but the attire was still plain and for hard service, as ever. Sometimes the rig was left at home and the progressive experimenter pedaled himself the eight miles across the Lano country on his bicycle. The period is again evident.

For several years Luther Burbank labored and toiled, down on his knees, using his hands in the dirt where he would trust nothing less sure or delicate of touch; out before dawn to beat the bees to the precious pollen he wanted to apply for fructification where he wished, not they; perched on a high ladder putting pollen on waiting pistils with his supersensitive finger tips, sometimes with the final hair of a camel's hair brush; passing, at a rapid walk, with eye at acutest attention, along rows of young seedlings, produced from cross-pollinated stock, and pointing out for marking, to his assistant, the few in the whole production of perhaps tens of thousands showing to his prescient consciousness, new or improved forms, directing that all the rest be removed and burned. And doing the thousand and one other things pertaining and belonging to the vast task he had set himself to give the peoples of the earth more food with his fruits, vegetables, and grasses, and more delight with his flowers and shrubs, and all the rest of the innumerable forms of plant life that he, alone, of all living men could

produce in such perfection and profusion.

The bank account dwindled with the inroads upon it for expenses on the one page, and the only occasional deposit (on the other) when some seedman or florist—from across the continent, chiefly—came and bought outright some newly perfected creation. Prominent among those Easterners was the noted florist and seedman, the late W. Atlee Burpee, of Philadelphia, who was a relative of the Burbank family.

Those were hard and dark times, between the ten fat years of the highly successful nursery and the great dawning, when finally, even the most prejudiced, envious, and sceptical, from within Sonoma County to the ends of the earth, saw the light, and acknowledged that Luther Burbank had been marked by the Divine Hand to be the foremost of all mankind in the understanding of plant life, and the possession of the power of controlling and directing that life.

During that clouded era there were, as there ever are in crucial times, some stout and true believers and friends. Among the classes that afforded a few steadfast ones to encourage and comfort that right-hand ally of Mother Nature were the old neighbors, noted writers, academic scientists, business men. But it must be said there were, for a long while, precious few of each class. Even relatives railed and ridiculed not a little. Mr. Burbank still tells with much glee of those early opinions of him and his work. "My brother used to say, in those days, 'Luther is a fine nurseryman, and could get rich at the business. But instead of tending to business, he's spending all his time and money raising a lot of d—brush!'" the great master relates, with a big laugh that suffuses his face with color, and makes his eyes dance. (I believe I have stated, farther back in this article, that Mr. Burbank is not a swearing man. However, we shall allow him to quote the popular cuss word this time—he really pronounced it whole aloud to me). He remembers, too, that at a meeting of a local farmers' organization at Sebastopol a generation ago, he was asked to give his opinion as to the cause of the failure of the fruit crop that season. Others present had already expressed themselves to the effect that an untimely frost

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The Old Burbank Home.

A DEAL IN DOPE

By CAPTAIN MANSFIELD

Illustrated by C. D. Rhodes

A H ENG YET has gone.

And Senor Maximiano Gallego y Fernandez could tell if he would how the mills of Chinese gods grind with exceeding patience and sureness.

Eng Yet's Moro wives, number one and two, now clean fish for the local panglime of Little Lampinigan Island. They have left the small dot of land they once called home. The Nipa-covered house wherein on the ground floor Eng Yet did business has another tenant—another Chino, who materialized out of the great Unknown that engulfed Eng Yet.

An Anglo-Saxon would say that the horrible odor of dried fish and drying shark fins in that hovel was enough to dissolve chemically, anything in human shape, and by that same token bring forth anything hideous. And hideous is a mild word with which to describe Eng Yet's successor. Though the story of the latter does not belong here, be it recorded that he still trades with the Moros who sail from Sandaaken in their vintas with second class opium, laughing in their sleeves at the Customs Patrol as they sail.

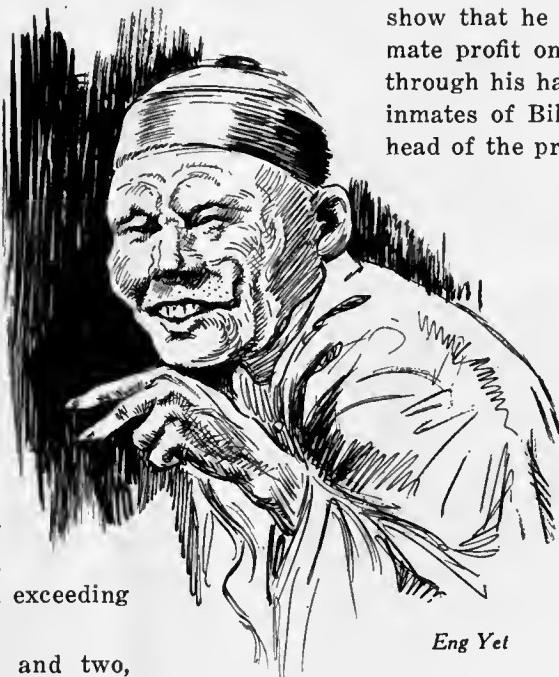
One evening as the Western sun dropped behind the horizon, Eng Yet awoke from a dream of peace. He had smoked a sample of his last consignment of opium and was too enervated to get up and burn the customary joss sticks in front of his house—joss sticks that would appease the Evil Spirits.

"Surely," he murmured drowsily, "with so many good Chinos in the Sulu Sea, the Evil Spirits will not molest me in this out of the way place tonight. I'll have another sleep."

Verily the Evil Spirits put one over on Ah Eng Yet, for that night the Gumshoe, which in Jolo is the vernacular for Secret Service, acting on a tip from Eng Yet's number two wife, raided Eng Yet's store.

The dope was confiscated by Maximiano Gallego y Fernandez, who fattened on the profits of such raids. Eng Yet's bead-like eyes noted the gloating expression on his superior's face, but he accepted with expressionless countenance the three-year sentence that was handed out to him.

He made an exemplary captive. He escaped flogging, starvation and solitary confinement, which all goes to



Eng Yet

show that he was satisfied with a legitimate profit on the dope that still passed through his hands on its way to the other inmates of Bilibid, and that those at the head of the procession received their just percentage. After his discharge he took passage on the first steamer leaving for Hongkong.

In Hongkong, in the course of time, he bought first-class transportation to Manila on the old tramp steamer "Yang Tse." He came on board accompanied by two sweating coolies, bearing a brand-new American trunk slung to a pole. Showing his ticket to the supercargo, he received a check for the trunk.

When the trunk had been safely stowed in the hold, Eng Yet sauntered ashore, tore his ticket into small pieces and cast the pieces to the wind. Then in the offices of the Oriental Steamship Company he again bought transportation to Manila, this time on the steamer "Poh Ann," due to arrive in Manila at least two days ahead of the old tramp "Yang Tse."

A FEW weeks later, Senor Maximiano Gallego y Fernandez, Chief of the Bureau of Secret Service of Insular Customs at Jolo, came out of his morning siesta when he heard the door of his private office open. A Chino, dressed in beautiful flowery blue silk stood in the doorway.

"What do you want?" snapped the Chief, to whom all Chinos looked alike.

"We wanhee number one Gumshoe. Him you?" asked Eng Yet placidly from the doorway.

"Well?" enquired the Senor Chief as he removed his feet from the top of his desk to the floor.

"Suppose me catchee dope, me catchee halif?" asked Eng Yet.

"Sure, that's the law. Half to the informer," answered the Chief.

"Can do. You look see," said Eng Yet. "We Mo Lung Company, Hongkong, ship one t'lunk opium to Suey Kim, Manila. My cousin, him comprador We Mo Lung Company. Him cousin, he Bing Tong man. Savvy?"

"Go on!" ordered the Chief, a note of interest in his voice, as Eng Yet paused, evidently to let his words take hold.

"Him cousin one dam flool," offered Eng Yet retrospectively. "He no catchee halif. Maybe bimeby him cousin catchee littee cumshaw."

"That doesn't interest me a little bit. Proceed!" demanded the Chief.

For the other cans
were filled with



"Him cousin lite me one letter. Tellee me how can find t'lunk, and do business with number one Gumshoe," continued Eng Yet.

"That's the talk! Now you're getting down to cases! When is this dope due to arrive?"

"No savvy now. No can tellee. Bimeby can do. Me tellee when can do."

"All right! Get out, now! I'm a very busy man. Vamoose! When you locate that trunk, let me know." The Senor Chief waved a saddle-colored hand doorward. The hand was ornamented with a little finger nail seven eighths of an inch long, and a diamond as big as a French pea.

Eng Yet, shaking hands with himself, vamoosed, salaaming as he left.

Then the Senor Chief came to life. When he had finished giving orders to his lieutenant he remarked to that worthy gumshoe with all the confidence in the world, "I'll let no damn Chino sting me for half a trunk full of opium. We'll keep it in the family." This last with an expressive wink.

The last steamer that had arrived in Manila was the "Poh Ann," and although she had been searched for contraband, she was re-searched in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Likewise all the other ships in the harbor had to submit, much to their skipper's indignation to an overhauling. When night came, no opium had been found, and the Senor Chief's assurance was slightly below par.

Next day the search was renewed with a larger squad of inspectors. Gumshoes of all ranks appeared extreme-

ly busy, rushing here and there, in short rushes, when under the eye of a superior. Much questioning of ships' crews and officers in many languages took place. Much mysterious jargon over the wires threatened to disrupt the telephone service of a great city.

Enjoying it all was a large and interested audience of dock laborers, carabao drivers, and the bums of the waterfront. The scene began to take on the aspect of a Jolo carnival, minus the brass band of the constabulary. But all to no purpose ended the labors of the second day.

Throughout all the excitement, the Chief in his office, made between naps, eager telephone inquiries of his henchmen's progress. As the second day drew to a close without results, the inquiries grew more impassioned, and the aid of many saints was invoked to find the trunk. By this time the Chief's mien was almost humble.

On the morning of the third day, as the Chief stepped out of his car before the entrance to his office, he nearly collided with Eng Yet who awaited him on the sidewalk.

"Carramba!" ejaculated the Chief disgustedly.

"Can do," uttered Eng Yet. "Now."

The Chief's black, lack-lustre eyes began to glitter as he stared at the blue-clad form before him.

"Can do—now!" repeated Eng Yet impressively. "You come number five dock now. Me catch him t'lunk."

The Chief, without more ado, waved the long finger nail at the machine. Eng Yet entered, he followed, motioned to the driver and they were off. At the distance of half a city block from the dock the auto stopped. The Chief and Eng Yet walked the rest of the way, entering the pier head as unostentatiously as possible. As they stepped on the wharf they saw the old tramp steamer "Yang Tse" warping into her berth. The Chief clutched the Chino's arm and steered him into the wharfinger's office, near the entrance to the dock.

To the wharfinger the Chief spoke a few words in Tagalog, and a large window, opaque from a thick coating of dust and cobwebs was pried up a few inches from the bottom. The window gave out on the wharf, and behind this screen, comfortably seated, the two could see through the opening, the entire length of the pier. Then the door was closed and locked.

By this time the "Yang Tse" was moored, and the gangway out. The few passengers that had made the trip in her from Hongkong walked ashore, and congregated about their luggage, which was being hoisted out of the after hatch and landed on the dock. Tin boxes that had once been lacquered black predominated in that assortment of baggage, with a sprinkling of near-camphorwood chests. But what caught and held the gaze of the Chief, and caused him to sit upright in his chair, and what caused Eng Yet's expression to become still more enigmatical, if possible, was a real Datto of luggage—a brand-new American trunk.

The passengers unlocked their trunks, and as nothing contraband was found in them, they were allowed to remove them from the wharf. When the last passenger

(Continued on page 36)

*The
Fiesta
Troubadours*



*Photo by
Fagerberg*

The End of the Trail Fiesta

When History Re-lives in Our Oldest Capital

By S. Omar Barker

PAGEANTS are popular in the cities of the United States and they occur in many sections, but Santa Fe, capital of New Mexico, has the distinction of presenting the oldest and most unique thing of the sort in her "Fiesta" each September. Fiesta is a Spanish word meaning something like "holiday" or "celebration" or "feast"—we have no word exactly corresponding—and the Fiesta at Santa Fe was originally a celebration in honor of General Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon who reconquered New Mexico for Spain from the Pueblo Indians in 1693. In 1712 the Spanish Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom and Provinces of New Mexico issued an ordinance enjoining upon the citizens of Santa Fe the annual celebration of this Fiesta in the month of September, and his command has been obeyed without fail for the past 210 years.

What was originally the "de Vargas Pageant" has grown, however, into a three-day festival of Spanish, Mexican, Indian and old pioneer pageantry. One of these days is dedicated to the Old Santa Fe Trail, established between Dodge City, Kansas, and Santa Fe in 1822. This last year the first day of the Fiesta opened with a huge pageant-parade called "The Commerce of the Prairies." Beginning with skin and pottery traders of a prehistoric age, represented by real Pueblo Indians who are descendants of those same ancient red men whose homes were here 2000 years ago, the "Commerce of the Prairies" was dramatized on up through every period until the coming of the railroad into Santa Fe about 1879. Near the head of the parade, as it trekked in over the old Santa Fe Trail itself, past the oldest church and oldest dwelling in the United States, marched almost naked men, dressed in skins and apparently fagged and worn out from a long journey. These represented the first Europeans to reach this section—Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, who wandered eight years through thousands of miles of uncivilized territory and yet were unharmed and even welcomed by the kindly Pueblos.

Throughout the entire thirty-five sections of the pageant realism was the keynote. These modern wanderers were the descendants of the old Spanish knights who settled here nearly 400 years ago. After them came plumed Spanish knights, early explorers, gray and black cowled monks who came as missionaries in company with the conquerors, and so on down to the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, the reconquest of 1693, then the first visits of others than the Spaniards—the early French fur traders, and in 1807—Major Zebulon M. Pike—the man for whom Pike's Peak was named. One float showed Governor Melgares proclaiming the Independence of Mexico from Spain in 1821, another, General Manual Armijo, last of the Mexican governors, and still another, the arrival of General Kearny and his army in 1846, when the Stars and Stripes were first flown over what is now Arizona, New Mexico, California and parts of other Western States.

The first American to make his permanent home in Santa Fe—Santiago Conklin—was represented by his son, now one of the old-timers there. The first newspaper, still "The Santa Fe New Mexican," first printed in 1849, was handed out in a reprint form to the spectators. There was also the old overland stage—a real stage coach once in use on the Trail, and old prairie schooner, driven by an old-timer and drawn by real oxen. Kit Carson, famous scout and pioneer, was represented, the man who played the part wearing one of Carson's own old costumes and carrying his rifle. The coming of the Santa Fe Railroad was pictured by an exact wooden replica of the "Ginerry Twichell," the first engine to puff and clang its way up the crooked road.



Navajo Indians Watching Fiesta.



Indians (real) and Spanish Knights (acted) by Spanish-American Descendants of the Conquerors Watching the De Vargas Ceremonies. Photo by Fagerberg

from Lamy, and at the throttle of the play-engine was Avery Turner, the very same engineer who had brought in the original. The end of the Apache wars with the surrender of old Gerónimo was headed by Captain Fred Muller who was actually present at the historic event.

So, in a few minutes the historical shuttle of centuries passed before the eyes of Santa Fe and her visitors, doubly impressive because the old place looked much the same in many ways as it did when these things actually occurred here as far back as 300 years ago.

On the second day comes the de Vargas ceremonies which constitute the nucleus of the whole Fiesta. First there appear before the ancient palace of the governors—still standing much as it was in 1630—two heralds and the "Royal Alferez," who announce in tones that the real heralds of old might have envied, the arrival of the famous General de Vargas (whose eighteen syllabled name we need not repeat here) over the very same route he had followed with his captains and soldiers after victory over the Pueblos in 1693.

And once again the old adobe walls of the Ancient Capital of the Kingdom and Provinces of New Mexico are shadowed by the waving of plumes and the passing of stiff-necked knights in shining armor, for the costumes of the pageant are historically accurate to the last detail. Followed by his captains and officers, a troop of gray-cloaked foot-soldiers, a hundred loyal or captive Indians, a group of gray Franciscan Friars, the conqueror rides onto the plaza before the old Palace and there assumes again the command and government of New Mexico for the King of Spain. Then kneeling before a rude wooden cross he grants to the Franciscans the royal license to missionize the Indians of the Kingdom, and turning to the hundreds of Indians assembled (real ones in the pageant just as in the historical event) he tells them that his rule will be kind and that they will go unpunished, admonishing them to return to the Christian faith to which they had been converted before the Rebellion and to say their prayers regularly and devoutly. And one looking upon this scene today acted out so carefully by the people of Santa Fe and the

Indians of the nearby Pueblos, all in the very same spot, before the same wooden-beamed portico of the old palace, where most of the faces are still those of Spanish or Indian blood, cannot but feel that he is living in the midst of the real romance and history of nearly 300 years ago.

The Fiesta continues morning, afternoon and evening for three days, and in the afternoons in a little open front Santa Fe-Pueblo style theatre in the patio of the Palace the atmosphere and spirit of old New Spain re-lives in the songs and folk dances of the Fountain family, a group of young people, Spanish by blood, coming from the quiet little old village of Mesilla in Southern New Mexico. With infinite grace and charm of voice, these unspoiled little Spanish-American girls, together with their dark, stalwart brother, present to the spectators the romance that is dear to the hearts of those of Spanish blood whose years have seen the passing of the old things and the invasion of the new. The Spanish dancing girl costume is unlike the ballet of the modern school, but is beautifully flowered with a rich, long-fringed shawl thrown over it; the dancing is light and quick and graceful, and when the dance is for two, her velvet-clad partner in his big gold-braided sombrero does not make an exhibition of acrobatic stunts but rather personifies courtesy and deference in his bowing and other movements at a respectful distance from his play lady-love. Altogether this phase of the Fiesta is one of the most popular and is refreshingly sweet and unspoiled, genuinely graceful and refined.

Old Spain lives again too, in the ditties and comic or amorous little songs that are sung by these dainty daughters of the old Dons.

Just as the Santa Fe Trail day commemorates and strives to keep alive that spirit of bravery and manly hardihood which was dominant in the early pioneers, and the Spanish Fiesta causes to live again the romance and glamor of a departed day, so the Indian day aims to provide for the Indian a chance to bring his beautiful and significant ceremonies before white men who can understand and appreciate them. We have gotten away from the idea that "Indian Dances" are mere heathenish exhibitions of howling, feathered red skins. As a matter of actual fact the dances of the Pueblo Indians especially, and all Indians in general, are

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Photo by Bradfield

The Buffalo Dance.

The Woman War Poet of the Pacific

By Henry Meade Bland

HERE is a war poem full of fire and martial music—an interpretation of our national spirit more satisfactory than most of those called forth by the recent war-poem contests." Such was the striking comment appearing in the Literary Digest, August 25, 1917, characterizing "The Wind Before the Dawn," stanzas by Edith Daley of San Jose, California.

"Since the cherubim o'er Eden
 flashed the menace of the sword,
Upon sacrificial altars
 hath the blood of martyrs poured,"

it began, its stately measure continuing to the last couplet. Those of careful judgment who first read these lines knew that a new voice had spoken.

The symbol running through the work was new. The clash of arms in Europe seemed to the writer like the stirring wind that blows in the morning before the dawn,—a harbinger of light about to break on the world when victory shall have given liberty to serf and bondman.

The prophetic is the highest point touched in great poetry. Here is a song which dared in 1917, when victory seemed resting on the arms of the German Emperor, to present a vision of world-freedom and to glorify it in music.

That a California woman should have made this contribution to world literature suggests again the importance of work by writers in the West.

Edith Daley was an infant when her foster father, Seidel, adopted her. But he straightway found he had a bundle of highly concentrated human-will to manage. For, demurely stating that from now on she should be Edith, Edith Seidel, not Birdie, as she had hitherto been known, she resolutely refused to answer till properly addressed.

She naturally took to music and learned to sing and play, and was soon making her own words for the songs. Her Sunday school and Bible lessons sank deep into her memory leaving lasting spiritual impulses.

For a number of years she was a sort of Bedouin wanderer, pitching her tent in many California cities and towns; Merced, Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, knew the ways of her feet. Finally she built her campfire in San Jose, where her later and best work has been done. Here as before, the local periodicals became the medium of her message.

If I were to name the quality predominant in the poetry of Edith Daley,

using a single phrase, I would say: "Spirituality, tempered thoroughly with human love." There is no lending of her art to commonplaces of the unimaginative; nor does she select trivial themes. Her ideal is high—she attempts to catch life in its finer moods, and hold it in the immortality of song. How well she does this the critic and reader may find for themselves in her collection, "The Angel in the Sun and other Poems," published by the Pacific Short Story Club, San Jose.

Mrs. Daley, besides the time she spends with the poetic, is a member of the staff of "The San Jose News," for which she is special writer, devoting herself to human nature impressions; and it can be truly said that she lends her pen and sympathy to any human being who falls into the limelight because of his hard life-struggle. Sometimes she fills her column with real lyrics growing out of her observations in the newspaper rounds.

Mrs. Daley's spontaneity can be understood when one knows her in her home. When she serves dinner, every detail of which she has directed herself, to a coterie of friends, perhaps the last few minutes before serving, she will sit down to her "Corona" and type the place cards, each one of which is an original poetic touch for a guest. Here is one of her Christmas messages:

My tenderest thoughts I put away
Between the leaves of yesterday
Like flowers to press;
I fold them close and leave them there
Serene and holy, safe from care
And doubt and stress;
Then when the Christmas candles burn
The leaves of Every Day I turn
And send to you—
All sweet with memory's lavender
And love's redolent rose and myrrh—
A thought of you!

In one of the exquisite bits on Santa Clara Valley, she reflected the marvelous colors. She called the poem "The Valley's Easter Gown." No finer or subtler tribute has been paid to the famous orchard country:

Of emerald and gold brocade
The bodice and the skirt are made;
And radiantly shimmers down
The court-train of her Easter gown.
The gleams upon each velvet fold
Are poppies, wrought in living gold!
The sleeves and panniers, soft and fine
Are Dresden silk in quaint design
Of dainty flowering orchard trees.



EDITH DALEY

A prominent figure in the field of western verse. Below, the poets meet at the country home of Henry Meade Bland near San Jose. Center, Edith Daley; left, Herbert Bashford; right, Edwin Markham.

Point Lobos

By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn

Thou Primal One!

Since farthest starlight winged its way
 And shone upon thy Look-Out Point
 Eternity has been.
 On this strange tuning fork all vibrant rays have
 center found,
 And caught the message waves have dashed upon
 thy rock-ribbed ancient shore.
 First came the crystal, then the plant, and lastly
 man.
 The three great kingdoms of Creative Mind
 Thou hast known them all from birth to present
 status grown.

Thou Watchful One!

Wind-swept, sea-washed, sun-bleached—
 Spiritually clean, Thou ever keepest watch and
 ward.
 Nor rock, nor tree, nor human kind,
 May smirch thy three-fold purity.
 Thy curving land, thy jutting rocks,
 The sapphire blue of sea and sky
 And leaden grey wherever limned
 Are constantly within thy ken.

Thou Changeless One!

Thy fenders three, sharp pointed rise,
 Granite guards of thy realm supreme.
 Eons of time have passed them by
 With sunken land and risen sea.
 Yet thou hast stood and faltered not,
 Nor wilt thou change in days to come
 However much thy surface shifts
 Thy basic laws eternal are.

Thou Peaceful One!

Upon thy west great forces surge
 Incoming souls are gathered there,
 While on thy east a cosmic calm
 Merges thy kingdom into one.
 The priceless gold of alchemy,
 An ultimate of jasmine scent,
 A violet ray of selflessness,
 Within the circle-fourth in space—
 Blends into perfect unity.

A serial story with a well woven plot. A mystery of tangled lives, the outcome of a past love affair and machinations of

The Boss of the River Gang

ANTONIO ESTEBAN'S handsome features were distorted by passion

when, within a few feet of Mrs. Esteban, who stood in the doorway of her ranch house, he reined his horse in with such energy it brought the animal to its haunches, and in a voice raucous and bitter, shouted:

"Mother, you and I have had our last wordy battle. You'll never see even my shadow again." With a quick jerk on the bridle rein, he turned his horse and dashed swiftly away.

Mrs. Esteban, who was not on all occasions a congenial companion or a considerate task-master, possessed a dominant spirit; she had deigned no reply. She would neither bend nor break, although, after innumerable quarrels between her and an only child—a youth barely nineteen, had led to the culminating point, Tony in a burst of angry defiance, had struck out to shift for himself. And sustained by the unconquerable Esteban pride, he was destined to drift on the tides of a capricious fate.

Heartsick and homesick, in bitterness of spirit he wandered aimlessly during several subsequent months; then drifted into a lumbering region in Oregon where men were in demand, gladly accepted the wage offered and became one of the river gang.

"PAT," called Donivan, boss of the logging crew, as the men were going to work, "Show this young fellow how to handle lumber." And then he went into his cabin.

"An' sure now; did the ears av me hear ye tell the boss as yer name's Esthebin?" asked Pat who had stopped abruptly and was staring wide-eyed at Tony. "Sure, bye, ut's meself as b'laves ye; the looks av ye isn't givin' ye the loie, now. Yer loike enought to Bin to be the twin av 'im, so ye air."

"Hey there, Bin," Pat shouted, "Here's a relation tuh see ye, or me name's not Patherick O'Leary. Bin, I say! Hey there, Bin! Get a move on ye! Here's your brother

or sister, an that's no loie, Oi'm tellin', nayther."

As a young man—perhaps a year or so older than Tony—stepped into sight, Pat hurried away. "Bin," he called back, "yes kin set the new feller to work wid ye; can't ye?"

Momentarily the boys stared at each other in mutual surprise; then both smiled. Each confronted the unmistakable Esteban features.

"I'm Bernardo Esteban from Tularosa, New Mexico," said Ben, introducing himself, "Who are you?"

"Antonio Esteban from Northhaven, Texas."

"I'm a descendant of Don Pedro Esteban," Bernardo volunteered. "And you?"

"Don Pedro of California?" Sudden comprehension had brightened Antonio's face. "So am I. You and I must be cousins of some degree."

"And cousin Tony, of any degree, I greet you," cried Ben as he offered his hand. "Here comes the boss with fire in his eye, and in a moment sparks will fly. He's a volcano. Come with me." And before there was an explosion, Ben hurried Tony away.

Each of the young men, harboring a grievance, had left a home of wealth in white heat of temper. Both out of place, each was glad to have a companion with whom to exchange confidences and sympathy; and quite soon each knew the other's story, his family and history, and his line of ancestry from Don Pedro Esteban, the founder of the California family.

When the boys were together, the boss of the river gang while seeming to take no interest in their conversation, and appearing to be unmindful of their proximity, managed to be near. But suddenly it dawned on their minds that his presence could not always be accidental; and asking each other the question: "Does he think we are conspirators?" they changed their rendezvous frequently.

The river boss, Donivan, was a blusterer. He de-



A white, upturned face appeared a second only below, and disappeared.

lighted in the exercise of authority, and when his combustible temper was aroused, his invectives, none too choice, were used in profusion. Unnecessarily severe, he was feared and much disliked.

That he was not a rough working man was evidenced by mental ability above the average, and it could plainly be seen that he, as well as the two Estebans, was out of place. But there was an air of mystery about him; his eyes were furtive and shifty; he did not inspire confidence, nor could he command respect. And about two months after Tony joined the loggers, consternation prevailed when one morning, the crew went to work without a boss. Donivan had gone. Heads bobbed, and "I told you so," was on every tongue. Yet no one knew when or why he had dropped from sight.

"Sure as shootin' he wan't fired," declared Pat. "An' he ain't resigned. "If he were we'd be afther havin' another mon in his place, so we would, see."

Before long a successor arrived and at sight of his kindly face, hats were doffed, and the forest rang with the lusty cheers of the river gang.

"Did you happen to know Donivan?" the new boss was asked by others of the logging camp. "What d'you s'pose's become of 'im?"

The new boss answered, as his eyes twinkled and his mouth broadened in a soundless laugh, "Well, me boys, guess 'es blowed himself to where 'e belongs. It's an ex-convict 'e is."

"An' sure, ut's meself as b'laves ye," declared Pat. "Ut's meself as is wonderin' phwat 'e wus sint up f'r."

As time went by, Ben and Tony, now fast friends, forgot Donivan and any suspicion they may have had concerning his interest in them. But like a serpent he had left his trail across the paths of both.

Ben's mind dwelt on his personal troubles; although it relieved him to pour into Tony's ears the story of a love affair that had come between him and his mother—against whom he harbored bitter resentment—and to receive a full measure of sympathy. "Never will I go back to Tularosa," he repeatedly declared.

AFUED between Ben's family and the young lady's had been kept alive through generations, and the parents on both sides had refused to sanction marriage. The young couple had been detected on the eve of elopement, and the young lady had been sent to a convent.

"Why should it concern us that our great-great-great grandfathers fought a duel on account of a love affair, and one killed the other?" Ben fiercely questioned. "Their troubles died with them. Why should we, with life before us, be compelled to shut out its sunlight and live under the shadow of their wickedness? Life to us, may mean the height of bliss or the depth of despair."

And the two boys, nursing grief, and harboring resentment, strengthened each other's determination.

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"Lola is dead," Ben's mother informed him, when later she located him. "While touring the Yosemite with classmates and teacher, her horse became unmanagable

from fright and threw her," she wrote to him. "She fell on the rocks, and for hours, was unconscious. If it can comfort you to know that just before she passed away she became conscious and died with your name on her lips, there is no reason why I should not tell you."

Ben's bitterness knew no bounds. Understanding his mother as little as she had understood him, he did not suspect strategy.

"'Comfort me'!" he repeated. "Lola, herself, would have comforted me, and could have made us all happy. 'Go home'? Never! The thin strand of hope that sustained me, is broken; my heart is sealed forever. Life to me, now, is only endurance."

Although the season of storms was approaching, Ben in reckless mood disregarded warning and built a cabin for himself near the wooded river bank.

"Nothing has terror for me," he insisted. "I have nothing to fear, and I love the wilds; sounds from the river comfort me, and nature, here where I shall stay, will console me."

"Then you shall not stay alone," Tony declared. "Death can be frightfully cruel when it comes to the friendless and lonely. Tony, your companion in sorrow, will stay and share your cabin—and your fate."

ONE night of Stygian darkness, sounds from the river deepened. Wind moaned and shrilled around the cabin and weirdly whispered as it rattled the window. Ben who had been in the deep sleep of mental exhaustion, suddenly started up and called: "Tony, are you awake? I hear her voice, Tony; I hear her calling me," he declared, as Tony answered. "What do you think it means?"

"You are feverish, Ben. Try to rest. You hear only complaining waters and whispering winds. Sounds from the river indicate that a storm is well on the way. I don't like the way the cabin trembles; in the morning I shall brace it on the river's side. Light the lantern. With friendly light you will not magnify sounds. Overcome your foreboding."

Ben suddenly sat up and pulling open his shirt called: "Hold the light near. See what is written here." Tatooed over Ben's heart was a circle enclosing a dove beneath which was a name: Lola. "As her memory is enshrined in this breast and the heart beneath, so will this inscription in commemoration of her, last so long as the heart beats. Nothing can obliterate it, or its significance."

The murmuring of waters deepened into an ever-increasing roar, but Ben seemed oblivious to danger. Like a ship on a troubled sea the cabin shivered and shook, and branches beat and pounded on it; and all through what to Tony seemed an interminable night, demons of a fierce storm surrounded them.

Slowly the blackness of night gave way to daybreak. Suddenly, winds veering from all directions broke into howls and shrieks. Waters increased in volume and with thundrous rush and roar began to rise. The cabin was struck with terrific force and wrenched from its fasten-

ing; the flood whirled it out into the stream where drifting logs beat and pounded against it until, groaning under the strain, its timbers fell apart, and the two boys cast into the seething, debris-strewn torrent, began a helpless struggle.

Ben, swiftly swept into the branches of an uprooted tree, pulled himself to a place of safety and clung with desperate energy while he gazed horror-stricken at the rumbling, tumbling waters that leaped about his refuge. A plank bearing a human form came whirling along. It struck a snag and rebounded; was caught again by the roaring waters and sent crashing onward until suddenly a corner struck Ben's crouching place. It bounded away in recoil, and shot out again into the drift. Its human freight was gone.

Ben had leaned forward, as a white, upturned face appeared below for a second only, and disappeared. The concussion had loosened Ben's grip; a sharp pain shot through his head as he struggled to regain his hold. He was benumbed with cold and was weakening.

It seemed to him that the river was a vast whirlpool and that he was being drawn into its vortex. Sharp pains tortured his body; he passed his hand over his head and face—it was red with blood. He knew nothing more; and fainting, he settled in the crotch of the tree and was held fast.

Chapter II

A FEW months after Tony left home, a stranger arrived in Northhaven where strangers were as rare an angel-visits. Whence he came he neglected to tell. He condescended to inform the villagers that he was a widower without family, and was especially devoted to out-of-door life; therefore desired to locate in the village if he could find even a slight business opportunity.

The local grocer had long wanted to dispose of his business, and in Mr. Denby, the stranger, he found a purchaser with ready money.

The new grocer soon became greatly interested in Mrs. Celestine Esteban and often personally delivered goods at her house. And before long he had persuaded her to lease him a few acres of land on which he constructed a cabin for occupancy. He needed exercise, so he remarked, and as he found experimental garden-

ing quite to his liking, a morning and evening walk from the store not only would be enjoyable, but beneficial as well; he was inclined to take on too much flesh—an energetic man, he desired out-of-door work after the day of confinement in the store. And all this was quite plausible.

Mr. Denby's obsequious attention to the lady—his earnest solicitation for her comfort and welfare, which appealed, first to her vanity, later to her somewhat callous heart, could not have escaped notice if there had been keen-eyed, sharp-witted neighbors near.

Mrs. Esteban owned and managed the most extensive and valuable ranch within many miles of the tiny village in the Texas hills. A woman of remarkable executive ability, her capability was given due credit by the little

community, and her sagacity unquestioned, although she was not exactly beloved.

No one, since her husband's death, had bestowed so much kindness and consideration on her as Mr. Denby was doing, and it gratified her to know—as she believed—that some one was interested in her personally. Although never complaining, since Tony had gone she had been lonely—her life empty. She gave the question of marriage due consideration.

"What have you done with your own property?" she asked frigidly.

ally not. I need a companion; when Tony comes—"

She sighed sharply and a fierce light leaped into her eyes. "I'll marry him," she decided. And courtship running its course, culminated one day, in matrimony. The Tattler announced the marriage of Celestine Esteban of Northhaven, and Amber August Denby of the same place, as having been solemnized in the nearest town.

Northhaven folk were surprised and also mortally offended. A slight had been put upon them. Northhaven had its church and pastor; it was Mrs. Esteban's duty to have been married in the church to which she belonged. The affair was discussed with no little acrimony by a group of village women.

"No good'll ever come of it. Anyhow, what can she see in that ridiculous, disgusting man? A bully and

(Continued on page 40)



Pele, Goddess of Kilauea

By

Junius C. Hoag and Ernest B. Hoag

(Continued from May)



The wheels of time cause Mauna Loa's fires to erupt in regular cycles. Here is a river of its red hot lava twisting across a once fertile field.

KAMAPUAA and his band landed at Honuapo, where they spread the news of the lava-flow and their belief in the destruction of Pele's people. But the natives, declaring their belief in the divine protection of those strange individuals, expressed the opinion that they were unharmed and would take up their residence in the volcano itself. Such opinion was soon entertained by all and when visitors to Kilauea had returned with the statement that they had seen Pele riding the molten waves of lava upon her surf-board, her apotheosis was complete. Thenceforth the power and majesty of Pele ever increased in the minds of the people; during the next generation temples were erected to the goddess, priests were sanctified to her worship and costly sacrifices were made to appease her wrath, these consisting of every sort of article prized by the natives as of value; even human sacrifices were made.

FOR more than a hundred years the outbursts of Mauna Loa and Kilauea have now been under the observation of civilized men. Many great lava-flows have taken place during this period; others may confidently be expected; Kilauea itself is rarely still; its tides rise and fall. At their lowest ebb they are awe-inspiring; at their height they subdue whatever other emotions exist in the breasts of the beholders who gaze spell-bound upon their awfulness.

Mauna Loa raises her head nearly 14,000 feet above the sea; her feet rest upon the ocean's bed at a depth of 15,000 feet. Lava-flows from this great volcano begin quietly; first a light is seen upon her summit and soon this turns night into day for a distance of many miles; then liquid fire bursts forth somewhere lower down upon the mountain side and spouts upward, fountain-like, to a height of hundreds of feet; finally a molten river forms, a river wider at times than the Mississippi and with resistless force and incredible heat rushes downward toward the sea; sometimes it has poured over the sea-cliffs like a Niagara and congealing in the waters of the Pacific, has widened the coast-line of the island or burst out under the ocean's bed to form new islets.

In 1855 a river of lava began a flow which lasted 15 months, stopping only after threatening the city of Hilo. In 1880 a similar stream flowed out from the mountain side at an elevation of 11,000 feet, continuing

for nine months and stopping only at a distance of three-fourths of a mile from Hilo where real estate fell in value proportionate to the river's advance.

In terror, the inhabitants of this, the second largest city of the islands, prepared to flee with their movable effects; in vain their prayers ascended to the throne of the true God. Then a very serious matter occurred, to which many living witnesses bear testimony: The Princess Ruth, then one of the few remaining natives of ancient and noble lineage, bore a hand in the attempt to save the town from destruction. This Princess was a real personage not only in the eyes of the native Hawaiians, but in the estimation of the white islanders as well, for she was one of the wealthiest of all the islanders. Having provided herself with such offerings as she deemed suitable to a goddess of Pele's rank, the Princess chartered a steamer and set forth from Honolulu, attended by a numerous retinue.

Landing at Hilo and proceeding as near as safety permitted to the river of fire, she caused a platform to be erected; upon this she ascended with majestic step, for she was a woman of imposing mien and formidable weight, surpassing that of all who surrounded her; taking her stand upon the platform, she offered rich sacrifices to Pele. These included, so it is said, everything calculated to appeal to the refined taste of a luxury-loving woman of Pele's sort, such as silks, satins, perfumery, clothing, dainty food, wines and liquors to the monetary value of \$8,000. As with lavish hand she offered tobacco and gin, the Hon. Simon Kaai remonstrated. He was minister of native affairs and business advisor to the Princess. Perhaps he was more Christian than she. Or perhaps he was less pagan. Who shall say? Anyway, he remonstrated when he saw the tobacco and gin going and attempted to salvage some part of it. But in vain. All went to Pele. Was the lava-flow stayed? It was. Did the Princess obtain such credit from the natives? She did. Are sacrifices still made to Pele? Such would appear to be the case, for it is said that humble offerings tied up in little bundles are not infrequently found by visitors to Kilauea.

In 1852 Rev. Titus Coan witnessed an eruption, spending an entire night beside it. He wrote that no tongue or pen could possibly portray the beauty, grandeur or sublimity of the scenes witnessed by him.

The activities of Mauna Loa as seen from its summit have seldom been observed by any, for the ascent of the mountain is both difficult and perilous; but the great flows that more often burst through its sides not infrequently have inundated the island for many miles in various directions.

Isabella L. Bird (Bishop), who visited many lands and described what she saw in most fascinating style, made the ascent of Mauna Loa about fifty years ago and published the best account ever written concerning an eruption of this volcano, as seen in its crater. All alone, at midnight, chilled to the bone in a temperature of 21 degs., she crawled across masses of ice to the edge of the crater, and there gazed down upon a great lake of fire which occupied a portion of this crater, which was six miles in circumference. The lake itself was 800 feet below her point of observation and distant about three-quarters of a mile. For six weeks the reflections of its incandescent mass had been visible at a distance of 100 miles.

As the fascinated beholder gazed upon it she saw immense fountains of molten lava leaping up to a height of from 150 to 300 feet with a roaring sound that could be heard for miles around; suddenly the fountains of fire subsided, appearing as cones of fire wallowing in a sea of light. "Then with a roar like the sound of gathering waters, nearly the whole surface of the lake was lifted up by the action of some powerful internal

force, and its whole radiant mass rose three times in one glorious, upward burst, to a height of 600 feet, while the earth trembled and the moon and stars withdrew abashed, into far-off space."

This volcano, Mauna Loa, has poured forth in one eruption, lava equal to the combined discharges of Vesuvius for 2000 years.

TO the traveler of today, as well as to the early missionaries and other white visitors of a century ago, Mauna Loa and Kilauea have presented an awe-inspiring spectacle of surpassing grandeur scarcely equaled anywhere in the world.

To the scientist the great volcanoes appeal no less to the imagination, even if less to their fears, than they did to the ancient simple-minded Hawaiians who ascribed their glory and their fury to the miraculous acts of pagan spirits.

In 1855 the fourth recorded eruption from Mauna Loa took place, the lava flowing a distance of 60 miles. This flow was from one to three miles in width and from five to two hundred feet in depth, according to the contours of the slopes; it lasted for thirteen months and covered 300 square miles of land, with a volume estimated at 38 thousand millions of cubic feet.

In 1859 lava fountains 400 feet in height and of similar diameter, played on the summit of Mauna Loa; the lava ran 50 miles to the sea, which it reached in eight days, though the flow continued much longer and added a new promontory to the island. The whole group of Hawaiian Islands was built up in just such manner as this, so that in the activities of this great volcano we have a concrete example of world-construction whose operations have not yet ceased.

In 1823 a memorable visit was made by a party of missionaries to the Island of Hawaii, the interesting records of which appeared in the published accounts of its members, particularly those of the Rev. Wm. Ellis. These were the first white men to complete the circuit of Hawaii, an undertaking at that time beset with many dangers and difficulties; this also, was the first party of white men to visit the volcano of Kilauea, a visit greatly opposed by the natives as constituting a desecration threatening destruction to the party itself and danger to all in the vicinity, by reason of Pele's wrath.



Kilauea by Day—Lake of Hot Lava

Photographs courtesy of
Matson Navigation Co.

The Angel with the Flaming Sword

An Allegory

By William Herbert Carruth

IT was in the dewy dawn of time. The balm of youth was over all the works of God. Spice-laden air flowed over a plain all bright with flowers. Beside an arbor of grapevines self-draped over a fig tree sat Adam at the close of day, his head upon his knees. Beside him lay the pointed stick, his only tool, with which he daily scratched the earth to make it bear more fruit. His hands were calloused and soiled and his fair face streaked with sweat, but his limbs were smooth and supple with youth. From within the arbor came the notes of the first slumber-song of earth. But Adam did not hear, or paid no heed. He did not raise his head until the flush had faded from the western sky behind him and a purple veil of twilight closed around his home.

Then with a sigh he slowly raised his head and gazed out toward the east. Was that faint flickering on the sky reflected from the setting sun? A few moments of waiting showed this could not be, for as the darkness deepened, the light in the east grew more defined. It wavered like a banner in a breeze; it rolled and billowed, came and went like Northern Lights; it grew long and slender, its edges keen and clear and curved like a scimitar; it played the livid color of the lightning; it had in it all the glitter and the fascination of a serpent's eyes.

And Adam bowed his head once more upon his knees and sighed again a deeper and heart-breaking sigh, for he knew the Angel with the Flaming Sword. Thus he had sat for many an evening, hour after hour, watching the dread monitor of the forfeited favor of Jehovah. And sometimes, as he sat brooding, there stole to his side a presence soft and soothing as moonlight, Eve, the first mother of our kind, in beauty so dazzling that night seemed needed, lest it blind the eyes. And she too gazed upon the flashing sword and sighed and dreamed of Paradise; of that odorous sod on which she first saw light and the still sleeping form of Adam, godlike and unashamed; of the imperishable galaxy of flowers that festooned all the ways; of the soft adoration of the docile herds and the warbling of the feathered flocks. Each night they had watched and waited far on toward the dawn, in the faint hope that the Seraph might forget, or fall asleep or leave the gate unguarded. But this had never chanced.

Tonight a new impulse came upon Adam, and he rose and stepped swiftly across the pathless plain toward the flame that flickered over the walls of Paradise. It was some time before he reached the dense hedge of hawthorn and roses and cacti that stretched across the east, towering so high that no glimpse could be had of what lay behind. He reached the hedge far to the right of the gate, then turned and followed along the wall within the shadow of the branches. He dared not dream

of evading the will of Jehovah, but he longed to peer once more into the supernal perfections of the Garden. But while he was still some paces from the gate the sword was lowered, the flame took on an angrier red and the parrying motions became doubly swift, so that it seemed the blade at once thrust directly at him yet also in all other directions, while at the same time it made, as it were, a solid wall of fire across the entrance to the Garden.

Half daunted, half defiant, Adam stood until his eyes no longer could endure the fierceness of the flame, then turned away, half blinded, and crept dejectedly toward the arbor where Eve slept with little Cain beside her.

AND so it was, more nights than one. But on an evening when the air was softer than its wont, for even that soft clime, it seemed as though a veil were drawn across the fierceness of the flame. And as Adam crept along within the shadow of the wall of verdure, with his eyes strained toward the gate that barred him from his youth, suddenly his hand was thrust against a soft shoulder of flesh, and he looked down startled to find Eve, who this night had slipped away while he sat gazing by the entrance of the arbor, drawn like himself by the fascination of the hope to look upon the scene of her first days on God's good earth and to breathe again the immortal air of Paradise. Without a word their hands were joined and they crept on nearer and nearer. But when it still was quite a way, the mist fell and the august features of the angel were revealed. And as before, the sword flashed and threatened, and thrust vengefully at them as they stood dazed and trembling. So they turned wistfully away and walked across the plain to their green home, where little Cain slept peacefully, knowing nothing of the dire role that later should be his.

Yet Adam's longing did not cease, to visit once again the banks of those four streams where God himself had walked for a delight. And neither did he cease to sit and gaze toward the entrance and upon the flaming sword, if haply it might cease its play. One night, when he had fallen asleep right early after a day of heavy toil, he woke again toward morning and looked out at the east. And lo! the flame was absent. Quickly he turned to Eve and roused her also to look out and tell him whether he saw aright. It was no dream; the sword was gone!

Though little Cain was whimpering in his sleep and had one tiny fist clenched tight, they started quickly for the gate. This time they did not creep along the hedge, but hurried toward the entrance which had been barred by the flaming sword. Weary with long watching the angel had fallen asleep and lay against a little slope, his fearful blade beside him, now no longer flaming since

it was not held upright, and with the light gone, like the glow of the firefly when it is not flashing. Hand in hand Adam and Eve passed in, too eager to find the dream of their first joy even to look a second time at the dread guardian of the place.

At first they found themselves in a tangle of high grass and vines. It was still scarcely dawn, but they pushed onward, fearful lest they might be stopped ere they should find the scene they sought. Thorns tore their feet, and to one side, not far away, some great beast roared. They struggled on, and when light came they could see, through the tangle ahead, the glimpse of water. And when they were a little nearer, a panther stole down to the bank, crouched and lapped the water with his tongue. While thus he stilled his thirst, something like a knotty log came floating toward him from out the misty blanket on the surface of the stream. Closer it came, and then, so suddenly that they could scarce see how it was done, the log had spread a pair of monstrous jaws and snapped the panther's paw. A howl of pain, a struggle in the red-stained water, another frightful cry and the panther disappeared beneath the surface, which continued to boil with sanguine wrath.

Eve clung convulsively to Adam's arm; the two stood still with terror, till the fight was over. Then they turned suddenly and fled back into the wilderness of palms and vines. And as they fled, thorns tore the tender arms of Eve, and Adam's feet trod many a vicious nettle.

AT length they paused within a glade to rest. This might have been the slope where Adam lay when first his opening eyes beheld his mate. The flowers that they recalled were nowhere here. A swarm of poisonous flies beset them close, and stung, in spite of Adam's care with fanning palms to shelter Eve. Could this be Paradise?

A feverish haste impelled them now. They had not yet forgotten the clear voice that had searched them out in hiding in the cool of that fateful day, calling, "Adam, where art thou?" One fruit there was that they had found so sweet, and one that they had not had time to try. Had not they heard Jehovah say: "Lest they eat thereof and live forever"? What might that fruit be like, and where?

"Come, come," said Eve, "the Tree of Life, the Tree!" And on they hurried fast. "What then was that?"—"Was it perhaps the Tree of Knowledge?"—"It had such leaves."—"And yonder sure are apples; not indeed so large and fair, but let us try,—it was so sweet!"—"Eat,

then; what matter now? The judgment is already spoken; Jehovah can do no more."

"Reach up; that one. How small!" Eve fondled the green fruit, half doubting. Then, with a look at Adam, mixed of fear and daring, she set her white teeth into the hard flesh. A little cry; the apple fell to earth, and her full lips were parted as with pain. When Adam stopped to lift the fallen fruit, Eve checked him with her hand beneath his arm. And then she uttered yet a sharper cry and pointed toward the ground behind the tree. There, coiled and ready for a spring, the serpent lay, his tongue red-flashing and his pointed head rocking from side to side.

Adam drew back and stooped and found a stone and hurled it at the serpent, and they fled away. Ah, for the Tree of Life! It stood within the Garden's mist. Was it not said, that they should be as gods if they ate of that? On, on they pushed. The tangles grew more dense. Sharp edges of great grasses cut their skin. The sun was on the eastern edge. Their faces now were warm and streaked with sweat.

Before them in the thicket something stirred, and there went up a mighty roar. Their hearts stood still; a moment, too, their feet. Then they turned and sought the gate. They had gone far and ere they found the way, their feet were worn and weary. Eve's eyes were swollen, her head throbbing, but Adam led her on until at last they saw the gateway. Even then Eve turned and looked once more with longing for the Tree. Could this be Paradise? Ah, for the Tree of Life! Had they but found it! But what was that? It seemed as though she heard a little wail. No other sound like that in all the world! She led the way and pushed out through the gate, scarce noticing that there no longer lay the Angel with the Flaming Sword.

Soon they were home. The arbor underneath the vines was sweeter now. And little Cain was wailing bitterly. Soon he was soothed and all three slept far into the broad day.

THAT night they missed the flickering in the eastern sky and every night thereafter. Even by day they ventured to the gate. No Seraphim were there. As they gazed within, they were not tempted to renew the quest. The Angel had been called away to other labors.

And as time passed, Adam ceased to look toward the east for Paradise. At times he questioned with himself, whether indeed the whole had not been dreamed: the Garden and the apple and the curse. For every year the labor grew more sweet and earth with all its sorrows grew more fair. In Cain and his own seed they saw fulfilled the fruitage of the Tree of Life. And far off in the vistas of the future and the west they found again in dreams the Eden that was nothing but the shadow of a dream.

(Overland Monthly, June 1889)

It is hard to add to the business of business the business of pleasure. The French philosopher has said that this world would be tolerable enough if it were not for its amusements. What a feeling of relief we generally have when we get back from our jaunt, if it be but a picnic party! "'Tis an excellent piece of work" says Christopher Sly, speaking of the play in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "'tis an excellent piece of work—would 'twere done."—Bret Harte.

Where I Discovered Rudyard Kipling

By John Northern Hilliard

THE other day I had an adventure. I was groping molewise through the files of a San Francisco newspaper, on the track of some shipping history, when, suddenly, out of a foxed and yellowed page the ghosts of my youth grinned up at me. It was a page devoted to the news of the waterfront. The date line was May 27, 1889. Well down the columns was this item:

"Among the cabin passengers on the City of Peking, which arrived yesterday, was R. Kipling, the traveling correspondent of the Pioneer of Allahabad, Northwest India. Mr. Kipling is also connected with the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore. He will spend about six months in the United States, and then proceed to England. A number of missionaries were also among the passengers on the Peking."

There it was! Ten lines of type recording an everyday episode in the routine work of a waterfront reporter. A veritable chronicle of small beer! "R. Kipling . . . traveling correspondent . . . Northwest India . . ." And yet to me it was the next thing to coming unexpectedly upon an interview with a denizen from the moon.

And as I sat there in that place with the bedlam of newspaperdom about me, the odor of printer's ink in my nostrils, a battery of typewriters bombarding my ears, I had a vision of the sardonic, begoggled face of that young man that had come "out of nowhere" on the City of Peking, more than thirty years ago. That "R. Kipling, traveling correspondent," who had landed in the town by the Golden Gate and straightway wrote to the folks at home that San Francisco was "a mad city inhabited for the most part by perfectly mad people."

And then the vision faded, as a moving picture fades on the screen; and another picture glimmered at me out of the haze of years. Between two ticks of a watch time and space no longer existed. Faster than a camera-shutter clicks off the odds and ends of seconds, accommodating elves had transported me from that San Francisco newspaper office into the lobby of the Hotel Grenoble, in New York, and almost two decades, as quidnuncs compute time, were fobbed off the tally of my years.

It is a stormy night early in March. Outside the hostelry the wind cuts like a knife. Inside, a group of newspaper men are gathered about a bulletin board. They are smoking and muttering among themselves rather than talking—like men that have exhausted their subject and have nothing but fragments to offer. They are there on grim business. On one of the floors above a man is fighting a battle against death. This man is Rudyard Kipling—not the mere "R. Kipling" of the San Francisco waterfront chronicler, but now the foremost story-teller of his age. And to the newspaper men maintaining their all-night vigil he is an extraordinary being,

marked with some mysterious seal. To the younger ones of us he is the Zeus of all our gods.

It is between two and three o'clock in the morning. You are to imagine the lowered lights, the night clerk dozing behind the desk, the porter sleeping on his bench, and punctually every half hour the elevator boy posting a fresh report from the sick room on the bulletin board. Now and then a telegraph messenger clumps in with a cable inquiry from one of the far places of earth. All kinds and conditions of humankind drift in through the long night to have a look at the bulletin board—a belated clubman, a streetcar conductor on his way home from a late shift, a Bowery prizefighter, a pretty lady, rouged and powdered, as is everywhere the custom of pretty ladies; a gambler famous for his collection of pictures and first editions, a policeman whose stride from the hips betrays an army training. Mayhap one of "the legion that never was listed!"

For a fortnight the scene has been pretty much the same. For a fortnight the men of the press have kept the deathwatch. No sooner does a fresh bulletin appear than it is relayed over the telephone to the newspaper offices. And in their caverns, in newspaper row, the editors—"those swift historians of the hour"—are hazardously keeping the forms open beyond the official hour for going to press. In their cubbyholes the telegraph operators—those modern Pucks—bend above their magic keys, ready to girdle the earth with the dreaded word the instant it comes off the telephone.

And then early one morning there came something that caused the weary newspaper guard in the Hotel Grenoble to forget its breakfast. This something came in the official envelope of a cable company. It was a despatch of inquiry from the Emperor of Germany, addressed to Mrs. Kipling. "God grant," William, I. R. ended his message, "that he may be spared to you and to all that are thankful to him for the soul stirring way in which he has sung about the deeds of our great common race."

Many things have happened since that March morning in the lobby of the Hotel Grenoble, and I wonder, as my mind goes back to those days, if Mr. Kipling still keeps that message. I wonder if it is among the trophies preserved in the old Jacobean house just outside the village of Burwash in Sussex—Kipling's own Sussex of "the Weald, the Marsh and the Down Countries."

But, as I was saying, the ghosts of the past grinned up at me out of that yellow newspaper leaf. When "R. Kipling, traveling correspondent," broke into the news of the day, thirty odd years ago, I was riding a cattle range in a particular subdivision of Gehenna known to map-makers as the Bad Lands of Dakota. This bit of personalia is of no value in itself. It is broached in order to establish a coincidence; for at the time "R. Kipling,



The sinking sun, with its dying rays, silkening the placid waters
of the Golden Horn, descends upon the place where sits San
Francisco, "serene and indifferent of fate, - a warder of two continents."

traveling correspondent," was discovering San Francisco, I was discovering "R. Kipling." I discovered him, oddly enough, in the "patent inside" of a frontier weekly newspaper, published in Western Dakota. In the issue of that country weekly for May 28, 1889—just one day later than the San Francisco paper's announcement of "R. Kipling's" arrival in the United States—was published his story of "Black Jack," one of the earliest of the tales of "Soldiers Three." I still have the page bearing the story, pasted in a scrapbook I kept in the days of my youth. Now, when you remember that the first printing of "Soldiers Three" was at Allahabad, in 1888, I think you will agree with me that the literary discernment of the "patent inside" editor is worthy of record. Time has broadsealed his judgment. So far as I know, this was the first newspaper between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast to introduce Rudyard Kipling to the reading public. This is also worthy of record inasmuch as at that very time editors in San Francisco and Chicago—and in New York too—were turning down such MSS. as "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," "The Man Who Was," "On Grenhow Hill," and "Without Benefit of Clergy," which the "Young Man from Nowhere" was seeking to dispose of at a modest price. More than one editor has confessed to me that in the spring of 1889 he could have bought a dozen Kipling stories at his own rates.

BUT a year later—what another story! The "Young Man from India," hailed at first as merely a meteor flashing across the literary firmament, has become acknowledged as a fixed star. And here again another ghost of the past grins up at me out of the yellowed page. The ghost of my newspaper cubdom! Time, 1890. Scene, the local room of the Chicago "Herald." Peter Dunne—Philosopher Dooley—is there, and Brand Whitlock, Billy Lewis and his brother Alfred Henry, and half a dozen others that have since broadened into books of their own. And every man jack of them has a paper-covered Kipling in his pocket! They babble Kipling, dream Kipling and try to write Kipling. Great heavens! what a fire burned in our veins in those days. Verily do I believe that Kipling himself, did he but know how much those tawdry, pirated editions of "Plain Tales" and "Soldiers Three" meant to us in our youth, would recant that blanket curse he put upon our land and its institutions—that curse he made in the arrogance of his own youth, beginning:

"Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreported: Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse, or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling; and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed from Alaska to Florida and back again, etc., etc."

And yet another chapless ghost rattled his bones in the cobwebbed gloom of the yellowed files, and yet another picture flickered upon the silver sheet of the past. The scene, this time, is the courtroom at Brattleboro, Vermont. Again it is May—May, 1896. Half a dozen deputy sheriffs battle at the doors against all Brattleboro's trying to jam its way inside. There is a reason for this insistence on the part of the Brattleborites. Their neighbor, Rudyard Kipling, is proceeding in law against his wife's brother, Beatty Balestier. The case itself is hazy in my memory. I do not even remember how it came out, although I wrote two columns a day for my paper while the trial lasted. I remember only the short compact figure of the complainant, the slight stoop of his shoulders, the deep-set eyes gleaming behind their spectacles, the furrowed forehead, the thrust-out jaw, and the way he had of wiggling about in his seat and gripping his hands over his knees. And I remember, most vividly of all, the coarse black hair that covered his wrists. It seemed to bristle under the badgering of the attorneys for the defense. And then one day he spoke to me. Some trivial remark, some commonplace of the day, as he paused for a moment at the reporter's table. I don't remember a word of what he said. But I do remember that when he had passed on I felt as if I had received the accolade. . . .

That is what a few lines of type and a whiff of yellowed, musty paper can do. It can raise the ghosts of the dead years and whip you back to the wonderful mornings of youth, when there were gods still upon this earth and nothing under the sun was beyond the grasp of desire.

IF

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And which—is more—you'll be a Man, my son!
—From "Rewards and Fairies."

A Case of Something Strong

THE twenty-passenger auto stage swayed toward Calezuma at a rate undreamed of when four-horse stages had rounded the curves of the rough mountain roads in the fifties.

The mind of man, too, in the person of Fortis Davenport, perhaps moved more swiftly than the minds of those early passengers; yet it moved, probably, to the same intent. The thoughts of man had not in this case been widened by the course of seventy suns. Fortis Davenport was wishing for the same thing for which they had wished. He wanted a drink. Their confidence that they would get a drink had depended upon the nuggets in their pockets. His uncertainty as to whether he could secure a bracer—but that belongs to a yet unwritten story. Davenport's mind did not waver between the possibility and the advisability of getting a drink. With the single-mindedness of genius he concerned himself with only one question on the subject of refreshment. Could he supply himself with that which the mandate of the law denied him?

Fortis Davenport, traveling salesman for Rosewood and Company, furniture dealers, was irritated with puzzling over questions that might or might not be related to each other.

Was the Lady of Heart's Desire to be his? He had felt sure that she knew his feeling toward her and that she returned it. When he had gone to put his fate to the test, he had been told at the big house of Rufus Rosewood, silent partner of the firm, that the family was out of town—no word for him, though she knew he would call.

The other question concerned this trip to the mountain town. Was it a compliment to his ability to do difficult things—it had been given that slant—or was it a side tracking? He could solve neither problem to his own satisfaction. Hang it all, could he get a drink at Calezuma?

"Hi, there!" The driver's shout was the first intimation to Davenport of trouble on the winding, buckeye-bordered road. Around the turn without signal sped a Wild Indian motorcycle driven by a heavy man who glared helplessly at the auto stage and rode straight for it, crashing into its right wheel with a force that threw him to the ground. The driver flew to his injured

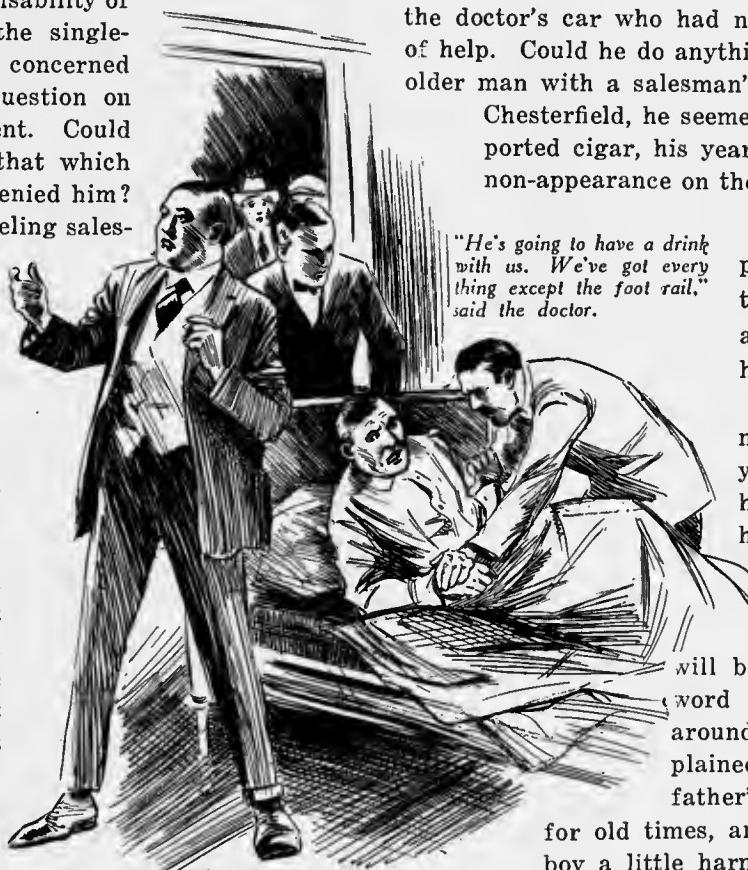
By Laura Bell Everett

wheels, the nimblest passengers, Davenport among them, to the man's assistance.

From a roadster halted behind the stage came a doctor with a bag in his hands, a young clear-cut man who knelt beside the prostrate Italian and said after a brief examination, "He's all right now,—knocked the wind out of him, that's all." The man verified the diagnosis by sitting up and then standing. Davenport was near enough to get a whiff that not only explained the cause of the accident, but also stimulated the hope of something to drink in Calezuma. The salesman shame-facedly confessed to himself that this was welcome information, though it was too bad to smash a poor fellow's wheel and delay the stage to bring the message.

"I trust he isn't hurt," called the other occupant of the doctor's car who had not been chary in his offers of help. Could he do anything? Davenport studied the older man with a salesman's eye. A large, overstuffed Chesterfield, he seemed, as he sat smoking an imported cigar, his years and his size excusing his non-appearance on the field.

"He's going to have a drink with us. We've got every thing except the foot rail," said the doctor.



Davenport recognized the physician as a customer of the house. He raised his hat as the doctor turned toward him.

"Perhaps you remember me, Doctor Coffman. I sold you the furniture for your house." The doctor held out his hand. "I remember you,

Mr. Davenport. Won't you go on with us to Calezuma?"

Your stage will be delayed a little. Just a word with you first." Circling around the stage Dr. Coffman explained, "The old friend of my father's who is with me longs

for old times, and I want to give the dear boy a little harmless pleasure on this two-day trip. I understand that Calezuma has the necessary setting for the sort of thing my friend enjoys. I can't make it too public, you know, but a friend or two would give it the convivial touch. I trusted to finding some one to join us. Were you going on to Santa Pieta or planning to stay over night at Calezuma?"

"I was going to stay over," lied Davenport valiantly. "I'm out on a little business for the house, though I didn't fancy the trip at all. Your invitation is jolly welcome."

Once on their way they were regaled with accounts of varied highballs. When the stout gentleman took up

the subject of mint juleps he shone, he scintillated; he seemed to the furniture salesman a filing case of information, and Davenport looked forward with pleasure to the evening.

They stopped before a hotel built of stone cut from the surrounding hills and set in place in the late fifties. Its walls three feet in thickness would have defied assault had it been used for a fort. The thirsty eyes of the doctor's guests gazed with yearning delight upon the handsome, old-fashioned walnut bar, its foot rail a tangible primrose path, its great plate-glass mirror ready to reflect all travelers along its now unfrequented way.

The doctor's conference with the landlord promised well for the evening, Davenport inferred, and he and the man of weight held their joyful anticipations in check by turning their attention to a prodigious dinner of roast pork and its accompaniments, with cigars afterward.

THE evening saw them in undisputed possession of the bar room. The doctor was their good genius. He arranged the glasses on the bar in what Davenport felt was a wonderful revival of pre-amendment days, even to the flat tray of cloves. The joy in the eyes of the corpulent man beggared description. What would it be with the appearance of the bottles, Davenport wondered.

No bottles appeared, but to Davenport's astonishment the doctor took from a traveling bag a miniature cider press. It was only large enough to crush two or three apples at a time. Instead of bringing out the expected apples, he produced from the bag a number of great shining corms, as Davenport took them to be. They were already freed of the outer skins, and the doctor cut them and passed the pieces into the mouth of the little press.

"Not corms but true bulbs," replied the doctor to Davenport's question, and grasping the handle of the press he motioned the elderly gentleman to catch the juice in a glass. This rite the old bacchanalian performed with all the concentration of attention that probably marked the early devotees of Bacchus. He drank thirstily with his eyes, every moment of the time that the pearl-tipped drops were falling, and when the glass was filled, he held it up to the light.

"It needs no bush if it's only good," quoted the doctor. The old man drank as one groping in a dream. He was seeking thirstily to find some substitute for the draughts of vanished days, and he swallowed the contents of the glass as in a hypnotic trance. Then his face brightened. Like the thirsty mariner who bit his arm and sucked the blood in order to cry, "A sail!" he exclaimed, "Some KICK," and genially glancing at his companions, was at once concerned for their arid state.

Buttressed by the hope that this was only a preliminary, a health measure to make unlimited libations possible, Davenport had borne up under his intense disappointment at seeing only succulent bulbs where he hoped for familiar liquor.

"My treat, gentlemen, my treat," the doctor's friend was saying in courteous tones. The doctor fed the little press, Davenport turned the handle, and when the three

glasses were filled, they drank together to the success of the evening. The elderly judge of good liquor was right. There was some kick. "A toast, a toast," he cried.

"A toast, gentlemen," responded the doctor genially, "a toast to this marvelous liquor which I am christening Oppositica because while so wonderful a substitute for the long-stored juice of the apple and the grape, it reverses the time required for perfection and the conditions under which it may now be enjoyed. While grapes and apples grow in the sunlight, their juices must age underground in the cellar. This wonderful liquor is, as I suggested, a perfect opposite for while the bulb from which it is pressed grows underground, the liquor needs no aging and it may be enjoyed, even in such times as these, with the publicity with which wine, whiskey, and brandy were once consumed."

"Pledge me, gentlemen, and let us drink to the day when Oppositica, made from the Beretta variety of this remarkable bulb, is found on every gentleman's table," and raising his glass he sang in a very good baritone.

"Drink, boys, drink, you'll never get a
Better draught than choice Beretta."

They drank, the doctor earnestly with the light of a discoverer in his eyes, his friend hilariously, Davenport unenthusiastically, feeling as if he were having a disappointing dream, and longing to awake to the taste of real cocktails.

They drank again and again, the Overstuffed's glass held to the press each time till it was brimming full, the other two with a scant spoonful in the bottom. But the Overstuffed did not notice this, nor much of anything else. The past was all around him and delight. He glowed with kindly charity to all the world. He bestowed a hundred dollar bill on an invisible serving man. He played an unseen violin, he talked reprovingly to an imaginary girl who made eyes at him on the street car. Later he held her in his arms and defied all the world to make invidious remarks about her. He danced. He drank again and again. It was not necessary even to simulate drinking with him now. A hundred men stood at the bar and he was setting up drinks for the crowd. He was in San Francisco, in St. Louis, in New York, in gay Paree with a swiftness attained only by the telegraphic code.

"Have another glass—as much as you like," urged the doctor cordially. Davenport glanced at their fat friend who was now umpiring a fisticuff between Ty Cobb and Lloyd George.

The doctor read the look aright and replied, "It won't affect you that way. That's the beauty of it. Its effects upon him are psychological. It produces the physiological kick for which he longs. That results in the psychological effects you see. There's the beauty of it. It affects every one somewhat as his favorite grog affected him. Now I don't imagine you ordinarily took more than you could carry."

"No, Doctor, I didn't."

"Then you can drink as much and as often as you

(Continued on page 41)

A Page of Western Verse

The Missions: Then and Now

By Torrey Connor

On tiled roof and adobe walls
The glow of morning softly falls;
And down green aisles of fragrant limes
Sound echoes of the Mission chimes.
Anon, the cloister-shadow yields
Swart toilers of the fallow fields;
The workshops hum; and to and fro
The padres—patient teachers—go
(Those pioneers, whose simple creed
Was kindly thought and righteous deed),
A peaceful scene: As monks at prayer
The springtime blossoms everywhere
Bend lowly heads; knee-deep in spring
The cattle stand; a lark a-wing
His matin-song pours to the sun.
A day of faith and works begun.

How changed the scene! In garden close
(Here bloomed the lily and the rose).
Stray creatures from the wayside browse;
The shattered tiles gray swallows house.
Behold the shrine o'ergrown with moss,
A dust-stoed font, a toppled cross!
An owl bides in the lichenized wall
Where black bats flit and lizards crawl.
The rusted bells that called to pray
The people of another day,
Are dumb; in nave and corridor
The padres' feet are heard no more.
These taught us how to live—and die,
Who in the Campo Santo lie;
To us an heritage they gave.
'Tis ours to cherish, ours to save!

Fair City builded by the Western Sea,
Whose ships sail down to ports beneath the world,
O'er waters blue as lapis-lazuli—
In endless chain they sail, with flags unfurled.

Rich wares and bales of priceless merchandise;
Quaint casks and stuffs and lustrous gems and gold,
Pile high her wharves on either side that rise—
Add splendor to her fame and wealth untold.

The Great Divide

By Reginald C. Barker

There's a mountain chain that reaches
From the home of the polar bear,
To the far-off land of the Inca,
Where the spotted jaguars play.
And each of the winds of heaven
Is graving a symbol there;
Is graving a granite symbol
For ever and yet a day!

Upreared in majestic silence
To the gates of Eternal Space
Are the sentinel peaks, o'er-mantled
Forever with glistening snow.
The Queen of our Western heavens,—
The type of our Western race,
As stern as the icy waters,
That deep in its gorges flow!

When the cave-men roamed their beaches,
In an age of tew and brawn,
Those peaks were gray and hoary,
Deep-scarred by the hands of Time.
Those beaches now are canyons,
Where the cougar screams at dawn,
And mountain torrents murmur
In a symphony sublime!

A child of the Cosmic Forces,
Reared in our Western land,
Yet ever her white peaks beckon;
Calling the young and bold;
"Come to my waving forests,
I wait with open hand;
Promising all a welcome,
Offering health and gold!"

The City by the Sea

(San Francisco)

By Nina May

Grey as the mists uprise her granite spires,
Clean washed and bright her walls with cool salt spray,
And wide and deep her hearths, and warm her fires,
When sinks the sun out in the western way.

The far romance of other days still clings
As clings the rose—her rich estate in fee—
Hers the charm that beauty ever brings,
Fair City builded by the Western Sea.

The Redwoods

By Harry Noyes Pratt

A silence deep, profound and vast
Yet rhythmic; vibrant with the voice
Of all the silent years which were;
A silence as of seas which flow
And ebb, and flow again, and break
In quiet on a quiet shore.
The shadows slumber here, their folds
Of purple deep with age-old night;
And drowsing breezes drift across
And touch the ribbon bands of sun
Which lift or fall, but ever hang
Above the dusk as silken gold
Upon the velvet of the night.

The wrinkled columns of the trees
Arise in conscious grandeur. Here
The elder gods have built, here made
Their temple. Here the gods have knelt
In adoration of the One
In those old days when first the earth
Swirled free from out the mist, and turned
Upon its new-made, star-laid track.
These stately trees have known the gods.
These aisles have rung with resonant voice
Of chant and song, and censers borne
By hands of neophytes have swung
Beneath the wreathing incense here.
The lights of sacrificial fires
Have flared and burned; the drifting smoke
Has wound across the transept, far
By nave and choir to reach the dome
Of lucid blue, resting outflung
And feather-light upon the last
Tall plume of green which decks the height
Of these great columns.

Here have they stood;
This have they known; and through the long
Continued silence of the years
Since passed the gods, the mighty trees
Have held aloof in majesty,
Oblivious of the lesser gods
Who come. In dignity they stood;
Man lays his all-destructive hand
Upon their beauty, bringing low
The stately columns. Though they fall
Crashing to earth, yet shall they hold
Their noble exaltation still
And lie as lordly dead upon
The catafalque of age-deep mold,
Oblivious of the pigmy, man.

NATIONAL PLAYGROUNDS



Utah's Zion National Park

By Charles Griffin Plummer

With Photographs by the Author

"UTAH—the Land of Blossoming Valleys!"—sends warmest greeting to all her sister commonwealths.

Utah—the Land of Promise, the land where all promises are fulfilled, says, like Marc Antony, "Lend me your ears!"

Utah—Queen of the Inter-Mountain Region—contentedly occupying a throne 85,000 square miles in extent, for the moment becomes Merchant Extraordinary — Purveyor to their Discriminating Majesties, the People!

Let her tell you of the pre-eminent grandeur and beauty of one of her possessions—one precious jewel from the glittering galaxy of first-water gems which set off so charmingly the radiantly beautiful diadem with which she is crowned.

This illuminated vignette reposes tranquilly, illustriously, within its God-made treasure-house—in the niche assigned to it by the discerning ones—the very fore-front of America's scenic Hall of Fame.

Undimmed by the supreme quality of its coroneted fellows—of impressive grandeur, mighty dignity and unmatched splendor—is Zion National Park!

If you seek Utah by rail or motor car take any one of the highways leading into romance-enshrined Salt Lake City—sovereign capital of this vast territory, and here you may prepare for your journey into southern Utah, home of Zion National Park.

A ride of 260 miles over the Salt Lake Route will take you to Lund, Utah, from which the branch line now being built into Cedar City 35 miles farther on

your way, will be completed by midsummer, 1923. Then comfortable Pullman transportation will carry you within 65 miles of your destination, Zion National Park.

Rapid and easy automobile conveyance of the most modern type will land you at Wylie's Camp in the park in less than three hours.

If your visit be made by your own motor car it will be a run of 328 miles from Salt Lake City into the park.

You will be glad to know that every mile of the way into this wonderland is over either paved or macadamized roads in good condition, which wind in and out of great arable valleys where nestle numerous ranch homes, and small and large towns and settlements inhabited by a prosperous and contented people. These winding highways cross high and low divides that separate rugged mountain-chains, traverse arid and semi-arid deserts and foothills, take you up and down deep narrow cañons of wondrous beauty and unimaginable ruggedness and of intensely interesting geology, until the plateau divide is crossed which separates the temperate portion of my possessions from "Dixie," my semi-tropic paradise in the extreme south.

The summit of this divide is the normal altitude of that portion of the vast, forested, mountain-peaked plateau composing southern and southeastern Utah. When you leave this summit, at a point south of Kanarraville and begin the descent of the Black Cañon, you traverse an elbowed dugway hewn out of the face of the eastern escarpment of that rare geographic unconformity known as the Hurricane Fault.

Over all this Utah "Dixie"



Rugged Rock Embattlements
Standing Nature's Winter Guard.

country floats a persistent, diaphanous haze of exceptional iridescence; yet a soft mauve prevails, painting all landscapes with its alluring shade, one which has that evasive quality spoken of by the Chinese as, "The color of distant Nature."

A prismatic witchery entralls you! You are engulfed by it!

Near the mouth of Black Cañon nestles Toquerville, a small hamlet in a setting of rich luxuriant greens, blues and purples, the colorings of teeming verdure, wherein are sequestered the homes of a prosperous and happy community.

A few minutes farther and you climb by dugway to the eastern rim of the Hurricane Fault—and behold! you are in the valley of the Virgin River, which beckons you up-stream toward your goal, Zion National Park.

Every side gorge and cañon leading into this erratic waterway appears to be flooded with a hazily-luminous, semi-tropical atmosphere, as though some mighty, aesthetic color-mixer with his gigantic paint-pot were pouring from its huge brim the daintiest, most glamorous shades ever combined.

From this point of vantage you may catch the first glimpse of the ramparts of Zion—25 miles upstream. You will see the western rim etched against a brilliant sapphire sky in softened contour as though it were shouldering off the heavens—so close are they. And then when you have mounted a low divide farther along the dugway, both rims will suddenly break into view in startling bold, brilliant relief, as if seen through a rift in its smother of iridescent haze, and you behold—

*"The silent caravan that never passes by,
The caravan whose camel backs are laden with the sky!"*

The one dominating feature in all this magnificent landscape—the one which causes the visitor to marvel at so striking a figure—is the gigantic West Temple.

It is a surprisingly impressive sculpture of erosional ledge-remnant which has been left in place, defying the assaults of ages and ages of weather; a magnificent buttress stabilizing the southermost end of the western rim at whose feet frets the surging waters of the Virgin River, evidently saving from destruction the very Gates of Zion themselves.

Stratum after stratum of red-brown Triassic sandstone, piled one above the other in severe regularity, hewn by those master workmen, wind, water, frost and sunshine into all kinds of sculptural and architectural motifs, form this wonderful edifice, attaining the magnificent height of about 1800 feet above the floor of the

cañon. The majestic burden-bearing shoulders of this bulwark spread west and north for a distance of at least two miles, giving it a staunchness and a permanence of attachment to the great plateau itself, which warrants its stability and isolation.

Its eastern face is nearly perpendicular as though it might have been planned for an impregnable defense by the master builder himself. Higher up this face tiny shelving ledges reach back at intervals where erosion is most easily accomplished, and upon these grow in undisturbed quietude, small clusters of pines, firs and spruces, giving to the great wall a picturesqueness that is seldom seen. The pile is then surmounted by an immense Jurassic cap of blood-red sandstone, immediately underneath which lies a stratum of sugar-white sandstone producing a contrast of vivid, most striking beauty. The Jurassic top-stratum reminds you for all the world of a huge, monastic temple of charming design and color, the possible abode of the children of the air,—the elves, goblins, pixies and fairies. In this manner is the summit placed forever in that small group of things much desired but wholly unattainable.



Looking into and upon the abyss of the Grand Canyon while the sun peeps through a blinding snowstorm coming from the Buckskin Mountains.

Just across the Virgin River from the West Temple arises a great elongated cone of white sandstone crowning what is called the East Temple. This is another colossal structure of exquisite symmetry and delicate beauty around which the mystical haziness of the region floats and flutters in unending ribbons and streamers of loveliness.

You are now standing within the Gates of Zion.

You are looking northward into the very portals of the sacred Mukuntuweap—meaning

"straight cañon" to the Utes, Pahutes, Navajos and other Indian tribes of the great southwest, who for untold centuries have gathered here to kindle their council fires as well as to worship the Great Spirit. Yet not one of these Indians ever spent a night within the hallowed chambers or between the moon-swept walls.

A vast vestibule of erosion is open before you. From its floor to the very peak of every pinnacle, minaret, tower and richly sculptured sky-citadel surmounting it, all is enveloped in a opalescence of shimmering hues, from the deepest chocolate to fiery red, glittering white, mauve, magenta, soft browns, blues, purples, light greens, varying tints of softest orange—permeated at all hours by brilliant shafts and flashes of the richest sapphire—then hastily breaking into shades of purest

Mexico Welcomes San Francisco Envoys

By E. O. McCormick

BUSINESS contacts established by Californians on the recent trade excursion of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to Mexico afforded proof of the fact that there is great opportunity for the exchange of commerce between the people of Mexico and the people of California.

Entering Mexico at Laredo, we made the horseshoe route, stopping off at Monterey, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, Mexico City, Guadalajara, Aguascalientes, Zacatecas, Torreon and Chihuahua and re-entered the United States at Juarez.

From the moment we set foot on Mexican soil to the last moment in the Mexican Republic, hospitality, attention and kindness were lavished upon us.

At every stop we were met by committees of distinguished citizens and escorted by brass bands to appetizing feasts. Automobile drives acquainted us with the advantages of the various cities and frequently we assembled at the headquarters of the commercial bodies for serious discussion on mutual trade problems.

Keenly alive to the advantage on both sides of extending our trade relations, the members of our party and the Mexican representatives of business whom we met exchanged ideas and made suggestions for the purpose of cementing the ties of friendship and amity between the peoples of these two great republics.

*Vice-President Southern Pacific Railroad,
Chairman San Francisco Chamber of Commerce Trade Excursion to Mexico.*

Of course the really important event of the trip was the reception given by President Obregon at Chapultepec Palace to our party at

which time in response to my message as chairman of the excursion, President Obregon set forth in distinct and unequivocal terms the friendly attitude of the Mexican people to American citizens and his desire to have those ties of friendship strengthened in every way.

We have been very favorably impressed with Mexico and we feel sure that this excursion impressed the Mexican people most favorably.

We heralded our purpose of entering Mexico with a message of fellowship. In this spirit we were received. Our message was to this effect.

"We, Americans, citizens of the United States, are to visit you, Americans, citizens of our sister Republic of Mexico.

We are closely bound by traditions to your wonderful country which possesses a civilization perhaps antedating that of the Pharaohs of Egypt. In natural resources Mexico ranks as one of the greatest countries. It is aptly termed 'The Paradise of the World.'

As representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, as representatives of the city of San Francisco, as representatives of California, and as citizens of the United States, we are coming with open minds and with open hearts to learn and act upon any information you would like the world to have.

We are to visit you to get better acquainted personally, and as merchants to become more familiar with your methods so that those desiring to buy of Mexico's products or dispose of California commodities, may have better opportunity to do business, greatly increasing the commerce between Mexico and the United States, particularly California.

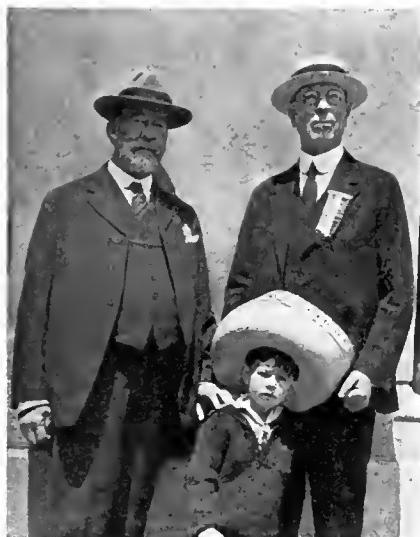
Further, we trust we may plant seeds of good will, to the end that friendship and amity may always exist between the two republics. We cherish the hope that the visit of this little group of California merchants will redound to the glory and benefit not only of San Francisco, but of the entire state of California, and to the advantage of Mexico."

President Obregon telegraphed us at Nuevo Laredo assuring the Chamber of Commerce delegation, numbering one hundred executives of large business enterprises, that we were most cordially welcome. This telegraphic advice was delivered at the border by a consular rep-



HOME FROM MEXICO

In this picture of the Chamber of Commerce Party, taken on their arrival in San Francisco, beginning at left on top, are Chester H. Rowell, E. O. McCormick, Byron Mauzy, Judge William H. Langdon, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Lloyd H. Berendsen, D. B. Hill, George A. Mattern, Mrs. John C. Berendsen, L. P. Boyce, F. W. Turner. Lower row, John C. Berendsen, Frank Carroll, Jr., Frank Carroll, Sr., F. W. Turner, Jr., P. F. Thiebalt.



CHAIRMAN OF EXCURSION

E. O. McCormick, Vice-President of Southern Pacific Company at left; Judge William H. Langdon and Master F. W. Turner.

representative and from that time until we again reached the border at Juarez there was nothing too good for our delegation.

Referring again to the message we conveyed at the Chapultepec Palace luncheon given by President Obregon. As chairman, I said:

"This delegation is one of average Americans, and as such, representa-

tative of the prevailing thought of the people of the United States. The government of Mexico may be assured that there is nothing in the spirit or designs of our people toward Mexico that has any program of aggression or which in closer relation, would in the slightest degree injure the prestige or the dignity or the integrity of the Mexican people.

The United States' business life is genuinely anxious that Mexico shall develop under your leadership a great republic the equal of any.

Every member of this delegation feels that any movement which will remove in the slightest degree, animosity or jealousy on either side will be a contribution to the maintenance of the present civilization of the world.

We recognize in the present wise and strong administration of Mexico, the best guarantee for the realization of closer trade relations—mutual respect and safety of business conduct.

Our present day civilization is based upon the extension of peaceful commerce and we believe that Mexico is on the high road to such stability.

We are here to appeal to you, President Obregon, to consider a careful analysis of conditions as to exchange of commodities. Real friendship can be established on the basis of the friendly exchange of goods. If California and Mexico determine what goods can be sent back and forth with profit to both, a real cultivation of friendship will result.

Certain individuals may have thought of exploitation and not of development. It is to the interest of both countries

to recognize that this entire continent is an economic unit—therefore every effort should be made along the line of a spirit of development.

We hope for an exact tariff which will promote exchange of commodities. In some cases, it might be a larger tariff, and in many a reduction, and the proper determination of this matter has a distinct bearing on a closer friendly relation and the exchange of larger volumes of business. Unfortunately, the tariff arrangements of nations have been largely subject to political influence. It is our business to find a more intelligent and scientific method and we are prepared to advocate such as the policy of the United States Chambers of Commerce with particular reference to Mexico.

With each of us equal to our opportunities, faithful to our stewardship, ever watchful of the liberties of our people, and well equipped to attend the people's needs, the Republic of Mexico and the United States of America may go before the world as splendid examples of a glorious period."

To this expression dealing with friendship and the exchange of commerce, President Obregon responded as follows:

"This hospitable and fertile land accords a hearty welcome to all travelers who, like yourselves, are actuated by such noble motives, wherefore you offer your cooperation and ask ours in return, in order to combine the energy contained in both of these elements and seek, through a simultaneous and harmonious endeavor, a mutual good.

(Continued on page 36)



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SOUTH AMERICAN ENVOYS

Taken aboard the S. S. President Hayes on its arrival home from a most successful trade excursion promoted by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Beginning at the left of top row, Karl Walbach, William F. Bowers, William Fisher, Edwin W. Joy, Philip S. Teller, Chairmen of the Commission; John E. Beban. Lower row, L. R. Cofer, Robert Cabrera, C. B. Lastreto.

Telepathy Or -- What?

SPEAKING of warnings and premonitions of danger reminds me of a letter I found in Jack's trunk the other day. I am Mrs. Jack now and that accounts for my having the letter—besides I wrote it myself. Here is it, and if it interests you to hear the sequel it will not take long in the telling:

"Murphy's Ferry, June 26, 18—.

Dear Jack:—

The letter I posted at Milltown had everything in it except the one thing I want to tell. But as I sit here beside this rushing, tumbling river and know that when we have crossed the Ferry, days may elapse before I have a chance to get a letter to you, I am terrified. Foolish or not foolish I am going to tell you all about it.

I am afraid to go on with our trip! Ignore it and resist it as I have tried to do, I cannot rid myself of the feeling that something dreadful awaits us at the end of our journey.

You asked me why I shivered so the evening before we left when we were sitting in the bay window in the moonlight. I felt it then—this fear. It closed round me like a chilly mist. And before me flashed a picture of those dreadful Richardson murders in the South that I had never even thought of since reading about them. I could see the mother and daughters as they lay murdered on the lawn. It was dreadful. But when you took my hands in yours the fear and the vision vanished. You said I was keeping something from you. I was, dearest, and this was it.

But how could I tell you? We had just been speaking of Uncle John—and his connection with the settling of papa's estate years ago and how he had expressed himself satisfied since he had no legal claim. And how good of him and Aunt Mary to want us to come for the summer to their beautiful home in the high Sierras particularly since mama needed the change so much. To have mentioned my feelings at that time would have been absurd—and would have cast a damper over our pleasure by the very association.

Mama and Ruth are enjoying it all so much—I feel guilty to have even told you. But I'll never keep anything from you again if it's only to hear you tell me I'm your absurd and foolish girl.

The driver is calling—has been calling—and I'm afraid he'll be swearing next.

Your loving,

Helen."

IT may be worth while to state right here that the Hon. John Harcourt, Assemblyman, and lawyer of prominence in San Francisco, caught up his hat when he read this letter nearly a week later, looked at his watch, tore out of his office in a most undignified way, and succeeded in catching the 3:30 boat which connected with the Stockton local.

Fortune favored him—and us, for we stepped down from the stage at Copper Camp that he was waiting to take to Yankee Hill. Words can not express the relief and joy of that meeting. But I am anticipating my story.

One other letter, which he did not receive until he

By Stella G. Trask

returned to San Francisco, I will give here, as it explains some of the events following the posting of the letter at Murphy's Ferry.

"Whiskey Gulch, June 26, 18—.

Dear Jack:—

The mystery is cleared at last and all that warning amounted to after all was a real scare when one of the "wheelers" slipped and fell as we were going down grade on the other side of the mountain. It was terrifying enough while it lasted—the struggling horse almost under the stage, the others rearing and plunging, and all on a narrow road on the edge of a precipice. But we are safe and sound at Whiskey Gulch, where we change horses again. It is eleven o'clock and the wayside inn is one blaze of light. Away stretches the road we are to take, bright in the moonlight till it disappears in the darkness of the forest beyond. We are to be the only passengers from here to the cross-roads, where we meet the stage for Yankee Hill—we and the guard—for from the Ferry we have been traveling with an armed guard, who sits with the driver with his gun across his knee.

All aboard is called.

Lovingly,
Helen."

IT was past midnight when we met the stage for Yankee Hill. The moon was high in the heavens, for which we were devoutly thankful, since for the second time we were to be the only passengers.

A half hour's ride, past great white boulders which stood out weirdly in the moonlight—mute sentinels of the Past when the mountain side was torn away in a frantic search for gold. On past cabins, where the dogs barked monotonously, until at last we entered the unlighted streets of the town and drove up to the Inn, where we were to stay over night.

The next day we resumed our journey and noonday found us at Uncle John's. The dear old farm house, with its wide verandas and low windows opening upon them with their green blinds, and all under overhanging trees seemed a perfect haven of rest as it came into view. Uncle John and Aunt Mary were waiting on the porch and left no doubt in our minds as to the pleasure our visit brought them.

Dinner was waiting for us. Piles of tender green corn and wild strawberries, the first of the season, with thick rich cream, looked inviting. We were enjoying it all when the outer door opened and the hired man entered and approached the table. He was a great hulking red-faced fellow, with a bushy beard and pale blue furtive eyes.

Aunt Mary introduced him as "Josef," and afterward told us he was an educated Hungarian who had been with them for many years and seldom left the place.

He took his seat. As far as I was concerned conversation lagged, for never had I felt such a sense of repulsion as I experienced at sight of him. It may have been his uncouth appearance or the sight of his hairy arms and chest, but I found myself wondering if we

would have to see him at every meal.

Ruth and Uncle and all the rest kept up a lively conversation. He ate in sullen silence, when he was not staring at me. When he had finished he abruptly left the table. Aunt Mary explained that they treated him as one of the family because he was so devoted to Uncle John's interests.

She said, moreover, that he was almost a fanatic on the subject of spiritualism—which increased my dislike for him, as I detest the very name. She said he claimed to have visions, and she related an amusing incident of the summer previous when a young lady was visiting them. He fell desperately in love with her, and declared he had a vision of her in a beautiful palace as the princess and he the prince. He told them it was a sign that he was to marry her, much to the young lady's annoyance but greatly to the amusement of everybody else.

"Well, it would be interesting to know what vision he has of me," I said to myself, "that occasioned the baleful gleam in his eyes as he left the table."

I tried to dismiss the thought of him in the few days which followed. It was not an easy matter as I seemed to meet him everywhere.

If I went to the well to get a drink, he would appear at my side, and where he came from I never could tell. Such a delightful old well, too!—with a stone curbing and iron-bound buckets. I loved to draw the water from it myself just to hear the splash and the creaking of the wheel as I drew it up. And then the water!—cool and sparkling in the dripping bucket.

One day I was about to take a drink, when something made me turn and I looked into the hot red face of Josef. I jumped and dropped the dipper. He muttered something about coming to draw the water for me, and without waiting for my reply, shambled off down the hill. It took me a few minutes to recover my equanimity, and, in spite of myself, the circumstance recalled to my mind the first real tragedy I ever heard of as a child, when the wife of a well-to-do rancher was found at the bottom of a well, supposed to have been thrown there by a tramp, though no one ever knew. The remembrance of this tragedy frightened me, and I avoided the well, drinking the water brought into the house.

If I went into the storeroom to get some fruit, he would appear at the door. If I went down to the cherry trees, he showed up there. If I sat on the veranda, I was sure to see him lying in the grass.

Not at any time can I remember that

he ever said a word to me except to mumble some excuse.

I was annoyed with myself for noticing it. I could not bring myself to call Ruth's or Mama's attention to it. Somehow we did not seem to see so much of each other. Mama was with Aunt Mary a great deal, Ruth was riding with Uncle John ever day, and I was getting thoroughly rested before unpacking my sketching traps.

THEY never were unpacked; Sunday evening, nearly a week after our arrival, we were all sitting on the veranda, Uncle in his easy chair, Ruth in the hammock, Mama and Aunt Mary in comfortable rockers, and I on the steps.

Somehow the talk drifted on to the settling up of Papa's estate. There had been some business and some disappointment on Uncle's part in relation to money. He seemed averse to talking about it and I fancied he felt somewhat resentful, but whether toward Papa or the lawyers or us I could not tell, for just then all further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Cousin Maud and her husband, who drove up to the gate. I managed to say hurriedly as I started to meet them, "I want to understand all about it, Uncle."

He answered, "That's all right, little girl, it doesn't concern you and was settled a long time ago." With that I hurried down the steps, and as I did so I caught sight of Josef lying on his face in the grass. He raised his head and looked at me with eyes that blazed like fire. If ever murderous hatred gleamed from human eyes, I saw it then! I recoiled as if I had seen a snake, and trembled from head to foot.

When I returned with Maud and Alfred, Josef was gone. A pleasant evening soon dispelled the terrified feeling.

Late that same night, when everybody had retired and Mama was asleep in the room adjoining ours, Ruth and I sat in our room talking. We were both puzzled and were wondering why Uncle John should have expected anything from the estate, when suddenly Ruth caught me by the arm and with white lips whispered, "Helen, what is that odor coming in at the window?" The window was wide open, but the green blinds were closed, and we sat exactly opposite it. I answered calmly, though my heart stood still. "Why, that is mint, Ruth, isn't it?" She gripped my arm tighter and whispered, "Yes! and it only grows in front of Josef's house!"

We looked into each other's eyes and I knew that what I had noticed she had seen also, and what I feared she feared. With our arms around each other we gazed at the window unable to stir or speak. The odor grew fainter, and, re-

covering, I drew her through the door into the darkness of Mama's room. In hurried whispers we talked with no hesitation now. From the first day Ruth had been uneasy but feared to worry me. Like a flash the meaning of it all now came to us both. We were in the power of an insane fanatic, who, no doubt, guided by a "vision" and with a misguided sense of devotion to Uncle John, meant to remove the only obstacle which he thought stood between Uncle and riches.

Should we wake Mama? "Yes," said I, "she shall have a chance to fight for her life, at least!" We did so, and Mama was not surprised at what we told her. For a few moments I was frantic. I wanted to call Uncle and Aunt, and even had some wild idea of urging them both to flee with us to the town. But Mama's common sense was better than all. "We must leave in the morning," she said, with emphasis. And then added that there was little chance he would attempt anything further that night. To tell Uncle was out of the question, for he would not believe it and we would lose our chance to get away. We might watch till morning, and by saying she had been sick in the night have an ostensible reason for going—for go we must!

We persuaded Mama to go to sleep while we watched. When we were calmer and had decided on our course we quietly placed everything in our trunks, and with our lamp turned low we sat and waited. Shall I ever forget that night!

Once more through the open window drifted the strong odor of mint. I could feel those gleaming red eyes peering in through the blinds, though I dared not look. Finally I could stand it no longer and I exclaimed, "Ruth, I must know where it comes from!" and before she could lift a restraining hand I rushed to the window and threw open the blinds. The fastenings yielded slowly to my trembling hands. I heard a ring of metal and a muffled tread. The blinds flew open in time to see a creeping figure vanish in the grass.

A glint of steel beneath the window caught my eye, and I reached down and picked up a glittering dagger of quaint and curious workmanship. I have it now in my studio, though Jack would rather I kept it out of sight.

All night we sat at the open window watching, and not till the east was streaked with light did we feel that we could call our lives our own.

We left that day. Uncle John had never forgiven us for our abrupt departure.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

*Comment and Criticism
on Timely Books*



"BOB" BURDETTE'S LIFE His Message of Comradeship as given to the world that loved him.

By Clara Baker Burdette

THE late Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena was more than a humorist, orator and preacher; every day of his life was full of poetry and philosophy, and his wife, Clara B. Burdette, who has written a book of very unusual charm in her "Robert J. Burdette, His Message," has quoted: "A Merry Heart Doeth Good like a Medicine."

A Californian reviewer — who knows the large place filled in the social, literary, religious life, not only of Southern California, but in thousands of other places — reading these pages, so full of

bits from addresses, sermons, and newspaper articles, and, more than all else, hundreds of extracts from letters, feels everywhere the personal charm of the man, and wishes that more were like him.

It is one of the books that will bring rest and help to many a tired or troubled soul. But now we must take it up more definitely, giving the reader its interesting history. Some time since, we received from the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia, a large and handsome book of 460 pages, royal octavo size, and superbly illustrated. It was written by Mrs. Clara B. Burdette, and was printed by the Clara Vesta Press of Pasadena. It is largely compiled from the writings of this famous humorist, newspaper man, public speaker, and clergyman, who was born in Greensboro, Pennsylvania, in July 1844, and passed away in November 1914, leaving behind him hosts of friends, admirers and fellow-workers all around the world.

The book is full of inspiration for every young person, every newspaperman, every preacher and educator, all of whom, after reading it, will feel that they have known cheerful "Bob" Burdette as if he were a loyal comrade in life's battles. It is not a book to skip paragraph or chapter, though the portions dealing with Dr. Burdette's years in California are especially interesting. But the earlier chapters, such as "Ancestry and Boyhood," "Army Experience," "Newspaper Career," are just as important as anything else in the volume, and the ac-

counts given of his father, his mother, and his childhood are full of charm. One of Burdette's own allusions to his childhood tells us: "I never, positively never, did anything I was ashamed of while I remained in my native state. I never swore; I never lied; I never stole anything; I never went to a circus; I never ran away from Sunday School; I didn't go out at night; I didn't play billiards nor go to horse races. Good boy that I was, I stayed at home and entertained the family. No man, I ween, ever lived a purer life than I did while I lived in Pennsylvania."

The reader must be told that the boy was but two years old when his parents moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio.

Somewhere else he calls himself "a woodsy boy," and adds that he worshipped the woods before he knew what "tree-worship" was. When he was but eighteen, he enlisted with the Illinois regiment that went from Peoria (August 1862). Burdette's reminiscences of

General Grant, and his comments upon the waste and wickedness, but sometimes the necessity of war, show clearly what he would have said, had he lived until now, of the world's present-day problems. Here are a few of his sayings: "There is a saying that 'All's fair in war.' But the truth is, nothing is fair in war. The winner has to pay for his winnings about as much as the loser pays for his losses. And the trouble is, neither one can pay spot cash, and have the transaction over and done with. . . . Years after the battle, a journey carried me back to the field that was ploughed into blood-sodden furrows by the iron shares of war's fierce husbandry. . . . The sun was going down and all the west was ruby and amethyst set in a clasp of gold. A red bird was singing a vesper song that throbbed with love-notes. In the door of the cottage, garlanded with vines, a woman was lifting her happy, laughing face to the lips of a man who, with his coat flung over his arm, had just come in from afar. . . . The hand of the conqueror and the hand of the vanquished fit into each other in the perfect clasp of friendship. The flag that waved in triumph and the flag that went down in defeat cross their silken folds in graceful emblem of restored brotherhood. The gleaming ploughshare turns the brown

furrow over the crumbling guns that ploughed the field of life with death. God's hand had smoothed away slope and parapet of the Fort that was won for an hour and lost forever."

It was while on the Burlington Hawkeye that national fame was won by Burdette, the master of pathos and humor, and was in Keokuk, Iowa, that his first lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," was first delivered — to be repeated some five thousand times. He called it "a great, big, long, wide, large lecture."

It was in 1885 that he became pastor of a Baptist Church in the state of New York. In March 1898, he accepted a call as supply for the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena. In 1903, he took up his pastorate of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles. Of this Mrs. Burdette tells us that "the church which we builded together" became the most precious thing in his life, save his loved ones, and the last to fade from memory as life itself was wanng. . . . He preached the living word. He vitalized and made modern old truths. He radiated sunshine, and men followed the light. He was the inspiration for Temple Baptist Church; he was the inspiration of Temple Baptist Church."

This church, organized with 285 charter members "grew under his pastorate to be 1069 strong, with a congregation of three thousand people twice every Sunday." The pages of this book with their countless glimpses of everyday people's problems, are full of evidence that no other minister in the entire history of California, since the days of Thomas Starr King, has been more influential than was Robert J. Burdette in Los Angeles. No one loved children more, nor more clearly understood the deeper spiritual values of human lives.

Mrs. Burdette gives us this, from a letter written to her in 1911 by Walt Mason: "I hope your husband's health is better than it was a while ago. I can't tell you how much affection I have for him, although I have never seen him. He was the idol of my boyhood. I had a pretty hard time of it then, working in a woolen mill in a dreary Scotch village in Canada, and my happiest hours were spent when the weekly paper came. It always contained some funny stories from the Burlington Hawkeye, and I used to read them and double up with glee, and set the house afire, and scalp the cat.

. . . I am glad that Bob went into the ministry, and I hope he says funny things in church. I can see no reason why religion should be the funereal thing so many preachers make it."

John S. McGroarty, author of "The



Mrs. "Bob" Burdette



"Bob" Burdette

Mission Play," wrote a poem to his memory, one stanza of which we give:

"Some will say good-night to him,
And some will say farewell,
Hearts will ache and eyes be dim
With grief too deep to tell.
But some will say good-morrow—
They who long before him trod
The valleys dark with sorrow,
To the happy hills of God."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that this book is a perfect mine of reminiscences of thousands of worthwhile people, whom this busy and cheerful man knew. When a new edition is called for, it ought to have a full index of all persons spoken of in its pages—such an index as the publisher of Dr. David Starr Jordan's "Days of a Man" gave to that very attractive book.

Charles H. Shinn.

PAGAN LOVE

By John Murray Gibbon, author of *The Conquering Hero, Drums Afar, Hearts and Faces, etc.* George H. Doran Company. Pages, 310. \$2.00.

This popular author, who is nothing if not versatile, has given here one of the most unusual books ever offered the public. From beginning to end, he keeps the reader guessing. The setting

of the story divides itself between both sides of the Atlantic, and relates to the present day. As the story proceeds, one cannot but admire the admixture of romance, imagination, mystery and business understanding that enters into the story. The author carries one along so that the reader is sure that

what he sees on a given page reflects the answer to what he will find on the next, when lo! he reaches the next page, only to find he is as far from the solution as ever. The story is admirably thought out and powerfully written, and the attention is held to the last chapter. Throughout the book there are touches of humor and quaint philosophy that flash out. The book will prove popular, as were the forerunners by the same author, who is a skillful story teller and a careful analyst of character. R. D. H.

THE appearance of a new book of short articles and stories written by the late Oliver Schreiner, and found by her husband, is an event in literature. It is published by Stokes under the title of "Stories, Dreams and Allegories." Her "Thoughts on South Africa" will form another volume.

It is time to revive our memories of this writer who was the daughter of an intensely earnest Lutheran missionary sent to Basutoland, South Africa. She was born there in 1862, and became an ardent partisan of the Boer cause as against the ever-advancing English. In 1862 this young girl visited England with the MSS. of her "Story of an African Faun," which George Meredith read and for which he secured a publisher. It appeared as by "Ralph Irons," and at once became famous. In 1894, she married Mr. S. C. Cronwright of Cape Town,

(Continued on page 38)

Burbanking the Library Plant

By Milton J. Ferguson,
Librarian, California State Library

OUR readers should be interested in the great meeting of librarians of California to be held in Yosemite beginning June 6. The county librarians will, at this session, discuss matters pertaining to the development of the library system; circulation of books; plans for developing good literary taste and like important matters.

We hope to give our readers the benefit of their discussions in the July number of the Overland.

California stands out as the first state in the union in many ways. By common consent she leads in the matter of library organization. Many states have a well developed system of state and municipal libraries. The county library idea is unique. Here in California the majority of the fifty-eight counties have a well developed county library all directed from the central plant at Sacramento. The branches of these county libraries are to be found not merely in the towns and villages easily reached by an excellent transportation system. The traveler will be subjected to many surprises. He will find branch libraries in the mountain canyons; on the edge of the desert and in the mining camps where no special building is available a garage, country store or mill office may house the books that on being sent from the central library are made available to the readers in the most distant and remote parts of the state.

Here we have exemplified the idea that if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain.

It is the duty of the state to see that the best books are made available to every one of her citizens and future citizens. Mr. Ferguson's article is particularly pertinent at this time.—Ed.

MR. LUTHER BURBANK, a Californian by choice, has set an example which ought to be an inspiration to every earnest worker whatever his calling. Not only has he benefited the world in making a greater and finer production of food easier, but he has also contributed to its beautification in charming nature to a fuller floral expression. His potatoes, his plums and his berries make the ranch more profitable and tickle the palate of man with their finer flavor; his Shasta daisies form a border which enheartens even the tired business man motoring down the speedway of life. And further, Mr. Burbank had the good judgment to forsake the frugal land of his birth and to become a part of California, nature's last work in mundane perfection.

Is it unreasonable, then, seeing what wonders California has wrought in most departments of endeavor, to expect her to stimulate the ancient library plant to a finer growth, a more fragrant flowering and a more luscious fruitage? Perhaps it may not be necessary to describe this shrub which is of very early origin, which has, in a few instances and in certain favored spots, been made to develop wonderfully but which unfortunately has generally grown very slowly and often been blighted in the early summer of its maturity; and the fruit thereof instead of having a flavor of exquisite delicacy has often been corky and flat. In the sheltered garden of an intellectual oligarchy, the plant might become a tree beneath whose wide spread branches the chosen few could find life a paradise indeed; as the dependence of the people of a great democracy it has not always fully justified the rich earth from which it springs, fertilized as it has been by the genius and intelligence of all ages.

The library is without doubt capable of far greater results than even its most sanguine advocates have dreamed for it. Several things are required to secure success: the right personnel properly trained and experienced, sufficient capital, a workable plan. It can scarcely be said that the library has had the advantage of all of these elements, except in isolated cases, mainly, of course, in some of the larger cities. The time was when every family killed and cured its own meat; packing houses, business organiza-

tion, have made that method obsolete. Libraries alone of the greater popular institutions have continued to function on such an out-of-date plan.

But this California idea, you say; has it been able to accomplish with the library what Mr. Burbank has done with the daisy or the potato? I think it has; and I propose to give you the bare bones of the system. If we begin at the top, we find a state library into which have been poured all the powers, duties and functions too commonly divided among several boards, commissions, and institutions, despite the fact that it is not feasible to segregate the work into several divisions, each independent and separate. A commission that is not backed by a large collection of books is wasting time and effort; a large state book collection without the powers sought to be extended by a commission is a buried talent. So the California State Library is enabled to give advice or professional assistance and it also has the book resources to enable it to meet all legitimate requirements. But in whatever it undertakes this institution is in no sense a rival of local libraries. Its assistance is supplementary to the local library and it serves the individual direct only when no local distributing medium exists.

Nor is the poor boy or girl, the struggling student, the mechanic or the professional man or woman asked to pay for this service, even to the postage for book carriage. It is all taken care of by public tax; thus making books educationally and recreationally as nearly free as is possible among a self-respecting, independent people.

It would be a mistake to conclude that the public library in California has become a sort of older sister Cinderella to the younger county library system; for such is far from being the case. We have merely recognized a fact which ought to be self-evident: adequate financial support is an essential, a prerequisite in any public undertaking. A large city can have its library without suffering a grievous burden; small towns and country districts find the county unit necessary if they are to have worthwhile service at reasonable cost.





Sandy Beach and Rugged Shores of California



MEXICO WELCOMES SAN FRANCISCO ENVOYS

(Continued from page 30)

You have well said that an ably prepared tariff system would constitute the chief factor in promoting our commercial intercourse. Now, in this connection, the Government of Mexico is only too willing to revise all of its schedules with a view to correcting all errors they may contain, just as soon as it should know that a reciprocal action would be taken on behalf of Mexican products.

You will here find all facilities and protection required by capital which may come here in the hands of men who possess a clear knowledge of the import of the principles of commercial morals and justice. You will here find thousands of intelligent and assiduous working men, who are desirous of proffering their brawn and brain to all these enterprises whose directors profess to have a sense of confraternity and know how to accord them such humanitarian treatment as is their due as fellow-beings.

We know just as well as you do, that there does not exist among the American people any prejudice against our people and our Government, while on the other hand, there does exist a most wholesome current or harmony between both states; to such good feeling are due the sincere tokens of friendship given in our country to the sons of your great republic.

Return to your homes with Godspeed and I pray you advise your brethren that the people and Government of Mexico are not informed of a single purpose which is not inspired by the most noble sentiments. That the gruesome legends spread broadcast about it are merely the maneuvers of selfish interests and, furthermore, that they have been paid for by the gold which our detractors themselves have derived from our soil."

Such was the message our delegation heard delivered by President Obregon.

Judge William H. Langdon, vice chairman of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce party sounded the sentiment of the Californians when he said to President Obregon:

"We came into this land of romance and enchantment with open eyes and open ears, with open minds and open hearts and already you have won us. We shall go forth from here proclaiming that your world-famed hospitality is real, that Mexico is in truth and in fact the untapped treasure house of the world, and that your magnificent capital is the paradise of earth."

It was the good fortune of California business interests represented on this mission of fellowship to come in contact with diversified interests of Mexico.

A DEAL IN DOPE

(Continued from page 8)

had left, the American trunk remained on the pier without a claimant.

"Him t'lunk belong Suey Kim. Him cousin makes mark on t'lunk. Me look see."

"Sit still!" rasped the Chief. "To hell with the trunk! I want to get my hands on Suey Kim, or anyone else who claims that dope."

Eng Yet sat still. The proverbial cat watching the mouse sat no stiller. Not so the Chief. As time passed, and no one claimed the trunk, he began to fidget. Suddenly he bounded to his feet with an anathema on all Chinos.

"Come on!" he yelled at Eng Yet as he made for the door. "We'll investigate that damn trunk. Where's that mark you were talking about?"

Eng Yet turned one of the leather handles of the trunk a little, so there showed some Chinese hieroglyphics—marks that might mean anything to one not conversant with the Chinese language. They evidently satisfied the Chief, for he ordered his satellites who had gathered round him to open it up.

Keys were produced, but as none of

Many of our merchants were frank in stating they had been very successful in obtaining orders for merchandise of American manufacture. Others purchased liberally of Mexico's products, placing import orders for the introduction of certain lines of ornamental pottery.

Development possibilities in the way of irrigation projects, agricultural, horticultural and mineral enterprises also attracted the attention of California's delegation with the result that the near future is likely to produce a commercial exchange on an ever increasing scale.

At Guadalajara, Mexico, the Californians found the entire district foreseeing wonderful trade prospects between Mexico and California with the completion of the Southern Pacific of Mexico's line from Tepic to Guadalajara.

Crews are engaged in building from Tepic south and from Laquemada north, closing the one hundred mile gap. This is difficult construction, there being 32 tunnels in seventeen and a fraction miles. The cost of the construction is placed at \$10,000,000 and it is estimated it will require three years to complete.

In the meantime, growth is proceeding at a rapid rate throughout the agricultural and mineral districts of Mexico and many members of this San Francisco delegation commented on the trend toward American products in all the territory we visited.

them would fit the trunk's lock, a cold chisel and hammer soon did the trick. When the lid of the trunk was thrown back, an assortment of blue silk Chinese vestments was exposed to view. These the Chief jerked out and threw on the dock. Then his eyes changed from ellipses to narrow slits as he looked at the neatly packed five tael tins of opium.

While the Chief and his henchmen seemed mesmerized at the sight of the small fortune before them, Eng Yet with placid face and mien, thrust in long tapering fingers and plucked out a can. "Him good dope," he said softly. Then in a twinkling he produced a knife and cut off the top of the tin. "Him number one Macao," he declared, offering it to the Chief.

"This is your lucky day, Chino," vouchsafed the latter, as he forced his gaze from the contents of the trunk and examined the dope Eng Yet was holding out to him. "If I had your anting anting, or whatever you call that charm of yours, I believe I could nab the gink that goes with this opium."

"No savvy," muttered Eng Yet with expressionless features.

The Chief ordered the men to dump the tins out of the trunk and count them. This was done. "Hongkong price for your share of this dope, Chino," he said, while the tins were being repacked.

"No can do. Manila plice," expostulated Eng Yet.

"We'll split the difference," said the Chief.

"All lite," groaned Eng Yet in the tone of one who had lost all interest in life.

In his office the Chief made out an order on the Insular treasury for Eng Yet's share of the seizure, and handed it to him.

Again Eng Yet shook hands with himself as he departed backward from the office, salaaming as he left. He lost no time in cashing the order. Then he vanished; this time so effectively, that even his Tong brothers lost trace of him.

The many friends of Maximiano Gallego y Fernandez, Chief of the Bureau of Secret Service of the Insular Customs, noticed with regret, that he was developing the reprehensible habit of communicating audibly with himself, and that the language he used in doing so was more reprehensible. In fact it was language that he would sometime have to do penance for using. His observing friends noticed too, that the spell came on him whenever he was near a Chinaman dressed in flowery blue silk.

They marveled. They would have marveled less had they known that all the other cans in that American trunk were filled with choice Hongkong mud.

And Ah Eng Yet has gone.

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WITH THE PUBLISHERS

(Continued from page 34)

who added her name to his own. She published several more books among which were "Dreams" and "Trooper Peter Halket." All of them are worth study, especially, perhaps, this last volume, because her honesty, earnestness, and imaginative power enabled her to become one of the most powerful of critics of men like Rhodes, and of the policies which led to the Boer War. She always dared to be true to her own inner vision; her ardent revolt from Calvinism led her to the simple, eternal faith that truth can kill evil, and beauty can destroy ugliness.

There is nothing more like the best of Olive Schreiner in the present volume than the four connected stories of two women, and of husbands and sons who had to go to make war. The title of the first is "Eighteen-Ninety-Nine." The four stories fill fifty pages.

It is no wonder that the London Times speaks of her "earnest and beautiful spirit," or that Mrs. Havelock Ellis, writing in the Book News Monthly, calls her "a woman of genius, foreseeing, suffering, eager to help and to heal."

Last of all, here is one of Olive Schreiner's "Allegories" from this new book: "A soul met an angel and asked of him: 'By which path shall I reach heaven quickest—the path of knowledge or the path of love?' The angel looked at him wonderingly and said: 'Are not both paths one'?"

Charles H. Shinn.

TRAVEL AND COMMENT

A Study of World-affairs by
Ex-Senator Phelan.

PRE-EMINENT among the new books, plainly written and in dead earnest by men who have something to say, is one by a well known Californian, and published only the other day by A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. It is in large part made up from the author's newspaper letters, but is none the worse for that. There are twenty-two letters, or chapters, eleven important appendices on such subjects as "Why Washington feared Europe," "The Principles of Self-determination," and "Herbert Spencer's Advice to Japan." Also, the book has forty-three full-page illustrations which not only help the text amazingly, but also cast much light upon the character and literary qualities of our busy and useful Californian, Hon. James D. Phelan. For instance, he uses as the frontispiece a fine reproduction of the classic "Laocoön" from the Vatican museum, that wonderful work of centuries before Christ—and he has added these words: "It suggests Western Civilization" (at the present time). The reader may think out the modern sacrilege, and name for himself the priest, the sons, and the serpents.

In his "Introduction" the author alludes to the multifarious world questions that now perplex Americans and everyone else, and speaks of the Japanese problem, which he says for us: "A menacing aspect when regarded politically and militarily. Like a porcupine, it is bristling with points. The Pacific Coast is suffering from 'silent penetration.' Hawaii is showing the peril to which democracy is exposed when the constituent parts are not homogeneous." He

adds what most of us have come to feel, that: "Western Civilization, itself, has become apologetic. Italy is bankrupt and insurgent. France, stricken, is struggling to get on her feet. Russian fanaticism is appalled at the failure of communistic enterprises, and is revising reconstruction plans. The German Republic, divided and demoralized, is sailing an unfamiliar and tempestuous sea. Ireland seeks an ideal republic, instanter, when she seems to have a real one within her grasp."

These introductory eighteen pages are plain, sensible and very characteristic of the author. They deserve a careful reading, and are full of the spirit of Jeffersonian democracy.

The first chapter discusses "The Hawaiian Situation;" the second, "California at the Disarmament Conference," like the first, has much to say on the Japanese problem and "silent penetration." Then follow three chapters on Japan, one on Korea, and three on Chinese matters. Next the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, and India are visited and described. The fourteenth chapter takes the reader to the Mediterranean and to Egypt. Then there is a visit to Palestine. Italy comes next; the author's travels take him on and on to battle-fields, and into all sorts of modern questions.

We advise our reader not to miss Mr. Phelan's views about "The Irish Free State." It is full of humor, knowledge and clear sightedness.

Two facts stand out as one reads this volume—the vast number of worth-while people met and talked with by the author, and the way in which he receives fresh impressions from everyone and everything.

What our author wants, as every chapter shows, is that America shall fully accept her responsibilities in this great and suffering world of human beings. He closes with an illustration of how to live at peace with a neighbor, drawn from the border line between this nation and Canada.

"Travel and Comment" has only to be read to be appreciated.

Charles H. Shinn.



PRESENTING LOVING CUP

Captain A. Abbin of the S. S. President Hayes receiving token from Lewis H. Byington, the men in the center of the picture being John E. Beban and R. H. Swayne. Taken at the conclusion of the recent Chamber of Commerce Trade Excursion to South America.

Luther Burbank--Intimate Glimpses

(Continued from page 4)

was responsible for the damage. Mr. Burbank advanced it as his belief that the stiff north winds that prevailed in the pollen season had blown the pollen away, and the bees did not get it. The assembled farmers refrained from openly adverse comment at the meeting, but afterward declared that "Burbank's a queer feller. He seems to know a lot about the business, but he's got so he ain't practical—he ain't practical!"

Let me mention at this point, that pre-eminent among broad-minded, able, and widely known scholars in the West that ever remained staunch was Dr. David Starr Jordan. There were several in the East that from the first recognized his genius. The distinguished Dr. Hugo de Vries was one of many famous European academic scientists who journeyed to Santa Rosa to talk with Luther Burbank, and afterward, to publish to the world the marvels of the new originator of fruits and flowers and other forms of the plant world. Indeed, it was in the East and abroad that recognition first came, rather than from the public living nearer the plots of earth and the devoted laborer on those plots. Perhaps it was but just another instance of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country.

In the year 1898 occurred the Silver Jubilee of Luther Burbank. Let us pass over the painful fact that the public observance of the momentous event was not so widespread and magnificent as to disturb the surface of the everyday life of the jubilarian.

Projecting the ranch girl again into this story: I was a favored calier at the Santa Rosa home in that year, and was taken for a grand tour of the eight acres of the experimental grounds. It was a "personally conducted" tour, as one might say, for Mr. Burbank himself was my escort, and related to me so vast a deal of what it all was about, and filled my hands with such an enormous load of floral beauty, that I became overwhelmed mentally, and almost physically, as well. But the burden was both joy and sweet-ness and also, so far as I was able to comprehend, it was light—light on soul and mind. I did not know anything about book psychology in those days; but I felt confirmed in what I had always thought of the quiet, always working and thinking man of trees and flowers and vegetables—that he had found out what to do to make plants grow to suit his ideas and purposes.

As I was resting in the living room and office combined, in the Burbank home—the old home, now used as a seed house—Mr. Burbank sought to entertain me

further by showing me some of the deskful of letters he had received from foreign lands. Among them was a large white handsomely engraved envelop bearing in the upper left corner the heraldic device of the British royal house.

"Just see who asks me to tea," laughingly bade Mr. Burbank. I drew out the letter and found it to be from her Lord Chamberlain inviting Mr. Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, to be the guest of Her Britannic Majesty, Victoria, R. I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, at Windsor Castle.

I felt my face flush. My host laughed as he inquired:

"Why the high color? Don't you believe in a good American's being on visiting terms with foreign royalty?"

"I was thinking of the way people in society here treat you," I answered.

He smiled indulgently as he replied: "We have to remember, you and I, that most of the world still regards my work as in the merely experimental stage. That being the case, I, personally, am to be considered from the society side, as being also in the experimental stage"—he finished with another laugh. "Anyway, I am better off as it is, for I am too busy for much social life—busy in mind as well as body." "How can anyone doubt that you are a great man?" I persisted with the impetuosity of a partisan of long standing, and one still in the youngster class.

"Just give me a little more time, and perhaps no one will," he chuckled. "It's your next door neighbor that's always the hardest to convince that you are achieving distinction," he added thoughtfully. "He sees you in your everyday clothes, knows all the peculiarities of your appearance, the name of your house dog, who you buy your milk and groceries from, and everything like that, and he simply can't form any halo of glory about your head—or about your old hat, I shoud say," with again a hearty laugh at the end.

Followed other years of splendid, patient endeavor. Many new triumphs were scored by the captain of the vegetable kingdom resident in Sonoma County. The world in general, and the scientists of the schools in particular, became startlingly aware of that modest seeming, but supremely confident and self-knowing personality, who knew he had mastered the secret of how to make the plants obey him.

But he continued perilously near the brink, financially. Finally, the Carnegie Foundation made him a grant of \$10,000 annually for ten years, which aid came chiefly through the representations

of Judge W. W. Morrow. But even that offering did not well tide Mr. Burbank over the heavy obligations entailed by the carrying on of thousands of different experiments in fruits, flowers, vegetables, grasses, nuts, ornamentals, and other forms of plant production.

However, as the fame and high reputation of the Burbank productions spread abroad, orders for the new or improved species came, and the bank account grew accordingly, to the joy of all the sincere friends of Luther Burbank, who had loved and acclaimed him for years previous to the day when he was no longer looked upon as a lunatic, a freak, a fake, a common upstart gardener, a crank, and a few other choice and elevated kinds of individual.

Among the worst die-hards were certain of the before-mentioned academic scientists. These wrote much about him in the public press, and some of their wise scriptures were embalmed in the form of booklets and such, and widely distributed, with the end that the general public, and the college youth in particular, should be impressed with the fact that while Luther Burbank was doing some things that had a scientific aspect, he distinctly was not a scientist, as the sacred title is understood and reserved by the academician. It caused much heated controversy, much taking of sides—this attitude of the indoor order of biologists. I feel quite free to say, and with perfect truth, that it also caused Luther Burbank to sit down and laugh till the tears came, and ran down his sun-browned face.

It was at about this era of the Burbank progress that there came a ring at the doorbell of the bungalow I then lived in, at Sebastopol. I opened the door, and beheld the spare, duster-draped figure of Mr. Burbank. One glance at his face, and I held out a hand, palm up. "Souvenir! Souvenir!" I begged.

"I left it at the barber's!" he told me with a gale of laughter. "But never mind, here's one of the last dozen pictures I had taken with it on. You can use it in that article you are writing for 'Out West.'" This was a number of years ago.

And so Luther Burbank had advanced to the popular style of the smooth shaven visage. Soon after, he came forth in an automobile. But he still had an affection for a horse. His remark when he began driving a car was to the effect that he "was getting tired of having other folks scare his horse with their cars, so was going to do some horse-scaring himself."

As his name became great, and his
(Continued on page 41)

BOSS OF THE RIVER GANG (Continued from page 15)

a blow-hard. A freak that's dropped from nobody knows where."

"She's forty, if a day," said the leading lady of Northhaven, with a toss. "Old enough to know her own mind, an' what she's about. Them as makes their own beds has got to lay on 'em. For my part, I'd as soon live with a hog."

M R. DENBY sold off his stock and closed his store. Luxuriating in idleness he lounged on the porch, his favorite resort, smoked his pipe, and became fat and fatter through inactivity. Insidious old fox that he was, having successfully stormed the fortress of her heart, he laid siege to a part at least, of her considerable fortune. Shrewd as Mrs. Denby was in matters of finance, she soon discovered that she had not been astute enough to see through his misrepresentation, and that he was not the person she had supposed him to be.

Cajolery had pried open her heart; it failed utterly to open her purse to him or divide her fortune. Deeply humiliated, she awakened to the fact that she had married an adventurer—a fortune hunter, and she resented in bitter denunciation the imposition he had put upon her.

Prior to the marriage she had told him that her only child had parted from her in anger and had vehemently declared he never would return. But she did not impart her desires concerning Tony, whatever they may have been,—to Denby. Nor did he confide to her his thoughts on the subject of Tony's return.

Denby knew well that passing time cools anger and dulls resentment that rest only on crumbling foundations of incompatibility or petty disagreements. While he sought to discourage her belief that the boy would sometime repent, he believed that Tony's thoughts must often gravitate toward his comfortable home and, tired of roaming, he would, eventually, return.

He was on a wandering expedition himself. He was anxious to make a worthwhile haul before the son and heir returned. Therefore he had been unduly precipitate. Finding cajolery useless, he began to complain, and complaint struck the wrong chords in Mrs. Denby's nature.

"No man enjoys dependence on a woman," said he, assuming an abused air. "I want something more than tobacco money."

"What have you done with your own property?" she asked, frigidly, while eyeing him keenly. "What has become of your great mining interests—your stocks?" Her lips curled, and skepticism tinged her voice, maddening him.

"Did I not inform you, Madam, that I have been compelled to sell most of

me stock in order to pay for necessary machinery we bought? The lead is lost. The mine has petered out. It's just ill-luck that has knocked me flat."

Mrs. Denby pursued her lips and tilted her chin as she looked him over scornfully. "Quite an unfortunate state of affairs," she remarked coolly. "Exceedingly unfortunate. Don't you get enough to eat? You don't by any means look starved—you didn't get all your fat on your mine—your gauzy interests—your castles in Spain."

Denby's face, naturally florid, deepened into purple. He made heroic effort to restrain his anger.

"You have the run of the place," Mrs. Denby continued, "along with the rest of the pigs."

Denby was choking with indignation but it was incumbent on him to keep up the barriers of restraint and endure humiliation, if he were to win out in the end. He threw back his head and squared his shoulders in an attempt at dignity.

"Madam," he haughtily retorted, his rage smouldering, "I give you me name—a highly respectable name—Amber August Denby. My ancestors came over in the Mayflower—from—"

"Cork—in the steerage—in the—" she paused, and did not finish.

"I want an allowance," interrupted Denby, averting his face that she might not see the rage his blazing eyes might betray.

"Of what?"

"Of what?" He could have torn her to shreds. "What am I here for?"

"The good Lord knows; I don't. You are not useful; certainly not ornamental." Her words were scathing, and Denby turned upon her in scarcely concealed wrath and replied hotly:

"I am here to be a companion—a protector, to an ungrateful woman who—"

"And you may throw up your job whenever you find it convenient. Nobody ever misses a bad penny. If you want a salary, get out and earn it; there's plenty to do. I work; why shouldn't you?"

"I didn't give you me name for the distinction of being your servant—"

"If you expected me to pay for your 'highly respectable name' you should have set a price and had a written agreement—I would still be Mrs. Esteban, of a proud old Spanish family."

Mr. Denby could not long restrain himself under so difficult a situation. He was hot-tempered and quarrelsome, and a bully. His temperament, lacking the kindness of the Celts, did not accord with her Spanish pride and overbearing disposition. Words soon became companions of blows, where heretofore, they had been only missiles of family discord.

(To be continued in July)

UTAH'S ZION NATIONAL PARK

(Continued from page 28)

yellow-gold—again being dissolved into the daintiest of canary-yellow, gleaming like a gigantic Cape diamond in the crown of the greatest of all Potentates,—God himself!

Surely, here is a gorgeously beautiful sun-painting which has been appropriately named the "OPALESCENT VALLEY!"

As you walk through its sacred precincts you view at a respectful distance and then pass by, The Guardian Angels: The Towers of the Virgin, The Altar of Sacrifice, The Pass and Court of the Patriarchs, The Mount of the Sun, thence farther up-stream to where you stand in awe before the Great White Throne with the Angel's Landing so near that spiritual worship apparently may be accomplished free from all restraint, and here you stop to marvel.

Just opposite the Great White Throne you turn to view the Hanging Gardens—beside which those of Babylon were but a travesty—unreal, man-made and soon to pass away. This Weeping Rock never fails to inspire wonder in the hearts of its beholders who look upon it with deep thoughts of the Eternal.

A little way farther along this crooked, winding canon you pass into the great Temple of the Sinawa, an enclosure an eighth of a mile wide, hemmed in by precipitous walls of multi-colored sandstone to the height of 1500 feet above the river's bed. This is the place where the redmen worshipped for centuries.

Most of the way is up the stream bed now, either on foot or on horseback, while you slowly approach the contracting part of the canon where the water washes both rock walls—and here there is no trail but the water!

This point of rim convergence is called the Narrows. A little beyond where this crevice in the Painted Plateau pinches down to a mere slit, you will be startled by the sudden, unheralded appearance of the Mountain of Mystery. It towers far above the surrounding level—isolated, lofty, hoary with years, grand in aspect, enshrined in grey tranquility.

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189 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

VOSE

A CASE OF SOMETHING STRONG

(Continued from page 22)

choose. You see what it's going to do for the country. All the old sponges can get the kick they long for. I shall place the matter before the Physician's National Association at its next Morning. I foresee—"

But his prophetic speech was checked by the volume of sound in the song of their companion.

"We'll have an officer in here if he tunes up any livelier," the doctor muttered.

An automobile coughed up the hill in the silent night.

The doctor put his hand on the shoulder of his ponderous friend.

"Can't you play for us on the piano? ('Songs without Words'')—to Davenport.) "Play for us, play." He was megaphoning into the older man's ear as if talking to the deaf. Finally perceiving what was wanted, the great man sank toward a chair but went on in his downward course till he rested upon the floor against the foot rail. He was playing a tripping air on his overstuffed knees when the proprietor's head appeared at the inner doorway followed by an arm that solemnly beckoned the doctor outside,—although the landlord had promised that they should not be disturbed.

Davenport glanced angrily at the helpless figure in the corner, now past all antics and closing the evening with a trombone finale.

"Great Gulliver," exclaimed the salesman to himself, "a fine load of furniture we'll be if this is a federal officer. What couldn't they prove on me with that piece of bric-a-brac on the floor asleep," and he pierced the trombonist with a wrathful eye.

INDEED it was no happy moment for Davenport. To have I word go back to Rosewood and Company of his arrest in a clandestine drinking bout would, he told himself, put a kibosh on advancement. Even if the Rosewoods were bibulous themselves, they did not overlook it in a salesman—and to have the Lady of Heart's Desire hear of it!—The moments Davenport waited were too black for words.

The doctor re-entered. Davenport caught at once his message of relief. "It isn't an officer. A party of four men has just driven in; they're cold and would pawn their ears for a drink. I told the landlord I'd give them such as we had. But I don't want to impose on you. Don't stay if you'd rather go to bed."

"Of course I'll stay." The relief from torment had raised Davenport's spirits to a high pitch.

"Shan't we take your friend upstairs first?"

The doctor was arranging an auto robe to make the sleeper more comfortable.

"Not on your negative. He's our best asset. Think of the joy it will be to those thirsty bodies to see one man who has had all he could drink and to hear his tuneful slumbers," and opening the inner door the doctor admitted a black-bearded, black-piped, elderly man, followed by an evasive-eyed youth whose cigarette hung limply from the corner of his mouth, and two smooth-shaven, youngish companions, one in boots so high that to Davenport they suggested the wainscoting of a room, the other brave in a red necktie.

"Welcome, gentlemen," cried the doctor hospitably. "You're just in time for a little refreshment which my two friends and I are glad to share. Excuse my friend on the floor there. Will you have a glass of Beretta, which is somewhat mild, or Prizetaker, which is stronger?"

"Everything goes these days" came from Beard, "but we're hankering for something strong," and three pairs of smooth-shaven lips agreed in chorus. All looked approvingly at the bar, expectantly at the glasses. The doctor took his stand behind his walnut embrasure and ranged six glasses before him with the air of a professional barkeeper, as he explained:

(Continued on page 42)



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A CASE OF SOMETHING STRONG

(Continued on page 41)

"Gentlemen, the liquor I am about to set before you, Oppositica, is aged as it comes from the press. The more quickly you drink it, the greater the exhilaration."

He sliced the great seashell-tinted bulbs into the press, from which, as Davenport turned it, each glass received a transparent liquid flecked with pearls.

"It's mighty kind of you, I'll say," heartily commended the man in the wainscoting boots. "We're obliged to you, for the lend of your still, Doctor—I think the landlord called you."

"I am Doctor Coffman. Will you try our new drip?" and presenting the glasses with a bow the doctor sang,

"Drink, boys, drink of Oppositica,
While we sing a rousing dittica."

"Has a dog-goned kick, sure enough. I didn't think it would," admitted the man with the black beard, as he wiped his lips.

"Have another all round," urged the doctor.

"Bully for you;" the Red Tie voiced the approbation of the company, and the glasses were filled again.

"Better have another," urged the doctor when the glasses were drained of the bulbous liquid. "You must have had a cold ride."

"Bet your sweet life we did, clear over from the dam-site—" spoke up the youth of the evasive eye, and all along the bar came variations of his remark.

"Doc," exclaimed the Red Tie earnestly, "if I ain't asking too much—and I'll foot the bill O. K.—I want to bring an old pal of mine in here for about fifteen minutes. He's tried everything from spoiled prunes to shoeblocking, and nothing suits. They thought he was a goner and sent for a coroner after he took a couple of swigs of paint-remover. He's all right now but he hankers for something strong. I could get him here in three minutes if you wouldn't object."

"Bring him along," assented the doctor hospitably. He unlocked the outer door and stood beside it. Before the allotted three minutes expired a tap sounded.

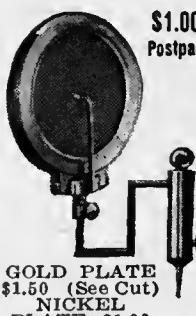
"Gosh darn it," whispered a cracked voice through the opening door, "I'm nigh dead after raisins in home brew."

"And your friend?" cautiously inquired the doctor.

"He'll be here in a minute," and the moist-eyed entrant advanced toward the bar. When the second expected tap sounded and the doctor admitted a smooth-shaven man with a red tie, Davenport saw as quickly as did the doorkeeper that

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this was not the Red Tie that had asked permission to bring his friend.

"Thought I heard somebody singing. Bedad, but I'm dry," whispered Red Tie the Second.

The doctor was geniality itself.

"Gentlemen, won't you drink with us to the day when Oppositica, our new beverage, tingles in every man's throat. With my compliments, gentlemen," and the foot rail again came into requisition.

While they drank there came a light rap and Davenport admitted the Original Red Tie and the friend rescued from a Sahara of thirst, from slumbers, too, apparently, for he was still buttoning a capacious vest across his opulent figure. Davenport observing the brilliance of his nose mentally christened him Crimson-beak. After calling down endless punitive results upon himself if he did not make the most of his opportunities, Crimson-beak thus ended his cursory remarks with "Here's luck," and drained his glass.

"Set 'em up again; set 'em up again," he cried after his third drink. "More of the O-be-joyful," and he clasped Red Tie the Second to his ample bosom.

The Original Red Tie, blinking like an owl, was muttering "I want another drink, but I got to get him home," with suddenly interrupted exhalations of breath.

"Stop hiccoughing," commanded the doctor, "and have a drink of water; then you can get him home as straight as a string. Don't hurry."

D AVENPORT, not yet recovered from the keen disappointment he had felt earlier in the evening, found himself noting with interest the stages through which the visitors were evidently passing; intense eagerness, skeptical though concealed distrust, admission of the value claimed, and then the habitual reaction, whatever it might be, to liquid stimulation. After imbibing the bulbous liquor the Beard, a gruff-looking man, was everybody's chum; the Red Tie slapped his nearest neighbors on the back till he ripped the sleeve of his coat in his energy and called forth from the owners of the backs semi-sulphuric adjurations. To these he replied repeatedly, "I ain't drunk, gentlemen, I ain't drunk, I'm jest lit up." He of the cracked voice went to sleep with his head pillow'd lovingly on the Overstuffed Chesterfield; Red Tie the Second danced a breakdown, while the boy slipped pipe and tobacco from the pocket of his bearded companion to his own.

The doctor's fine face glowed with satisfaction as he looked at his guests seated, most of them, in reposeful attitudes in the barroom chairs.

"It works, Davenport, it works. I was sure of it, but this is making assurance doubly sure. Think of the good it will do. Think of the harmless joy it will give to the old soaks. Without injuring themselves they can get half-seas over or drunk as a dog—though, thank goodness, dogs never learned the seductions of alcohol. Men who acquired the habit before the country sohered off can get the reaction of alcohol without paralyzing their phagocytes or increasing the likelihood of having drunkard's heart or liver. Twenty years from now we'll drink in water a toast to a clear-headed generation."

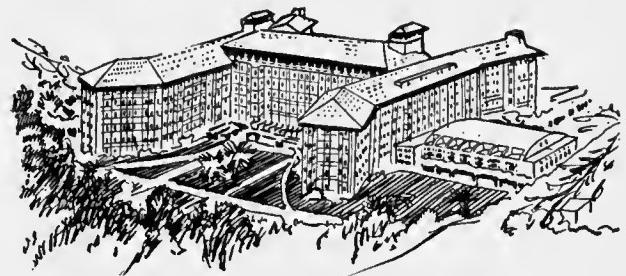
"My objection to Oppositica," said Davenport without enthusiasm, "is its effect on the breath."

The doctor laughed. "It keeps up the illusion. They mustn't forget to take a clove afterward. A glass of milk is really more efficacious, but probably they would prefer the clove from force of habit."

In the silence of midnight they stood before the great mirror that had reflected so many befuddled beings who had added the spirits produced by decomposition to the natural spirit of man produced by youth and health. The doctor, earnest and alert, was all kindness.

"I hope you haven't been too much bored. I know this

(Continued on page 47)



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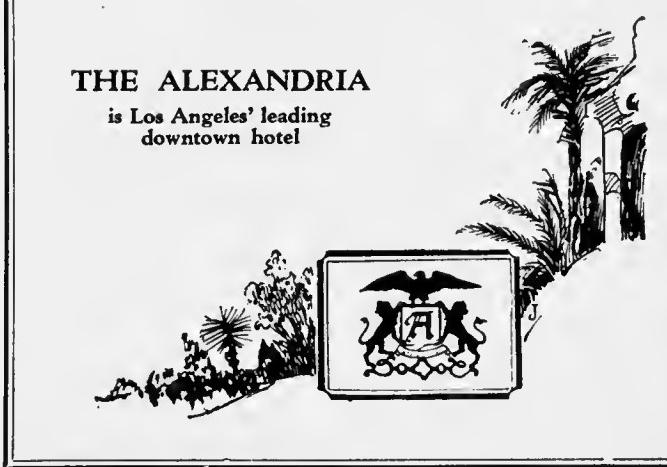
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LUTHER BURBANK
—INTIMATE GLIMPSES
(Continued from page 39)

fame spread, the number of visitors and of letters to the home of Mr. Burbank became almost overwhelming. It became necessary to put out signs about the grounds at Sebastopol and Santa Rosa, forbidding entrance thereto. The demand of \$10 for a few minutes' talk with him, included in the warning on the sign-board, had the desired effect. "I never collected one cent," he tells, "that price for the honor was too steep for even the enthusiastic." Another smile.

The handsome new Burbank home was completed and furnished with the proceeds of a small box of spineless cactus. I was writing another Burbank article, and was bidden to the Santa Rosa grounds. Mr. Burbank led me across Tupper Street, from the beautiful colonial-mission residence just finished, to the old house, where I had been received several times since progressing from the ranch girl stage to pedagogical rank, and a bowing acquaintance with the world of literature and journalism.

On the back stoop of the old dwelling stood a plain pine box, smaller than the case of a five-gallon can of kerosene. The label read: "Mr. John M. Rutland, Melbourne, Australia. Live Plants. Keep from Frost and Heat. Luther Burbank, Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co., California." The expressman was about due to call for it.

"The contents of that box built and furnished the new house," stated the man who shaved off the spines of the wicked cactus. (Delilah didn't do a better job on poor, trusting Samson.) "Seven of those cactus leaves sold for \$3500, and the eighth, an extra fine one, for \$1000. The \$3500 built the house, and the \$1000 furnished it."

But this was in the days before we had indulged in the luxury of a war that was followed by the inevitable chaos and advance in living costs.

The name of Luther Burbank has long since become a household word the world over. Numberless noted writers have put before the public a vast deal pertaining to the master plant genius and his work, methods and achievements. The highest social figures on earth have eagerly sought to know him personally, and have bestowed high honors upon him. He has received at his home the world's most eminent.

Like the Father of His Country, of whom it has been beautifully said,

"Providence left him childless, that his country might call him 'Father,'" Luther Burbank has no children. But all the little ones of the universe are dear to his heart, and he will tell you that he has worked, still is working, mainly for the children. Which reminds me of another anecdote.

Shortly after the publication of his epochal little book, "The Training of the Human Plant," I had occasion to see him. He took me out, as usually he does take old friends, to the eight-acre wonderland, and talked while letting me gaze about. I spoke of my great pleasure and interest in the wonderful little "Human Plant" book, an autographed copy of which he had been kind enough to send me.

"But," I said, meaning to be analytic, and not impertinent, "You and Herbert Spencer and all other childless writers on children and their care and training—don't you think you are quite out of your field? Isn't it fair to ask, what do you really know about the child?"

"And," came back Mr. Burbank, as he has since come back at others who had no more wit and less desire to quiz, perhaps, than I had that day, "Aren't you engaged in the care and training of children, during more than half their waking time, for most of each year? And are you the mother of a family of them?"

"Furthermore," he went on, in his habitual laughing manner when arguing —like one who is always sure of what is in his mind, and sure he will present that thought convincingly—"Isn't it better that I spend my time doing all these things," waving his hand toward the acres of plant marvels, "for the benefit of millions of children, than use it up in raising a few of my own?" And there was no rejoinder.

In this story of Mr. Luther Burbank, celebrating this year his Golden Jubilee as the world's greatest plant genius, I have omitted describing the methods he employs to accomplish his work, the quite endless list of his new or improved plant progeny, and such matter. There are already, in print, the set of Burbank books, telling in detail all that I have omitted in this more personal article, shaped to accord with the desires of the editor of The Overland. There are the beautiful Burbank Seed Catalogs, to be had on application to him, direct, at Santa Rosa; there are the seeds, sold under his own name, from the store in the historic old home across the street from his residence, and from which one can plant and grow marvels of things to eat, smell, and gaze at. Thus the soul of Luther Burbank, the endowed of the Creator to give the creatures of the earth better fruits of the earth, will blossom and bear fruit for you in your own home soil.

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END OF THE TRAIL FIESTA

(Continued from page 10)

not really dances at all, but rather ceremonies in rhythmic movement and music with an underlying meaning which is the Indian's own interpretation of his relationship to a kind and beneficent Great Spirit, or of the various forces of life. Or it may be that it is his prayer. Certainly there is no Indian dance without meaning, and pagan though they are, many of them are beautiful in their symbolism, glorifying in a primitive way, many of the principles that lie deep in our own Christianity. One of the most beautiful ceremonies of these presented at the last Fiesta was the Basket Dance of the San Ildefonso Pueblo. To the Pueblo Indian the basket is the symbol of food and of life, and in this ceremony he dramatizes the production and sustenance of life. It is the dance of fertilization. It is danced by an equal number of men and women. The men wear light, criss-cross feathers on their heads and are bare to the waist, their bodies painted a corn yellow. About their necks and on their arms, which are painted blue, they wear wreaths of evergreen. Their legs are painted white to the knee and yellow from the knee down. The whole effect is something like growing flowers, or perhaps like the blue sky with its white clouds and its golden sunshine falling through green trees, for the men in a way, symbolize Father Sky. In their right hands they hold branches of green fir and in their left the usual "seer rattles" of rawhide. The women are dressed plainly in short skirts with native-woven blankets about their shoulders, and with their calves encased in snow-white buckskin. Their black hair gleams unadorned in the sunlight. In their right hands they hold baskets and in their left branches of fir. They represent Mother Earth. The rhythm, which is furnished by several old men with tom toms and appropriate voices, is slow and variable and as it changes the various movements change, apparently showing the planting, the bursting forth of the buds, the coming of rain and of sun, the growth, the harvest and then the grinding of the garnered grain as the women kneel before the men and brush their baskets with the soft branches of fir. Altogether the ceremony is beautifully symbolic.

These are only a few of the "high lights" of the Santa Fe Fiesta. There are a thousand and one other features that are worthy of mention, such as the Indian songs sung by Tsianina, the famous Indian prima donna who is a full blood Cherokee-Creek Indian, and though

highly educated and cultured, is still proud of her race and is a credit to America. One should also mention the First Southwestern Indian Fair which is to be held annually from now on, and which is a further attempt to give the Indian a chance for self-respect and understanding. There were about 3,000 pieces of Indian art and handicraft exhibited, coming from seven different states. Indian school work was also shown, but was naturally rather inferior to the Indians' own beautiful creations of pottery, blankets, beadwork, silver-smithing, beads and tanning. The Sioux of Montana and South Dakota won the three foot silver cup presented by the Honorable Albert B. Fall, then Secretary of the Interior. The Fair was a distinct addition to the Fiesta and is a big step forward in the handling of Indian affairs. William Allen White of Kansas said that "it was a relief to go to a fair where crazy quilts were not the only sign of artistry in handicraft."

Here in the second oldest city in the United States, at the one-time home of a civilization older than Babylon—that of the cliff dwellers—in the present home of the oldest civilization extant in this country—that of the community-republic of the Pueblo Indians—here, where the first European settlements were made long before the Mayflower anchored at Plymouth—in the midst of God's eternal hills one will find each year in September a festival that is unique in the world and has already been called "America's Great National Pageant"—the Santa Fe Fiesta—a thing too big for America not to know and be proud of.

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A Case of Something Strong

wasn't what you expected, but you've stood by me like a man and a brother; I shall not forget it."

"Don't mention it," smiled Davenport. "There was a minute or two, though," he confessed, "when I didn't know but I was going to be arrested with a drunken man on my hands. It wouldn't have sounded good to Rosewood and Company."

The doctor laughed. "You were suffering in the cause of science, proving to the guzzlers that they need no longer get their kick from hair tonic, cologne, or cleaning fluid. You were hastening the day when harmless Bermuda moonshine will wash down the lunch of the ditch digger."

"Oppositica ought to meet all their long felt wants," agreed Davenport. "It's sure strong enough. Personally, I don't enjoy the fumes. What do you say to my raising the window?"

"Go ahead. We need fresh air. I must admit that making Oppositica is sometimes a little hard on the eyes."

"What next, Doctor? Aren't you going to let these sleepers help each other off to bed? You know one of them wanted to, earlier in the evening." He indicated the nodding Red Tie.

"Good stunt, Davenport. They will enjoy it and it will give the finishing touch, as my wife says, to the evening's enjoyment."

Davenport remembered that the Lady of Heart's Desire was fond of finishing touches, but he did not say so.

The doctor stepped toward Red Tie and laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Your friend, here,"—he began, but his voice was drowned by a raucous, long-drawn shriek that seemed to come from no great distance.

So shrill, so horrid was it in the stillness of the night air that all but the occupants of the floor were recalled to an active interest in life.

"Holy blazes," gasped the wainscoted one from the depths of his boots, "old John D.'s busted loose. I'd ought to be up there. They may need an extra hand," and he vaulted through the open window.

"He takes care of the grounds," explained the awakened Red Tie. "Old John D. has another home in the city but they bring him up here when he's in danger of d. t."

"Everybody calls him 'John D.' because the old cuss has got the only swell place between Angel's Bar and Whiskey City," contributed the Beard. "You passed it just up the hill here."

The Red Tie grew reminiscent:

(Continued from page 39)

"You ought to heard him holler one spell he had two years ago. I was in town that night and they sent here for help. He's even been in a private asylum. They say he's all right when he doesn't see it, and his family thought when the country got wrung out and hung on the line he'd be O. K., but some of his old friends get it for him when he's in the city. Awful nice family he's got."

The comments of agreement and amplification were interrupted by a shrill whisper at the window.

"Doctor, they want to know if you can do anything for old John D. You might bring your friend."

Hastily they set out, Davenport bearing the little press and a supply of bulbs. An apple's throw from the hotel, some steps led to a graveled walk that ended at an imposing house on the hillside. A Chinese boy opened the front door and ushered them into the large attractive hall, dimly lighted by shaded lamps. A muffled sound as of scuffling came from above. The Chinese led them up the wide stairway and rapped three times on a closed door. For a few moments the sounds grew more distinct, then ceased; the door was partly opened and a man looked out.

"The doctor? Come in."

As the two men entered, the nurse stepped back to the bed and with the agility of a wrestler threw his arms around the pajama-clad figure.

"Don't bother him," murmured the doctor. "He's going to get up and have a drink with us. We've got everything here except the footrail."

As Davenport hastily put the bulbs through the press, the doctor held the glass and as he offered it sang gaily:

"Drink it down, drink it down,
Drink the good Australian Brown;
Drink it down."

Davenport, his eyes wide, made a feint of drinking from an empty glass.

The contortions on the face of the man had been fearful to see. His expression became normal as he drank, first greedily, then lingeringly.

"Get the kick?" asked the doctor kindly.

The man nodded solemnly and whispered, "More." When the request had been complied with and was repeated, the doctor gave the third glass with the assurance, "You're all right now."

The sufferer clasped his arms ecstati-

cally over the northern slope of his bulgy figure, smiled, and fell asleep.

"Magic, Doctor," commented the nurse.

"Only *allium cepa*, family *liliaceae*," explained the doctor with a smile and added, "The acrid volatile oil gives the kick."

"May I tell the family that he is better?"

"Yes."

Davenport's eyes were still riveted on the face on the pillow. With his keen salesman's skill for recognizing people, he could not fail to know the tortured face, now smoothing itself into restful lines, as that of Rufus Rosewood, the silent partner of his firm.

With an effort Davenport turned his glance to the two, wife and daughter, who stood in the doorway. Mrs. Rosewood controlling herself by a visible effort, extended her hand to the doctor, her gratitude speaking in her face. Davenport thought of her as he had seen her a hostess in her own house where she saw everybody, was gracious to everybody. Now she saw only the figure on the bed. "Shall I be invisible to the Lady of Heart's Desire?" Davenport asked himself.

The Lady, too, grasped the doctor's hand; then she turned to Davenport and took his outstretched hand in both her own. Her eyes said more than words.

"Helen," he whispered, "I went to your home yesterday to ask you—to tell you—" All his salesman's manner was gone and he was like a pleading child. "Helen, I can not live without you. You will say yes—you are saying yes."

She half shook her head. "I could not have any one pity me and—and—there were tears in your eyes when you saw me."

"Darling," he whispered passionately, "that was from the Oppositica. It always brings tears to my eyes even to be near it. It's confounded strong."

NOTE: Those who wish to try Oppositica may buy bulbs of *ALLIUM CEPA* (common onion) at any market or may secure seeds or sets of *Beretta*, *Prize-taker*, *Silver Skin*, *Bermuda*, or *Brown Australian* from growers of garden seeds. There may be other varieties even better suited to the beverage you wish.

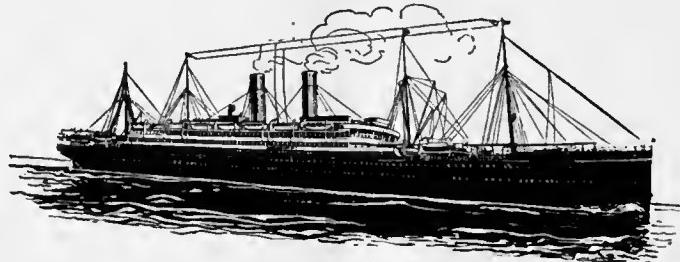
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OVERLAND MONTHLY



OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Founded by Bret Harte in 1868
and the

PUBLIC PRESS

JULY 1923

DRAMA

Consolidated

Vol. LXXXI. No. 3

D. R. LLOYD,
Associate Editor.

MABEL MOFFITT, Mgr.

R. D. HART,
Adv. Mgr.

Published Monthly in
SAN FRANCISCO.

Editorial and
Business Offices:
PHELAN BUILDING.
Phone Douglas 8338.

Entered as second class
matter at the Post Office,
San Francisco, under act
of March 3, 1879.

Eastern Representatives:
GEORGE W. GIBBS, Ad-
vertising, 11 East 42nd St.,
New York City.

V. H. ADAMS, Circulation,
18 East 41st St.
New York City.

Chicago Representative:
GEORGE H. MEYERS,
14 W. Washington St.

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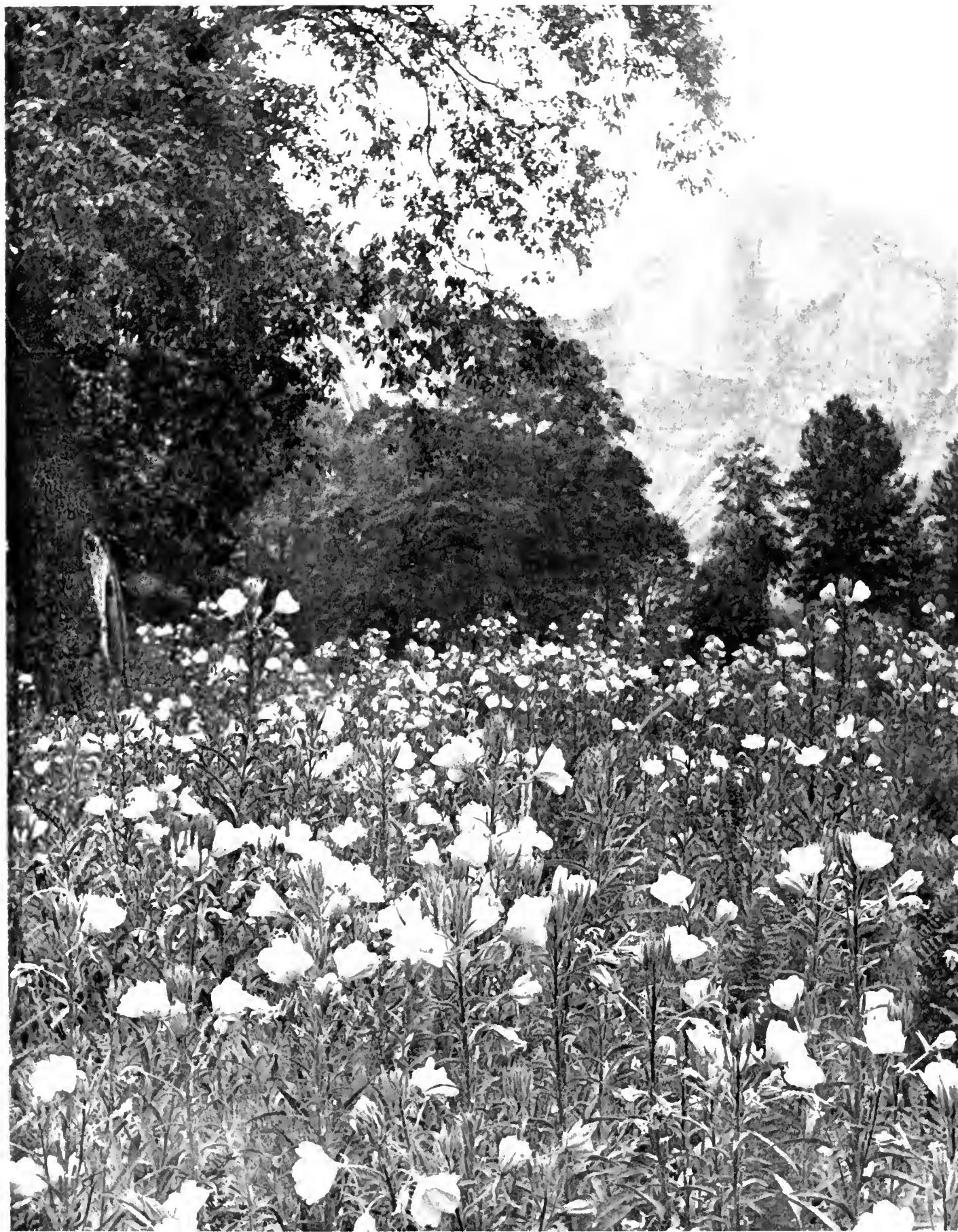
Address all
Communications to
OVERLAND MONTHLY
and
OUT WEST MAGAZINE
(Consolidated.)
PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO.

\$2.50 per year.
25 cents per copy.

JULY, 1923

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THE HALF DOME OF YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

A beauty spot in Yosemite National Park showing the famous Half Dome in the background. Within its shadow is the equally famous Camp Curry.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

*Consolidated*F.R.
WORLD CO.

JUL 3 1923

DECATHLON HILL,

Volume LXXXI

JULY 1923

No. 3

Mrs. Leland Stanford---As I Knew Her

One of California's Most Beloved Women

MANY counterfeit presentations of the Stanfords peer at one from the walls of the university buildings, but to my mind there is nothing more characteristic of its founders than is the reproduction of an old daguerreotype resting in a show case of the newly erected library. Here the young couple recently wedded, sit side by side, in the stiff conjugal pose of the time, each gazing into the future with youth's unconsciousness of what life had in store for them.

They were a singularly well matched pair, in physical and mental endowments, and were big people in every sense of the word. Both were born in Albany County, New York, and were unmistakably of Nordic stock. Less than five years was the difference in their ages. Time and an all-absorbing single interest welded their differences into a great unified personality. And in this combination what splendid achievements were made possible!

The gold rush brought the Stanfords to California, first to the mines in Placer County, then to Sacramento, where their only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., was born on a sunny day in May, 1868. This to both was the crowning event of their lives,—an event that has richly blessed the whole state, and is destined to bless many yet unborn.

Glorifying in the gift of motherhood, which came late in life, Mrs. Stanford often dwelt on the incidents of that memorable day. Mother and babe were resting quietly when the father was permitted to enter the room.

"When I opened my eyes," said Mrs. Stanford to me, "I saw Leland kneeling at the foot of the bed. I had never before seen him pray. Presently he arose, and as he approached I saw that his

By Frona Eunice Wait Colburn

eyes were dim with tears. I caught his hand and asked why he was distressed. He replied, 'Jennie, I feel that we will never keep this child.' I scouted the idea, and never until my son was taken did I dream that such a thing could happen. During his life I planned always for the future of our boy. His father deprecated this, and would often shake his head and say, 'Jennie, don't plan. We may not have our son long.' This was our widest disagreement, because I

ALOHA!

*Not for a name we loved her,
Nor for any creed she led.*

* * *

*So faithful to the living,
So loyal to her dead.—*

A Student Tribute to Mrs. Stanford.

could never change this settled opinion."

Wealth and distinction came to this family during their stay in Sacramento. It was here that the Big

Four, Stanford, Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins, whose combined wealth amounted to less than \$50,000, conceived and carried into successful execution the daring scheme of building a transcontinental railroad—the first in the United States, and the longest in the world at that time. Midas-like wealth flowed into the coffers of all concerned.

Honors came in 1861 when Leland Stanford was elected Governor of California. It was largely through his efforts that the state was saved to the union. Later he was elected United States Senator, and was serving a second term at the time of his death, in 1893. During

this period Mrs. Stanford lived as a serious-minded woman of the world. Her first social triumphs were in Sacramento where a handsome home was built and furnished suited to the requirements of her station. A more ambitious scale of living brought the family to San Francisco, and their palatial town-house on Knob Hill was supplemented by a country seat at Palo Alto. The official social duties of Washington were interspersed with extensive travels in Europe and the Orient, where



MRS. LELAND STANFORD
Photograph taken at the time the Stanford University
was being built.

official social duties of Washington were interspersed with extensive travels in Europe and the Orient, where

Mrs. Stanford indulged her love of art by collections of rare articles of all kinds, as well as priceless laces and jewels.

Upon one occasion Senator Stanford at Christmas time in Washington presented his wife with a \$40,000 diamond butterfly pin, which was so large it could only be worn in the corsage. When that session of Congress closed, and the Stanfords returned to San Francisco, I was sent to interview Mrs. Stanford and ask about her new brooch. I shall never forget the picture she made as she paused on the broad stairway of her beautiful home. She was dressed in a lavender and white brocade satin house gown, and the soft light of the leaded glass behind her enveloped her tall stately figure in a golden glow. She was not a handsome woman in the ordinary sense of the word. She was more than that. Exquisitely groomed, gentle and sympathetic in manner, with a masculine breadth of vision, and an inability to pose or pretend, made Mrs. Stanford a woman of rare grace and charm, with a strongly marked unforgettable personality.

Promptly and without demur Mrs. Stanford literally poured her jewels into my lap. In the collection was every sort of precious stone,—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, pearls, white, pink and black—pear-shaped and as big as robins' eggs. Necklaces, bracelets, pins, earrings, thumb and other finger rings, combs, buckles, chains, and hair ornaments, in profusion—valued at half a million dollars. With the big diamond butterfly lying in the palm of my hand, I asked Mrs. Stanford which of the jewels she liked best. She blushed like a schoolgirl as she replied:

"You won't publish it if I tell, will you?" Being assured that I would respect her confidence she went back into the safe and brought out a small imitation Russia leather case, worn and rather shabby looking. It contained a bar-pin and long earrings of coral; a twig ornamented with vine and leaf, gold mounted, and worth about twenty dollars! With her face still flushed she said:

"This is the first set of jewelry Leland bought me. We were living in Sacramento, and one Christmas he brought these home. Sometimes when we are alone I put them on and we talk of the old days."

With all her strength, it was characteristic of Mrs. Stanford to be shy and timid about expressing sentiment. Rather did her loneliness express itself in a certain wistfulness which gave point to the only reference to money I ever heard her make.

"One can own the first hundred thousand dollars," she said. "The second hundred thousand owns you. If you have a million dollars you have no friends—not even in your own family."

This from a woman whose will gave five relatives a million dollars each, and left \$40,000,000 more to the university she had built!

Mrs. Stanford's first public benefaction was the founding of eight kindergartens in and around San Fran-

cisco. It was she who made the work of Sarah B. Cooper possible. First, she gave \$100,000 to establish kindergartens, then an additional hundred thousand to maintain them. The proud mother heart had its reward, when her son, Leland, said to her, as the little ones crowded around them on the first visit:

"I think this is the best thing you have ever done in your life, Mamma."

The lad's enthusiasm for the kindergartens and his interest in museum collecting was the hidden source from which the university grew. "The children of California shall be my children," declared the stricken father in founding the great memorial. The same thought actuated the surviving mother in the dark days when the institution had to be carried through the stone age of building and visualized into a functioning reality.

An incident which occurred at the California Street home sheds light on the characteristics of the boy, Leland. One cold, drizzly day near the dinner hour, the ever watchful mother searched through the house to find Leland and his boy friend. They were located in the kitchen where Leland, on his knees, was spitting on the shoe brush and applying it vigorously to the toes of his friend's shoes. The heels were untouched. And the wet plastered hair in front topped a face which had been given the high-water mark, once over, as a result of a boy's idea of personal cleanliness. The Chinese cook was busily frying doughnuts to fill the huge paper bag provided by Leland, and which was to be a propitiatory offering to the friend's mother for his prolonged absence.

"I am fixing Charlie up to go home," explained Leland, "so his mother will let him come back again tomorrow."

It was about this time that Ethel Ingalls, daughter of Senator John Ingalls, wrote of Mrs. Stanford in her series of "Unknown Wives of Well Known Men" for the Ladies Home Journal. How different the story of today. Jane Lathrop Stanford stands well in the forefront of the women of all time who have thought and labored in the universal. Like motherhood, honors came late in life. She was sixty-four years old when she assumed full management of the struggling, unbuilt university. Ten years later she turned it over to the trustees, completed, endowed, and with a world reputation already established.

An incident occurring in Constantinople illustrates the close sympathetic relation of this unusual husband and wife.

One morning an early start was being made for a visit to Therapia, the magnificent suburb of the Sultan's capital, made famous by Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," and where McGahan, the brilliant American war correspondent of the Russo-Turkish War, was buried. The journey was to be made in a fiacre driven by a native, but the beggars and dogs swarming in the streets gathered around the vehicle and noisily demanded attention. Among the beggars was a beautiful young Turkish

mother with a cherub of a babe on her shoulder. The bright-eyed youngster caught Mrs. Stanford's eye and leaning toward her put up its chubby arms in a caressing appeal. The response was instantaneous. Mrs. Stanford emptied her purse and threw the coins to the mother in the street. Immediately there was hub-bub and confusion. The driver vainly tried to extricate his passengers, but the crowd climbed onto the wheels, held on to the horses' bridles, and clamored for alms. In irritation the Senator said to his wife:

"Now, Jennie, see what you have done. We won't be able to get away for another hour."

To this the son added:

"Don't you see, Mamma, the woman didn't get any of that money. It was no use to throw it to her." And he, too, seemed provoked at the delay.

"I was so exultant over my own motherhood, and so proud of my son, that I forgot everything else in an impulse to help a less fortunate child. The rebuke hurt me so, that I could not prevent the tears streaming down my face. I was too miserable to talk, and we had a dreary ride.

"When we returned to the hotel my husband went immediately to his own room. After a time I began writing letters. Presently Leland stood beside me, with a sheet of legal foolscap in hand. Laying it in front of me he said, 'Jennie, the top figures show what we were worth when we married. The last shows what we have now. I have divided the amount equally,—one-half is yours, and if you want to throw all of it to the first pretty beggar you see with a baby on her shoulder, I will not say a word'."

In the early eighties, the men who had made millions in railroads and mines, began trying to outvie each other in the possession of lordly country seats. These estates followed the old Camino Real of the padres from Millbrae to Del Monte. Half way between was Palo Alto, the thoroughbred stock farm of the Stanfords. The great ranch at Gridley, the enormous vineyard at Vina, never appealed to its owners as did Palo Alto. The reason for this was because the son, Leland, selected this place for his future home. One day in talking with his father he pointed out the spot where the Mausoleum stands, and said that he would build his house there. It is indeed his house, the place where the earthly tabernacle rests,

and the University itself is a Temple of Hope. The son's preference accounts for the buildings being on the lowland instead of on the hills.

By 1892 the fame of the Palo Alto stock farm was world-wide. Electioneer and Suñol have the best records, but the brood mares were sought far and wide by those who valued thoroughbred animals. Early in the year the Czar of Russia sent a Chamberlain of the Stud, the Marquis Pallucci, to negotiate an exchange between the Imperial Stables and Palo Alto. The offer was four Orloff stallions for an equal number of thoroughbred

mares. Senator Stanford declined to send a representative to select the stallions. He expressed himself as willing to accept the Czar's own choice. This led to an invitation to the Stanfords to visit St. Petersburg, which they did, and Mrs. Stanford gave the Imperial Museum a complete collection of California minerals for a full set of Russian specimens. Some rare markings of Malachite were in the cabinet sent by the Russian Government.

Interviewing was a specialty of my journalistic work, but I always had the feeling that it was an ordeal for Mrs. Stanford. She was utterly incapable of pretense or pose, and shrank instinctively from publicity. When the Junipero Serra Monument was unveiled at Monterey, a \$40,000 gift of Jane Lathrop Stanford, she colored painfully when questioned about it.

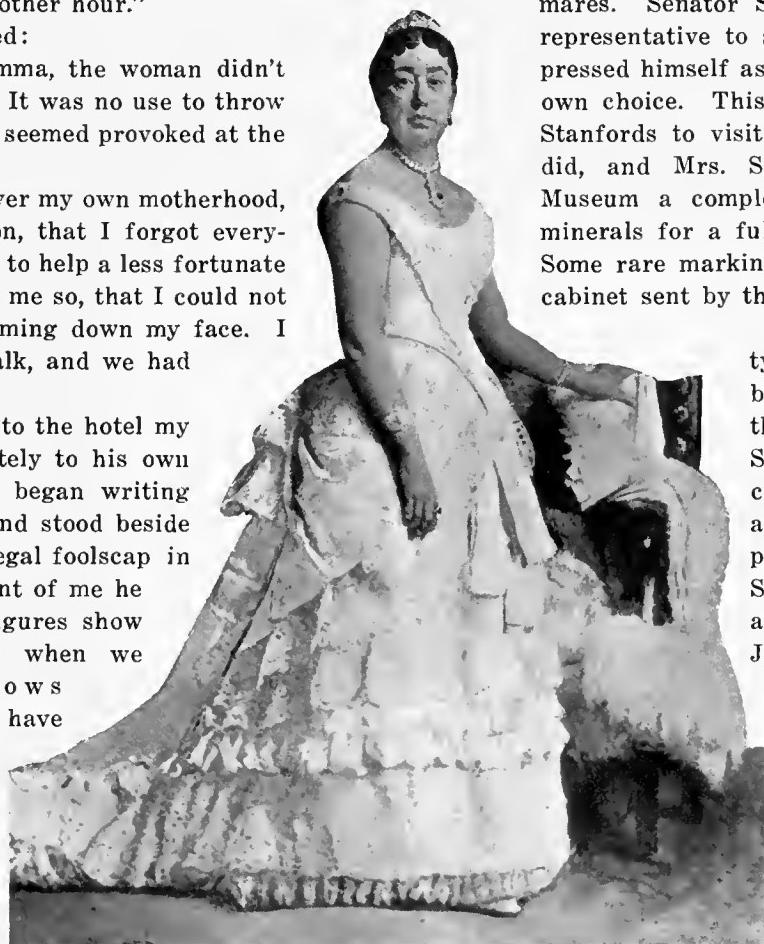
"Oh, please don't mention me in connection with it," she said; "I feel like running away and hiding at the thought of all that great soul did for civilization."

In Florence, Italy, on March 13, 1884, Leland Stanford, Jr., passed out of earth life. This stunning blow realized the

father's haunting fear, and left the mother bewildered and prostrated. Their life-long friend, Bishop John P. Newman of Washington, met them in New York and came to Palo Alto, where he remained long after the funeral. It was he who first induced Mrs. Stanford to undertake the completion of the Museum collection her son had started in 1880. She added everything to the collection she had ever heard her son mention.

Then she interested herself in the work of the elder Schliemann, first in Egypt and later on the site of Troy, where his excavations unearthed four cities on the spot

(Continued on page 38)



MRS. JANE LATHROP (LELAND) STANFORD

(Portrait by Bonnet, Paris, 1881)

This painting is the center of the family group in the main hall of the Stanford Junior Memorial Museum. It represents Mrs. Stanford at the height of her social power and position.

The Bush-Fella

Adventure and Romance in the South Seas

DOWN there in the western corner of the South Seas, just a few degrees below the Line, lie the gloomy ash-grey Solomons. They must have been thrown out of the lurid realm itself. Should one desire to enlarge his vocabulary of profanity, three months in the Solomons are guaranteed to produce the desired effect—scuttling cockroaches, blue slim-tailed lizards, land-crabs and ants will see to that.

Mariners and rovers, for the most part, shun their repellent shores. Many a bold sailor has furnished long-pig for its folk, as well as a skull to ornament the top of a rotten stump along the lake-trail.

Yet, occasionally a few whites drift that way, in quest of copra or wealth that might be gleaned in the phosphate flats. Malu, too, had its share of these.

Just a few years ago, in a sheltered glade, stood a low bungalow-like house set on stilts, which did duty as headquarters for the white bachelor population. Some of its habitues were rich, some were poor, some were well-educated, others were not; but they were white men, which linked them together in a common bond of friendship. And they were honorable men, that is, all but one. He was Granville Faulkner, who lived by his wits alone.

The influences of Canadian Club and ginger ale had unashed his tongue. He strode to the end of the veranda and looked out toward the lofty hills upon whose crests the pandanus fronds were bathed in shell-pink from the rising sun. He had said, while leering through the smoke from his cigarette:

"I'll have her eating out of my hand before the month is over."

Silence fell, short and cryptic, among those who sat in the generous shade of the veranda.

* * * *

The "her" of his remark was Signa McKinley. Six weeks previously she had arrived from the States to take charge of the school situation at Malu. She had been overjoyed at the prospect of going to the Solomons—imagining the islands to be an Eden, upon which naught existed but Quixotic chivalry, romance and languorous scenery. Before her mental vision had floated a panorama of pensive cañons with mysterious waterfalls, limpid lagoons and great groves of symmetrical cocoanut trees where sun-tanned, flannel-clad traders directed the bronze natives.

But she had been sadly disillusioned. Reality came in the form of a torrential sun, ugly natives, insect-swarming malodorous mangrove swamps, slimy gnarled brush, and men upon whose faces were seared the lines of apathy, fever and dissipation. Though Malu's people had tried to make it pleasant for her, she was sick for

By James Hansen

home. She longed for the clatter and scramble of busy streets, raucous ferry boats, theaters—yet she tried to bear her lot bravely.

Her comeliness had been noted by Faulkner. She had almost succumbed to his suave and affable manners, little knowing he was scarcely more than a social parasite, for he had represented himself as a gentleman of wealth and social prestige. When she came into the full knowledge of his utter worthlessness, she ignored him entirely; even then he sought to force his attentions upon her. And now he was boasting of his conquest.

He had expected to bring forth approving nods from his companions, but he was mistaken. None came. Miles Appleton took it upon himself to admonish Faulkner for his assertion.

"Granville," he said, with deliberate distinctness, "I wish you wouldn't say that. I know what you mean. I think you are—er—mistaken—"

Faulkner stopped suddenly, turned, and with a scornful eye surveyed the khaki uniform which marked Appleton a sergeant in the constabulary.

"Humph! Want her yourself?" he insinuated. "I notice you've got your best uniform on; she ought to fall for that." Again he smiled

* * * *

"She's decent," protested Appleton, without change of tone or expression.

Faulkner, mistaking the sergeant's attitude for timidity, and also sensing a possible rival in the soldier, assumed his most pugnacious air.

"Miles," he demanded, with cool insolence, "what the hell's it to you? This is my little affair. Ain't it?"

"Certainly it is. But make it honorable." Appleton knew his words had the moral support of every one of his comrades.

Faulkner poured himself out a stiff drink and tossed it off at a single swallow, scowling all the while at Appleton from under lowered brows. If he had known Appleton better, he would never have dared to say what was his parting shot, as he descended the steps:

"You keep your — — nose out of my affairs. I know what I'm doing."

Appleton had been reclining in a rattan chair, but without any apparent effort he sprang erect, crossed the floor, and jerked Faulkner about and backed him smartly against the wall. His face was flushed with hot indignation.

"Faulkner," he affirmed, "I'm going to see that she's taken care of. Understand what I mean? Now, try to start something." He gave Faulkner an ungentle shove to emphasize his words, and returned to his seat.

The wastrel, vehemently avowing revenge, strode off

toward the beach where he could soothe his burning brain with the squareface served in the drinking-inn.

And at that moment, hardly more than three cable-lengths away, was one who was destined to play an important role in Granville Faulkner's life.

* * * *

Munku had hardly emerged from his pickaninny days. The taro had thrust its elephant-eared leaves but thirteen times above the ground since he, the first-born of a brood of five, first saw daylight in the squalid pandanus-thatched shack on the lee of Malaita.

He was a child of Melanesia; and he showed it by being spindle-legged under a stomach which was as bulbous as the base of the palm he leaned against; his ribs were like a corrugated washboard; and a mop of frizzly, jet-black hair topped his bullet head and hung down around an equally black face and eyes that shone like the waters of a stagnant lake.

But what was that? What manner of sound was it that was wafted to his ears from afar? A tinkling thing! Mellow-soft, exquisitely sweet, curiously beckoning!

One cheek was bulgy with a portion of spongy breadfruit. His chewing stopped, his mouth open, as he held his breath and listened.

Again he heard it. It was unresisting. It called him as nothing had before called him. With his nostrils palpitating, and his blood coursing through his veins with increased rapidity, he rose and followed the unknown whisper.

Past confines which were tambu to any youth, through evil, stinking mangrove swamps, through gorgeous flora and spiked pendulous vines, he crept till he won to the bamboo brakes that bordered the edge of the jungle. Then he peered out cautiously and cast a wary eye about. Finally his attention focused on a scene in the shade of some banyan trees.

Several people were down there, most of them being youths and Marys of his own race and color. An imposing palm-thatched dwelling stood nearby, through the open door of which he could see queer

contrivances. Still farther away were more dwellings of less spacious dimensions.

But the Mary who walked about, with her figure completely clothed! Munku had heard rumors of a race—across the sea—who had no color.

What was this? he asked himself. He knew all about head-hunting, cannibalism and infanticide. But this? Jungle child that he was, he had no conception of a school. And the voice. Where was it? With the stillness of a sleeping alligator, he watched them from his seclusion.

Ah!—he saw it, and heard it once more.

* * * *

It was on top of what seemed a cocoanut tree from which the feathery crest had been cut. In the place of the plumes was an object which glimmered in the sun like the highlights of a great globular orange.



A few feet away from the devil he pointed the black mouth of his automatic—

From it dangled a vine. And upon this vine the white-faced Mary bore her strength.

Wonder of all wonders! As itching and tempting as the tone was when heard from a distance, it was a thousand times more commanding and tantalizing when heard from a nearness. From the very bosom of it leaped out a clear, penetrating call, of a kind he had never before heard.

The very timbre of it pulsed through him, setting his tiny body aquiver as though he were obsessed with some ague of the bog-lands. Nothing could be compared to the sublime clangor which rang out across spaces from that strange, glowing body that demanded him to follow as the Pied Piper claimed the children.

He stepped forth from his hiding place and almost ran in his haste across the strip of silver-white sand, till he gained the base of the wonder-voice and stood beside the Mary for whom it had spoken.

Over the romping children came a hush. Some of them took refuge within the house, for they knew the stranger to be born of bush-folk, and bush-people were not to be trifled with.

Upward, straight toward the gleaming god, he gazed in sheer astonishment and silence, till the noble vibrations of it died away into the misty nothingness. Then he turned his face toward the Mary and blurted out in his bêche-de-mer:

"My word! What name belong that big fellamarster?"

"Bell. You savvee bell?" replied the teacher, laughing outright; for Munku's apish appearance was provocative of mirth.

"Bell. Bell." Munku repeated it several times. "Bell belong to you good for kai-kai (eat)? I like him stop along belly belong me. I bring him he come."

He meant he longed to eat the bell so he might have its sounds and its power within him. Like his people, Munku believed that to eat a dog was to retain the dog's strength, and to eat ten dogs, the power of ten dogs he would have. Ergo, to eat a bell . . .

* * * *

"Bell no good for kai-kai along you," she affirmed. "He make'm belly belong you walk about plenty too much. Maybe kill'm you, die dinish."

Munku's face fell.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exploded a voice. "Signa, where did you get hold of that mongrel?"

Miss McKinley looked around with a start of surprise, and a flush of displeasure crossed her face.

"Good morning, Mr. Faulkner," she said dryly.

Munku realized he was on forbidden soil. The man's tones were harsh and different from the friendly voice of the bell.

"Hey, you fellas boy," grinned Faulkner, seizing the boy's arm urgently; "what name belong you?" He increased the pressure of his grip.

Miss McKinley laid a restraining hand upon Faulkner's arm.

"Please don't, Mr. Faulkner," she pleaded, "you're hurting him."

He paid scant attention to her, except to grin smartly.

"Hurry up," he commanded, adding a twist.

"Munku," complied the boy, writhing painfully. "Me too much fright along you."

Faulkner burst into guffaws of laughter.

"You see, Signa, how to handle these chaps? You'll get on to it, after a while. Monkey! Monkey! By gad, they named him right. These fellows are brave in the bush, but out here—Listen to his holler." Again he bore his strength on the boy's arm, in an attempt to force a cry from him.

But Munku would have first died than to show pain, and before a maid; for to display it would have been a disgrace, and he would be forever barred from the tambu-house and men's circles. Without the merest utterance of the pain that was his, he sank to the earth in a faint.

Miss McKinley had been frantically protesting and pleading with Faulkner to halt his abuse. Yet it was of no avail. At the climax of the incident, she burst into tears.

"I hate you!" she cried passionately.

* * * *

"I didn't mean to hurt the little blighter," protested Faulkner. "just wanted to see what kind of stuff he was made of."

He assisted her in taking the unconscious Munku into the class room, where Miss McKinley began immediately to administer a restorative treatment.

"You poor boy," she murmured tenderly, applying water to the boy's forehead.

"I just strolled over, Signa," interrupted Faulkner, in his easy manner, "to resume our little conversation of the other eve—"

Signa McKinley straightened and looked him squarely in the eyes; her own eyes were burning with hatred and annoyance, her bosom heaving.

"Don't you dare to insult me again!" she declared defiantly. "Do you think I would marry you—after seeing you in a brute's role? No; for the last time, no! A thousand times, no. Leave this place instantly."

Faulkner accepted dismissal without a tremor. He strode leisurely away from the trail toward the drinking-inn. She flashed a glance of loathing after him, then turned her attention again to the inert boy.

Gradually Munku showed signs of returning to his senses. His eyelids fluttered for an instant, then opened. His arm still hurt, though that moment he believed he had died and had ascended to the portals of Paradise.

She comforted him with a soothing hand.

He was tough as a red-beaked parrakeet; and in an astonishingly short time he became as well and as fit as when he had first ventured into the school yard.

(Continued on page 40)

The Mate of Barcelona

By Robert E. Hewes

PERHAPS it was something of the romance of his sailor's life that caused Maria Castellon to love Henrik Bergen; more likely it was that unnameable impulse that has prompted Castilian women for centuries to give their hearts to golden-haired, blue-eyed sons of the north. Certainly it was that she loved him from the moment he first stopped at her flower stand in the port of Barcelona, loved him after the manner of Spanish women, who are not above showing their admiration by bold looks. Surely the dark eyes of the flower woman told her feeling for Henrik.

She was a warm beauty, this Maria, fire and roses, with hair that had the peculiar blue-blackness of southern night and that seemed to have caught

something of the stars' lustre. It was that beauty which intrigued Henrik's fancy. Perhaps it was that which held it, but he had seen other beautiful women, so more likely it was that his vanity was touched at the evident impression he had made on this young, pulsating creature. He foresaw, too, long, lonely weeks in port while his schooner was undergoing repairs; the waterfront women did not interest him, and so, since the diverting wine of love was offered, why not drink? Besides, he had all a sailor's natural desire to taste of each of the transient things of his ever changing life. So first it had been a few words, then many, then love. At least it was that on Maria's part. A swift, passionate thing that radiated from her breast and sent warm waves of color up to her throat and cheeks, that made of her eyes melted pools of summer night, and of her voice a murmuring stream of wonder that wove of her musical language such things for the ears of Henrik as it is given few men to hear. On his part, he seemed a bit surprised at this thing he had done to a woman, a little proud



MARIA

that it had been given him, of all men, to have done it.

Henrik had been reared to the sea's free thinking, but though Maria's love was complete, it was prudent. She would not give herself wholly unless he should marry her. And, perhaps with awakened desire and the thought of the long weeks of idleness ahead of him, he assented, so they went before a padre.

Henrik Bergen was typical of his fair-skinned race of seafarers. A powerful, ruggedly handsome figure of manhood, winning his master's papers while still a youth, he was proud of his ability and calling. Ruthless, masterful, his logic of life was to partake of its fill today, forget yesterday and leave tomorrow to itself.

It was a logic many women might have known enough to beware of, but as is the way of the warm-blooded ones of the Mediterranean, with Maria the logic of the man mattered not. It was the wondrous physical reality of him that counted, that made of him an idol in her eyes, worshipped unquestioningly, that made her give of herself. If she had given less easily she might have held

longer, but men ever undervalue that which requires no effort.

So there came a day when Henrik's ship was repaired and ready for sea. Now it was that the real love of his life returned, the sea. It became the living reality of today; the woman was of yesterday. And it was his logic to forget. She had never been more than a fancy, something offered, something accepted. Now, his woman-thirst satisfied, free thinking, careless hearted as he was, he desired no burden.

With Maria, nothing could alter her god. It was a woman broken-hearted but loving him still that Henrik Bergen left behind him when he sailed away, leaving a letter confessing their marriage had been a mock ceremony.

After her child was born Maria went to another city, there to hide away her shame and grief and rear the boy whom she named Juan. It was a strange youth he had; growing up, early aware of some sinister shadow over him and his mother, he came to know only the irony of life. His mother he knew as a sad, hauntingly beautiful woman whose life had been a tragedy from which she could never recover, and who he somehow felt loved him most for his fair hair and blue eyes that were so strange in this dark-skinned land. The thing that struck him most forcibly as making them different from other people was that they never laughed. He often wondered why other people laughed.

The boy's premature mind began to grope early for the explanation of the thing that made their lives different, and he asked many questions. Also, he divined much, so he came to know his mother's sad story. . . . There grew up in him an intense hatred of the man who had wrecked her life . . . and he wondered how she could still love him.

When Maria Castellon finally died of her broken heart, she gave her son on her death-bed a cameo locket of the Virgin with her picture in it, and begged of him to be good always to women . . . all the heritage she could leave him. Her last precious breath she spent on the name of the man she still loved.

It was there, beside that stark form come to its tragic end, that the boy Juan, in tears, prayed that somehow, some day, it might be given him to avenge her and his wrong.

With his mother's borrowed name and tragic inheritance Juan went to sea.

At twenty-five Juan Castellon had won his mate's license. He was grown to a fine specimen of manhood now, with his father's strength and his mother's grace. He had seemed to favor her more and more as he grew older, and now in his maturity his face was definitely hers, with the melancholy that touched her sad beauty. But it was not his mere physical perfection that had won for him his place on the sea, it was the innate dignity of him. No other word could designate the quiet, compelling personality people felt in him, even

when they sensed his reserve. The rough life of the sea left no mark on that aspect of him.

One known characteristic he had, wherever he went—a strange kindness toward women, no matter what sort. Once on shipboard he had thrashed a sailor who spoke lightly of a woman, and one night in Limehouse where the dregs of humanity stagnate he met a broken jade, whom others passed by in repugnant scorn, and gave her all the money he had in his pockets.

So men came to know Juan Castellon as a man strangely reticent, melancholy, a man who seemed always unhappy. Perhaps more than one questioned what he lived for. He seemed to note with interest in life only those things which directly concerned him, and those only because he could not well do otherwise.

He himself knew that all these years there had been but one hope in his mind, the one that must ever be there . . . the hope that some day, somehow, he should find one certain man. That seemed unlikely as it was likely. Bergens there were on the sea, to no end, and more than one Henrik among them, but never was there the one that diplomatic questions told him was the one he sought.

That desire of revenge, born of his soul-searing bitterness, was the one passion, the dominating motive of his life. The memory of his mother, dying broken-hearted and deserted, still brought tears to his eyes.

It was in Liverpool that Juan's life began to evolve into something definite, though he was unaware of it at the time. It began when he shipped as chief officer with Jornson. In this burly, bearded and grizzled old seadog Juan found a man more strange than himself. The sailing master was known as a man given to melancholy depression, a peculiar religion, and one who never spoke of his past. He was a man of semi-mystery, noted as a hard master, one with whom few cared to sail. He grew restless in port after the first day, and in his schooner which he owned, sailed round and round the world as one who forever seeks something he can never hope to find, or flees from something he can never escape.

Juan signed articles in the cabin of Jornson's steamer the day before they were to sail for the Orient. He had a feeling that he did not exist as a definite personage for the strange captain, that those semi-vacant eyes did not see him as a man, but merely as a sailor. It was his credentials for efficiency which interested the skipper, he himself did not matter. It was after he had signed the articles that he looked up to see the figure of Christ attached to the wall of the room. The skipper saw the direction of his gaze and spoke. Juan turned.

"Oh," he laughed, "it's just—well, rather strange to find that on a ship."

The captain sat hunched in his chair, absently tapping the table with a pen.

"Young man," he looked at the mate with those peculiarly vacant eyes that Juan felt for the moment almost saw him, "you may as well know . . . once I was

guilty of a great sin, and I suffer that accusing presence to always remind me of it."

Juan looked at the figure again, curiously.

"Do you think that makes expiation?" he asked.

"It is all I know—can we do more than that?"

Juan thought.

"No," he admitted finally, "I suppose we can't."

But afterwards on deck he laughed at the skipper's strange idea of expiation. It seemed such a futile way.

It was during a tour of inspection of the vessel that he came upon the girl. She was sitting on the poop deck sunning herself, and to find this creature, young and beautiful, aboard that schooner struck him with something of the incongruity of finding a pure white flower amid dross seaweed. He stopped, awkwardly, while she looked up.

She rose smiling. She was small, with a voluptuous sort of fragility. Her brown eyes and oval face showed all the sparkle and color that comes from youth and vitality.

"I suppose," she said, "you're the new mate?"

"Yes," he said, somehow managing to smile back at her.

"We may as well become acquainted," she said. "I'm Antonia Lille, Captain Jornson's daughter."

"I didn't know—" Juan apologized.

"His adopted daughter, you know," she said.

There was a chair beside hers, and he accepted her invitation to sit down because he did not well know what else to do.

This was a new kind of woman in his life, and her nearness made him at once uncomfortable and gave him a kind of satisfaction. And suddenly he was glad that in the rough career he had known he had lived so he could still look this good woman in the eyes without shame. The girl seemed intuitively to sense that this sad-faced man was a new kind of seaman in her experience, one to whom she could talk, and she chatted after the manner of a woman who has had few people enter intimately into her life.

"You like the sea?" he asked, studying her features curiously.

"Really," she laughed, "I don't know yet. You see, this is to be only my second trip. I'm just out of school."

The mate's life had been built on one passion, a

(Continued on page 34)



He held the picture before the Captain's staring eyes

A Page of Western Verse

On the Road to Monterey

By W. E. HUTCHINSON

(With Apologies to Kipling)

There are mountains in the distance,
There are clouds amid the blue,
There are trees that wave a greeting as you pass;
There's the road that's leading southward,
And that road is calling you,
Where the poppies stand like Padres saying Mass.

There's the sun amid the branches,
Of the cypress overhead,
There are gnarled and twisted oaks along the way;
There's the walls of El Carmelo,
Just a little way ahead,
Where the Mission bells call neophytes to pray.

There the trailing moss in festoons,
Hangs suspended from the trees,
There the fishing boats like seagulls dot the bay;
There the roses bloom eternal,
Scattering incense on the breeze,
As you journey on the road to Monterey.

There the strains of La Paloma,
Are wafted on the air,
From the rose-embowered porch at close of day,
There they dance the gay fandango,
'Till the breaking of the morn,
Where you travel on the road to Monterey.

Oh, the road of peace and plenty,
The road 'midst growing grain;
Where purple mists and ocean breezes play;
Where flowers dot the landscape,
On every hill and dale,
By El Cameno Real to Monterey.

Don't you hear the red gods calling,
In the purple afterglow?
Don't you see the wood nymphs beckon you away?
Don't you know your car is waiting,
And your basket's full of lunch?
Come, the road is calling you to Monterey.

The Gold Seeker of '49

By WILL B. LINDER

He trekked Overland, he came by the sea;
Rugged, big-hearted good fellow was he;
The 'law' he carried secure on his hip,
While snug in his 'jeans' was always a 'nip'
In the Days of '49.

Adventure his business, rough mountain his mart;
Heavy his trappings but light was his heart,
And the mouth of his 'buckskin' oft open and free;
"Ah, what is a 'pinch' to you or to me?"
Quoth the Man of '49.

Long gone are those days,—are better the new?—
Gone old-time swagger, gone Pioneer hue;
But their rollicking romance forever is young;
The rumble of stage-coach, the 'spat' of the gun
Of the Days of '49.

The Pioneers

By DAVID FALLOON

Brave pioneer band, we honor you,
Strong men of the Golden West,
Who with hearts afire with eager desire
Went forth on your noble quest.
Faith ever impelled you onward;
Across many an unknown sea
You fearlessly pierced to the western land
Where Freedom's winds blow free.

Too limited was your birthright
By barriers unyielding, cold;
Restrained were your deeds by narrow creeds
And prejudice manifold.
Yet naught could quell your spirit;
Boldly you travelled afar;
Though dangers threatened on every hand
You followed the rising star.

With purpose high and noble zeal,
Valiant and strong of mind,
You faced each foe with heart aglow,
Blazing new paths for mankind.
Though want and despair oppressed you,
And tragedy stalked in your trail,
Westward you went on one dream intent
With courage that could not fail.

True martyrs were you for humanity's good,
Sacrificing superbly that we
Might find life and rest in the Golden West
Mid peace and prosperity.
We exalt you, O pioneer-heroes,
To that niche for true men set apart,
And a grateful land enshrines you
Deep in its innermost heart.

In Poet's Corner

By VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN

Dedicated to John T. Hotchkiss

In Poets' Corner, keep tryst with friends,
Shelley's Skylark its gladness blends
With Keat's "great thunder-drops" of
melody,
And Browning's organ peals o'er sea.
Each poet great his music sends
To cheer the world and make amends
For struggle keen, that life attends.
Alone with these! Ah, thrilled to be
In Poets' Corner.

Here fireside glow its Glory lends
To Markham's brow, where Love trans-
cends.
Communion sweet! Great Poetry
Will tune Life's harp to loftier key.
Exultant spirit upward trends
In Poets' Corner.

Hamlets I Have Seen and Other Hamlets

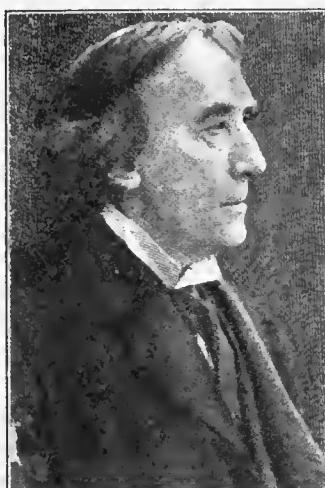
Early Theatrical Days in San Francisco

ONE afternoon over forty years ago I was seated in one of the dressing rooms of the Standard Theatre on Bush Street, San Francisco, talking with one of the members of the Denman Thompson Company. The old actor—he was over sixty—had been one of my stage favorites in the days before the Civil War, and often had thrilled me by his realistic acting in such hair-raising melodramas as Alonzo the Brave, and Imogene the Fair, La Tour Nesle and Michael Erle, the Maniac Lover. We talked of old times, of the change in public taste, and of the stars whose light had been dimmed by the passing of the years. At last he asked: "Do you remember McKean Buchanan? And Edwin Forrest?" I answered that I remembered them well, the one a living presentment of Bombastes Furioso, the other an actor "to the manner born." "Right," was the old actor's comment. "They represented the two extremes in play-acting. Forrest had brawn and brain; Buchanan, brawn and bran."

It was in an Eastern city, when I was a boy in years, that I saw Buchanan play Hamlet. I had never before seen any one play the part, but, all the same, I was not impressed by the star's acting. At the time I was fairly familiar with the text of the play, and I had read with absorbing interest many treatises on the character of Hamlet as well as biographical sketches of the great English actors from Burbage down to Edmund Kean, so that I had acquired a distinct notion of what a stage Hamlet should be. Buchanan was a large, portly man with a leonine head and a voice which when lifted to a roar was little short of horrific. Afterward, when time and experience in a measure had fitted me to make intelligent comparison, I classed Buchanan as an inferior imitator of Edwin Forrest.

During the forties Hamlet was one of Forrest's favorite parts. In my posse-

sion is a bill presented at Burton's National Theatre, on December 16, 1841 Supporting Forrest as Hamlet were J. R. Scott as the "Ghost," J. Wallack as "Laertes" and W. E. Burton and John E. Owens as the "Gravediggers." Forrest was then in his thirties, and for several



SIR HENRY IRVING

years had been accounted one of the great Hamlets of the age, surpassing in his interpretation and presentation the Hamlets of those great English actors, W. C. Macready and Charles Kean. He shelled the part after he had become adipose and his splendid voice deepened into a rumbling bass, to give his whole attention to more fitting roles such as Othello, Macbeth, Jack Cade, Metamora and The Gladiator. In each of them he shone supreme.

In 1859 James Stark arrived in San Francisco flushed with the success of years as a lofty exponent of the classic drama in the Antipodes. He played a phenomenal engagement at Maguire's Opera House on Washington Street, and was hailed as one of the great interpreters of Hamlet, Othello, Richelieu, Macbeth, Richard III and King Lear. His Hamlet was a very clever exhibition of mimetic art, but it lacked the soul, the effective realism given to it later by both Edwin Booth and Edwin L. Davenport. Stark's wife was an actress. Her first husband was J. H. Kirby, who died in San Francisco, in the early fifties. His great specialty was Richard III, and so powerful was his acting in the death scene that it became the delight of the gallery popularizing the urgent request, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." Differences between Stark and his wife culminated in a divorce. Mrs. Stark remained single for a few years and then

was married to Dr. Gray of New York, who was the possessor of a large fortune. After his death she took as a fourth husband Charles R. Thorne, Sr., the veteran actor and manager, and father of those sterling actors, Charles R. Thorne Jr., for years leading man at Maguire's Opera House, and Edwin Thorne, who for several seasons starred in The Black Flag. Stark lost ambition after his divorce. He gave up starring and joined Edwin Booth's company, alternating with Booth in many Shakespearean roles, until a stroke of paralysis forced him to abandon the stage. He died in an Eastern city about forty years ago.

Edmund Kean, the eminent English actor, who revolutionized the stage and spurned the theatrical canons of the time, had a son, Charles, who as an actor followed closely in the footsteps of his father. After successful seasons in England and the Colonies, Charles Kean made his second visit to America, arriving in San Francisco in (I think) 1865. Hamlet was not only his favorite but also his greatest part. His appearance favored the popular conception of the physical attributes of the Prince of Denmark, but his voice (he may have been suffering with a cold when I saw and heard him) was high, squeaky and asthmatic. But the power was behind the voice, and the reading of the lines was such as few could cavil at. He was certainly a great artist, and his engagement made a profound impression upon the minds of the theatregoers. Kean, as was afterward ascertained, was not in good health when he played in San Francisco. His death occurred in 1868.

My first acquaintance with the Hamlet of Edwin L. Davenport, father of Fanny Davenport, the actress, was made in an Eastern city several years after I had witnessed the performance of McKean Buchanan. Afterward in San Francisco, I was privileged for the second time to



EDWIN FORREST



EDWIN BOOTH

see Davenport in Hamlet, and the favorable impression of the earlier period was intensified when again I listened to the utterances of that smooth, dulcet voice, to that scholarly reading, and noted the graceful and intelligent poise of that commanding figure. To my mind Davenport in the part played a close second to Edwin Booth. What he lacked to give him first place or even honors, was something he could never acquire. That something—inborn it must have been—was given to Edwin Booth, and no other actor in Europe or America, in his time or before it, ever approached within striking distance of it.

Within the quarter century beginning with 1865 there were four prominent delineators of Hamlet upon the American stage—Edwin Booth, Edwin L. Davenport, Edwin Adams and Lawrence Barrett. To Barrett was given a rare intelligence and the face of a poet and a dreamer. But Barrett had faults which he could never overcome, faults which prevented him from becoming one of the elect. He was excessive in declamatory passages, his intonation was unnatural, and he was so proud of his remarkable volume of voice and of its prolonged rise and fall, with a tonal variation on a single syllable, that he could not have been aware that it all but marred the beauty of much of his reading. These defects were noticeable in the speech beginning, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," and in the soliloquy on death. But outside of these defects Barrett's Hamlet was worthy of the serious attention of critics and Shakespearean scholars.

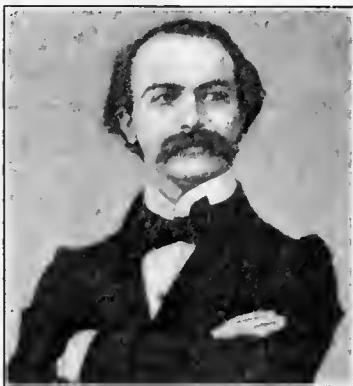
Edwin Forrest opened a season at Maguire's Opera House in 1866. John W. McCullough was his leading man. The season over, Forrest returned to the East. McCullough remained in San Francisco, having contracted with Thomas Maguire to play leads in Maguire's stock company. Shortly after the deal Edwin Adams, the tragedian and romantic actor, began an engagement which on account of its success was extended far beyond the original limit. Adams was a fine all-round player. He was tall, slender, handsome, with a flexible, melodious voice and a remarkable knowledge of stage detail. He could play tragedy or light comedy with equal facility, descending from Macbeth to "Rover" in Wild Oats with ease and ability. His Hamlet was one of his best characterizations. In every way he was fitted for the part, and his success in it was so pronounced that it is a wonder he did not pursue the line that would have led to greater fame and fortune.

John McCullough and Adams were great friends. They had similar tastes and were both genial, warm-hearted and optimistic. Adams, as star, gave McCullough frequent opportunities to play star

parts, and when McCullough, for the first time, essayed the part of Hamlet, Adams lent his valuable and whole-hearted support. McCullough copied Adams as far as his limitations would permit, and gave a strong and sympathetic portrayal of the character. After some years he dropped



EDWIN L. DAVENPORT



TOMASSO SALVINI

Hamlet from his repertoire, preferring roles better fitted to his voice and physique, such as Virginius, The Gladiator, Othello and others of the heroic type. Like Adams, he was his own enemy, and the end of life came in an insane asylum.

Adams' engagement ended, he sailed for Australia, to return in 1877 a broken man. He had given up tragedy on the stage—though his own life was a tragedy—for the romantic drama, and won high success as Narcisse and Enoch Arden. But his health at last gave way and for many months he lived the life of a poverty-stricken invalid. His old friends seemed to have forgotten him and he permitted but few of his newer acquaintances to know his condition. He was very proud and very sensitive. Giving in his prosperous days to any and everybody who seemed to need assistance, he had no expectation of a return, of reaping what he had sown. In the darkest hour of his life, when not only ill and in dire need, but burdened with the maintenance of a devoted wife, a letter came to him. It was from John W. Mackey, the bonanza king, and enclosed a check for one thousand dollars as a discharge, in part, of the vast obligation the donor felt in common with others for the actor's splendid efforts in behalf of the public.

Adams read the letter, then burst into tears, for of more value than the money which he could not but accept, was the letter which accompanied it. After Adams' death, which occurred not long after the receipt of the money, John McCullough told Mackey about the letter and the tears. Mackey's reply was: "Poor fellow! I wish I had sent him a check for ten thousand dollars."

While Forrest was playing at Maguire's Opera House, John Swing—not his real name—acted as one of the supernumeraries. He was a tall, well-built fellow with a handsome but expressionless face, and a voice that was a cross between a wheeze and a cackle. He was a super all his stage life. Sometimes he would have a speaking part of two or three lines, but as a rule he was either a soldier, a member of a mob of Roman or other civilians, a footman or a waiter. But he loved his profession, and whenever he spoke of it to outsiders he was dignified, serious and sincere. One afternoon in 1872 he was on the stage of the California Theatre, rehearsing a two-line part, when an actor, in great excitement, rushed to the front of the stage. "You can't guess what's happened, Swing," he exclaimed. "Edwin Forrest is dead." Swing clasped his hands, lowered his head and said in a voice charged with emotion: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us! We're going off one by one."

Charles Fechter, the modern French Hamlet, was idolized in the country of his birth. It was claimed that on his shoulders had fallen the mantle of the great Talma. So pronounced was his vogue that there was shown the greatest curiosity on this side of the Atlantic when he paid a professional visit to the United States. "He came, he saw," but it cannot in truth be said that "he conquered." Hamlet was his prime asset, but it was so bizarre, so startlingly original, so far removed from the Hamlets of his contemporaries, that the sensation he provoked was followed by a furious controversy among critics and students of Shakespeare. Some there were who contended that Fechter's jaunty, flamboyant manner evidenced in the lighter scenes of the play were in perfect keeping with the many-sided character of the Prince of Denmark, whose half-madness consistently showed itself at times in exhibitions of the grotesque and irrational. Others, in the majority, while willing to admit that there was much to be commended in the portrayal, yet held firmly to the opinion that Fechter's Hamlet, on account of its many defects, would not stand the test of time. Certainly Fechter's Hamlet was unique, for Cibber's version had been cast aside and for substitution came a version in which curious changes, cuttings and rearrangements of

(Continued on page 36)

The Cenotaph

Dead Man's Isle in Lake Tahoe

By Laura Bell Everett

In Emerald Bay at the south end of Lake Tahoe, where the shore rises in precipitous walls, Coquette Island raises its granite head above the surface of the water. Here, years ago, a hermit constructed for himself from the boulders, a tomb, and asked that his neighbors place his body in it upon his death.

While rashly attempting to return home in a heavy storm one night, he was drowned and his body was never recovered. The uncompleted empty tomb has given to the spot the name of Dead Man's Isle, in spite of the efforts of its owners to keep the name of Coquette Island, suggested by the way the island apparently peeps at itself in the mirroring waters.

In THE CENOTAPH, no attempt has been made to harmonize the various stories that are told about the builder of the empty tomb.

A tale that is told
Of spirits bold,
On the emigrant trail
In the days of gold.

The blue lake stretches mile on mile,
Its surface bearing one only isle,
One isle whose name has a sound of gloom
The beauties of nature can not beguile,
For chiseled there in its granite ledge,
Overhanging the water's edge,
Is a tomb, an open, empty tomb,
And this is the Dead Man's Isle.
The Lake is still, and the drops from the oar
Circle and rim toward the piney shore;
The sunshine laughs on the water blue
Till it scintillates as at magic wile
And dimples deep. Now tell me true
The tale of the Dead Man's Isle.

A tale that is told
Of a heart once bold,
On the emigrant trail
In the days of gold.

Alone he lived. Can you who know
The surging tide of daily life
Ceaselessly heaving to and fro,—
Your many friends, your child, your wife,—
Can you think his thoughts in the unknown wild?
Glad to flee from the bootless strife?
Glad from the wearing grind to go?
Sophism! banished by laugh of a child.
Like passion vines we mortals grow
Held by tendrils from flower to flower.
Never could man be reconciled
To live alone in so far a place,
Seeing only one human face,
One's own, its sadness of eye and lip
Vainly craving companionship,
Mirrored deep in the placid lake
In calm of dawn when no ripples break.

Were he the first where life began,
Were he the last of all his race,
Not more alone in the world were he,
Not more alone and not more free,
With a freedom never meant for man.

Moated from mainland by Nature's art,
Sheltered safe in the rocky pile,
Here stood his dwelling. The lord of the isle
Lived here his life from the world apart,
Seeking surcease for a broken heart.

Pledged to wed with the maid he loved,
In an unknown country he ranged and roved,
His eyes keen-fixed on the westmost star.
She was not to dare the toilsome way
Of deserts and mountain canyons far,
But sail to him on the sundered seas,
And they would be wed on a longed-for day
At the Port Saint Francis, beside the Gate
Now called the Golden. What hapless fate
Made her wish instead for a life of ease,
Made her choose a less adventurous mate,
But sealed her lips till the one had gone
With love in his eyes, and her face so fair
In his soul. She hastened a letter on
By a friend who following could not fail
To join in the way of the iron rail
The party buying its needments there
For the bold plunge out on the unknown trail.

What tidings the fateful letter bore
The friend knew well. With a joyous hail,
As hand gripped hand in the busy mart
Of old Saint Joseph, he could not bring
Himself that day to shatter the heart
Of the lover gay in his venturesome pride,
And he hid the fatal letter away.
“Tomorrow—tomorrow;” day following day
Saw Bad Lands passed, saw rivers crossed,
Saw Rockies climbed at a heavy cost
Of men and cattle. At last they eyed
The welcome waters of Pyramid Lake.

The letter, burning against a breast
That knew its message a heart would break,
That knew and faltered, had come to be
Symbol of untold perfidy;
And two days out on the Carson trail
The bearer gave it, his soul to free,
Gave it with all its tragedy,
To the lover to whom it was addressed,
And felt like a burdened soul confessed.

“I love another—forget me soon,”
One read. It ended his happy quest,
His love, and all but his very life.
“Forget me;” easier for the moon
And earth and sun to cease to be,
Or the waves of ocean forget their strife,
Than a soul to part with its memory.

Who knows what a loyal heart can feel
When faith and love are sundered amain?
Who knows the depth of the daggeder pain,
When all is woe that once was weal?

The caravan came to meadow grass,
"Let us leave the sick and the weary here;
We hastening on through the mountain pass
Will soon return to them." Thus so near
To the land he sought, he sank, alas!
Sick unto death they thought him then,
Nor knew the cause of his sudden stroke
Was a mind that tottered, a heart that broke.
A second shaft pierced his faithful breast;
The man he called friend went on with the rest.

He sought in the midnight, groping blind,
And when they missed him, the feeble folk,
None fit there were to seek, to find,—
And he, he fared as the wild things fare,
Guided by instinct. Far behind
Lay love in fragments. He did not dare
In the wreck of life to hope for aught
But a coign of vantage, and only sought
To hide himself from a hated world.

Toiling along up the treeless slope,
There burst on his eyes a gleam of hope;
Blue, blue as the skies was the lake, impearled
That spread at his feet a sapphire world.
To the southward he pressed
As the lake led the way.
The water was host; the sun was guest,
While the diamonds danced on each wavelet's crest,
In the irised waters of Emerald Bay.
He saw a granite isle astray,—
A peak from the range of cragged Tallac,
A palisade of upheaved rock
Piled by primeval earthquake shock,
Granite, bare to the water's edge,
Where a juniper clung to a sloping ledge.

Toil roofed him a dwelling of mainland fir,
Ferried across on the water calm,
On the jade-green water whose glint was balm
To the harried soul that would fain beguile
The weary hours with a task that none
But he would finish, if once begun.

A tale scarce known
Of the spirit lone,
And the carven tomb
In the island stone.

Glittering, gay, iridescent of hue,
The waters delighted his land-wearied view.
Not merely his bodily thirst could he slake,
But his spirit drank deep in the crystalline lake.
The love of life stirred in his bosom anew.

He gazed on cerulean water girt round
With barrier mountains colossal that frowned
Here treeless, there green with the sky-pointing pines,
And bluer than turquoise; its variant lines
Shimmered soft, glimmered far
Without hindrance or bar,
Reflecting the moon on the eastermost bound
And softly repeating each star.

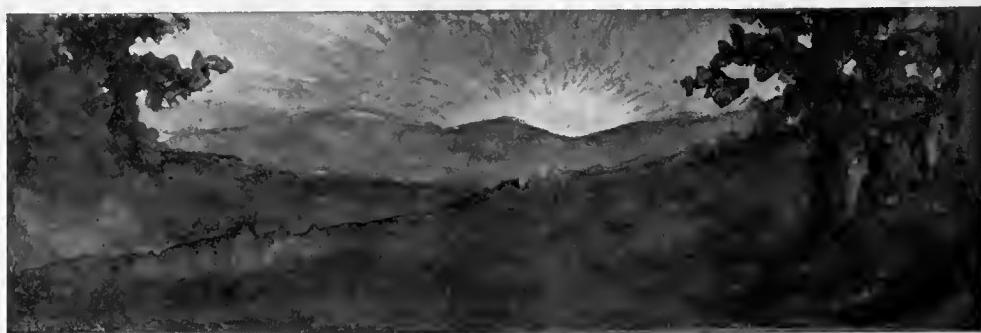
Shines Tahoe, a dream
Of the whole starry scheme,
A pageant of cloudland, a field
Wherein dance the waves
With the sun's roguish beams,
Till alight with the gleams—
All the ridges revealed,—
Stand the mountains and caves,
Round the marge of the lake,
In a beauty that healed
The wound in his breast,
The heart of its ache.

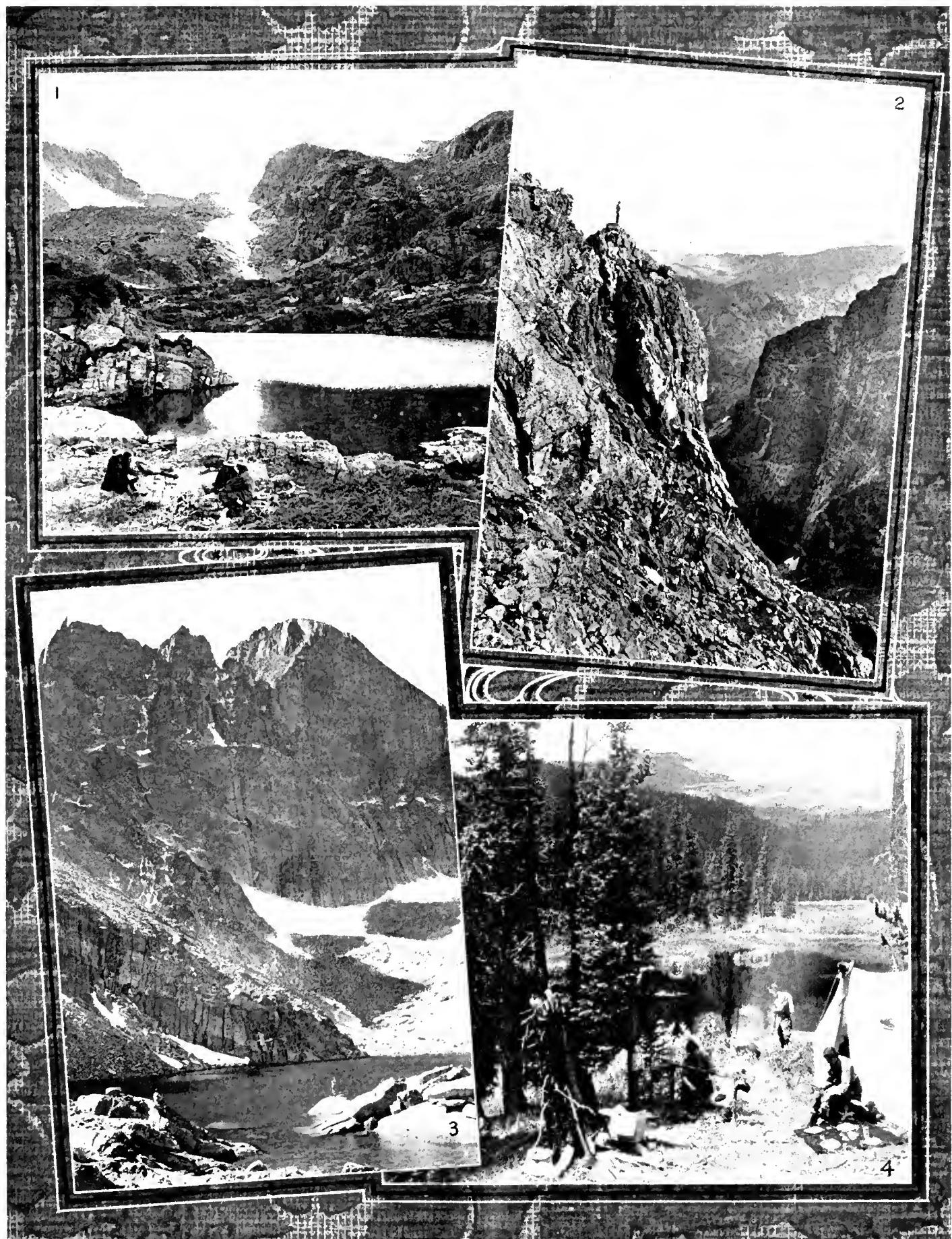
Though others came as the years passed on
He dwelt in his island cliff alone,
His one refrain, "When my days are past,
I shall lie in my island tomb at last,
With its granite uprights and granite beams
While the lake below me glints and gleams.
I have lived alone on my rocky isle;
Let me lie alone when my days are done,
Close shut from the high Sierra sun,
The beating rain, and the snowy drift,
In a tomb cut deep in this rocky cliff.
So die, so lie, when my days are spent
This granite isle for my monument."

A storm on the lake till the sinuous wake
Of the boat was sharp as the lightning flash;
No backward turn, but with daring rash,
Though guns of thunder might ceaseless roar,
He rowed away from the homeward shore.

Empty and oarless they found his boat,
After the rainstorm, still afloat;
He who in the rock-carved tomb would sleep
Has found his rest in the waters deep,
And ever the Nile-green waters roll
Round the cenotaph of that lonely soul.

A tale scarce known,
As the years have flown,
Of the cenotaph
In the island stone.





—Photos Courtesy Union Pacific System
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL—ESTES PARK

Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park

One of the World's Most Favored Mountain Vacation Spots

It is no exaggeration to say that a vacation outing to the Colorado Rockies is considered one of the most alluring of all annual recreation jaunts. To be able to mention casually that one has been vacationing in Colorado is worth a dozen remarks about a vacation spent nearer home, especially if one lives in the Eastern, Southern or Middle Western States. Such a remark awakens interest. It serves as a topic of social conversation of first importance. In the smaller towns it is worth a write-up in the local paper every time. This western mountainous country with its wild and natural beauty and its associations of thrilling stories, grows stronger year by year, seemingly, in popular fancy.

The Colorado Rockies, particularly that section of it embraced within the borders of the Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park, has a yearly attendance of vacationists and tourists from all part of the country, and of the world, that is greater by far than that of any similar region. And here's why—at least in part:

It possesses practically all the features of other great mountain resorts, including the famed Alps, and has in addition many allurements to be found in no other so easily accessible region.

More than 60 peaks rise above 12,000 and 13,000 feet, and one, Long's Peak, rises above 14,000 feet.

Between these peaks there are over 200 lakes, varying in size from a few acres to 50 or 60 acres.

It is the most rugged section of the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains; its lowest part is 8,000 feet above sea level, the greater part 9,000 feet and more above the sea.

All these features are to be found within an area of 400 square miles, and while great in area it may be conveniently explored even to the mountain tops, and still there are many wild spots never touched by the foot of man.

It contains one extinct volcano, Specimen Mountain (which is probably the greatest mountain sheep range in the world today), a half dozen glaciers, many snow fields, hundreds of cascades, and many passes in the Continental Divide above an altitude of above 12,000 feet.

The timber line is 11,500 feet, while in the Alps it is nearer 6,500 feet elevation.

In its wide display of flowers, of which there are more than 1,000 varieties, and its plants, of which there are over 40 species it equals the Sierras of California.

Remembering that this is the Continental Divide, it is not as would be expected, a high barren region of perpetual snow. Its delightful, invigorating climate plus its rolling, pastured hills and sunlit valleys make it, in spite of its altitude, the most lovable lofty range in the world.

More than a hundred species of birds spend the

summer in this wild region; and many of these remain through the winter.

Most of the streams are stocked with native and rainbow trout; more than 2,000,000 being deposited in the streams yearly.

Wild animals, especially the mountain sheep (Big Horn) make their homes within the park area and show a rapid increase from year to year. Besides the mountain sheep which abound, and also bound hither and thither, there are deer, bear, elk, beaver, woodchucks, squirrels and other small animals, and occasionally a wild cat or mountain lion.

Withal it is in every respect by far the most accessible of our mountain playgrounds, whether you go by rail, motor, horseback or afoot. A network of trails and good roads take one anywhere within thirty-six hours of actual traveling time from Chicago or St. Louis; fifty-six hours or less from New York.

A View of Fifty-one Mountain Tops

There is probably no mountain range more majestic than this section of the main range of the Rockies, as seen from almost any part of the park. Here are fifty-one peaks in view with summits more than 10,000 feet high, among them Long's Peak, Mt. Alice, Flat Top, Chief's Head, Mount Meeker, Specimen Mountain, Ypsilon, and Haynes. Long's Peak, 14,255 feet high, is one of the most impressive mountains in the United States. With its great height and majesty, its striking contour and its stupendous precipitous front, it makes a spectacle imperishable in memory. From its crest, which is easily and safely attained in one day from Tahosa Valley, one may see a panorama which for variety and extent is matchless.

"There is spread before the eye a gorgeous assemblage of wonderful mountain sculpture, surrounded by fantastic and ever-changing clouds, suspended in an apparently atomless space. At first view, as one beholds the scene in awe, a vast panorama stretches away for limitless distances; gradually, however, this idea of distance seems to disappear, the magnificent work of nature seems to draw nearer and nearer, reduced apparently by an unseen microscope to the refinement of a delicate cameo. Each view becomes a refined miniature framed by another more fascinating, the whole presenting an impressive picture never to be forgotten." So it is described by R. B. Marshall, Chief Geographer United States Geological Survey, in the midst of a scientific report to the Department of the Interior.

While Below Are Flower-Carpeted Valleys

Though winter sits enthroned among these grandest of peaks and glaciers, the green and tawny park below them is in the midst of a drowse of golden summer

(Continued on page 36)

Tell It To The Judge

Influence of Little Avail with Forest Rangers

ONE day last summer I sat on the porch of the only hotel in a decrepit little western town and listened abstractedly to mine host Higby's disjointed reminiscences of the old placer-mining days. The mines were worked out now. The crowd that toiled and jostled and fought for the precious metal in the early days of the Gulch's history had departed years ago and there now remained only a few grizzled old patriarchs who still hopefully turned over as much of the barren tailings as their waning strength would allow.

Nature, in her efforts to repair the gouged and scarred hillsides, has covered sluice-ways and the gaping mouths of old drifts with a rank growth of pine and fir. This new growth, replacing that so prodigally wasted by the Argonauts of sixty and seventy years ago, is carpeting hill and dale and tiny mesa with a waving mass of gray-green fronds. For when Nature starts to repair a wound she also is prodigal in her expenditures of effort. Soon—a short life-time, perhaps—this youthful forest will be of a size that will permit the establishment of commercial sawmills but now its value is only potential. Other and more accessible forests are now experiencing the same wastefulness of man that this isolated one is so slowly recovering from.

The streams that once foamed with muddy, tumbling water, hurrying in its escape from sluice box or splash dam, are now crystal clear, murmuring placidly over their granite pebbles or whirling in gentle eddies beneath the drooping azaleas. The country is restful and beautiful, an ideal haven for the disciple of Walton or Nimrod and Mr. and Mrs. Tourist have discovered this. Each summer more and more of them come, travelling in all sorts of conveyances, from the horse-drawn farm wagon to the ponderous disc-wheeled touring car, over the red dirt roads that a few years ago resounded only to the creak of heavy freight wagons or the jingle of the lead mules' bells.

All this I was musing over as landlord Higby, knocking his ancient pipe

By Charles V. Brereton

against a horny palm, gazed with new interest at a trio who were coming down the street. Two clear-eyed, sun-tanned young fellows, obviously forest rangers, walked beside a voluble person who exuded wealth and importance. I could not hear what the important man was saying, but from his violent gestures it was evident that he considered himself very much abused. The rangers nodded occasionally or made some monosyllabic answer in courteous tones, their faces wearing that bored expression that an officer always affects as he listens to the protests of a prisoner.

"Another smart camper has let his fire get away, I reckon," Higby remarked. "That makes five those rangers have arrested this week. Pears to me like these city campers seem to think the Lord made the woods just on purpose for 'em to start fires in." Here was something of modern interest and I gently prodded my loquacious host in the hope of a story.

"Many people claim that fire is necessary to keep down a too rank growth and to burn up the waste," I murmured. The landlord snorted in derision.

"I used to have the same damfool notion," he snapped, "until I learned better. I saw these woods when the first strike was made in the Gulch. Tall and straight and not an axe mark on the bark of a single tree. Ten years after that they were slashed and burned by loggers and miners until we had to go miles for even the smallest stull or chute pole. Then, after the mines petered out and while the road was still too rough for these here infernal automobiles, the young growth began to cover up the slashings. Now, people have found a new way to get in here and if it wasn't for those boys in the green suits we'd soon have the country ruined again. I hope they soak this guy good."

As if by concerted thought, we left our chairs on the locust-shaded porch and strolled after the officers to the end of the street where the township court was located. I was struck at once by the simple directness



THE RANGERS PRESERVE THIS FOR YOU

of the justice meted out by the grayhaired old judge who presided. One of the rangers was sworn and in concise sentences detailed the circumstances of the fire. A bonfire, it appeared, around which the important man and his family had gathered the night before, had not been completely extinguished when the party left camp that morning.

About the middle of the forenoon the upstream breeze had fanned the smoldering embers into a blaze, sparks had whirled into the nearby grove of young pines, and for several hours the ranger and a crew of a dozen men had battled like Trojans to suppress the flames. While his crew was engaged in this work the ranger had, by a few shrewd questions, ascertained the description of the party and the number of the auto in which they rode. The telephone connecting the forest guard stations had done the rest and thirty miles on his way back to the city, ignorant of the damage he had done, the important man had brought his big car to a squeaking stop at the upflung hand of a statuesque horseman in the Service green.

The camper's disgusted protests availed him nothing. No more did his claims that he was a life-long friend of the congressman from that district or that his own business in the city imperatively demanded his presence, affect the young man on the motionless horse.

"Tell it to the judge, down at the Gulch," was the only comment the ranger vouchsafed. He turned his horse loose to graze in the little pasture where the flag floated over the gateway, got into the big car, and here they were.

The important man admitted building the fire, admitted having left the camp that morning; in fact, he practically admitted all of the charges the chief ranger made, but he contended that since he had no criminal intent, the escape of his fire was purely an accident and he should not be punished for it. He would have said more, principally about his influence and responsibility, but the judge cut him short.

"Your influence, community importance and past record mean nothing to me," the old justice averred, his iceberg eyes holding the surprised gaze of the defendant. "The law has been violated. You could not have been ignorant of the law, because by your own statement you are a man of intelligence and business acumen. It is fair to presume that you have read at least a portion of the great mass of educational propaganda that the Forest Service has issued during the past ten years. You would have instantly dismissed and probably also severely punished an employe who set fire to a rubbish pile in the rear of your store, thereby endangering your property and the property of your neighbors, yet you gave no thought to the damage you might do the property of the United States or to the resulting bill for fire suppression that the taxpayers, yourself included, might have to pay. Further, I feel that you have insulted these officers and this court by your lack of the proper spirit of citizenship and by your reference to your influential friends. You are fined in the sum of one hundred dollars, with an

alternative of a sentence in jail if the fine is not paid immediately."

There was no further comment. The only sound in the venerable courtroom was the drone of a buzzing blue-bottle and the rustle of paper as the defendant, his importance giving way to astonished chagrin, produced the amount of his fine from a plethoric wallet. This was evidently his first contact with the guardians of the forests and the realization that the government meant to enforce its regulations for the protection of its natural resources was a new thought.

I, too, had thought of rangers principally as fire fighters or as directors of the stream of tourists that each summer pours into the nation's mountain playgrounds. It had not occurred to me that these green-clad men had, among their other innumerable duties, that of enforcing the law. Through Higby's courtesy I became acquainted with the chief—or to use his proper title—the District Ranger and expressed my surprise that he was obliged to exercise police functions.

"The first thing that caused us to adopt a rigid policy of law enforcement," the ranger told me, "was the terrific increase in the number of incendiary fires. Back in the earlier days of the Service people who lived in or near the Reserves seemed to take it for granted that we were a sort of mounted police and they were correspondingly cautious about violating any of the regulations. There were few man-caused fires—in many Reserves, none. Because of the natural community antagonism to the reservation of large bodies of timber and grazing lands whose use had been open to the people without restraint for many decades, the powers that were decided that all field men in the Service should follow a policy of conciliation with disgruntled Forest users. There was much patient explaining of the visions and future plans of those enthusiasts who, with a foresight beyond their times, had seen that unless something was done it would be only a short time until the United States would be without a supply of timber sufficient for its own needs. In short, it was the belief that the ideals of the Forest Service must be 'sold' to the public by education, by propaganda, and by always or nearly so, maintaining an apologetic and conciliatory attitude.

"After a season or two an occasional fire, some of them accidental, others no doubt incendiary, began to appear. Large crews, involving the expenditure of much money, were used in the suppression of these fires, most of this money of course going to the benefit of the community in which the fire started. In one ranger district alone the Service spent \$14,000 in fighting fires during three months of the 1914 fire season and the neighboring district used up \$7000 in round figures. In accord with the then prevailing policy, no attempt was made to invoke the law against the persons responsible for the fires.

"Such a procedure could have only one possible result. The small per cent of irresponsibles or law violators who are to be found in any community seized upon the opportunity to indulge in their propensity for cre-

ating trouble and at the same time, secure considerable money by aiding in the suppression of fires which they, themselves, had set. Few arrests were made and even if some ranger, wrathful because of the repeated violation in his district, began an investigation, it was almost always dropped before it became a legal case. The situation became rapidly worse, particularly in the California district, where the man-caused fires increased until they reached the peak of twelve hundred during the season of 1915.

"Then came the war, with a consequent tightening of all government regulations and the powers decided that the Forest Service should tighten up on its regulations along with the rest. The California district, perhaps because of the pioneering spirit that is still existent in that state, took the initiative. A conference was called at San Francisco and after mature deliberation on the problem that faced the Service, a squad of specialists called, for want of a better name, the arson squad, was formed. This arson squad, being composed for the most part of men who had had police experience, began a mopping up campaign that struck terror to the hearts of the firebugs. The officers went after violators of Forest laws right and left, vying with each other to see who could make the best record. The top man cleaned up, during 1918, forty-three cases, many of the defendants being enemy aliens.

"The incendiaries were almost entirely eliminated, accidental fires and those in which negligence was the contributing factor began to greatly diminish in number, but best of all the field force of the Service began to see where the mistake had been made. They began to realize that laws and regulations were of no value unless they were enforced. There was, and is, no question about the soundness of the new policy. On my own district, now, I don't have to spend sixty per cent of my time in suppressing fires and I only spend ten dollars of government money in fire fighting where I used to spend one hundred."

A long time after the ranger had left for his station I sat thinking of the things he had told me. He had given me much general information, but I wanted more. He had opened my eyes to the real position of the forest rangers, a force of which the great mass of the public knows less perhaps than of any body of government employees. In interesting myself to learn more of this body of quiet, hard-working men, I discovered, buried amid the dry phraseology of official reports, many incidents, each of which could well have been the germ for a scenario or a story. I found that the rangers—though many of them do not themselves realize this

fact or else ignore it—are really qualified to be classed among the best of the mounted police forces of the world. It has been said by one who knows them all, that of the three great bodies of mounted men who have carried the law to lawless places on the North American continent—the Rurales under the first Diaz, the Royal Northwest Mounted, and the United States Rangers—the Rangers can show a greater progress in a short time than any.

Perhaps the men who organized the law enforcement division of the Service did not realize all this, but they undoubtedly did know exactly what they were doing when they planned the manner in which they would train the rangers. The manual of instructions they prepared is unique—the only book of its kind in the English language and copies of it are eagerly sought after by every student of criminology and every investigative officer who wishes to become a master of his profession. As a result of this three year training period, specialists in detective work, or central office men as they might be called, are no longer needed in the Service. Each man works out his own problems and is responsible for the respect due to the State and Federal laws that apply to his district. To know that this responsibility is keenly felt, witness this incident.

One sweltering August afternoon, a ranger whose station is one hundred miles from the nearest railroad, answered an imperative ring of his telephone. A man on a lookout point, miles away, reported a fire as just starting in some dense brush in a particularly inaccessible part of the district. The ranger looked at his watch and noted the time. It was two minutes past two o'clock. As he listened at the telephone the man on the lookout droned out the bearings and distances of another fire, then another, until twelve in all were counted, extending in a rough line over a distance of about two miles and almost encircling with a wall of flame two little homesteads a short way up the mountain. It was a quarter of three before the district ranger left the telephone that connected him with his patrol force.

By this time the forest officers knew beyond the possibility of doubt that an incendiary was at work. A careless hunter may start one fire; sparks from that might occasionally send up another thin column of smoke within the next few minutes, but twelve smokes extending in a semi-circle over that distance and in that location could only have been caused by someone of evil



IN THE SIERRAS

A serial story with a well woven plot. A mystery of tangled lives, the outcome of a past love affair and machinations of

The Boss of the River Gang

CHAPTER III.—(Continued from June)

WHEN Ben Esteban regained consciousness he was in a cabin among strangers who seemed legion. Weakness overpowered him; there was a strange sensation in his head, and feebly, he raised a hand; it came in contact with a bandage that enveloped it, and then fell helplessly on its mate which was also swathed in bandages.

"Where am I?" he whispered, as dazed by strange surroundings, his glances roved from one solemn face to another.

"He's come to, fellers."

Ben gazed up at the face of a man who stood beside his cot. "Make it stiff, Jim—put some life inter 'im."

A man stopped to prepare something in a tin cup, over a fire that roared in a clay chimneyplace, and the odor of brandy was wafted to Ben's nostrils. Raising his eyes to the face of the man beside him, he asked:

"What has happened? How did I get here?"

"Jiminy, young feller, but yo've had a purty close call; ugly thump, that, on yer head."

There had been a lull in the storm, but suddenly, the wind rose into a shriek and rain fell in torrents. Great drops found a way down the throat of the chimney and fell with sputtering hiss on the glowing coals, nearly extinguishing the fire and filling the place with smoke.

Slowly Ben's mental mists began to clear, and a wild light shot into his eyes as his thoughts, like half forgotten dreams, began to shape as memory stirred again.

"Tony; where is Tony?" he cried as he tried to rise. His voice was hoarse and he spoke with effort. "The river—"

"Here, boy, drink this." Jim gently pushed Ben back on the pallet and supported his head. "Drink this an' it'll warm you up. You musn't talk, or even think; and you're among friends."

"Tony; oh, Tony. Where is he? Does any one know?" Ben's words were a wail; a death-like grip was on his heart as his eyelids quivered, and closed, and his head drooped.

Jim held the steaming cup under Ben's nostrils and put a few drops between his lips. Ben's pathetic voice and wild questioning eyes had appealed forcibly to the kindly strangers who, in the heart cry of pain had sensed a tragedy of the terrible flood.

"Drink it, boy, drink it for—for your mother's sake," said Jim.

"Yes, boy, drink it for—for Tony's sake," urged the man who had been first to speak when Ben became conscious. "Drink it; we'll find Tony—if we can."

Slowly, Ben drained the proffered cup and soon was quietly sleeping. Many hours passed before he roused.

By Frances Hanford Delanoy

Youth and robust health were aiding him in the grim battle with death.

Outside, the storm was raging wildly. Winds wailed, and shrieked as though souls in torment surrounded the cabin where he lay; now near, now far, the tempest blew, rising into howls, dying away in whispers; and suddenly swelling again into piercing shrieks. Ben awakened with a start, and listened intently.

"Tony; help Tony. Oh God, where is Tony?"

The anguished cry rang through the cabin and awakened the sleepers. Jim was instantly on his feet and beside Ben. He lifted him as though he were a child and laid him down; sinking on his knees he restrained him as he struggled.

"I must go to Tony. He is calling me. Listen! It is Tony!"

Vainly Jim and his companion sought to quiet Ben. All night through, at intervals, as the winds rose high, he called: "Where—where is Tony? Let me go to Tony."

The strong and tender-hearted men could not answer Ben's question nor ease his pain, and delirium was soon upon him. Through the long struggle, Jim, tireless, and gentle as a woman, defeating death step by step, nursed the boy back to life.

Ben's wounds healed slowly. Convalescence was long and tedious, for his grief retarded recovery. His mind constantly dwelt on his cousin's fate; alternately, hoping and doubting. Always before him in memory, was the plank with its human freight, plunging, striking here, striking there, a plaything of the flood, until it struck the fallen tree where, shivering and benumbed, he crouched among its branches. Ben knew that the plank had struck him in the rebound, before it was whirled away with other debris. He had seen it lurch and spin a moment, before it bore down upon him and struck, and his eyes were fastened on the man who clung to it. He recalled a sudden shock of pain just before the man was thrown by the rebound, just as he reached out a hand to help him, and he knew that the face—like the face of one dead—was Tony's.

Ben vaguely wondered if it were possible that Tony could have survived. He would shake his head at the thought of pounding drift in the river, and fury of tumbling waters. Then, again, for a moment only, hope would stir.

"The incredible often happens. Tony said he would share my fate." He was restless, and had to talk. "I am selfish," he told Jim. "Had I not been fool-hardy, he would be living still. He stood by me to comfort me, and shared my danger. And I—I could not reach—help—Oh, Tony; Tony! Where is Tony?"

"This boy has passed through the river of tragedy;

no one could suffer more," said Jim, and he turned to face the door as he brushed away his tears.

"We'll miss the young feller when he's gone," said his companion, in effort to hide emotion as he drew his sleeve across his eyes.

SO soon as he was able, Ben set out for Northhaven where he arrived mentally and physically exhausted. He had believed it incumbent on him to personally inform Mrs. Celestine Esteban, then Denby, of the tragic death of her son.

Ben's mind wandered, and he was ill; the journey had wearied him, and his head throbbed. When questioned, he could only repeat: "Tony; Tony Esteban."

"Why, sure. It's Tony, back again. But Tony is sick; we must get him to the ranch somehow," some one suggested.

"No. Git him to the hotel an' git a doctor first; an' I'll go a-hossback an' notify Mrs. Este—Denby."

Ben was unshaved; his face weather-beaten, but colorless; his hands, from handling logs, still rough and calloused. Four years passing over the head of youth would necessarily somewhat change one's appearance, but Ben had the striking Esteban features, and Mrs. Denby—noticing that "Tony seemed taller," had him removed to her ranch, and gave him a joyous welcome. And as though to atone for past severity, she became a tender mother and nurse.

The turn of affairs in Mrs. Denby's house seemed a deathblow to Mr. Denby's expectations. He had not accomplished his purpose. He had come to believe that after a lapse of four years there was little likelihood of the wanderer's return; and he had chuckled to himself as he thought: "A few months more, and Tony will be legally dead; if I survive the madam—and I shall—well, I guess I'll be pretty well fixed."

Even a year had seemed a long time to wait with possible booty so tantalizingly near, and he had lately redoubled his efforts to involve Mrs. Denby's property in a way that would redound to his advantage.

Ben evinced a decided antipathy for Denby, and when in his presence seemed to be trying to solve some puzzling mental problem. His steady stare commingled curiosity and distrust, that Denby was not slow to comprehend. He wondered if Ben, while lacking power of verbal expression, were capable of mental process; and he hated, and feared him.

Quite soon, the supposed son became a source of contention between Denby and Mrs. Denby; and their quarrels increased in frequency, bitterness and violence.

Whether or not Ben understood, their loud and angry wrangling distressed him; and when he had gained sufficient strength to wander about the place he avoided the depressing influence as much as possible.

One day while wandering, he came upon a creek on the lower part of the ranch and thereafter spent his time sitting on the bank, with knees drawn up, elbows propped on them and his chin resting on his hands, watching the waves come and go. The stream exerted

a peculiar fascination over him and he never tired of sweeping it up and down with restless glances—always searching. When disturbed he would raise his mournful eyes and in deeply pathetic voice, repeat: "Tony—Tony Esteban."

Mrs. Denby would trust the care of Ben to no one. She always went for him before nightfall. To her he was quiet and submissive; but whenever Denby spoke to him, he looked him over as though he were a stray dog of uncertain temper.

Ben's condition was peculiar; he could not be considered insane. He seemed like a man dazed—in a fog. He understood every word spoken, but he did not converse.

Denby, in his own mind, was quite certain that under skillful treatment the young man's condition could be changed to normal, although he was careful not to suggest the possibility to Mrs. Denby.

Mrs. Denby noticed that whenever the boy was called Tony, his eyes deepened pathetically and sorrow seemed to shadow his face. One day she called him Esteban. His face instantly brightened and he nodded approvingly; and delighted to see him smile, she thereafter humored him.

All the emotions of which he was capable were warring in Denby's consciousness, and impatience one day broke bonds.

"The fellow is daft. Any fool can see that," he insisted. "Why do you continue to wear yourself out in profitless work?" he suavely continued. "If you only would let me take him to an institution it would be a saving of your strength, peace of mind, and shoe-leather. I could make all necessary arrangements."

"Do you refer to the 'pen' or the poorhouse?" Mrs. Denby looked the man over from top to toe, disdainfully. "I'll attend to my 'peace of mind' and I'm quite sure that I buy my own 'shoe-leather'."

"My meaning is plain, Madam; I suggested an asylum for—"

"What business have you to refer—"

"There can be no peace in this household so long as this—cloud, shadows it."

"I'm not complaining," she retorted.

"But, Celestine, you are wearing yourself out—"

"How exceedingly thoughtful of you. Don't borrow trouble on my account. This is my house, and my son says here."

Denby's lip curled. "Until he falls into the creek and is—"

"He'll not be drowned—"

"Have you made a will?" Denby suddenly put the question. His calculating attitude and the eager light shining in his eyes did not escape Mrs. Denby's scrutiny.

"That is a matter which doesn't concern you," she answered, with a warning flash of her eyes.

"I was thinking of the fellow's welfare; you know, don't you, that he is an incompetent?"

"It's really not worth your while to borrow trouble

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Proudfit Sivil's Try-Out

When the Law Came to the Mountains

THIS is the story of how one young mountaineer became a pioneer forest ranger back in 1903, in one of the great National Forests of California, then called Reserves. The scene is in the central Sierra region, somewhere between Stanislaus and Tulare, here called the "San Joaquin Forest Reserve." But dozens of people will remember little "Proudie," as his mother called him.

To begin the tale: San Joaquin Forest Reserve in 1903 was full of interesting troubles, even after its earlier sheep wars were well past. The famous "fighting sheep rangers," such as young Inyo, Old Arkansaw and weatherworn Ramsden, calmly rose to new issues and won priceless local standing by the cheerful, earnest, semi-humorous way in which they developed into cattle rangers.

It was high time, for they everywhere found need of patient work with restless, dissatisfied American pioneers. They rode everywhere through the mountains, improving the trails, and opening up new districts. Continually, with gentle persuasion and simple honest explanations, they held back the opponents of the new Forest grazing fees. Slowly, and yet surely, they created first in their own minds and then in the minds of others, those greater ideas of public service for which the pioneers of forestry were standing even then.

Proudfit Sivil, who lived with his widowed mother on their mountain farm east of Englishman Ridge, rode down to Dunlap Flat with two pack-mules for supplies. He held his head very high, and a little on one side in a way he had, and he appeared to be looking for sorrow, which came along the next minute, for it was the last day of school, and the children ran past, shouting "Pouter Pigeon Sivil! Uncle Sam's new Pouter Pigeon ranger!"

Tall, dark-eyed Sarah Dewly, the daughter of one of the leading cattlemen of the region and the oldest girl in school, felt that these amenities were not for her, but she encouraged them from where she stood with her chum, Alabama, by her swift remark, easily heard by Proudfit, who greatly and remotely admired her: "Seems to me the guv'ment is goin' to drive all of us plain folks out of our mountains."

"I wish I knew more about it, Sarah," said quiet and earnest Alabama Hamm. "Mother believes it will work out all right if we give it a fair show."

"All of us will be dead first, Bama," retorted Sarah. Meanwhile, blushing Proudfit faced his tormentors, the younger children of Dunlap—but he was short, beardless, and excited; his chin went further out, absurd mannerisms to which he was born became more evident. The children redoubled the energy with which they heckled him. He tried to speak but only stammered him-

By Charles H. Shinn
U. S. Forest Service

self into a forlorn silence. Finally he spurred his horse and hastened to the store.

The children, gathered around Sarah and Alabama, sent derisive shouts after the newly appointed ranger. The shrewd storekeeper, Uncle Joe Maxon, stood in his doorway, observed and inwardly smiled. "They pick it up at home," he thought. "Tough on Proudfit. Good stock there, but hasn't grown up yet."

A little later he took Proudfit aside and said: "Heard today you were one of the gov'ment crowd. What made you take it up? You live comfortable enough with your orchard and garden truck. It won't be popular work for anybody this year—not even for old true-blue Ramsden."

"No, it ain't," the young man replied slowly and painfully. "The other rangers talked me into it, an' Ma took a notion that way. But I haint had no orders yet, an' no salary, an' as ye might notice, I live mainly by joshin' these days. How does the thing really strike ye, Mr. Maxon?"

"Hard to say as yet," replied that worthy. "You are in, and you musn't run away. But go slow, and talk all your troubles over with your mother. Lots of folks will tell you to resign tomorrow, but I wouldn't advise that. Better bore straight ahead."

"But what do ye know, Mr. Maxon, that I ought to know too?" asked Proudfit, rising a little to the need of the moment.

Maxon looked somewhat harder at the young man. "Well, Proudfit, recent regulations don't suit the cattle-men at all; they are writing letters to their congressmen; some of the settlers want to sell their farms and their small bunches of cattle. I expect times will be hard this season, for people will just lie back to see what happens."

"Ramsden told me all that before I went in," murmured Proudfit.

Then several men who have had their cattle permits cut down or refused are thinking of driving in anyhow. Old man Dewly, with his thousand head of beef cattle, is likely to take the lead. Some ranger reported that his big mountain meadow had been overstocked and must have a chance to rest. That sets hard, of course. Dewly will make you trouble."

Proudfit took his supplies, loaded them and started home, with scarcely a word to his neighbors as they drifted in for mail. He felt however that they held themselves aloof, and everybody—as Dewly afterward said at Limpy Badger's saloon—"was quite sure that Sivil 'had better go amazin' slow about givin' orders to his neighbors." Then Dewly brought down his massive hand on the bar."

"A few more such smart men as Dewly," said the re-

joicing Limpy Badger, "could put this aggravatin' Forest out of commission in a year. None of us cared when half a dozen rangers was shapin' up the Basques, but makin' red-tape rules for Americans is dif'runt."

That night Proudfit sat by the hearthstone in black discontent, while his keen-eyed mother studied his countenance and mended his socks.

"What is the matter of ye, Proudie?" she finally asked.

"Don't call me that no more, Ma. This thing has ter stop somewhere. Ye named me Proudfit, an' call me Proudie, an' even the babies are yellin' Pouter Pigeon. I'll resign! I'll move out of this! I'll get the co't to change my name."

Mrs. Sivil looked at him with indignation.

"Proudfit," she answered, "ye cannot get shet of the name I give ye. It's mighty old;; it's worth carrying; it belonged once to men who did big things; it stands for a lot. Old No'th Car'olina Colonel Proudfit, back in the Revolution, was called 'the little fightin' gamecock of Yancey.' An' I 'low that ye carry yer head jest the way he did, an' walk the same, too. Yer name an' ways go with the stock. Ye've got ter hold it up. Make folks respect ye. Make the kids try to strut along jest as ye do. Yer father did it, an' ye ain't no weaklin'."

Proudfit's eyes snapped; she had somehow lit the answering spark within him. He looked about the rough log cabin and thought of his old mother's seventy years of toil, clear across the continent.

"Mother," he asked, "do I need more eddication?" She felt the new tone; her glance softened.

"Ye do, Proudie. But what ye needs more is to forgit that anybody is lookin' at yer, an' git clear wrapped up in suthin' big—reel big, an' lastin', an' outside of yourself. Mebbe 'tis the guv'ment work. Bein' a ranger may biggen ye. Ef ye get stiff an' narrer an' red-tapey an' fond of orderin' people around, it will make yer ol' pa turn in his grave. But ye won't do that. Ye will wake up an' slam around among folks, an' grow right inter yer responsibilities, till the other ol' wimmen, like Mrs. Hamm, make me happy by sayin', 'Thar's Proudie; he's a man clar through, an' the little fightin' gamecock of the Sierra'."

Proudfit sat long in silence, brooding over what she had said, gazing into the fine and pure old face, and thinking deep within himself upon the better side of his heritage from the past. At last he rose and kissed his mother goodnight, like a little boy—a thing which he had not done for years.

After he had gone Mrs. Sivil still sat before the fire. "It will be a hard row for the boy," she thought, "an' he needs all the help he can git. The rangers will most hev war this year. Guess I'll move around a little tomorrow."

"Now, Proudie," she remarked at breakfast, "yer ol' Ma wants some med'cine and some new ribbins today. So jest ye saddle suthin' for me an' ride off to yer work. Ef I stays all night with Mrs. Hamm or Auntie Maxon, ye can run the camp." So the bright-eyed pioneer woman

started off for a ride of anywhere from ten to twenty miles, as cheerful as a robin.

She came into the Dunlap store, where everyone gathered about her, for she had warm friends all over the region, so many had she nursed in sickness, comforted in trouble.

"Stay with Mrs. Maxon a week," said the storekeeper. "Come to dinner an' we'll fix it up, an' talk over old times."

"Carn't stop long this time, Mr. Maxon," she said, as they walked up to the house, "but is all this so 'bout Dewly's meanin' ter drive his cattle in 'thout a permit? That's hard on Proudie."

"Yes, it is, Mrs. Sivil," answered Maxon.

"An' it's harder on the people here, leastwise it will be in the end. Ain't ye an' all the rest of the old settlers here willin' ter wait an' even ter help this whole thing work out right? I'm an old woman, an' I've lived in six dif'runt states. I've seen forests cut clur off, an' farms washed right down the rivers, an' pasters tore up into gullies. Seems ter me there's suthin' big that is comin' along behind all this."

"Sometimes it looks that way to me, too," said Maxon; "sometimes it doesn't."

"Now, Joe Maxon," she urged, "we come across the plains tergether, an' we seen for ourselves what a country is 'thout trees. 'Scuse my old foolishness, but jist ye take holt an' give this thing a fair show."

By this time they were in the house, and Mrs. Molly Maxon welcomed her. Maxon kept turning the situation over in his mind, and thinking of old days, when Lorena Yancey married young Sivil and the whole neighborhood thrilled with the cry of "California gold."

"Well, Mrs. Sivil," he said at last, "I carn't do very much, but what I can manage is at your service."

Her face looked young again, and her eyes shone. "Aunt Molly," she laughed, "this here is my old schoolmate Joe, who used to call me Loreen, for short. When he was twenty-five he was sure bright; they named him 'the gray fox' at 'lection time! Now he's goin' ter manage this country, I don't know how, an' we will just natchilly take our orders."

An amused look hung around the corners of Maxon's mouth. "That sounds exactly like you, Loreen! But I can give you some of the story. The truth is that when we come right down to a show of hands, the rangers have plenty of friends, if they are mighty careful not to say or do anything foolish. You hear the loud talk from some cattlemen, and about public places, but the undercurrent of feeling is much more reasonable, if it's handled very carefully indeed."

"Loreen, I heard something today. There's long heads on the other side. Sarah Dewly was brought up in the saddle, as you know—and she's wonderfully popular everywhere. Well, school's out, and her father has put up a mighty smart scheme on the rangers. Sarah bosses the job. She and her younger brothers take

the cattle in without a permit." "Sarah Dewly!" cried Mrs. Maxon. "Yes, and she can do it. They are offering bets down at Limpy's that no man will stop her or bring her out."

"Poor Proudie!" said Mrs. Sivil. "And where are Ramsden, an' old Arkansaw?"

"Up to their eyes in forest work fifty miles from here;" replied Maxon.

"Proudie will need all his friends. He's ridin' today, an' he'll plck up this news. Thar he comes down the trail, an' here air Sairy's cattle."

The noise of an approaching drove of cattle rose nearer and nearer. They went out on the hillside, and saw Sarah Dewly attired in a new riding habit, and magnificently mounted on a mettlesome black colt of her father's best Kentucky stock, taking full charge of the difficult work of getting the cattle through the village. Every one realized that they were only to be taken to Dewly's upper farm that night, so as to cross the line of the Forest and head for the mountain meadows the next day. Every one in Dunlap ran out to see them, and few could help applauding the mountain girl, who was about to throw down her gauntlet at the feet of Uncle Sam.

By now Proudfit Sivil was sitting on his horse at the further end of the village. It struck Alabama, as she ran along the road to greet Sarah, that she had never before seen him look so earnest, so self-forgetful. A bunch of men in front of the saloon jeered him, but it was evident that he gave them no thought whatever.

"It's hard on Proudfit," thought Alabama, and smiled upon him as she paused. "But Sarah thinks she ought to help her father."

Pretty soon the cattle began to surge up the road past the ranger. Then the dashing mountain girl rode up.

"Sarah," Proudfit said, "do you have charge of these cattle?"

"Full charge, Ranger Sivil. Some are mine and I have father's lease for the rest."

"I hope you won't drive in without a permit. You know I can't stop you without further orders from those over me, but I shall have to report you, and I am mighty sorry about it, Sarah."

The girl looked at him with a sudden feeling that Proudfit was curiously in earnest, and not to be laughed at. She began to appreciate his hard position, and she was not quite sure about her own. She particularly disliked the cheers and jeers from the near-by saloon. "Hurrah for the Cattle Queen. Uncle Sam's little Pouter Pigeon had better resign." Deep within her heart the feeling that somehow she might be on the wrong side struggled for utterance. But she felt that it was too late to turn back. She

cast a dazzling look upon the ranger, and said:

"Thank you, Mr. Sivil, I must go ahead now. But I won't blame you for doing your duty."

Once more the cattle whirled past, and Proudfit, riding up to the store, was met by his mother and the Maxons. They held counsel together that evening.

"Well now," said Mrs. Sivil, "This is a Land Office Forest Reserve. We only call it a forest among ourselves. Everybody who tries ter git a ranch knows how pesky slow the Land Office is. Proudie, ye will write ter the boss, an' he will write ter Washington, back an' forth, an' 'bout the time them cattle is fat this fall, an' full ready ter come out, ye will git orders. Then mebbe Sairy, who is a good girl, will be in court for the next five years. That would make the guv'ment rediclus. Ef Sairy's mother was alive her ornary Pa c'd never have got her in this bis'ness. But what's ter be done, gray fox?"

Maxon thought it over. "Write your report, Proudfit. Show it to your mother and me. Make it short. Say plainly what you think should be done. Keep a copy. Then tomorrow we will begin to get at the heart of this trouble."

"What is that, Mr. Maxon?"

"Sarah, herself. Let us try to persuade the girl that the best thing for the Dewly family, and for the mountains is——" Maxon looked over the little group by his fireside.

"Ter hev Sairy fotch them cattle right out again," cried Mrs. Sivil. "Nobody can keep her from goin' back ter the summer camp, but ef she is reasoned into comin' back in a week or two, it ends the thing. Well, Proudie, yer old mother can ride back there, soon as Sairy is settled in camp."

"No," said Maxon. "Makes people say 'Proudfit had to send his mother to do his work.' You can do better, Loreen. Persuade another to ride back, just because she loves Sarah."

"That is Bama," said Mrs. Maxon, with sudden conviction.

"And her mother, Margaret Hamm, was brung up in the same county I was born in, back in Tennessee," added Mrs. Sivil.

"So you and my wife can spend tomorrow with the Hamms," said Maxon. "That is the line of work. You see Bama and Sarah are very close friends. Sarah stopped all the teasing over her name that poor Bama had to stand up under, when the family first moved in. She was worried most to death between her absurd name and her spunk."

Mrs. Maxon laughed out: "It was exceedingly absurd. Mrs. Hamm is a fine woman, but she doesn't always see when a thing is funny—and her husband named that poor girl Alabama Morandia Hamm. The children up here called her 'Slam-

bam' and 'Ham-bam,' and 'Yellow-hammer,' for she has such lovely golden hair, and they made horrid verses about her. Then Sarah stopped it, and Bama, who is growing up to be the brightest and best young woman in these mountains would do anything on earth to help Sarah."

"That's just it," said Maxon. "You only have to prove to Bama that Sarah is gettin' into deeper water, and she will wade right in to pull her out."

"And where do I get off?" asked Proudfit. "I can't let Bama pull out my chest-nuts."

"My dear fellow," said Maxon very earnestly, "There are times in every man's life when his real friends have the right to help him. No one will ever know how all this is managed. Bama will merely ride up there for a visit, Sarah will merely change her mind. You and I and nearly every one else will merely throw up our hats, hurrah for Sarah, and say she is the best girl in America. Then we will fix up a report, and ask for a permit on another range later for Sarah Dewly."

But Proudfit's face still wore a look of doubt. His mother spoke up.

"Proudie, let's think about Sairy, an' do this reel gentle. It'll be the makin' of both them girls, ef it works out jist the way Uncle Joe has put it up."

His brow cleared; his eyes answered his mother. Maxon, watching, suddenly felt a new and joyful faith in the younger ranger.

Ten days passed, and no word had come from Sarah Dewly's cattle camp on high meadows, whither Alabama had ridden sweetly in earnest and thrilled in her inmost soul with some prophetic sense of what the work of the Forest might come to mean for the people of America.

No reply had been received from Ranger Sivil's report. Nothing had yet been heard from the other rangers.

Proudfit stayed with the work, but he knew that petitions for his removal and for the granting of a grazing permit to the Dewleys were being circulated in Limpy Badger's notorious saloons, and that several cattlemen were considering the wisdom of driving in twice the numbers granted them.

One morning Proudfit rode past one of Limpy's saloons in the sawmill country, on the route to Sarah's cattle camp. He was alone; twenty men hissed him, and called him "Pouter Pigeon." Proudfit reined up, and looked them over, with a new sort of an expression on his face. It slowly dawned upon their minds that the young ranger was actually amused at them. "Now fellows," he cried, "I've really outgrown all that. It's the plain truth. I walk just as my father did be-

(Continued on page 33)

Ednah Aiken

By George Wharton James

"I NEVER expect to be a real writer," said Ednah Aiken to me the other day when I asked about her new book, "The Hinges of Custom." "What!" I exclaimed, "Not be a writer when your book went into a third printing before it was out three weeks?" "Living," she replied, "takes too much of my time. Though writing is a great thing to me, life is greater, as art is only imitation of life. No matter how absorbed I get in my scribbling, when life jogs my elbow, I respond every time and my work goes hiking."

And that explains, at least to me, why this new book, "The Hinges of Custom," while written in the winter of 1913-14, was not published until nearly ten years later, 1923. And thereby hangs a tale which it is my privilege to tell.

Ednah Robinson was born and brought up in San Francisco. She was related to the old Southern families that at one time as near as possible socially and intellectually, ruled San Francisco—the Jarbos, Crittendens, Thorntons, Van Wycks and Monroe Salisburys. Her father was a man of deep culture, who had the power of gathering around his fireside men and women who had thoughts and could express them, in literature, the drama, sculpture, or music.

She was one of the group that founded the Spinners Club, potent among the younger set for the study of literature, and later the Round Table. Then she herself started a club, and the Sequoia held its initial meeting at the home of California's honored historian, Theodore Hittell. Just a few of the names of the charter members of this club, half salon, half modern club for men and women of artistic and literary tastes, and presided over for many years by Harr Wagner, the present presiding officer, will show its quality; Mr. and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mrs. Alice Prescott Smith, the novelist, Miriam Michelson, noted as both dramatist and novelist, John McNaught, editor, Dr. William F. Bade, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Dr. Millicent Cosgrove, Porter Garnett, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austen, George Stirling, Jack London, Senator J. D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Graupner, Mrs. Sally Walter, Thomas Nunan, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Irwin, Dr. and Mrs. James Watkins and Maynard Dixon,—quite a galaxy of stars, not alone visible to the California firmament, but known and recognized as of the first importance in the international sky.

And then she married Charles Sedg-

wick Aiken, once an editorial writer under Fitch on the Bulletin, later Sunday editor of the Examiner under Bailey Millard and then chosen by James Horsburgh, Jr., that farseeing, high class promoter of all things that would advertise California to the world, as editor of the Sunset.

This is not the place, nor have I space to speak much of Charles Sedgwick Aiken, yet it is essential that a few facts be known that one may better understand his wife's career. He had already

one who regards her work done when she has "finished writing" a story or novel. She keeps on "finishing" it, eliminating, smoothing, changing, strengthening, until the work is as she desires. To many it will be news that it was first completed in the winter of 1913-14, and that she never intended to write anything of its kind. She asserts that when she first began to write, she deliberately turned away from the subject of marriage. Yet in spite of her will, it was brought home forcefully to her by



EDNAH AIKEN AT LAVENDER FARM

won an honored place for himself in western letters when in 1905 he married Ednah Robinson. He was one of the honored and well beloved members of the Bohemian Club, and was the Sire of the Bret Harte Jinks, one of the notable literary events in so notable a list as the Bohemian Club possesses, that is often spoken of today.

Following the death of Charles Aiken in 1911, it was natural that Mrs. Aiken should seek in arduous literary labors and travel in Europe, a new engrossing activity. Hence her life in Munich for a year, where she remodeled and rewrote her novel on the Taming of the Runaway Colorado River, and sent it to her publishers. After Munich came Florence, Paris and London, and it was on her way home that "The Hinges of Customs" was born.

I said there was a story to tell about "The Hinges of Custom." Had it been published when first written, it would have been the pioneer of so-called "marriage stories." But Ednah Aiken is not

the experiences of her friends and the many confidences tendered her. While she was in Europe, where marriage customs are so much more stringent, and the many exposures of infidelities and open flaunting of the conventional ceremony made her feel like "Aceteon, whom hounds pursued," without any idea of making a book, she turned and faced the problem thoroughly, and in Austria, Germany and France she made herself familiar with the marriage customs of the several countries. Probably in time a philosophical work on the subject would inevitably have resulted, but her ideas and purpose were crystallized by a visit to the studio of the great French artist, Matisse.

When the steamer reached New York the book "The Hinges of Custom" was outlined and practically constructed. In the meantime, Mrs. Aiken had been in London; had watched the bitter faces of the London women; had been in mobs when the suffragettes were struggling on the streets, and had been pushed back

by the London police. She had been brushed aside when trying to enter a bus and knew what it was to be lost in a fog. And as her last reading had been on the difficulties which English law put in the way of divorce, the scene of her novel was laid in London. Thus "The Hinges of Custom" became a specialized English instance of human bondage.

The first writing was soon accomplished and then came the final process of elimination. Just before the war broke out in 1914, the story was finished where it now ends, and had it been then published it would have been materially the same as it is now.

In the meantime she had published her first novel, "The River," and a little later, "The Hate Breeders," a combination of picture play and drama and a strong indictment of war. The "Hate Breeders" was slated for production in Chicago, and just at that time we entered the conflict, hence it is easy to understand that the plain clothes men who attended the earlier performances reported it as not conducive to popular approval of our entrance into the war and suggested that it be suppressed, which of course was done.

Already Mrs. Aiken had plunged with intense fervor into war and educational activities, in all of which her natural abilities were so apparent that she was thrust forward into leadership. Someone has written of her work in these lines: "Several years were devoted to the furthering of several bills, one making physical education compulsory in this state; another making the study of civil government and of economics compulsory in all educational institutions above the grammar school in the state of Arizona, one making evening schools compulsory upon demand of a group in California, and an International measure which was afterwards incorporated in the Hensley Section—the first international measure to become national law."

During these years, as side issues, Mrs. Aiken served in various capacities: president of the Second District Congress of Mothers, chairman of the Program Committee of the San Francisco City Federation of Women's Clubs—this during the feverish war years and later, as one of the vice-presidents of this organization. She also organized and served as leader of the Women's Army, an organization of several thousand women under the Council of Defense, and later was state chairman of Americanization for the California Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations. Simultaneously with her work for the government as the representative on the Coast of the Department of Labor in its educational department, Mrs. Aiken initiated and organized the work of the department of citizenship of the state, and was instrumental in having her

program accepted by the San Francisco Council of the American Legion, and later by the state body. During this period Mrs. Aiken lived in the Latin Quarter in San Francisco in one of the poorest of the settlements, acquiring the humility which she thought was needed in the work called "Americanization."

During this war period, while the manuscript of "The Hinges of Custom" remained dormant, the mind of its author was quickened into many and varied considerations of its theme. It did not take her long to be convinced that the war had changed things materially. She saw as other writers of books had seen, that in this marriage matter the doors of custom were going to swing on their hinges far more widely than before.

Further consideration led to the desperate determination to add a different conclusion to the book, so a dozen or more additional chapters were written, introducing war and post-war experiences.

Then came a singular series of coincidences. All the friends and the publishers to whom the revised and added-to manuscript was submitted, none of whom knew a thing about the original ending, without a single exception put their fingers unhesitatingly upon the original ending, and said the book naturally ended there and the rest of the work seemed out of place. Yet, said the critics, the subject should be continued, but in another book. Such a unanimous conclusion could scarcely be ignored, so the added chapters were removed and have already been incorporated into a new book which is on its way toward completion.

"The Hinges of Custom" is very different from "The River." While I have not changed my mind as to the charm and power of her first book, I am compelled to recognize that in "The Hinges of Custom," Mrs. Aiken has really found herself as an artist with an individual medium of expression. If I might attempt a brief analysis of Mrs. Aiken's new method, as revealed in "The Hinges of Custom," I should say that her distinctive quality lies in the fact that every word in the book revolves around the spiritual and mental reactions of the chief character.

I have long wanted to write my opinion of Mrs. Aiken's first real book, "The River." I know this river, the Colorado, as few men know it, for I have studied it inside and out, up in the deep recesses of the Glen, Marble, and the Grand Cañons and all along its course from the Grand Wash to the Gulf of California. My books, *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert and In and Around the Grand Canyon*, give some proof of my love for and knowledge of this wonderful country and river.

What of Ednah Aiken's future as a

writer? One thing is apparent; she is abundantly provided with material for writing and is well equipped and trained to give real literature to an eager and waiting world.

Happily and picturesquely located at Lavender Farm at Los Altos, surrounded by wonderful trees, shrubs and flowers, in the blessed valley of Santa Clara, and overshadowed by the glorious Santa Cruz Mountains of Bret Harte's love and devotion, she may now write to her heart's content. Already Lavender Farm is attracting lovers of literature of the west and visitors of literary taste from the east. Here David Starr Jordan may often be seen and occasionally be heard giving of his accumulated lore of wisdom, philosophy and travel experiences, and here many other literary artists and educational lights love to gather. In such surroundings and with such inspiring conditions and stimulating friends, the world has a right to expect much from Ednah Aiken's pen.

SAN FRANCISCO

By REGINALD C. BARKER

Like a Princess of the Waters
She slept beside the Bay;
As sunrise kissed the hilltops
One awful April day.
Like a lily bent and battered
By the fury of a storm,
She was burning, rent and shattered
E'er another day was born.

No modern necromancer
The city's fate foretold;
In mural hieroglyphics
As in the days of old.
It struck her in her glory,
It struck her while she slept;
One cry of desolation,
And San Francisco wept.

The tall steel buildings trembled,
Then fell with sudden crash;
And flames rose from the ruins
With fierce, vindictive flash.
The streets were strewn with dying,
The houses fell in lanes;
Mid roaring of the torrents
From bursting water-mains.

A mass of twisted girders
O'erhung with smoky pall;—
A holocaust half-hidden,—
A sudden falling wall.
Ten thousand score of people
Sans homes or clothes, or bread
Were searching mid the ruins
And weeping o'er their dead.

Bowed down beneath her sorrow
Beside the Golden Gate;
She buckled on her armor
And hurled her shafts at fate.
As Queen of the Pacific
She stands again today;
Resplendent in her beauty
And smiles across the Bay.

The Hoover War Library

By Ralph Haswell Lutz

In an address on European History and American Scholarship before the American Historical Association last December at New Haven, Professor Haskins of Harvard stated that the recent creation on the Pacific Coast of a great library of the world war offered a most convincing illustration of the ability of American scholars to overcome the material obstacles to research in European fields. Here in California has thus been created one of the greatest library centers for the study of the problems of the world war and the reconstruction of Europe. It is one of the significant achievements of the American universities during the past decade.

The inception of the plan of the Hoover War Library is to be found in a letter which Professor E. D. Adams of Stanford wrote to Mr. Herbert Hoover in 1914 urging the importance of preserving the records of the Commission for Relief in Belgium and Northern France. After the close of the war Mr. Hoover informed President Wilbur and Professor Adams that "fifty thousand dollars was available for an historical collection on the Great War if a suitable commission was at once organized and sent to Paris to undertake the work." Accordingly Professor Adams proceeded in May 1919 to the scene of the peace conference, and commenced that great undertaking which led to the establishment of the Hoover War Library.

It was indeed fortunate for the success of this unique plan that Paris was reached before the peace conference had drawn to a close. By approaching the various delegations to the conference and by later contact with their respective foreign offices, it was possible to secure excellent collections of government documents for the period 1914 to 1919 from forty-seven European, Latin American, and Asiatic governments. Not only were the war documents of the belligerent powers collected, but also those of the neutral states in order that their reactions to the world conflict might be studied with accuracy.

The principal allied powers as well as the lesser states of the entente were quick to respond to the request for historical documents. It was, however, not until November 1922, that the representatives of the Italian government informed the Hoover War Library that over half a ton of documents had been shipped from Rome to Stanford University. Important collections were also received from Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. In these German materials are

documents bearing upon enemy propaganda as well as intelligence reports of the central empires. Among the notable collections from the new states of Europe is one from Finland. In general the collections of government documents for the period of the war contain: diplomatic publications, military publications, legislative debates, food administrations, and materials bearing on the everyday life of the people of a state during the Great War.

Before the peace conference concluded its labors, Professor Adams was able to secure from the seventy delegations in

societies which were suppressed by the war governments of Great Britain, France, Germany and Austria.

During the world war, Sir Edward Grey referred to the Commission for Relief in Belgium as "a piratical State organized for philanthropy." It is a matter of pride that the executive documents and files of this, the greatest organization for philanthropy in all history, are now in the Hoover War Library. These form one of the most valuable portions of the Stanford collection.

Among the historical source materials in the war library, are the files of the



HOOVER WAR LIBRARY

Paris almost all of their Delegation Propaganda, which was either being presented to the peace conference to influence its decisions, or distributed to the press to control public opinion. Many delegations from unrecognized states were present in Paris, such as Carpatho-Russia, Fiume, Ukraine, Korea, Azerbaijan and others; from their representatives was secured practically all their propaganda. Much authentic as well as unauthentic propaganda was circulated at Paris, and rival delegations even distributed forged documents. Certain items are missing from the Stanford collection, as for example the Greek propaganda memoir on Rhodes, but its importance is realized when its total of 1298 items of authentic delegation propaganda is compared with the collection of 180 titles in the British Museum.

An exceptional group of materials is the Society Publications which includes the principal publications for the war period of over 600 leading societies in the belligerent and neutral states. As these societies influence public opinion and do the pamphleteering of the present day, their pamphlets and periodicals are especially valuable for a study of the effects of the war upon national life. They are also illuminating as representing group opinion rather than official or personal opinion. In the Hoover War Library are also the secret publications of

principal newspapers and periodicals published during the war in the allied and enemy states as well as in the neutral capitals. Of great importance in this newspaper and periodical collection are the extensive German, French, British and American governmental digests of the newspapers of the world. The foreign press files contain the leading daily government and anti-government papers of the great states. Especially interesting is the collection of Belgian newspapers and government issued trench papers. Of the army newspapers, perhaps the most famous one is the Liller Kriegszeitung. Finally the files of important magazines and other periodicals are represented in this collection.

In the group of rare collections of war material are the files of the Gazette des Ardennes, an official organ of German propaganda in the occupied French territory, which was edited by three renegade Frenchmen. The famous Libre Belgique is a secret Belgian newspaper published during the entire period of German occupation in Belgium. Similar to this is a file of secret Documents of the Moment issued in Poland during the German occupation. From Germany have come collections on food control and rationing as well as military and naval documents, while from Great Britain was

(Continued on page 33)



BOOKS and WRITERS

A CALIFORNIAN'S BOOK "The Reds Bring Reaction" By GHENT OF LOS ANGELES

YEARS ago Mr. A. J. Pillsbury, who had long edited the Tulare Register, started an able and progressive weekly, "The California Outlook." It passed through various vicissitudes, but some of the most thoughtful men in the state were connected with it, among them French Strother, M. Lissner and William J. Ghent, author of "Mass and Class," "Socialism and Success." His new book, bound in red and with a red wrapper, bears the imprint of the Princeton University Press. It expresses with much needed force the perils to civilization, the extremists, the radicals, the Bolshevik, the Communists, and all the rest of the Reds whose doctrines he has fought for years. Like Robert Hunter and all the wise reformers, he does not believe in violence but in calm reason, argument, discussion and meeting on common ground.

Mr. Ghent wields a trenchant pen. The case he builds up against the extremists in only 113 pages deserves to be studied throughout America. It is all the stronger because the author is a socialist within reason. He tells us: "This book is a commentary on the present reaction. 'Reversion' or 'regression' would be the better word—for what is meant is the swingback, the return, on the one hand, of a considerable element of society to states of mind and methods of social warfare once wholly discredited; and on the other hand, of another element of society, determined to place itself more securely in power. . . . This reaction is thus of two kinds—that of the extreme radicals, the Reaction of the Left, which rejects the lessons and standards of civilization and turns back to fanaticism, Jesuitry and physical force; and that of the extreme conservatives, the Reaction of the Right, which makes occasion of a period of social upheaval to regain its former privileges and to recover its lost ground."

In another place our author tells us that what really blocks the way to social reconstruction "is the fanatic, the emotional lunatic, the adventurer, the social Jesuit. It is they that divide the movement and at the same time strengthen the opposition. This was what Horace Greeley saw at the end of his long service to community Socialism; one gets much the same mournful verdict from Thomas Wentworth Higginson—not a radical, but a sincere reformer and a true man."

The book has six chapters: "The Armistice and After," "The Socialist Party," "The Reds," "The Hanging List,"

"The Super-Radicals," and "The Rejected Alternative." In the appendices and indeed throughout the entire book one discerns that Mr. Ghent's "socialism" is really based upon the hope of a "co-operative commonwealth." He has the courage of his convictions and utter fearlessness in assaulting the Reds. One of the best things in the whole volume is this: "That remote savage in whose brain first dawned the thought that the act deemed evil when done by another would also be evil if done by himself, was, in a sense, the founder of civilization. Doubtless, for his discovery, he was soon dispatched; but before yielding up the ghost he was able to convince some others, and from these the new concept spread to widening circles through the long generation. In every age have arisen groups and sects of fanatics, religious and secular, who have contested this truth. But in spite of them it won its way, and by reason of its acceptance mankind had ever advanced to new heights."

Then came the war, and of all the men of our time Mr. Ghent has most praise for Romain Roland, who once when asked his attitude towards life replied: "With the proletariat every time it respects truth and humanity. Against the proletariat every time it violates truth and humanity."

Charles H. Shinn.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD Oliver Herford's Choice of "Poems from Life" with New Classifications

IF we were given our choice of all possible editors to select the best things that have appeared in that famous weekly, "Life," these forty years, it would be none other than Oliver Herford, and here it is with most of our old favorites. We shall read them aloud to friends many times in years to come. The book (of 308 pages) is from Macmillan; and very fair to look upon. It would have been helped somewhat by an alphabetical "Index of Authors," but whoever has the volume will read all the poems anyhow.

Oliver Herford's introductory notes on "humour," in his happiest vein, tells us: "The most searching psychoanalysis of Humour in the English of today is to be found in George Meredith's famous essay on "The Uses of The Comic Spirit." The timid Essayist, launching for the first time into the treacherous depths and shoals of Humour, looks upon the Meredith masterpiece as a sort of life preserver. I have just been re-reading it myself, but I should have known better. It is only for the young and serious-

minded; when Meredith wrote it he was still in his forties."

Our cheerful editor goes on to discuss the war, the late Kaiser's moustache, Max Beerbohm, and Schopenhauer, which leads him to say: "When I look at his caricatures of Napoleon, I sometimes think it was Cruikshank and not Wellington that won the battle of Waterloo." Lastly, he explains his plan of grouping the poems each according to the musical instrument that best represents its particular note. He began with the Lyre, followed it with the Lute, the Trumpet, the Drum, and finally came to the Saxophone, the Piccolo, and the Phonograph.

There are fifty quotable poems that look beseechingly at a reviewer of this book. How can one neglect Arthur Guiterman's "This is She," or Chris Morley's "To a Child," or Berton Braley's "In the Subjunctive?" But several of the best poems are by Theodosia Garrison, and though somewhat long for the occasion, who does not know the wholly feminine Mary-Molly of "Enigma?" Here she is:

"We go to church on Christmas Day,
Mary and I, sedately.
My sweetheart softly gowned in gray
With quiet step and stately;
She will not smile at what I say—
Her lashes veil her cheek—
What saint devout e'er knelt to pray
With face more calm and meek?
I would not dare to touch her hand,
Of very smiles I'm charly;
Some things no man may understand,
But this is—this is Mary."

"We go to Martin's Christmas night,
Molly and I, for dinner;
Whose smile so quick, whose eyes so
bright
As those of my sweet sinner?
We chat, we laugh, we toast, we quite
Lose sight of the hereafter,
I—and my darling heart's delight
Aglow with fun and laughter.
Beneath the cloth I press her hand,
My chum, so sweet and jolly;
Some things no man may understand,
But this is—this is Molly."

Charles H. Shinn.

"VACATION ON THE TRAIL"

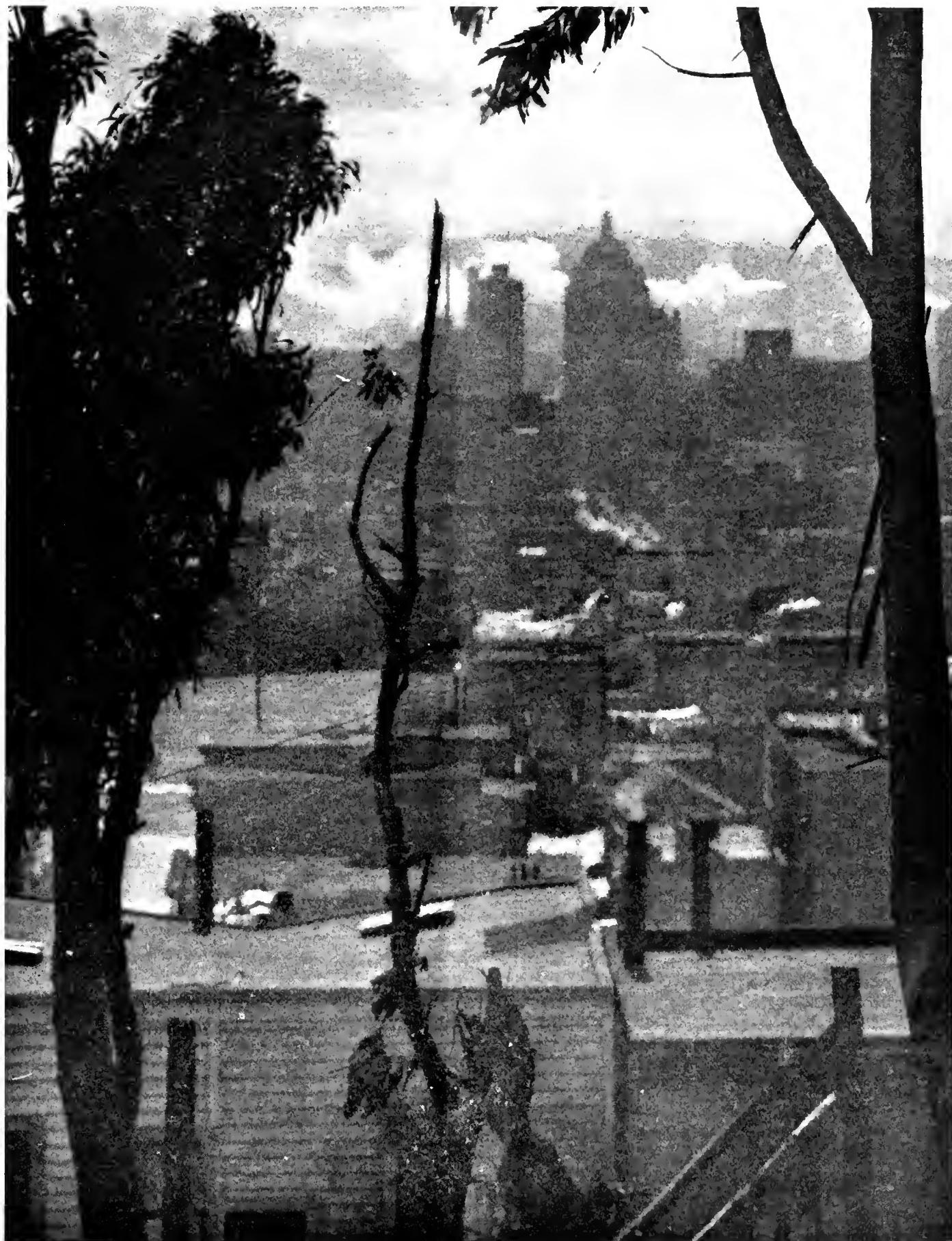
Another "open country" book, No. 4, of the series by the Macmillan Company, entitled "Vacation on the Trail," by Eugene Davenport, has just been published. It is a record of personal experiences in the higher mountains of the Rocky Range, with complete directions for outfitting of inexpensive expeditions, and while written around Colorado settings, it contains much that will be found useful further west.

All lovers of the great outdoors will be pleased with this work (The Macmillan Company, New York and San Francisco.)

July, 1923

OVERLAND MONTHLY AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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SAN FRANCISCO FROM TELEGRAPH HILL

Books and Writers

(Continued from page 30)

Literary News from Oregon

By VIOLA PRICE FRANKLIN

MISS MINNA L. HARDING, Professor of Public Speaking, Willamette University, has sold 12,000 copies of her popular operetta, *Yanki San*, said to be one of the best in its beautiful Japanese setting. A great musical composer in New York City is now setting to music the lyrics in her last operetta, "The Bird from Mars," and this one is considered a most excellent production and will soon be published. The setting is in Italy and in Paris. Miss Harding has also written some inspiring poetry about Oregon scenery.

Edison Marshall of Medford, who won the O. Henry prize for the best short story in 1921, has gone to Alaska for some months where he is gathering material for another virile novel of the North. It is reported that he has received about \$40,000 in the last four years for his western stories.

His closest rival now is Charles Alexander of Albany, who recently won the prize in the O. Henry award, as ranking third for the year 1922, with his story in Collier's entitled, "As a Dog Should." Mr. Alexander has rapidly risen to national fame for his Black Buck stories in the Blue Book Magazine. Editors commend his finished style and his interesting plots. Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing these stories out in book form under the title, "The Fang in the Forest." His work is compared to that of Jack London. His stories thrill with forest life and are true to Oregon scenery. He is editor of literary pages in the Sunday Democrat, Albany, Oregon, where he has achieved remarkable success and is doing much to advance the cause of good literature.

The Oregon Writers' League is happy over the fact that one of the O. Henry prizes has been awarded to an Oregonian for the last four years. Alexander Hull, Maryland Allen, Edison Marshall, and Charles Alexander are the writers thus honored. Can any other state show such a record?

Anne Shannon Monroe, our enthusiastic president of Writers' League, is hard at work upon a new novel. The setting is ranch life in the vast estates in eastern Oregon, with which she is so familiar. Her aspiration is to make this a definitive novel of the life that is fast disappearing. Miss Monroe's "nuggets of wisdom" as her uplifting essays in Good Housekeeping might be called, are popular. She is to the womanhood of America what Frank Crane is to the manhood.

Hazel Hall, Oregon's poet, whose work is in great demand, has recently issued a second volume "Walkers." For finish and spiritual power her poetry is compared to that of Sara Teasdale. "Walkers at Dusk" won the Bookfellow's prize.

It was stated that Mary Carolyn Davies had a dozen books to her credit for the holiday trade. Her poetry for children is very popular. She reminds one of Eugene Field in her closeness to the child heart. She is spending the winter with Portland relatives.

Mrs. Grace E. Hall's first book, "Home-

spun," has been well received and her poems widely quoted. They have a Longfellow ring to them that reaches the heart. "Cutting" has purchased several poems to be illustrated and her book has been syndicated.

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, author of "The Conquest," "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," has returned from a winter in Hawaii, where she gathered material to finish her forthcoming novel dealing with the acquisition of Hawaii. It will doubtless be as popular as her historical novels are. She is vice-president of the Oregon Writers' League.

When Hugh Walpole was in Portland recently he asked for a free afternoon, when he might do as he pleased. He chose to spend it with Hazel Hall whose poetry he admires.

Henry Seidel Canby, editor Literary Review, New York Evening Post, writes that he expects to be in Portland early in June and assures Mr. John Hotchkiss, our genial host of The Poets' Corner, in J. K. Gill's large bookstore, that this corner will have the greatest attraction for him while visiting Portland. It has already become the rendezvous of all lovers of literature where they love "to sit a while" and bring their eastern literary friends.

Vacation Days



In California

Are the days of the year just as the

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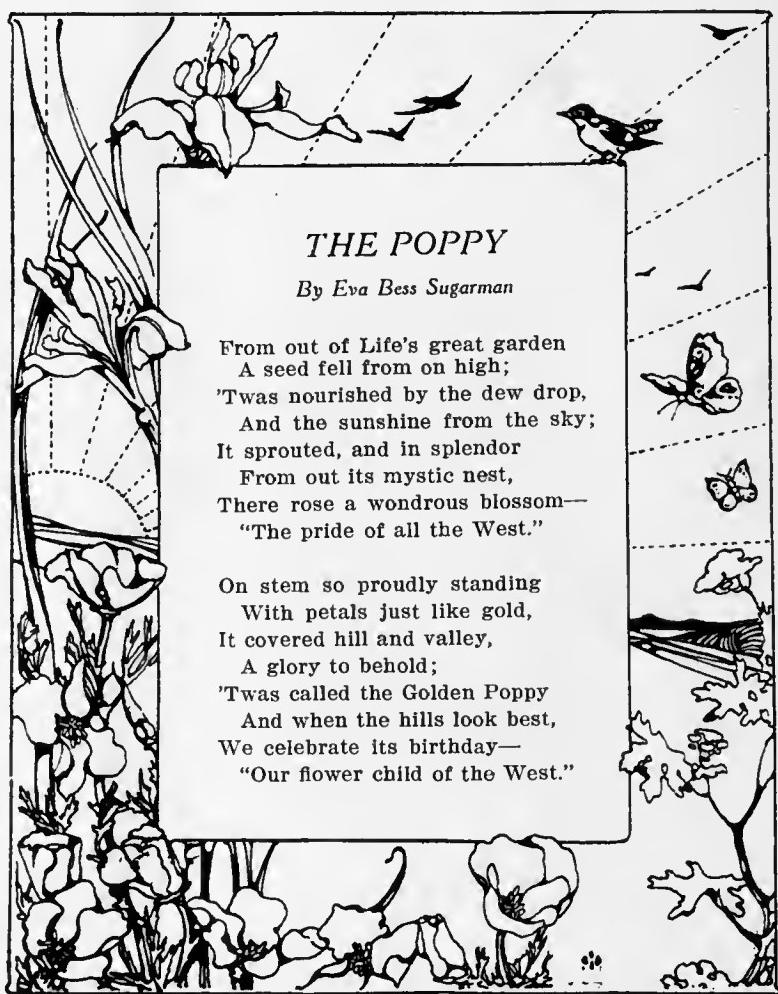
OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

(Consolidated)

Phelan Building - San Francisco



Proudfit Sivil's Try-Out

(Continued from page 26)

fore me, and I'm mighty proud of his memory."

Big Dan Oliver, the cattleman from Broad Meadows, a leader of men, spoke up from where he stood between his two deep-chested sons. "That settles it, Limpy. We change sides right here." The three walked out in the road and shook hands with the little ranger.

Before another word could be spoken the two old rangers, Ramsden and Arkansaw, rode out of a trail, which led north into the pines, and began to greet many friends in the group.

"Where from?" asked Oliver. "Out of the snow, and five weeks on hard trails. Lost two horses. Came down to help Ranger Sivil, but he doesn't seem to need it, Sam."

"Tide's turning fast, Arkansaw," said the big cattleman. "Don't know what will happen next, but Sivil will make a first-class ranger."

Before another word could be spoken every eye and ear in that group were roused by the far-off murmur of tramping feet, and the sight of tossing heads far up the canyon, as a great drove of unwilling cattle were being hurried down from their cool mountain pastures into the dust and heat of the foothills. Limpy Badger and his main supporters drew unconsciously apart from the three rangers and the three Olivers, and all watched in hope and fear to see what these things meant. Swiftly then came the vanguard of Dewly's cattle, around a curve and out of the pines, driven by the two mountain girls, Sarah and Alabama. The Dewly boys were following fast with the rest of the herd.

The girls rode up, and Sarah seeing the line of cleavage among the men, turned with the ranger group, and spoke out clearly and bravely, so that all heard and understood.

"How are ye, Ranger Proudie?" she said. "Here we be; trespassin' cattle an' the wicked girl that druv them in! Never'll catch me at this foolish game agin, Proudie Sivil!" She laughed at him, and shook her gauntleted hand in his face. Suddenly she sobered down.

"Railly, now, Ranger Sivil, our family means to support the guv'ment after this. We aint no Bascos."

She held her head very high, as she set her spirited horse; Alabama shone like another and calmer glory beside her. Ranger Ramsden caught the psychological second, and waving his hat, with the old Land Office badge upon it, shouted "Hurrah for the two best and smartest

girls in the whole Sierras, from Mexico to Alaska!"

Wildly the men cheered, and then, while Limpy led his defeated group into the saloon, the rangers and the Oliver boys rode out to help the girls. Together they drove the cattle home to Dunlap.

HOOVER WAR LIBRARY

(Continued from page 29)

received the "War Book Club" collection which was an attempt to place in one library "all books about the war."

Perhaps the most unique group of materials is a Russian collection which recently arrived at Stanford comprising fifty-seven large cases. During the past two years Professor Frank A. Golder of Stanford University has been able, with the permission of the Soviet authorities, to gather this collection of documents, books, pamphlets, propaganda works, newspapers, proclamations and posters. It covers all phases of Russian history since 1914 and contains invaluable source material on Russia's foreign policy in 1914, the collapse of the autocracy, the overthrow of the Kerensky government, and the Bolshevik revolution. It is undoubtedly the most extensive collection which has come out of Russia since the war and together with other materials now here forms the greatest archive for a study of Bolshevism beyond the Russian borders.

Classified as ordinary book material are the important war books which appeared in all states during the war and since the armistice. From Brussels has been secured practically all the literature about Belgium and the war. The French collection gathered at Paris contains the principal war works published in France since 1914. A recent shipment of over 5000 titles was organized under the direction of the celebrated French historian Gabriel Hanotaux. The German, Austrian, Hungarian, and Bulgarian book and pamphlet collections represent almost all the important war works of enemy publicists since 1914.

War propaganda works issued during the war to aid the national cause are presented in large numbers. The British Foreign Office has presented a great collection of "Wellington House" propaganda books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers. More important is a gift from the British Government of the "War Information Library" of the Ministry of Information, a collection of four thousand items of enemy and neutral propaganda, revealing dramatically the governmental as well as the popular attitude toward

the war. Worthy of mention in this war library are, too, the odds and ends of picturesque and rare publications of the war, propaganda pamphlets dropped over the enemy lines, posters, placards, war currencies, war stamps, trench papers, secret Bolshevik literature, army orders, and forceful documents of official propaganda.

In the field of research, the Hoover War Library stands forth as a great contribution to the scholars and research workers of America. Here may be studied the social, economic, and political phases of the war for all nations but especially for Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia, Germany Austria. Here are government documents illustrating the changes in the lives of the great states, as well as the birth of the new states of Europe. Here may be analyzed the psychology of the peace conference. Moreover the work of collection goes on for the present time since for Europe and for the whole world it is increasingly evident that the years since the conclusion of the war are but a continuation of a world catastrophe.

California possesses in the Henry E. Huntington Library in Pasadena the finest collection of Shakespeare's Folios and Quartos outside the British Museum, if indeed it is not superior to the latter. Our next issue will carry a review by George Watson Cole, Librarian of the Huntington Library, of Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett's book, "Mr. William Shakespeare." All lovers of Shakespeare will look forward with interest to seeing this story.—(Editor.)

ROBERT E. HEWES

Author of "The Mate of Barcelona"

After a lean existence in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans, where his stories were regularly rejected, this writer shipped out in the "Black Gang" of a tramp steamer and hearkened to the same lure of the tropics that had cast its spell over Joseph Conrad, Jack London and the host of other adventurers. Many of Hewes' stories are colored with his own romantic experiences among the Indies and other Caribbean countries.

Robert E. Hewes arrived in San Francisco, which he calls "the city of my dreams," as a steerage passenger on a steamship, and has for several years made this city his home following many years of roving. His long struggle for artistic recognition is now being rewarded, and his sea stories and tales of San Francisco's Chinatown published in the Eastern magazines have won him high praise. An outstanding characteristic is his versatility, and his stories run the gamut of life . . . princes . . . beggars . . . prima donnas . . . sailormen . . . All are caught in the web of his weaving, and moments in their lives painted with poignant fidelity.

Among the admirers of Hewes' work are Robert W. Service and Konrad Berovicci. In a recent interview Jim Tully wrote of this young author's work: "Some of his stories are of high literary quality. His women characters are often painted with startling understanding and sympathy."

The Mate of Barcelona

(Continued from page 11)

terrible one, and now, suddenly, he was dimly conscious of some other thing awakening within him, something that he was vaguely aware, how he did not know, might find a response in this girl. It was something he was to become more and more aware of during the days they were thrown together at sea, and he began to wonder if, after all, life could not be something more than a tragedy?

Juan early learned Antonia's history, how she had been orphaned of some old shipmate of Jornson's and how he had reared her from a child. Too, he learned of the skipper's love for her, and marveled that the man could be capable of such tenderness. It was almost pitiful.

It was one day after weeks at sea that the thing happened, and it found Juan unprepared for it. The skipper had sent him below to his cabin for a sextant and he was searching through Jornson's desk for the perpetually misplaced instrument when he opened a tin box. There, on top of some papers, lay a woman's photograph . . . the counterpart of that in the locket the mate wore about his neck!

And suddenly, the mate knew that all these years of hoping he had been unprepared for the thing. At first the realization of what had happened awoke no conscious emotion in him. He was aware only of a great vacancy. Then he realized he was smiling. At the same moment he looked down at his hand which clutched the edge of the desk and saw it gone marble white with tension. The next minute he had found the sextant, and with a control that surprised himself went on deck. But he was not thinking; his mind was still stunned by the terrible suddenness of the thing. Like an automaton, he crossed the deck and handed the captain the instrument.

The skipper glanced at the mate a bit curiously, but it was not until after he had taken his observations and pricked off the vessel's position on the chart that he spoke.

"We're due off the coast of South America, Mister," he said.

The mate came to realities with a jerk. At once he was his old self, quiet, controlled.

"A Spanish country," he said carelessly, "but not like the old one, eh, sir?"

"No," said the skipper, "they never are, these new countries."

"Its a wonderful land, that Spain. Now take Barcelona, you've been there, sir?" Juan's eyes clung to the skipper's face . . . in hope . . . in fear.

Suddenly the captain's hands clutched the chart he held till the paper was crumpled. He gazed off across the hazy blue of the swelling sea before he replied. As he turned his face was clouded with a mighty emotion.

"Yes," he said, "I've been in the port."

Abruptly then, he turned and went below. Juan felt rather than saw his way to his own cabin, where he made a prayer of thanks that that other prayer of his had been answered.

Day by day as the voyage continued Juan planned how he should avenge, planned with a devilish joy . . . a joy tinctured of such bitterness that it seemed to scorch his mind. No ordinary punishment could suffice for this man, he must conceive of some horrible thing that would strike to his very soul, that

would make of life for him a living death . . . he should suffer as his mother had suffered. Sometimes the mate had an awful fear that such things as he thought must show in his face. But his life had been too little given to expressing his emotions for that. Besides, he was too much of a nonentity in the skipper's eyes for the man to read anything. As for Antonia, if she sensed the change in Juan she did not show it. She was too used to strange moods in her foster father to wonder at the subtle change in the mate.

Those were terrible days for the mate. There were times, when he stood near the skipper, that he had to turn away to control himself, and more than once his fingernails bit into his calloused palms until the blood came. He must wait, he told himself fervently, and prayed for strength to wait.

It was in a south sea island port of call the schooner touched that the thing culminated. The mate had seen riding in the harbor a dirty, ragged little schooner which he recognized as an inter-island trader which touched civilization not oftener than once a year. He had gone ashore that day, and talked with the Portuguese skipper of the schooner. When he returned that evening Jornson's schooner was quiet. The watch below were either asleep or ashore while that on deck played cards in the forecastle.

For long minutes the mate stood there on deck, in the darkness, looking up at the stars. Then, quietly, he went below.

The captain was sitting in his cabin, reading, when the mate entered. Jornson looked up, and sat silent, unmoving. But it was not the gun in the mate's hand that struck him dumb with foreboding, but that unfathomable thing he saw in those hard eyes. He made no resistance while the mate gagged and bound him, for a cry would easily reach the crew in the forecastle. He sensed the futility of that. He stared, in slowly growing foreboding while the mate left the room. He had not seen that thing in any man's eyes before, and it gripped him.

Antonia opened her door at the mate's knock, then shrank back as she read the terrible thing in his face, that struck her like a blow. She caught a hand to her breast nervously, then, her woman-fear alive, made a move to shut the door. But the mate was through it, and clapped a hand over her mouth before she could scream. For one awful instant she struggled, and the iron muscles of the mate were strained to crush that terror-inspired fragility. Then she fainted. It was that way the mate gagged and bound her, then carried her to the captain's cabin.

For just a moment, as he held the warm lightness of her in his arms, the mate was struck at the frail innocence of her, the appealing beauty, but then the hideous thing rose in his mind and he saw her only dispassionately, as an instrument through which he could hurt as in no other way. The black plant of hate, nourished of years of bitterness, was flowered. That newer and finer thing that had been budding was choked.

Inside the cabin, slowly, with a terrible deliberateness the mate tore open his shirt, still clutching the girl in one arm,

and pulled the locket from about his neck. He held the picture before the captain's staring eyes, and he had not thought there could be in life such horror, suffering, as he read in the awful realization that came to them.

The girl was revived now, and her eyes opened, but they closed again when they looked at the mate's face. She shuddered, as one does in a nightmare.

The mate was bending over the captain now, and his words came searing-hot, like things forged of fire.

"You robbed my mother of her honor," he cried, "and me of a name. Now, I'll rob you . . . of this!"

As the mate caught up the girl in his arms and backed out of the cabin he saw all the agonies of hell in that face before him.

Half an hour later the mate and his burden were aboard the dirty Portuguese schooner, money had passed between him and the ugly skipper who leered in evil knowing, and the boat was putting to sea.

By morning the schooner was out of sight of land. That same day Juan came to Antonia's room and told her she should know no harm, but should be kept a prisoner aboard the schooner, on which he had signed as mate and which was to trade among the little visited groups of the south sea islands, where Jornson, though he search a lifetime, might never find her.

There was no fear in the girl's face now, even before he had told her that. And that hurt him more than if he had seen horror there. She simply accepted the edict in a sort of awe-struck fascination at the thing that had come to the lives of these two men . . . Jornson and the mate.

In the months that followed the vessel poked in and out of the coral waters of palm studded lagoons, trading with the natives on these far-flung fringes of the earth, never sighting other craft except canoes.

There was a strained conventionality between Antonia and the mate. They might have still been aboard Jornson's schooner, for that. But in the girl's unprotesting calm was a silent accusation that struck at the mate deeper than anything else could have done. There were times when he found himself craving a look of understanding from her, then he laughed at the incongruity of that very thought. Anything, he felt would be more endurable than that silent, unprotesting accusation.

But gradually a change was working in the mate. It was a subtle thing that for long he was not himself conscious of. But at length it became too big, too vital a thing for him to be unaware of it. He tried to fight it, but it would not be denied. The seed had been planted, it would bud. More and more he felt it reviving from its first terrible smothering and fighting that other and darker plant. It was one star-lit night after long months that the thing bothered him till he left the deck and stumbled to his cabin where he sought relief in the halo of justification he held over himself.

He tore his mother's locket from his neck and gazed at that tragically beautiful face. He cried as he whispered:

"Revenge . . . mother mine . . . your avenging . . . !"

Then, suddenly he had fancy that the picture of that sad woman and the cameo of the Virgin seemed to float together and merge into a lighted vision of his mother that hovered there before him.

She smiled down upon him sadly and shook her head gently . . . and her face glowed with that wonderful love that had known no bitterness . . . only forgiveness . . . then she reached out a remonstrating hand . . . and there came to him vividly, with a start that sent him stumbling to his feet those words of hers:

"Be good to women, boy!"

Was he being true to that faith? He covered his face with his hands to hide that accusing vision. Then he looked again at the lighted face before him . . . and in those gentle features he saw now a sweet appeal, a compelling faith . . . then the vision clouded to mist and he saw only the locket . . . he stood with closed eyes and clenched fists. Somehow, he had a feeling that some mission had been accomplished. The newer and finer thing in his mind was flowering now, and the black plant was stifled. He stumbled to the wall and buried his face in his arms.

"O God . . ." he sobbed, "Please . . . God!"

For a long minute after the door of Antonia's room opened in response to the mate's knock he stood there with vacant eyes, staring into space. Then he saw she was standing there before him, watching his face curiously. And at once he was conscious as never before of the sweet purity of her beauty. She listened in a strange silence while he told her he was going to take her back to her foster father.

"I can't right my mother's wrong by hurting you!" he cried.

For just a moment he fancied he read pity in the woman's eyes, then he saw in them only that calm accusation. Hungry he searched for some look of forgiveness, of understanding, but as he stumbled away he had a feeling of being terribly alone in his suffering. Too, he had a feeling that some wonderful thing that had once been very near to him had drawn an immeasurable distance away.

It was two weeks later in an island port of call that Juan saw by the maritime reports that Jornson's schooner was listed for arrival at Singapore soon. He signed off the schooner and a day later he and Antonia took a steamer for the Straits Settlements.

It was night when they found Jornson's schooner. As they walked down the shadowy docks Juan marvelled that he should ever feel so dispassionately toward the man they were approaching. The only passion he felt now was that other thing, tender and warm. A thing nourished by that light he now at times almost fancied to lie glimmering just beneath the surface of the eyes of the girl who clung to his arm. He thrilled to her assured dependence upon him, and had a vague feeling of something, once far away, that was returning wonderfully close in his life.

For now he knew he loved her, wanted her. He hungered for this woman as he had not thought he could desire anything in the world . . . even that black hope! And a great exultation stirred in him that each step seemed carrying him nearer to something good and true. But then, again, there were awful moments when he felt that that other thing that had grown in his life for so long must still rise, a sinister shadow. That life was a tragedy. That fear sent him cold inside.

Perhaps it was fate, maybe it was luck, or again it might have been something

else which dictated that Jornson should be crossing the gang-plank of the schooner onto the docks as Juan and Antonia stepped from the shadows.

There had been one change in the skipper's life, his face now showed there had been a second. There was written in it the marks of the tortures of hell he had suffered these months. That had made him a haggard, haunted man, now known as a cruel slave-driver of crews, a terrible master of iron.

The skipper did not see the girl, he saw only Juan and for a moment he closed his eyes, as though he thought him a hallucination. Then he opened them again, and with a realization of the reality of the vision, there flamed in his face the knowledge that an awful prayer of his had been answered. Rage and delight burst there, and he crouched. Then, with a cry, he sprang upon Juan like a tiger. Juan tried to avoid the infuriated man, but the captain was upon him, and they struggled in a terrible embrace while Antonia stood, paralyzed with fear.

For long, awful minutes the men fought, and abruptly it flashed upon Antonia that Juan was being crushed, the life choked out of him by the mad hands of the skipper. Still she was unable to move.

Then, suddenly, the captain's hold on Juan loosened and his heavy bulk slipped to the dock, strangely limp. In awful suspense she saw Juan staring, then he struck a match and stopped.

Juan crouched in fascinated horror as he stared at the blood rushing over the hilt of the knife that had found a vital point in the captain's side. Then Antonia screamed, and sailors came running from the schooner. Abruptly Juan awakened to a swift realization of the terrible evidence there before him, and turned. Even as he ran he heard the sailors shouting.

An hour later Juan had thrown his mate's cap and coat into the sea and in a pawnshop purchased old clothes and a battered felt hat. Then, disguised, he slipped aboard a steamer he knew was sailing for the south seas in the morning. He knew he could hide, undetected, in the shaft tunnel until the vessel was well at sea.

Months later Juan was a wandering beachcomber in the islands. But even in his ragged unkemptness that same dignity clung to him. As in the old days, it commanded respect, even if not friendship. For he was unwelcomed of the other tropical characters because of what they called his "airs."

There were moonlit nights on those white beaches when Juan spent terrible hours alone with his soul. He had tried to build his life on hate, and failed. Then, it had been too late for love. But had it, he asked himself? True, the joy of love was denied him, as all joy had been denied his life. But it was there, he clung to the warmth and purity of it as the last thing left him. It was that love alone gave him strength to keep above the temptations of the beach life, the gin, the native women with their alluring dances and warm appeals, all the degradation he saw other white men succumb to. It was that same love that kept him from embracing the invitation he sometimes saw in the cool depths of the coral seas.

So he wandered along the shell-strewn sands of the palm fringed islands, half

in fear of being found out, half not caring . . . alone and friendless.

It was after long months that the outcast was drawn back to those same islands among which he had cruised with Antonia a prisoner. It was that same love that drew him, he could not deny. And there, one day, he stepped from the palm jungle back of a trading post to see riding at anchor off the green lagoon a schooner he recognized as Jornson's!

Juan's first impulse was the hunted animal's one, to flee. He saw a boat had put out from the schooner and was riding the waves toward the island. It was a figure in that boat that held him standing there, spellbound. He watched while the craft beached and that figure sprang onto the sand—Antonia!

And suddenly Juan glimpsed prison walls . . . all the wide, calling freedom of these wave-washed beaches and palm shaded jungles shut out . . . too he saw a rope, and oblivion. But at once he knew he would give all freedom, life itself, for one close glimpse of her, one drink of those brown eyes, to see what lay in their depths.

The girl did not recognize him until she had stopped a few feet away; then she stood, like he, silent, staring. She did not look at his ragged and faded trousers, his torn shirt, or bearded face, but gazed into those tragic, eloquent eyes.

Desperately, as one who stands on the gallows and knows he is seeing his last glimpse of life, Juan drank the wonder of those eyes before him, in which he had so often saw silent accusation, then hope, and which were so often unfathomable.

"Juan!" she came close.

He laughed harshly.

"You've found me," he still devoured her eyes, "I'm ready . . ."

There was a stricken look in her face.

"But Juan!" she pleaded, "you do not understand, I know . . . you are innocent . . ."

He stared at her.

"You . . . know . . .?" he repeated slowly.

"Yes . . . afterwards, the knife was identified as belonging to a Malay whom father had rope's-ended upon the high seas. The police found him hiding in a waterfront dive and grilled him. He confessed he had lain in wait for revenge. Then, in the struggle with you he saw his chance, palmed his knife and threw it."

For a moment Juan stared, vacantly. Then he passed his hand before his eyes.

"I—I . . . realized the evidence against me . . .," he stammered, "and . . ."

The girl laid her hand on his arm.

"I understand, Juan," she whispered, "I hoped you might return to these islands, and have been searching, so long!"

Suddenly it seemed to him all the sunlight of those jeweled seas had concentrated in her face, he caught her arms, and gazed into her sparkling eyes.

"You . . . searched . . . for me!" he cried.

And at once it came to Juan vividly that all life was opening before him, freedom, love . . . could be other than a tragedy, it could be wonderful and pure and joyous . . . he looked at the pulsating creature there before him, that he felt throbbing under his hands.

Then, with a shock, there rose out of the tragic past the hideous shadow that had haunted his whole life and his mother's before his. He realized, vividly, that he had no name to offer this girl

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Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park

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glory. It is in these nearer and more intimate aspects that the exquisite beauties of the valley reveal themselves. In these lower levels there are thousands of acres of gently rolling meadows, dotted with evergreens and beds of wild flowers, and interspersed with hills and ridges through which silvery trout-filled streams make their way to the deep canyons.

Few spots, for instance, are so impressively beautiful as Loch Vale, with its three shelved lakes lying three thousand feet sheer below Taylor's Peak.

Adjoining is Glacier Gorge, at the foot of the precipitous north slope of Long's Peak, holding in its rocky embrace its own group of three lakelets. The wild basin, another beautiful area, with its wealth of lake and precipice, still remains unexplored and known to few. Throughout the park the vacationist has the Rocky Mountains at their very best, everything considered.

Finding the Way Through the Park

The visitor purposing to make himself fairly familiar with the park can do nothing better than study his map, which shows everything within the park area, including all the mountain peaks and their elevations, including even the elevation of the valleys. Then bear in mind these general outlines:

The boundary lies about a mile west of Estes Park Village. The main range carries the Continental Divide lengthwise in a direction irregularly west of north, while in the northeast the Mummy Mountains amass superbly.

On the east side, from the village of Estes Park, a road runs south, through and skirting the park and eventually finding a way to Denver, via Ward or Lyons; from Estes Park also, a road follows the west side road to Grand Lake, thence to Denver.

Denver. Other roads penetrate Horseshoe Park, Moraine Park, Bartholf Park, and other broad valleys within Rocky Mountain Estes Park, where hotels and camps abound.

One road leads to Sprague's, a good starting point for Glacier Gorge, Loch Vale, and Flattop Trail. Another leads to the several excellent resorts of Morraine Park, convenient places from which to start for Fern and Odessa Lakes, Trail Ridge and Flattop Trail. Along the Fall River road are several hotels from which one may start for Lawn Lake and Mummy Mountains. In the south of the park are several hotels on or near the road, which are convenient starting points for Long's Peak. At Copeland Lake there is a comfortable lodge from which one can conveniently reach the Wild Basin.

The Fall River Route Probably Finest

The Fall River Road to Grand Lake on the west side is perhaps the most picturesque. This road parallels the Fall River, crossing the Continental Divide through Milner Pass, at one point reaching an elevation of 11,797 feet above sea level. It passes through Horseshoe Park and comes within sight of Horseshoe and Chasm Falls and Iceberg Lake. Before crossing through Milner Pass beautiful Poudre Lakes are passed, then descending the west slope the road follows down the Kawuneeche Valley to the lake.

The passage from dense forest to timberline and above it is here a matter of

minutes. The ascent is inspiring, and the conquering of the Divide with the view beyond of the superlative valley of the Poudre River and of the sheep-haunted heights of Specimen Mountain, is highly dramatic.

There are many other roads and trails, in fact the park may be crossed and re-crossed by many routes, all of them revealing unsuspected beauties of mountain and valley.

Everything Else in Keeping with Scenery

In the matters of climate, sports and other diversions, and in hotel and other accommodations, Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park leaves nothing to be desired.

Take the climate first. Due to the altitude it is extremely favorable to outdoor life. The air is light, very dry, and has a wonderfully invigorating effect, especially upon those accustomed to lower levels. The sunshine is genial, warm, bright and almost constant during the summer months. Very rarely are there all-day rains, the occasional afternoon showers being of short duration. The sun shows itself almost constantly.

As for sports, you may take your choice. There's golf; five fine courses laid out in the blue skied parklands. For tennis playing there are many fine courts and the player finds the weather ideal. Then there's motoring and tours in infinite variety; horseback riding over mountain trails that wind and wind through forests, over hills, down valleys and up to the mountain tops. The fisherman finds the lakes and streams well stocked; the hunter finds within a day's journey from the park one of the wildest sections of the Rockies, with every chance of getting a deer or a bear, perhaps even a shot at a mountain lion, wildcat or wolf.

Hotels, camps, cottages and cabins are scattered throughout the park area. Estes Park Village has some specially fine hotels, where every convenience of the metropolitan hotel is available. The vacationist may rough it all day long, and at night find himself back in an atmosphere of elegance and luxurious comfort, with music, dancing, motion pictures and card games for entertainment.

Camps and Hotels

The experienced camper and the "back to nature" enthusiasts who delight in living in the wilds night as well as day, need not come within miles of these refinements of civilization. The park affords many fine sites for camps, and these and log cabins are scattered throughout the park area. It is not everywhere that one may have such latitude in choosing accommodations, and it is one of the features most appreciated by the vacationists.

Whatever one's idea of a good time may be, more than two hundred and fifty thousand annual visitors testify to the fact that here in this mountain playground one may come tired and nerve-shaken, with the city's cares weighing one down after a year of steady grind, and within a few hours find a quietness and restfulness that does wonders for one's disposition. Two weeks is a short time—three weeks to a month is not enough; but even two weeks' time is sufficient to work a change well worth the

HAMLET

(Continued from page 14)

the original text ruthlessly had been made. Time, I think, has settled the matter. Fechter's Hamlet is now regarded as a queer yet fantastic conception, not great nor near great—just a brilliant, sensational flare-up.

Thomas W. Keene, "Tom" Keene to both friends and public, possessed wonderful versatility. Like the great actors of the nineteenth century, he spent years in mastering his profession before he considered himself as having the right to star. In one season, in the East, he appeared twice a day in all sorts of parts. Once, at an afternoon performance, he played "Sir Francis Levison" in a burlesque of *East Lynne*. Many prominent actors were present, and Keene's entrance was followed by a hornpipe that brought down the house. At the close of the dance Keene stood on his head and began to address "Lady Isabel" while in that position. Loud guffaws greeted the mirth-provoking act, but Keene kept a soher face and maintained his pose until the end of the speech. He was at home in either comedy or tragedy, and fairly reveled in pantomime or burlesque. Old-time patrons of San Francisco's California Theatre in its palmy days will remember Keene's antics as ludicrously exhibited in *The Trip to the Moon* and other burlesques. John McCullough, then lessee of that theatre, saw Keene on a New York stage and was so favorably impressed that he engaged Keene to take the position of leading man at the California. This was in 1874. For several years—while his engagement lasted—Keene was one of the greatest favorites that had ever acted in the Golden State. His versatility flowered in the California climate and during his engagement he ministered to every grade of theatrical taste. In the late seventies he took to the road as a star, and one of his favorite roles was Hamlet. In this part he scorned tradition and attempted by the compelling power of his methods to make the character of the Prince of Denmark clearer, more intelligible and more realistic than had been shown heretofore. With his clear sonorous voice, his mobile face and his flashing eyes, he pictured a perfectly sane man, not a poetic entity full of marvel and mystery. In the great scenes Keene's methods were entirely his own and met the approbation of the gallery. The tone in the major part of the text was conversational, but there were times when he exceeded propriety. He could not resist the exhibition of his greatest failing—

little expense involved. Then one is easily good for another year's mileage at the old stand back home—good until next year's vacation in this country, for they usually come back for more.

tendency to rant, to "tear a passion to tatters." In the corridor scene with Ophelia and also at the close of the scene of the players before the king, he was too violent, lacked polish and failed to give a proper conception of the part. Yet, all in all, Keene's Hamlet was a very creditable piece of work.

One of the greatest actors of his time was W. E. Sheridan, who will be pleasantly remembered by old San Franciscans, for his longest and most successful engagement was played in the city by the Golden Gate. He had an imposing physique and a deep musical voice of the greatest carrying power. For a long time he was leading man for Edwin Booth, and his starring period began a few years after the close of the Civil War, in which he served with the rank of captain. W. H. Daly, who at one time was stage manager of the California Theatre, once said: "In my opinion Sheridan can play a part better than any other actor on the American stage if he makes up his mind to do it." He was, indeed, a great actor and he did everything well, though his Hamlet was inferior to any of his other impersonations. He could read the lines beautifully, he was never cold nor monotonous. He seemed always to be charged with fire. I saw him in the part in one of the central California cities and I was thrilled by the power of his acting, by the terrific energy of both his rage and his despair, yet I could not fail to see that he did not quite realize my conception of the character. There was latent within him a dynamic force which when loosed was calculated to sweep an audience off its feet. In other parts, in which philosophy and mysticism had small place, he rose to the greatest heights. His Louis XI, I believe, has never been equalled, and he was strongly effective in Richelieu, Othello and Shylock. Poor Sheridan! But for the same faults which cut short the careers of Edwin Adams and John McCullough, he might be living at the present day. He died in Australia about twenty-five years ago after a prolonged bout with John Barleycorn.

Tommaso Salvini, the pride of Italy, was a splendid actor, and while he lived he stood among the foremost of the world's great tragedians. In plays where force and passion were needed he was without an equal. During his American tour, which included California, the power and beauty of his acting compensated in large degree for his inability to speak in any language but his own. He was a man of fine proportions, strong limbs and the eye of an eagle. In his great scenes he swayed his audiences from pity to terror, and where his characters showed striking contrasts these contrasts were cleverly woven into a grand and symmetrical impersonation.

He was great—magnificent is a better word—in everything he attempted except in the part of Hamlet. There he was out of his line, and after he had seen Edwin Booth in the role of the ill-starred prince he was frank to admit that the American actor had a better conception of the part than he had. In this connection, Alexander Salvini, son of the great tragedian, and himself an actor of much promise, once said: "I shall never forget my father's surprise when he first saw Edwin Booth's Hamlet. In Italy my father had been accepted as the ideal Hamlet, and he probably considered his own performance a very good one, for like other great men he does not undervalue himself. As he watched Booth's performance he grew white with suppressed excitement, and when he left the theatre that evening he said: 'I know nothing about Hamlet, nothing. My conception all these years has been entirely wrong. Booth has taught me tonight something I had no idea of.'" And then the younger Salvini added: "What my father meant was that in everything that was philosophical about Hamlet, Booth was immeasurably superior. He did not play Hamlet after that for a long time, but he studied the part in off moments, and when he went back to Italy he played an entirely new interpretation, closely resembling that which he had seen. The Italian critics went into raptures over his new Hamlet, but whenever he is complimented on it he answers: 'It is not mine; it is the Hamlet of a great American actor named Edwin Booth. I only copy him.'"

Several American actresses have played male parts upon the stage, among them Charlotte Crampton, who for several years was hailed as the "Queen of American Actresses." In her youth she was of exquisite form, her head was a marvel of beauty, while her voice of rare sweetness and depth had a compass as wide as it was thrilling. After a brilliant Eastern career, in which she won in all she attempted, from The French Spy to Hamlet and Romeo, she came to San Francisco. At that time she had within her the seeds of death in the form of uncontrollable appetites. In 1867 she played an engagement in San Francisco, which was shortened by illness caused by her excesses. Other misfortunes overtook her, and when she had nearly recovered her health, she found herself penniless. The theatrical profession, represented then in San Francisco by Edwin Adams, John McCullough, James A. Herne, D. C. Anderson, Harry Jackson, Harry Edwards and other stage favorites, engineered a matinee benefit which was billed for the Academy of Music on Pine Street. As Miss Crampton was in disrepute with the public, English and Chris, two popular stage hands, were publicly announced as

the beneficiaries. Hamlet was the play, with Miss Crampton in the title role. The other members of the cast were composed of professionals and amateurs. For some reason I was given the part of one of the gravediggers. George M. Caprico was "King" and Sam Piercy, then an amateur, but afterward leading man in Edwin Booth's company, was "Horatio." The house was not large, but good-natured. The first act proceeded well enough, until Hamlet finds himself alone after his exciting interview with the "Ghost." As Miss Crampton was about to kneel and speak the lines, "Adieu, adieu! Remember me. I've sworn it," her sword dropped from her hand and she fell over upon the stage. Lambert Beatty was stage manager, and when he saw that the actress did not move he rushed forward and lifted her in his arms. The audience was as still as death, not understanding what had happened, but fearing the worst. "My God!" exclaimed Beatty, "she's dead!" And then in a lower, yet audible voice, "drunk." And so she was. The play came to an end and Miss Crampton was driven to her lodging place. She never again played in San Francisco, and a few years later died a miserable death in an Eastern city.

Anna Dickinson, prominent advocate of woman suffrage, turned from the lecture platform to the stage some years after the death of Charlotte Crampton. Hers was a notable performance—notable in its extreme oddity and utter disregard of the established rules of acting. It amused while it interested, but the critics dealt so harshly with it that Miss Dickinson soon gave up the notion that she had in her the elements of a great actress. Her idea of Hamlet was that he was a younger man than was generally supposed, and that recent liberation from the companionship of school friends accounted for his timidity, uncertainty and inconsistency. He was simply a boy moralist, who needed travel and experience to set him upon a safe and sane course. The long lines of the part, notably in the scene with the players, were cut, and many of the lines of the inferior characters were restored. Miss Dickinson thought that the changes and additions she made would materially assist the action of the play. It was also her opinion that her figure, straight from the hips, her platform habit of striking out from the shoulder, instead of from the elbow, would aid her qualifications to act the manly part. But sad to relate, these features called forth laughter, not applause.

Louis James' Hamlet seemed to me a travesty on good acting. And yet James took his stage work seriously. But why he ever imagined that his voice, figure, movement and lack of expression would fit the part of the subtly philosophical Hamlet, will always remain a puzzle to

me. In the part he was ponderous, phlegmatic, characterless. His Hamlet lacked distinction and got him nowhere. Not that James was, generally considered, a mediocre actor. In other parts—of the heroic sort—and in light comedy, he shone, sometimes with the effulgence of a star. His greatest role to my mind was that of The Jester, in *Francesca Di Rimini*.

Robert Mantell's Hamlet showed a higher intelligence, clearer and finer reading and more evenness than was exhibited in the Hamlet of James. And yet it will never rank among the great Hamlets of the world. It was—well, too beefy. In Macbeth and Othello he was more at home, and in these and other roles his great ability has been successfully demonstrated.

Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet was far superior to Mantell's. In appearance and action he reminded me of E. L. Davenport. He gave a clear, scholarly interpretation and his delivery was smooth and finely shaded. He was modern in his arrangement of the text and never allowed passion to resolve itself into almost unintelligible mounthing. Like Booth, he followed the advice of Hamlet to the players, and never spoke so as to "split the ears of the groundlings." But he lacked the delicate, spiritual quality so richly displayed by Edwin Booth, and although his performance was highly satisfactory to Shakespearean scholars, as a whole it was not considered as great as that of his gifted predecessor, Henry Irving.

Hamlet was Frank Wilton's strong drawing card in the "tank" towns of the state. For good reasons he never produced the play in San Francisco. He was for a time the husband of Ellie Wilton, a capable actress and public favorite. Early in his career his convivial habits caused first a separation and then a divorce. For several years—in the late sixties—he was at the head of a dramatic

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ECHOES

By NAN ROADS HAMILTON

The birds are singing lustily,
Near my cabin by the sea,
Singing songs so wild and free,
Singing all of joy for me.

The waves are echoing joyously,
Echoing backward from the sea,
Echoing there alone for me,
Through my garden by the sea.

HERBERT BASHFORD

Herbert Bashford, playwright, author and dramatist, has written a beautiful bit of verse entitled, "Yosemite," which is published by Harr Wagner of San Francisco. There are some noble lines in this poem and it is splendid reading.

Mrs. Leland Stanford--As I Knew Her

(Continued from page 5)

where the supposedly fabulous city existed. Mrs. Stanford also financed the Di Cesnoli Expedition which recovered the specimens of ancient Egyptian glass and pottery, now in the Stanford Junior Memorial Museum.

The carping critic may say truthfully that the Memorial Museum, containing the son's exhibit and other personal relics of the Stanford family has little scientific or artistic merit. Maybe not. But it is surpassingly rich in sentiment and idealism.

Out of her own purse Mrs. Stanford erected this substantial and ornate building. The fury of the destructive earthquake of 1906, which wrought such havoc elsewhere on the campus, left no mark on this well built structure.

When it was time to install the exhibits, the Curator, with fine tact and delicacy, asked Mrs. Stanford to arrange and label the objects. Upon completion of the task, Mrs. Stanford, in her deprecating way, said to him:

"If any one asks who placed these things, say it was done by an old lady who loved them very much."

This memorial building with its family heirlooms is the very heart and center of the great gift which leaves an indelible imprint over the whole town of Palo Alto, and is a perpetual benediction.

As to what manner of woman was Jane Lathrop Stanford, let her life work speak for itself. The Memorial Chapel erected "To the Glory of God, and in Loving Memory of My Husband," is structurally one of the finest chapels ever built. Its ornamentation is unique, characteristic and very expressive of Mrs. Stanford's creedless religious ideals, her taste and refinement. The assembly hall, and finally the magnificent library building, costing \$750,000, were the personal gifts of Mrs. Stanford to the university.

Nothing in her career is more touching than her lonely journey to London, during Queen Victoria's Jubilee, with the intention and hope of selling her splendid collection of jewels for the benefit of the library endowment. She did not succeed. Subsequently in her will she created the "Jewell Fund" of \$500,000, thus assuring the future of the library which is destined to contain one million volumes.

On June 20, 1893, Senator Stanford died at Palo Alto. Then Mrs. Stanford's real troubles began. The probating of such an enormous estate was an herculean task. The severe panic of that year made matters worse, and it looked for a time as if the project for building the university would have to be abandoned. The tying up of the estate cut off all sources of revenue, the big farms increased the burden of expense, and to complete the disaster the United States Government sued the estate for \$15,000,000. This was done to tie up everything the Stanfords owned until the debts claimed from the Central Pacific Railroad were paid. It was a high-handed proceeding, but such things are often done where a lone woman has valuable holdings coveted by someone not clearly entitled to them. In this case, the joint owners of the railroad declined to help Mrs. Stanford, and she fought their battles and paid all costs rather than see the university fail.

Then it was that big men came to the rescue. The highest tribute possible to pay Mrs. Stanford was the unbounded confidence reposed in her by her life companion. Other men trusted her wise judgment and at the end of six years of struggle the estate came fully into Mrs. Stanford's control. Then her prudence, patience and wisdom were shown in the management of the properties which were soon put on a paying basis. During the ten years Mrs. Stanford was building the university she increased the original endowment by a million dollars annually.

At no time did she neglect her other charities. Looking after all details herself and in close consultation with all of the heads of departments, in and out of the university, she still found time to do the little kindnesses which endeared her to those in closest association.

If, in any of her struggles with life, Jane Lathrop Stanford was beaten, she never knew it.

In the dark days David Starr Jordan and the members of the faculty had to consent to being classed as personal servants in order to get a portion of the money allowed by the court for household expenses while the will was being probated. The debts and legacies amounted to eight million dollars, and in panic times this sum was hard to realize on any kind of security.

Finally the skies cleared and Mrs. Stanford felt at liberty to turn the university over to the board of trustees, and to take for herself a well earned and much needed rest.

Her vacations consisted of trips abroad, where she could add to the art treasures of scientific objects, with which she richly endowed the university.

When the institution opened October 1, 1891, there were 485 students enrolled. At the time Mrs. Stanford sailed for Honolulu early in 1895 there were 1400 in the student body.

Attracted to the sunny skies of Hawaii, Mrs. Stanford started on a tour of the Orient. In Honolulu, death, mysterious and shadowed, came suddenly upon her, on February 28, 1905. But this "grand woman of the great heart," as she has been rightly called, was well prepared for the transition. She had completed every detail of architectural plan, permanent management and munificent endowment of her lasting expression of mother love when the summons came.

Those who knew her best were glad that she was spared the knowledge of the ruthless wrecking of her beloved university by the earthquake of 1906.

In this supreme crisis the trustees, faculty and student body assembled under a grand old oak standing on the campus and solemnly pledged themselves to rebuild the fallen structures. These promises have been faithfully kept, and the original purpose has been sanctified by the sacrifice of all concerned.

The women at Stanford reacted to the calamity by making 500 layettes for the newly born homeless ones of San Francisco's double visitation. This action would have cheered and strengthened heart-hungry Jane Lathrop Stanford had she known it. For this, too, was a universal expression of mother love.

STATE LIBRARIANS AT YOSEMITE



THE LIBRARY A COMMUNITY INVESTMENT

By MILTON J. FERGUSON, Librarian, California State Library.

The librarians of California have just concluded a most successful convention in Yosemite National Park. Had Mr. Taxpayer been present and heard the many papers and addresses he would have been, more than ever, convinced that every cent the state spends on its libraries is money so well invested that it will be bringing in returns long after the investment has been forgotten. The libraries need and deserve the support of every citizen.

AFARMER once suspected his son of indulging in reading, a pastime in his opinion altogether damnable, because it meant the waste of time which should be spent in hoeing, or plowing, or milking. The boy, it was true, was a victim of this vice; but he could take it or leave it alone—depending upon the whereabouts of his sire. One day the old man came upon a book, a dime novel in fact, hidden in the corn crib. He was about to destroy it when the impulse to look inside stayed his hand. The thing proved to have such a fascination for him, scorner of soft practices that he was, that he came in time to wink at his son's reading habits, and even to permit books to be brought into the house. That incident took place a while ago. The farmer of today is not ashamed to learn from print; he recognizes the importance of new facts, and gathers them wherever he may.

The one time animosity of the farmer and of the business man generally to the book arose, no doubt, because of its impractical nature. It was purely recreational—a side now easily and fully justifiable—and in the stilted fancy of the author of other ages, portrayed a life far removed from the pathway of the average citizen. It was a day dream which, while it sometimes made the reader dissatisfied with his lot in life, offered no way out.

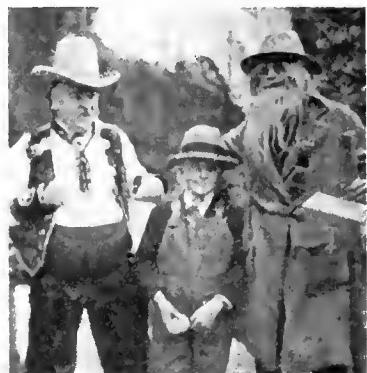
The modern librarian has not forgotten the recreating tonic which is found between the covers of a book. He sees the necessity of a change of scene for the man and woman working under the stress of present day conditions. He holds that the printed page has a wholesome, an invigorating quality not to be found in

equal measure in some of the more popular amusements of the day, such as the motion pictures. He is convinced that the power of the book to reduce the strain on the nerves of the business man and woman could be reasonably advanced as full justification for its cost. In fact, he has come to take as a matter of course the inspirational and the recreational quality of his service to mankind. If no further value could be claimed for the book, it would be justified.

But in more recent years the library has taken on a new important aspect. It has become a business asset. During the past year especially, the California Library Association has devoted itself to the thought that the library worthy of public support must not only recreate, inspire, entertain its readers, but it must also contribute to their economic, professional, trade welfare. Great business concerns throughout the nation are installing special libraries with a staff of trained workers, and are finding that the investment returns a satisfactory dividend. What proves itself in such instances is altogether capable of being enjoyed by small business through the use of the city and county libraries, without the expenditure of any money beyond the very moderate sum paid toward the library tax.

Our schools are better attended today than they have ever been before. At the same time more men and women are taking correspondence courses, are using books for definite improvement purposes than ever before. It is easily possible for a man to become cultured, to become an authority, an expert through his own efforts aided by the information to be found in books. And the encouraging

WHO ARE THEY?

California Press Association Visitors
By D. H.

THE delegates of the California Press Association, in convention in Yosemite, inured as they are to surprises soon ceased to blush after slapping the back of a betrothed individual with the request for a "light" only to have the person turn with a cute grin and proffer a lip stick or powder puff. In fact within two days they could have passed muster at a convention of that other group of C. P. A.'s (cert. pub. accts.) who make figures their life study. But the gentleman of the press received something of a shock when they made the trip to Nevada Falls.

Atop a nearby knoll (thanks Bob, neat phrase) appeared a figure so aged and decrepit, so forlorn and worn, so battered, weather beaten and torn that his trembling knee caps argued creakingly and audibly as he tottered forward. Behind him panted and toiled a slightly rotund figure in the garb of a Yosemite guide and with them, first hauling one and then pushing the other, was a very young gentleman. The press rushed forward.

The guide was Governor Richardson, who at the expense of time and weight and the strength of his young son, John, had made the long trip for the purpose of—(this is hearsay only and neither personal opinion or belief.)

Showing the assembled gentlemen who represent the press of the state what a years' hammering and mauling had done to the budget, for that, according to various persons present, was the identity of the battered old stranger.

Personally, however, we believe that the removal of the whiskers would have disclosed the classic features of Robert Walker, publisher of Vallejo, and a close friend of the Governor.

thing is that an increasing number of American citizens are learning this open secret and practicing it. Books are not exactly self starters, they require some effort on the part of the individual; neither is he able to lead in golf, swimming or baseball just by wishing it so.

The library of tomorrow may not be required to publish a balance sheet; but it will very definitely be found to return not only an ethical but actually a financial profit. No business, no profession has yet been pointed out whose practitioners cannot materially increase their efficiency, their happiness through even a moderate use of the printed page. Are you getting what is coming to you?

The Bush-Fella

(Continued from page 8)

"My word!" he gasped. "That fellar marster he plenty too much cross along me."

Great joy was his when he left. There was sing-sing in his brain. With his eyes almost popping from their sockets, his heart beating his breast like a meal-pounder, he hurried into the bamboo brakes at the jungle-rim. For tightly clasped against his arms he had a tin of buliamacow, which is canned meat, a remnant of colored print-cloth, and a picture book. These treasures, he decided, must be buried, or he must explain to his elders for breaking the tambu.

* * * *

Good deeds beget good deeds. Two hours later he returned with a wattle-plaited basket filled with kumaras (sweet potatoes), red bananas, breadfruit, alligator pears, and limes of finest selection. On top of these he laid a sharp-tooth necklace, and a cowrie shell that could sing-sing like the sea. And all of these he laid at the feet of the Mary whose hands were kindly and could liberate such marvelous speaking from the bell.

This done he again left, with no word at parting, save a broad grin of satisfaction, and to glance reverently at the brass diety who resided on top of a pole.

The episode of the day completely changed Munku's manner. He scorned when invited by his comrades, to hunt for the nests of wild chickens who lived among the shy sepals of the spider orchids and orange-and-green-mottled coleus that garmented the cañon floor. Gone was the wonder of the toadstools whose undersides were green, scarlet and mauve, liberally besplashed with yellow spots. No more had he the desire to pursue the gorgeous butterflies through the woods to see their peacock-purple and orange wings sparkle iridescently in the sun-shafts. He was silent, thoughtful, studious.

He flung himself upon the ground before the canoe-house. Its interior was tambu to Marys and to youths who had not yet earned the right to carry spears. Once it had been his most cherished wish to be accorded a voice in men's circles, and to hear their tales of valor, as even now one spoke.

Kwagga, the speaker, who claimed kinship to old Chief Nagapate, the King of the Big Number Islands, was recounting his exploits during a massacre of a "blackbirder's" crew that had stoved in her bow on Brougham shoal. Eight men fell that time before the slugs of their ancient Mausers, said Kwagga.

Only for the merest instant did Munku turn his eyes toward the devil-devil house where, in the smoky rafters, sharpened pegs accommodated the dried, cured heads of the "blackbirder's" crew. No, none of this now entertained him. He lay back and closed his eyes, to dream of the Mary, and of his presents, and of the bell which could flood his soul with sweet music.

* * * *

Night came. From the vaulted bowl above descended darkness. From afar trembled the murmur of the surf as it beat the salt-encrusted cliffs. Song stopped in the throats of birds, and the goblin-haunted forest was hushed, except for its ever-whispering leaves and the occasional thin screech of a nocturnal

bat. Peace brooded over land and sea, and over the campfires that stabbed the gloom like the wings of fireflies.

Into the largest of these fires stared Munku, still dreaming, his mind filled with the amazing adventure of the day. Never before in his short life had so much experience been his.

What youth has stood on the beach and not felt the desire to plunge into the foaming waters and swim out to see what was beyond the horizon? What moth has scorched its wings in the candle's flame and dared not return again? What hare, once pursued by farmer's hounds, has not again ventured into the very maw of death by the lure of a carrot or a nibble of cabbage? So Munku. Desire flamed again within him to once more worship at the shrine of the wonder voice—flamed so devoutly that not even a score of Faulkners with steely muscles could quench the burning. Oh, to be once more enslaved by the fascinating accents of the singing one! Could he, by his own hand, produce the magnificent words?—this he always asked himself.

But the bell lay fathoms and fathoms away, and the jungle was dark, and a swarm with stinging, crawling denizens. Yet Munku withdrew silently from the circle of firelight and the ones that sat beside it . . .

Slowly, and as softly as the plumes of the areca palms that scarcely moved against the palely luminous sky, he crept across the patch of glistening sand. He was bleeding in a dozen places from the brambles that had clutched his flesh, and his body was exhausted with pain from his travel, but—there he was, almost at the foot of the idol.

He leant an ear for a moment toward the few houses that comprised the village. He heard no sound from them, though their windows radiated light.

* * * *

What a thrill shot through him, as his hands sought and found the hanging vine! It was a precious moment, more precious than anything else he could desire.

He pulled. No sound came. Again. Yet no voice. Almost a sob escaped him. And again—a little harder. Just the faintest ting! reached him, and he knew he had won.

Suddenly he sprang into the blackness of a bush. He had heard low voices. From his place of concealment he saw the place alive with creeping men. Something was amiss. But what was it? These were black men—not Alus, to which tribe he belonged, but Rubianas, who were warlike and fierce. Vaguely Munku sensed that Faulkner was among them. And the idea crept upon him that the Mary was concerned in some sort of danger. A moment later he scuttled off into the darkness and safety.

Faulkner had played his cards well, although from his recent comradeship with squareface he had cast discretion lightly aside. A few hours in the ale house had made the lambent fires of common sense flare into diabolical fires. He had realized that his time of residence in Malu was at an end. He owed every one money; he had imposed upon those who had tried to assist him and had insulted their women. . . . He had cursed himself again and again for

his rash folly that afternoon, knowing that Signa McKinley was lost to him forever. To his befuddled mind but one solution had remained, and he had acted upon it. The Rubianas had been easily incited into murderous intents. Upon promise of reward they were to carry Miss McKinley off into captivity, attack the whites, and furnish Faulkner with revenge upon Miles Appleton, whom he blamed for his entire condition.

So far the raid was proceeding without a hitch.

Faulkner drew a lesser chief aside and gave him final instructions. Miss McKinley would soon enter the school, as was her custom, to arrange her work for the following day. Everything must be done in silence; she must not be permitted to scream. He would join them after the raid, and the captive would be delivered to him.

* * * *

Faulkner strode off toward the club-house, mounted its steps, and entered the door. The usual folk were there, some reading, others at chess. None of them paid more than ordinary attention to him. He noted it with satisfaction, as he sank into a seat, for he must not be suspected of implication in the affair. He consoled himself with the idea that he could not be suspected, he being present and thus having an alibi.

A half hour later the drone of voices suddenly ceased as a shot crashed through the window. Then followed a fusillade of shots, accompanied by demoniac yells, the blowing of conch-trumps, and the dull boom-boom of snake-skin-headed war drums.

Instantly everybody cast themselves prone upon the floor, and crawled toward their arms, as former experience had taught them. Faulkner, too, took refuge behind a bookcase, knowing his only chance of injury would be from a stray shot.

Sergeant Miles Appleton had been lying down, but at the sound of the first shot he had leaped to his feet, grabbed his Krag-Jorgenson rifle and buckled his revolver at his side, and had taken charge of the situation.

"The constabulary'll be here in a minute," he offered by way of encouragement. I wonder what's happened now? Some petty grievance, I suppose."

He pressed his eyes to a loophole. Dimly he could see the black figures constantly shifting their positions in the deep shadows.

"Keep away from the windows," he cautioned, just as another volley of slugs burst into the room.

A rifle clattered to the floor, its owner sinking beside it, with frothy blood spouting from his neck.

"Lord!" gasped another. "They got Joe. Damn 'em!"

A volley from the defenders, coming simultaneously, lighted up the blackness outside.

Appleton staggered back, his hands before his eyes, a low cry in his throat. Another sprang to his aid.

"Hurt?"

* * * *

He shook his head.

"They've got Signa McKinley out there!" In the brief flash he had seen her, terror stricken, in the arms of a huge black whose body was besmeared with ochre, clay, and girdled with shells. A sickness of heart smote him; and he was vaguely conscious of a strange something behind that sickness.

He made for the door. Someone hauled him back forcibly.

"It's suicide," was the warning. "Wait—"

A lull came into the firing. No one seemed to know what it betokened. The air was becoming stifling and unnaturally warm. Then at the first smell of smoke, the truth dawned upon them. The Rubianas had fired the house.

With the discovery the din outside was resumed. The yells became louder, the blare of mouth-shells became more uncanny, and through the loopholes Appleton could see the mad contortions of their demon-fandango as they danced about the place like slimy octopi in the toothless, saturnine mouth of limbo.

"I can't stand this any more," announced a trader. "We've got to run for it. I wonder why the constabulary doesn't—" A shot bit off his words, and he fell heavily on top of Faulkner, who was gibbering in genuine fright bordering insanity.

The constabulary dashed up, just as the flames drove the defenders out of the door.

"Get that machine gun ready," ordered a junior officer of the outfit, "and turn it loose."

"No; for God's sake, no!" protested Appleton. "We might hit Miss McKinley."

Just then it dawned upon him that they had not been fired upon since leaving the house, though the yells were twice as awful and fierce. He could not divine the reason. What was the Rubianas' game? It was not their custom to quit so easily.

"Wait. Listen," he added, lending an ear to the yelling, then he muttered thankfully: "We're saved. The Alus are doing it for us."

* * *

"We'll lay it onto the hoth of them," suggested the junior officer, with a curse.

"No, don't," objected Appleton. "They've been aching for a chance at each other for a long time. Let 'em fight it out. It's the only way they'll be satisfied; it was bound to come, sooner or later."

Appleton's eyes had been searching the darkness eagerly. Suddenly he sprang off toward a dark fringe of woods.

The Ruhianas had intended to heat a retreat when they saw the soldiers arrive, but the Alus, their hereditary enemies, had cut off their escape.

A huge finger of flame leaped skyward and, with a mournful whine, the thatched roof of the clubhouse caved in, igniting the whole structure which burned like powder. From its center rose one long-drawn wail.

The burning house made the scene ghastly. Here and there lay a still form, smeared with blood and earth. Among them Appleton was searching about, unmindful of danger. He made his way cautiously toward a copse of trees, having caught sight of something white in their midst. He crouched and approached more warily.

"Bang!" A slug buzzed past him. The uncertain light had saved him. He rushed in, recognizing the sound of a single-shot trader rifle. The black could not reload in the time it required for Appleton to rush in. A few feet away from the devil, he pointed the black mouth of his automatic and—and the trees for the merest instant became bathed in a crimson glow—then darkness again. Tenderly he carried Signa McKinley off toward the group of soldiers.

Even in the dim light he could see she was uninjured, though she had fainted.

* * * *

It was a solemn conclave that was seen in the shade of the great banyan trees before the school a couple of days later. One by one the Rubiana chiefs were sentenced to do penance, some to death, some to hard labor, and some to prison. Granville Faulkner was absent; for he slept the long sleep. The Alus, too, were there, though they drew no sentence. Investigation had proven that they had done the government a great service in quelling the uprising. An aged Alu chief told how the news had come to him.

During his telling the eyes of all were concentrated upon Munku, who sat with the protecting arm of the Mary about his shoulders. He knew he was the subject of the conversation. It struck him to fear, yet as he looked up into the Mary's face he knew he was safe. And when the trial was over—

"I'll have to keep an eye on that kid," avowed Miles Appleton to Miss McKinley; "he's done us a great favor."

Signa McKinley nodded her head in positive assent.

"And all on account of a bell," she added, "and he shall ring it to his heart's content, every morning." And she smiled, thinking, perhaps, the islands were not so bad, after all.

But Munku.

He rang the bell—indeed he rang it. Once more his hands clasped the hanging vine. And down, with all his might and main! Then—

The mighty god spoke his mighty voice. Vaguely he sensed he was drowning out the murmurs of the day—aye, even the sea itself lost its cry before the clanging that boomed from the creature's mouth. The tremendous vibrations of it echoed and surged down around his ears and shoulders and swelled and died in the channels of his bones and caused him to quiver with an emotion without name. So completely did he yield mind and body to the vast and rich tongue that he saw not the many people about him smiling amusedly; for he himself was smiling—nay, he was grinning, apishly, proudly and with intense satisfaction.

MATE OF BARCELONA

(Continued from page 35)

. . . . that he could bring to her only disgrace. He had no right to have awakened that wondrous thing that shone in her eyes. Limply his hands dropped to his sides and he turned and looked off beyond the waving green of the jungle . . . to where he knew there was gin, and women who danced alluringly under the palms . . . there seemed nothing to hinder him now . . . he felt his courage waning.

Antonia read the thoughts in his face, and soft appeal, tender pity glimmered in her eyes. Limply his hands dropped

"Juan!" she cried, terror and hope alike in her voice, "Juan! . . . don't look like that . . . I'm here, Juan!"

Woman's love knows no barriers, but man's honor may construct many. Juan had honor; he turned away and tore at the soft fingers that clung to him.

"I can't, Antonia!" he cried, "don't you see . . . I've no right!"

"But Juan!" she cried, "I haven't told you all . . . listen!"

Then, still clinging to him, passionate-

ly, tearfully, she poured out the story. Told how after Captain Jornson was carried aboard the schooner he revived and lived long enough to tell what he had not been able to tell that other night because of the gag in his mouth. How, after sailing away from Barcelona, day by day he had come to realize vividly the great wrong he had done Maria, who, he knew, truly loved him. The memory of her warm kisses, the passionate words she had poured into his ears, her worshipping trust and simple faith, all came back and seemed ever before him invisible, accusing presences. The conscience of manhood was overpowering the careless impulses and free thinking of youth; he began to suffer, and far strange ports brought him no peace of mind.

Maria . . . star of the sea . . . the name means, and the nights were filled of memories for the skipper. He told how the marriage had been valid, that he had lied to Maria, half as a convenient means of breaking off with her half through a motive of strange altruism to leave her thinking herself free to marry again if she desired.

So one night, standing bare-headed on the deck of his vessel, the skipper had looked up at the stars and made a decision. He put back to Barcelona to right the wrong he had done. But Maria was gone, where he could not find. Then he had sailed away again, and became a changed man, became the hard, grizzled, restless rover of the seas whom many feared and none understood. He had made such expiation as he knew . . . kept the accusing figure of the Christ ever before him . . . that he should never forget . . . he even changed the name he had disgraced and which he felt to weigh down upon him in accusation. But he died—Antonia told—in peace, with his wife's name on his lips and a strange fancy that he saw her lighted face reflected in the forgiving features of the Christ on the wall.

And as Juan heard those words the thing in him seemed to grow to overpowering proportions . . . this thing that had kept him clean and good . . . saved him . . . stifled that other and black plant . . . the thing that had first been born of his mother . . . her wonderful love, that knew no bitterness, only forgiveness. And suddenly he knew all his inheritance had not been tragic. The hate he had tried to build his life upon was of his own constructing . . . but it had failed, and this glowing new thing, pure and good, that had dominated, had been his real inheritance. The greater of passions was triumphant.

Madly he tore the locket from about his neck and gazed at it hungrily, as though he feared accusation there. But in the tragic beauty of that woman, the sweet serenity of the Virgin, he saw only loving kindness.

Then the thing fell from his fingers to the sand and with a sob he turned to the girl before him.

"Antonia!" he cried, "Antonia . . . mine!"

He dropped his head against her shoulder, and there was a mother's tenderness in her face as she clasped her hands about it. A moment later he raised his face and there, on the lonely beach with the coral waters foaming at their feet, the man and woman stood together, silent, smiling, and gazed off beyond the ragged palms to where all life lay beckoning.



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The Boss of the River Gang

(Continued from page 23)

on his account, to offer me advice that is worth less than the effort exerted to give it. He shall have a guardian—an honest man; a friend of his father's."

Two weeks later Mrs. Denby failed to find Esteban at his usual place by the creek. His hat and coat lay on the stone where he habitually sat, and there were many confused footprints in the soft earth about, to which hers were added. But none except hers, seemed to lead away from the stream that was swollen by an unusually fall of rain.

Much to Mrs. Denby's surprise, Denby was diligent in efforts to find Esteban, and his search continued during several days. His apparent interest pleased her, and for the time soothed her resentment toward him.

Denby soon gave up the quest, declaring further endeavor utterly useless, settled himself in his favorite lounging place on the porch, and puffed away at a pipe that seldom, when he was awake, was out of his mouth; with a shrug of indifference and a sweep of his hands, palms out, he dismissed the matter.

"If he's gone, he's gone. That ends it." His smouldering wrath at Mrs. Denby's importuning leaped into flame. "Damn it! Suppose he is gone," he snarled at her. "I tell you he was crazy as a bedbug. Should he be found—unfortunately, he'll quite likely kill you, one day."

"More likely kill you, you beast." Mrs. Denby was frenzied. "He hated you." She glared like a tiger about to spring and Denby quailed under the fierceness of her gaze. "He saw through your machinations—hated the very shadow of you; perhaps you have made away with him." Her words scalded like escaping steam. Denby was cowed, and his thoughts became confused.

"Wonder what she knows—that she doesn't tell? Can it be possible—" Memories suddenly dashed with lightning speed, through his mind.

"Machinations?" he hissed, his voice trembling with suppressed rage "'Machinations'?" He raised his arm as though about to deal a blow. "Woman, how dare you?"

"I said mach-i-na—" Mrs. Denby's voice trailed away—her tongue had become paralyzed; veins stood out like cords on temples and neck.

In her intense loathing of the man, his words as they fell, were like a red rag to a bull, and Denby, cowering before the thoroughly enraged woman, lowered his arm; he believed she had suddenly gone stark mad.

She took a step nearer, raised her hands high above her head, uttered an

inarticulate cry and staggering, fell headlong at his feet. Through rage and anguish, a blood vessel had ruptured in her brain.

WHEN Mrs. Denby's will was read by her attorney, it became known that her entire estate was bequeathed in trust for her son, Antonio Jose Esteban, to be held until such time as he should be in full control of reasoning faculty. Mr. Amber August Denby, meantime, so the will stated, should he survive her, was privileged to remain on the estate as overseer and for such service rendered, was to receive a reasonable wage, at the discretion of her son's trustee—an old and trusted friend of the late husband.

Denby as a matter of course, remained. Mrs. Denby had failed to dispose of her property in event her son did not survive her. The son's disappearance, and mystery concerning him, complicated matters.

The belief prevailed that Tony Esteban, as Ben was supposed to be, had fallen in the creek and had been swept away. There was no authentic proof of Tony's death; and until a certain length of time had expired the supposed Tony could not in law be considered dead.

It seemed as though Denby's fate had lifted him at flood-tide and swept him into the lap of fortune. He wore a broad band of crepe on his sleeve, and a solemn face in the presence of others; and he laughed in the same sleeve at thought of his "machinations." And while he laughed in his sleeve he induced the trustee to expend a considerable sum from the income from the estate, in effort to find the young man, were he living.

Several years passed. Celestine Esteban Denby had no surviving relatives, and her son never appeared. The estate came into Denby's possession, and, after erecting a costly monument to the memory of mother and son, as soon as he could close the provisional deals he had made with ultimate disposal of the ranch in view, he went elsewhere; whither none knew, or cared.

A fortnight had scarcely elapsed after his departure, when a young man announcing that he was Tony Esteban, arrived in Northhaven. He had seen an advertisement in an ancient paper, so he said, and had come from an out-of-the-way place to answer in person.

The young man gave a lucid account of his life back to the time of rescue from the flood but could not recall a single incident of any sojourn since then, with Mrs. Esteban-Denby. He declared posi-

tively that he had been at various places during the time he was said to have been on the Esteban ranch with his mother and Denby.

Vainly Northhaven folk jogged his memory; they believed his mind had turned about, again.

(To be continued in August)

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We consider ourselves extremely fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Wainwright, whose illustrations have appeared in every first class magazine in the country. He was born in Japan, coming through the Golden Gate just two weeks before the fire. Studied architecture at Columbia University and later went to the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Served on the George Washington during the war. His first work in California is for the Overland.

"TELL IT TO THE JUDGE"

(Continued from page 21)

intent. The ranger's first care was to telephone the forest guard nearest the fire. This man, Allman—an Indian, whose ability to follow a track is equal to that of a bloodhound—was instructed to proceed with all speed to the fire, taking what few men he could get without loss of time and to exert his own best efforts toward finding the incendiary. The ranger himself would leave the headquarters station with more men and a pack train loaded with tools and supplies. Now notice what this Indian, Allman, did.

Arriving at the scene of the fire at 3:30 o'clock, he marshalled his little force of firefighters and placed them in charge of an experienced old mountaineer. This crew would have a battle, he knew, to keep the flames from the buildings and haystacks of the two homesteads and he directed them to confine their activities to that work until he returned from a reconnaissance of the opposite side of the fire. Allman, thus sure that his fire crew would not annoy him by leaving a maze of confusing tracks around the burn, went straight to the starting point of the fire.

Here he found what he was searching for—a man's track, recently made and with nails of a unique type in the sole of the shoe. Allman followed this track back in the direction from which it had come until he had satisfied himself as to the location of the man's cabin. Some of the tracks that were particularly clear impressions the Indian covered with brush or stones to await the appearance of his superior officers. Then Allman took up the trail again in an endeavor to ascertain where the incendiary had gone. At one place he found where the trail crossed a marshy spot and here were two or three impressions, clearcut—unmistakable. These also the tracker protected from wandering animals by a little pen of brush and sticks. Then swiftly he retraced the circle the incendiary had made around the homesteads. The trail led back to the cabin, but the man was not at home. He was on the fire line with his neighbors, less conspicuous than had he remained away when every man in the locality was needed to combat the fire.

When the ranger came he first looked at the tracks Allman had so carefully protected, then with the aid of a little package of plaster of paris and some water, he made a perfect replica of the imprints. Next the two men went to the cabin from which the incendiary had come and seized a pair of boots whose soles were identical in shape and marking with the plaster reproductions of the tracks at the fire. Allman's work on the

case was now done. The rest was detective work.

When the ranger arrested the suspect the latter stated that he had been working alone in his mine all day. Further, when informed of the charge against him, he made a sworn statement that he never in his life had been near the gulch where the fire had started and then he damned himself absolutely by saying that the boots were his and that they never had been out of his possession or had ever been worn by anyone else. There was more evidence, more assertions and denials but not to weary one with details, a hard-headed jury listened to Allman and the ranger, looked at the boots and the plaster reproductions of the tracks and returned a verdict of guilty. The resulting sentence was heavy. There have been no more fires in that district.

And there are countless other incidents like this one. The rangers have little of the fanciful or bizarre about them. They do not care for publicity; to them their work is prosaic, a means to an end. Because of the loosely knit organization, with its widely separated stations, manned by one or at the most, two men, there is not the romantic, colorful flavor about their detective work that surrounds that of the members of other organizations. But follow—as I did once—an Indian tracker as he trailed three incendiaries over the sixty miles of broken range country and into a town where the ranger in charge could exercise his detective ability and then you will admit, as I did, that many of our western fiction stories are not overdrawn.

The rangers never frame or railroad a man for the sake of making a record. They want the man who is guilty and it is better—their code says—that ten guilty ones should go free than that one innocent person should suffer. Once convinced though, that a crime has been committed deliberately and with premeditation the Service code is merciless, as this incident will show.

A hanger-on of the movie studios, having aided in some scenes depicting the work of the rangers and thus securing a smattering of information about the Service, possessed himself in some manner of a badge. Now, there is nothing over which a ranger is more touchy than an unauthorized possession of the bronze shield with its emblazoned pine tree. It is to him the visible token of honor and upright dealing and he is apt to get dangerous when the emblem of his loyalty is besmirched. If the pseudo-ranger had been possessed of a little more wit he would have known this, but as it was he blithely added to his other unlawful possessions a forged letter of introduction and set out to make a living without work.

(Continued on page 47)

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HAMLET

(Continued from page 38)

company which toured the state from Siskiyou to San Diego. For one season David Belasco was a valuable member of the company. Belasco, as I remember him, had a full, clear, pleasing voice and other qualifications necessary for a successful actor. The stage was a loser when he forsook it to become a playwright and manager. Wilton was a fair actor with an imposing presence and an Edwin Forrest face. In playing Hamlet he was never dismayed by the smallness of his company. A few years before his death he told me that at a pinch he could produce Hamlet with but four people. "I generally do it with six or seven," he said. I asked him how on earth he got away with it. "Easy enough," he answered. "I cut out, transpose, adapt and double up." To my comment that his audiences must have had hysterics, he replied: "No such thing. They stood for it and the majority of them thought it was the real thing. But, to be frank, the performances as a rule must have made old Bill Shakespeare turn in his grave."

I was forced to witness the Hamlet of Robert Fulford, as I had consented to enact the role of "King Claudius" for that occasion. Fulford had been playing to poor houses in an interior city and a few warm-hearted citizens had tendered him a benefit. Hamlet was selected as the play. Fulford, a studious and painstaking actor, later married Annie Pixley, a popular comedienne who took the East by storm by her acting in M'liss, a dramatization of Bret Harte's unfinished story.

The stage for the Fulford benefit was too small for the production of Shakespearean plays, so an addition hastily was put on. It consisted of rough boards placed on trestles. The boards were not nailed down, as they were to be returned the day after the performance. There was a large audience present, and before the curtain went up Fulford urged the members of the company to be very careful in making exits, as the ends of the loose boards extended several feet beyond the trestles.

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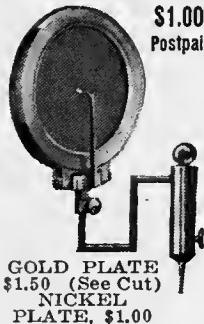
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VOSE

The play went well in the first act, until Hamlet, despite the entreaties of "Horatio," follows the "Ghost." Then something happened. Forgetting his injunction to the other players, Fulford as Hamlet went to the end of his exit, to have the board upon which he had been walking go down, sending him sprawling upon the lower floor, the other end of the board flapping up and striking "Horatio" on the side of the head. The force of the blow sent "Horatio" against a wing. That frail structure failed to support him, and there was another crash and fall. Behind the wing was the "Ophelia" of the cast. Unable to maintain her equilibrium, she too was compelled to join Hamlet and "Horatio" upon the floor. It was pure luck that kept her from falling upon Hamlet. She was a very heavy woman and Fulford was a small, spare man, and if she had landed on him he must have been smashed flatter than a pancake. This disaster ended the show. The box office money was returned and next morning Fulford, broke and disgusted, began to tramp the long miles to San Francisco.

Of the latter day Hamlets, there is not one, in my opinion, at all comparable to the Hamlets of Booth, Irving, Davenport or Adams. Varying points of excellence have been shown in the Hamlets of Sothern, Kellerd, Whiteside, Hampden, Lieber and others, and now John Barrymore has entered the lists. He has many things in his favor. Perhaps he may become the reigning Hamlet of the first half of the twentieth century. Perhaps.

The last half of the nineteenth century found Edwin Booth and Henry Irving the dominant interpreters of Shakespearean characters. Each rose to high success between 1870 and 1890. A sturdy critic of the old school once said that there were only two kinds of actors in the world—the born actor and the manufactured actor. This opinion applied to Booth and Irving. Booth was a born actor, Irving a manufactured actor. Booth in Hamlet did not have to assume—he was Hamlet. His whole life, charged with misfortune, gave him an individuality that made him a living copy of the Prince of Denmark. He was not a scholar, he could not, like either Irving or Barrett, enter glibly into intellectual analyses of the great characters in the plays of Shakespeare, but when he appeared upon the stage to invite comparison between his methods and the methods of his more learned contemporaries, the scholar was ineffectual and the senses quickly surrendered to the spell of genius.

Henry Irving was an intellectual actor and also one of the most skillful managers and adroit advertisers of his age. Every character undertaken by him showed the result of extraordinary labor. It was his habit to study not only the lines of his own part and the language of the play, but also to make historical research, ask the aid of historic and archaeological wisdom, so as to give his public a masterpiece of industry and skill. But always his labor was apparent throughout his work. Detail and ingenuity called forth admiration, but never enthusiasm. Much has been said and written about Irving's manner-

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(Continued on page 48)

"TELL IT TO THE JUDGE"

(Continued from page 44)

His method was simplicity itself. He did not approach any of the quick-thinking, slow speaking field men, trained as he knew them to be in meeting the public. He dealt rather, with office men who, while thoroughly imbued with the loyalty and fraternalism of the Service are yet unused to contact with a criminal element. To such men our canny buncosteerer made the plea that he was temporarily in need of cash. He was a member of the Service on a secret mission and would the gentleman cash his check?

It was the old story, of course; our smooth talking friend evidently intending to keep just one jump ahead of his returning checks but apparently he had never before met up with an outfit that jumps as suddenly and keeps jumping as steadily as do those mountain detectives of the forest Service. The first report came from a southern town, then came a wail from a ticket agency farther north. From city to town, from town to village, always north, the bunceman and his fake credentials travelled and always just behind him the clutching hand of the Service law enforcement division groped for its quarry.

At Seattle our frisky crook attempted to take passage for Australia but the detectives were too hot on his trail. With his companions in crime he sailed for Alaska and at Ketchikan walked off the boat into the waiting arms of the United States Marshal. The little electric current, singing over a thousand miles of wire, had done its work. For the first offense, that of impersonating a Forest Officer, the bunceman received two years on McNeil's Island. This sentence served and he came out of prison to meet another charge for which he received a three-year jolt. And that is not all. When he is once more free, he will find a third charge awaiting him. He is no doubt convinced by this time that it does not pay to fool with Uncle Sam's rangers.

Few of those who enjoy their summer vacations in the pine woods of the National Forests realize the extent of the police work that the rangers do as a matter of daily routine. Once having determined that a strict enforcement of the law would reduce the number of fires and consequently reduce the burden on the taxpayers they gave more and more attention to fixing the responsibility for fires until during 1921 they made 341 arrests for violation of fire laws in California alone.

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HAMLET

(Continued from page 46)

isms, but it is not on record that ever a word was written or said about the mannerisms of Edwin Booth. He had none. Irving was never graceful, his voice was tuneless, his elocution faulty and his form inflexible. Yet, in spite of these handicaps, he was so great an artist that he rose triumphant above them, though he never did rise to the plane upon which nature had placed Edwin Booth.

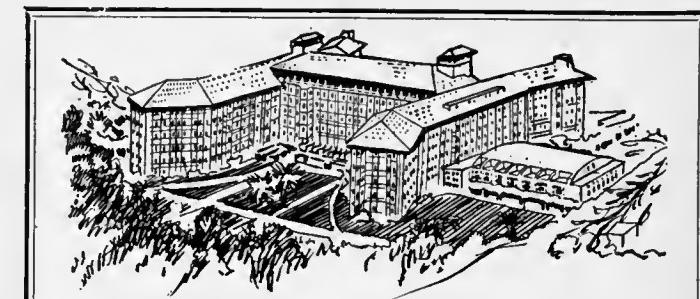
I am not alone in the opinion that Booth's Hamlet has never been equalled in America or elsewhere. In art, talent of the most exhaustible kind, industry of the highest nature and patience, when placed against genius, which hardly knows its power, are like pygmies before a giant. Booth cared nothing for artistic detail, so dear to Irving. Booth was indifferent to scenic arrangement, his only satisfaction was in emphasizing the greatness of his characters. The eye was gratified and the mind impressed by the perfection of Irving's art, but the heart was never touched as it was when Booth, with shabby surroundings, mean accessories and commonplace support, thrilled an audience as familiar with the text as he himself was.

Edwin Booth's star shone steadily in the theatrical firmament for two generations, and his fame will last as long as intelligence is a ruling factor in this world of change. After his death in 1893 the last verse of a beautiful poetic tribute, written by Alice Brown, expressed the sentiment of all America.

"Farewell! Farewell, indeed! But take with thee
Our true allegiance to that orient land—
The laurels and the rosemary of life
Lying unnoted in thy nerveless hand.
Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude,
That in a cynic and a tattling age
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script,
Thy name upon the poor players' slandered page,
And teach the lords of empty birth a King may walk the stage."

ONE LITTLE SLIP—AND IN

Mermaids riding the surf board, or aquaplane, off the shores of Clear Lake Park, Lake County, California. This sport has become popular at Clear Lake Park, where the glassy stillness of Clear Lake permits speedy and enjoyable riding.



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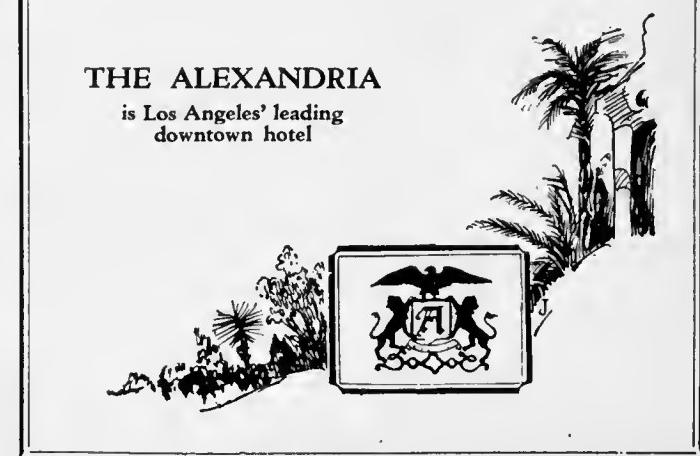
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Consolidated

Vol. XXXII. No. 4

D. R. LLOYD,
Associate Editor.

MABEL MOFFITT, Mgr.

R. D. HART,
Adv. Mgr.

Published Monthly in
SAN FRANCISCO.

Editorial and
Business Offices:
PHELAN BUILDING.
Phone Douglas 8338.

Entered as second class
matter at the Post Office,
San Francisco, under act
of March 3, 1879.

Eastern Representatives:
GEORGE W. GIBBS, Ad-
vertising, 11 East 42nd St.,
New York City.
V. H. ADAMS, Circulation,
18 East 41st St.
New York City.

Chicago Representative:
GEORGE H. MEYERS,
14 W. Washington St.

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Address all
Communications to
OVERLAND MONTHLY
and
OUT WEST MAGAZINE
(Consolidated.)
PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO.

\$2.50 per year.
25 cents per copy.

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Volume LXXXI

AUGUST 1923

No. 4

The Cell in the Wall

Romance and Vengeance in Old Seville

"IT is a strange, romantic tale of love and hate," said the old Spaniard.

"It is the story of two lovers and of the wicked vengeance of the Governor."

The little party of travelers on a Cook's tour of the Orient drew closer about the guide. It was cool in the great hall of the museum, away from the glaring of the tropics. The building had at one time been used as a monastery, but under the American occupation of the islands it was used to house the many relics of the place.

"Please, please go on!" cried the youngest member of the group, a pretty girl with sparkling blue eyes and gleaming yellow hair. "I knew this old city hid a lot of romance and weird history. What was it all about?"

The old man smiled tolerantly at her eagerness. He motioned toward an ancient bench against the wall and his visitors were soon arranged in a semi-circle before him while he drew, from some secret receptacle in an alcove, a yellowed parchment.

He sat on a carved sea chest, the parchment in one hand and a palm leaf in the other. His skin was as wrinkled as the manuscript. There were little humorous lines at the corner of his eyes which were shaded by beetling brows—still black—though his long hair was quite gray.

* * * * *

"I can only relate the tale as it is translated from the Spanish. I am an old man who has been much alone but you who are close to the world can perhaps better understand the impulses and motives of those who play their parts in this drama of the olden days.

"Picture a convent in old Seville; a pleasant school and garden surrounded by a high wall against which the roses cluster in mounting beauty. It is the Convent of San Juan de Alfarache. It is Spring and the air is saturated with the scent of orange blossoms.

"From a low arched doorway opening into the garden, comes Mercedes de Cordova, the daughter of a noble family. She is seventeen. Her eyes—a deep brown with little glints of gold. Her long dark hair ripples in waves about her shoulders and is like a black aura about her

By Frank A. Hunt

head. She is slender and lithe. In moments of excitement she has a pretty way of clasping her delicate white hands before her as if in prayer. She is alive—in love with life. This day she is dressed simply in black which makes the fair pallor of her face even more perceptible.

"She stops near the wall for she hears someone singing. In a moment of mischief she plucks a great red rose and throws it over the wall. There is scrambling on the other side and while Mercedes is holding her breath, a smiling youth appears. He is Juan Perez, the son of a prosperous merchant. You Americans have a saying—'a case of love'—ah! I have it, 'a case of love at first sight.' That is what happens in the convent garden among the flowers. That is what happens always to youth in the Spring. And alas! Mercedes bids him come again, braving the just anger of the Mother Superior should she be discovered. And Juan has scaled the wall but thrice when they pledge eternal love.

"Now to Seville, from his battles with the Moors, returned an old soldier, Alfonso Fajardo de Tua. He had performed valiant service for the Crown and it was rumored that he was about to be made governor of these very islands.

"The old general was wealthy and he believed nothing remained to complete his happiness but a young and beautiful wife. Mercedes' father had long been a friend of the general's and readily he gave his consent.

"Imagine the despair of the young girl when she was commanded to yield to such a union. She was told that the honor of the family was at stake; she was threatened; she was imprisoned in her room until at last—You know how those things are contrived in Spain. There was also the matter of a considerable loan extended by the general to old Cordova.

"Mercedes and the old soldier were married with great pomp and ceremony. Within a fortnight they sailed in a galleon for these islands for the old general was now Governor Alfonso de Tua.

"Mercedes stood at the bow of the boat, her hands clasped tight before her, gazing back at old Spain. She remembered the glamour of one starry night when the air was heavy with the scent of flowers. She thought

of her home with its massive black chestnut beams and tall windows guarded by iron gratings; the garden with its orange trees, and in the center of the graveled square, a marble fountain surmounted by a knight in full armor; and of the pigeons that flew down to eat from her hand.

"She remembered the convent and longed to be again within its shelter. And once more she thought of Juan and wished with all her soul that she might see him—just once—so that she might tell him that she loved him—that she had been forced to marry the governor. To see him once more—that was all she craved.

"A year passed by. Governor Alfonso de Tua was apparently taking a siesta in a comfortable chair beneath the palm trees of Capitola. He smoked a slender roll of tobacco and listened to a dreamy Spanish love song rendered to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument by some homesick soldier in the barracks.

"A tropical moon was reflected in the bay where lay the large galleon which had recently returned to the city with the governor following a long voyage about the islands. He felt fully satisfied with life.

"By St. Andrew! Why should I not be content?" he mused. "Here I am supreme, the ruler of these islands and except for the petty interference of the Church, my word is as a heavenly command."

"Who would be a lesser light in the court of Castile and Aragon, with all its pomp, when he might be the sun itself in the colonies? The natives are obedient and my soldiers are happy; thanks be to Santiago, who built so strong a fortress and so high a wall about the city. And have I not the Star of Seville for a wife? How she has softened my old heart toward all the world!"

"For, truth to tell, Mercedes had tried to make the best of it. She had been a good wife—though her heart was always sad. She had often interceded for some offender against the harsh justice of her husband.

"The old soldier sighed with pleasure and then became strangely restless. Mercedes had promised to join him in the garden within the hour. Now he determined to go in search of her. The governor, as he arose from his chair, appeared every inch a warrior. He was broad shouldered and muscular with an iron frame hardened to endurance through his young manhood in the Moorish wars. He was attired in a suit of purple velvet, upon which various designs were embroidered in silver and gold. White lace adorned his wrists. The ornamental hilt of his sword flashed with diamonds.

"He glanced at a certain barred window in the castle, expecting to see his wife's shadow in the candle light, but the window was dark. Some impulse he could not explain brought his hand to his sword. He became aware of a rustling in the shrubbery—and then the scampering of bare feet.

"Without a moment's hesitation he strode in swift pursuit, bent upon discovering whether some native had plotted to take his life or whether the devil himself

had set an imp to watch for some weakening in his faith.

"As the fugitive fled from the inner court, foiling the efforts of the half aroused sentry to stop the escape beneath the arch of the gate, the flickering light of the torch revealed her form. The governor recognized Patricia, his wife's maid. By a quick word the soldier was forbidden to pursue the girl and the governor continued the chase alone.

"Through tortuous, unlighted streets the girl fled with the man now close behind. The cathedral seemed to be her destination, but she turned quickly aside, fell against the statue of a saint and fainted dead away. The governor strode on to the garden in the rear. He believed now, that the native had been set to watch him; that some treachery was afoot.

"And thus as he walked stealthily in the shadow of the trees he came to a neglected corner of the garden and there clasped in the arms of another man was—Mercedes.

"Oh, Juan" he heard his wife murmur, "if he but dreamed that you and I had met, death would be sweet compared to the punishment he would mete out. I have risked all in coming to you. I must leave you now forever, but by the Holy Virgin's name, youth and joy are now my portion that you have clasped me to your heart again."

"The governor's hand tightened on the handle of his sword. His heavy brows met over gleaming eyes and his face was drawn as if in mortal anguish. He listened as he heard Mercedes speak again.

"Juan, I have loved you always. By all the saints in heaven I implored pity; I, a child, snatched from the convent to be cast into the arms of this old man."

"The youth was murmuring words of endearment and bidding the girl have courage, but the old soldier could not hear. His jealous heart misconstrued it all.

"Now, as you may have guessed, the youth was the young Senor Juan Perez, who had just been sent to the island by his father to care for a branch of his business there. Juan had resolved never to look upon the face of Mercedes again, but she had learned of his presence in the city and had dispatched her handmaid to him with a summons. Both were truly religious and meant no wrong; Mercedes simply felt that she must explain all that had happened—that she must tell Juan of how she had been forced into a loveless marriage.

"The governor misconstrued the scene, but he fully realized at last that he had deceived himself. 'How vain,' he thought, 'to have attempted to take by force, as an army storms a fortress, that which is only of value when freely bestowed. But I believed that the girl had come to love me; now I find her in deception—in mortal sin.'

"The governor made the sign of the cross and kissed his sword. It was the same ceremony he had observed before he had ordered the slaying of every man, woman and child in a native barrio in which a Spanish monk

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Early Days and Writers of the Overland

Ninetta Eames—“The Thoreau of the Pacific Coast”

BRET HART'S relationship with the Overland Monthly lasted during the first seven volumes. It was in the interim that followed his withdrawal as editor that The Californian was published,—its editor, Charles H. Phelps,—but this magazine was finally discontinued. In January, 1883, the Overland was again started with Millicent Washburn Shinn as editor. Under her able headship, the magazine soon reached and maintained a high literary standard and won many loyal and devoted friends. Charles S. Green was her assistant, Warren Cheney, later author of two clever novels, assumed the duties of business manager, and Fred M. Stocking, long of the Bret Harte administration, was retained in the capacity of advertising director. With the aforesaid staff the Overland Monthly entered upon a new era of advancement, and no aspiring writer on the Coast but was proud to be counted among its contributors. Up to 1887 I believe no western publication had as yet attempted the illustrating of its matter, and it was a striking innovation when "To Shasta's Feet," by Ninetta Eames (now Mrs. Edward B. Payne) appeared in two consecutive instalments of the magazine, its pages showing somewhat poorly reproduced photographs of the many delightful pen-pictures of the author. Today illustrations are so common and so wonderful in artistic perfection that it is hard to realize the difficulties in the way of thirty or more years ago.

Thus began the Overland Monthly's venture as an illustrated magazine. "To Shasta's Feet" was followed by a succession of pictured outdoor articles by Mrs. Eames, with such artists as Ernest Peixotto, Alice Chittenden, Oscar Deakin, Grace Hudson, Harry Culmer and P. Beringer furnishing the washes and pen-and-inks; and Will Harris, Brewster, Carpenter and others the photographs. Though often industrial in subject, Mrs. Eames' writing was invariably a charming blend of the romantic and practical in nature, and no extravagance of emotion—Henry Chittenden of the New York Herald did not hesitate to name her the Thoreau of the Pacific Coast—ever led her to shade a figure of speech to give it a false or exaggerated color.

Following the Shasta articles was an occasional story—"Me an' Babby," "Who Died at Weissthurm?," "The Mystery of Catalina"—all above the commonplace in thought and diction. It grew into a habit with me to



NINETTA EAMES

scan the table of contents of every issue of the magazine for the name of this rising young writer whom, as yet, I had not met personally. Others shared this same interest.

Mrs. Eames' "Flower and Seed Growing" is a twenty page article, superbly illustrated and given the leading space in December's Overland of 1891. It is not only finished in its style of composition, and painstakingly correct as to statement, but is admirably expressive of California's riotous indigenous blooms, and shows the astonishing progress made in her flower and seed production for the markets of the world. Despite its practical values, this work on floriculture has more than a hint of poetic fervor at all points, as, for instance, this paragraph:

"However carelessly California guards her floral treasures, the flowers themselves bear no ill-will; the memory of the tragedies that befell their numbers, goes out with the sun that witnessed them. At each recurring season they crowd every inch of mould the plow has left unturned. The slopes and laps of the hills hold multitudes of lovely, nodding heads to which one blithely nods in answer. Nay, even the sharp chins of bald boulders nourish a stubble glistening with the bloom of a kind of wild dew-plant, or grow a sweeping beard of mountain mimulus hung thick with golden trumpets."

By this time a variety of Ninetta Eames' pictured articles had appeared in many of the Eastern periodicals. The most

notable of these, to my thinking, were "In Hop-Picking Time," "The Grape Gatherers" and "Upland Pastures," all three in the Cosmopolitan; "Deer Hunting on Sandhedrin" and "Cruising Among the Salt Lake Islands" published in Outing; and a thrilling adventure story "Three Weeks on a Weird Island" in Frank Leslie's. For a period of a few years her illustrated western travels found space in Sunday editions of the Chicago Tribune. Then I recall that an Eastern magazine, whose name I have forgotten, brought out years ago her poem entitled "Two Sermons," and it was widely copied east and west of the Rockies, and is such a gem of maternal and religious feeling that I insert it here:

In the Sabbath's golden twilight,

Baby Beth,

You and I await the starlight,

Cooing Beth.

Birds and bees have ceased their humming,

Frogs their hoarse bassoon are drumming,

Crickets near the chimney strumming
Rouse to wonder, Baby Beth.

Shut your bonny silk-fringed peepers,
Drowsy Beth,
All the garden's little sleepers,
Nodding Beth,
Fold their dewy leaves in slumber,
Bud and blossom without number
All the wooing winds encumber
With their fragrance, Baby Beth.

Morning's sermon haunts my waking,
Sleeping Beth,
Through its mist a light is breaking.
Dreaming Beth.
While I watch with silent blessing
Crumpled cheeks in mute caressing,
Rose-pink fingers lightly pressing
Mother's bosom, Baby Beth.

"Born in sin," thus said the preacher,
Wicked Beth!
"Saved by grace." This creed my teacher,
Winsome Beth
Here refutes with every dimple,
Creasy curve and satin crinkle,
Limpid eyes that blink and wimple,
Unregenerate Baby Beth!

Ah, my baby!—sinners older,
Darling Beth,
Feel a heart-chill strike them colder,
Precious Beth,
When they measure by your sweetness
All their wretched incompleteness,
All their pitiful unmeetness,
Shamed by blameless Baby Beth.

And your whiteness lights my vision,
Stainless Beth,
With a glimpse of the Elysium,
Sinless Beth.
While the Master's words come stealing
To my mother heart revealing
How in such as you the kneeling
See His kingdom, Baby Beth.

Now which sermon is the true one,
Waking Beth,
Churchly doctrine or the new one,
Crowding Beth?
All the world will yet discover
What is plain to God and mother—
Baby flesh is but the cover
Of an angel, Baby Beth.

When W. Robinson of London published his English Flower Garden, a large, handsomely illustrated volume, he mailed Mrs. Eames a copy on whose fly-leaf he wrote appreciatively of her contributions to its pages. But all this floriculture work of hers was but a side issue to her study of the honey bee—*apis mellifica*—for, she states with enthusiasm, "California's hilly regions are literally the Palestine of the new world. In no other country is the half work and half play of bee-ranching so wholly fascinating and delightful." Her "Bee Culture in California" was the leading article in the February

Overland for 1891, and is a carefully prepared, eighteen page industrial work, keenly appealing to the reader. Shorter articles on the same topic appeared in Dr. Hexamer's publications, and a more idealistic handling of the subject, this also with illustrations, was brought out by Harper's Monthly and entitled "Arcadian Bee Ranching" and is literally a prose poem. I quote one paragraph:

"A typical western apiary belongs to the foothill region of southern California. Here the atmosphere has that degree of heat and dryness essential to an abundant saccharine flow, and the high gravelly soil grows a luxuriance of nectar-bearing plants, the chief of which are the numerous varieties of sage. During the blossoming of these aromatic spikes the amount of honey stored by strong colonies is almost incredible. A summer's product will often average seventy-five to two hundred pounds a hive, and instances are not uncommon where a single Italian swarm has produced one thousand pounds of extracted honey in one year. This sage honey has rare virtues, and is said to be more delectable than the famed nectar of Hymettus or Chamouni, and whiter and finer flavored than the celebrated honeycombs of Atacama. To set one's teeth through an exquisitely frail comb brimming with the delicate nectar of the white sage—*Audibertia*—is a gustatory relish not to be otherwise equalled. More especially is this true if one has all the concomitants—a warm clean stone under a singing sycamore, mountain air spiced with countless odors, the monotone of bees at their voluptuous toil, a landscape billowing up to gigantic summits, and a stream hard by to keep the shout up in the heart. Where the great hushed peaks stand reverently apart at the sharp-toothed jaws of the gorge a strip of bench-land follows narrowly up the Sespe, its surface covered with an enchanting tangle of purple and lavender sage, yellow mustard blooms, the blue of larkspur and phacelia, mimulus swinging their golden censers, and a bewildering galaxy of other flowers nodding upon their slender scapes. And how the bees revel, each eager worker greedily cramming with yellow meal the baskets strapped to its sturdy thighs, or gorging its pocket with colorless nectar of chalice and tube! Many of their numbers dive recklessly into cavernous cups, and emerge therefrom with their natty spring jackets absurdly dusted with pollen. Nevertheless, they cease not to hum ecstatically, being assured of flour for the home kneading of their bread and ambrosia for its spreading."

The same month in which "Arcadian Bee Ranching" appeared in Harper's, the Cosmopolitan published her "Upland Pastures," the two attracting commendatory reviews from the leading critics of the day. The New York Sun especially devoted a half column to lengthy quotations from the Monthly, declaring that "all other matter in its pages sinks in the background before the exquisite charm of 'Arcadian Bee Ranching' by Ninetta Eames." And Walter Hines Page, then editing the Atlantic Monthly, writing to the author, expressed his

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Susan Tollman Mills--As I Knew Her

Founder and President of Mills College for Women

MILLS!" A shrine of young womanhood, and as old as education in California! Such is the association of ideas conveyed by the single word—Mills. The present institution is still the only College for women west of the Rocky Mountains. It is a center from which radiates a world-wide influence, and has a unique place in the history of Western learning.

In 1852 gold-mad California came into the Union. Benicia, named for the wife of General Vallejo, the last Mexican governor, was the capital. Was it to be San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate, or would San Pablo Bay and Carquinez Straits shelter the metropolis of the Pacific? Whichever won, the newly-rich felt that their daughters should have a school of their own. No one believed in the higher education of women, but this innovation was to be in the last word in advanced thought, and be modeled after the New England system of exclusive girls' schools. The result was a boarding and day school designated a Female Seminary, and so it remained until a group of students protested and the name was changed to Young Ladies' Seminary. Under the able leadership of Miss Mary Atkins the school flourished.

In 1845, at Mount Holyoke, built under the shadow of Mt. Tom, Susan Lincoln Tolman, the future Mrs. Mills, graduated. Her preceptress was the stout-hearted

Mary Lyon, pioneer in higher education for women, and one of the famous teachers of her time. Susan Tolman had the zeal of the missionary and the technical training of a teacher when she met and married Rev. Cyrus T. Mills, recently graduated from Williams College and prepared for the missionary school to which he was assigned in far off Ceylon. Here both got their first training as teachers, but the climatic conditions soon undermined Mr. Mills' health, and the young couple came to Hawaii for some time, where they conducted a boys' school.

They signalized their arrival in California by purchasing the Young Ladies' Seminary from Miss Mary Atkins in 1865. Under the new management students came from far and near, and it was soon necessary to find a new location.

"Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves
As the rose odor lingers in the fading leaves."

By Frona Eunice Wait Colburn

At first, Seminary Park, nestling in the wooded dell six miles back of Oakland, was an untilled farm with a few fine old oaks, a shabby farm house, and some cows. Then Dr. Mills transformed it into the pretty secluded spot where Mills College spreads its new buildings over the grassy lawn, and amid the abundant plantings of trees, shrubs and flowers. Now the land holdings comprise one hundred and sixty-two acres, with rolling hills, lakes, and running streams, beautified by nature and the arts of man.

The street car terminus is just outside the campus and the quaint station says "Mills College. Private

Grounds. Picnic Parties and Loiterers Prohibited." A closely woven wire fence, high and protected top and bottom with jagged wire ends, guards the foot-path inside, which leads to the campus. "Private Property. Keep Out" in big letters and conspicuously posted, tells the story of seclusion which is emphasized by the tangled growth screening the view completely.

When I first met and interviewed Mrs. Mills, she was the typical Mid-Victorian, Yankee missionary, — prim, precise, formal, but gentle in manner, well-bred, and with a keen sense of humor. In her forty-four years of leadership at Mills, no set of girls got the better of her. She seemed to have eyes in the back of her head! Did a group have a midnight fudge party, Mrs. Mills

knew all about it. She also knew everything else that went on.

Susan Tolman Mills was one of the keenest, shrewdest women I have ever known. Her great success was due primarily to a profound understanding of girls, a deep sympathy, innate kindness and love of justice. She could be sharp in reprimand, but reproof was always followed by some little act of kindness—an affectionate pat or a token of good will which took the sting out of the discipline required. Mrs. Mills never harbored ill will nor carried over a grievance. Each day settled its own difficulties. While not a handsome woman, Mrs. Mills was dainty and refined and had that indescribable something called charm. Her unfailing enthusiasm was also infectious.

The object of the founders of Mills College was to create a home for girl students—a Christian home—free of creeds and isms, but sound in principles, and solid



MRS. MILLS

in the fundamentals of character building. To accomplish this end, Mrs. Mills never found it necessary to go outside of the campus. Instead of carrying her message to the world she brought the world to her feet. Up to the time of her death, the history of Mills College was a striking proof of the dictum that the world will beat a pathway to the door of one who has a needed message. Quiet, refinement, seclusion, elegance—these were the things associated with life at Mills Seminary.

Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Stanford were friends, each a world power in education but with widely differing means of accomplishment. The Stanford millions made it easier for the builder of the great University, but there is greater merit in the efforts of Mrs. Mills because she was obliged to earn the money which endowed Mills College. Mrs. Stanford financed munificently, Mrs. Mills sparingly. Out of her scanty store Mrs. Mills educated one hundred girls at her own expense. Mrs. Stanford did better, but both gave their life work to the youth of all time.

As soon as Mills College was successfully located, its founders placed it on a permanent basis by deeding the entire property to a Board of Trustees, to be held in trust by them and their successors for the specific purpose of educating young women. No longer a private enterprise, the institution was incorporated, and in 1877 became one of California's best educational assets. In accepting the gift, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees said:

"With buildings and land thus conveyed should be properly included that which money cannot represent, namely, years of unceasing toil and care, and a well established reputation."

Seminary girls write essays. College girls discuss a thesis. Seminary girls can read intelligently. There are only a few College girls who can read well enough to be heard, and still fewer who can spell. Friday afternoons at Mills used to be devoted to reading essays. The whole school, with any guests present, were the audience. The seniors read their own compositions; these had been examined by the teachers and all misspelled words written on the blackboard back of the rostrum with the name of the student under it. She was required to stand up and spell the word as written, then her class was called upon to spell the word correctly. On the occasion I witnessed, the word was prejudice, spelled 'predgudise.' The poor girl making the mistake looked as if she should faint when Mrs. Mills, with an encouraging smile and a little pat on the shoulder, said, "Never mind, my dear, there will be no prejudice against you for this."

Each essay was folded just so, with number, subject, name, and date in proper sequence. The Seminary was a little world in itself where a few things were learned

thoroughly. Individuality was strengthened, and character unfolded along conventional lines. Under Mrs. Mills, the girls had a distinct code of conduct among themselves. It was an unwritten rule that no one should laugh at a beginner. One girl fresh from a mountain ranch was reciting her first lesson in the History Class. Trembling from head to foot, and white as death, she declared of a certain English King that he "died four years of age, and in the eighteenth year of his reign." Not even a smile greeted this statement; it would have been against the code.

"Quiet fifteen" was an interval of time before breakfast, and again at night before retiring. It would have been humanly impossible to keep a hundred or more girls out of mischief, when each was supposed to be reading her Bible. None knew this better than Mrs. Mills—Her wits and ingenuity were usually a match for the pranks played, even when the code enforced absolute silence among the associates of a girl under suspicion.

A friend of mine brought dire consequence upon herself by giving a tin-pan concert during the evening "Quiet Fifteen." High ceilings, narrow halls, and painted floors made for easy detection despite the fact that she thrust the dish-pan through the window into the shelter of the banksia rose arbor across the front of Mills Hall, and slipped the cooking spoon into the top of her spring-locked trunk. The noise made by the pan and spoon was enough to wake the dead. It brought Mrs. Mills and all of the resident teachers to the floor. Not

a girl rooming in that hallway had heard a thing! The culprit was only about half awake when questioned. Mrs. Mills and the teachers reluctantly filed back downstairs to re-appear when darkness encouraged the return of the pan and spoon to the kitchen. Luck was against the adventurer. The girl pushed the pan too far and it went bumpity-bump with the tell-tale spoon noisily proclaiming complicity. With the lights all on, the offender ran into the arms of Mrs. Mills. Then there was the sending for Mamma (whom I accompanied), a long session with Mrs. Mills, and the imposition of penalties.

"It was a disgusting performance," declared Mrs. Mills, "and a low common thing to do on a Sunday night." She said it with a twinkle in her eye, as she abruptly turned her back on the offender. That particular girl felt worse about being deprived of her birthday cake, a much prized honor among resident students, than she did over loss of credits, and other deprivations.

It was no easy task to guide and govern restless young spirits from towns, mining camps, lonely ranches, and foreign lands, each with complex disposition and

When I was a girl at Mills
One roof covered all the ills
As well as the good
Of the girlish brood,
When I was a girl at Mills.
* * * *

Now its standard has risen so fast
It is wholly a College at last—
Nothing less than A. B.
And a Master's Degree—
The Seminary time has passed.
* * * *

May the College now prosper at Mills
And grow with the need that it fills,
Until girls far and wide
Shall utter with pride
"When I was a girl at Mills."

—Fanny H. Rouse,
Seminary Class, 1873.

diverse home training. The essence and flavor of that training is felt in the length and breadth of our own land, in the adjacent islands, and Pacific Coast countries. To be a Mills girl confers distinction.

In 1879, the Mills Alumnae Association was organized for the promotion and welfare of the institution, the preservation of facts relative to graduates, and to facilitate social intercourse among them. During Mrs. Mills' life, fully 10,000 girls came under her influence. Today, there are twelve Mills Clubs in as many states, and graduates all over the world. All avenues open to women have representatives from Mills, and many succeeded in art, music, science, and teaching, but the great majority are in homes of refinement and culture, often with wealth and distinction added. Nothing was more touching than Mrs. Mills' affection for the children of her pupils. With these she was ever tender and considerate. There was always a touch of pride in her mention of them.

To be properly fitted to fill a Christian home was the highest ideal at Mills Seminary, but there was not wanting a high sense of patriotic obligation. Mrs. Mills was an ardent Daughter of the American Revolution, and nothing in either her precepts or example made for a tainted Americanism. Her patriotism was not of the pallid international sort.

In 1884 Dr. Cyrus T. Mills died, and the whole burden

of carrying out the life plans of the two rested upon the shoulders of surviving Mrs. Mills. She did not falter, and in 1885 a College Charter was granted by the state. Then began a hard uphill struggle to make the College a success. The last Seminary class—1906—graduated in 1911, leaving the College with practically no further income. It looked for awhile as if the entire movement for a full-fledged higher education for women must fall. While the question was still debated, Mrs. Stanford decreed that only five hundred women should be admitted to Stanford University—a condition still upheld by the Board of Regents.

The passing of the Seminary at Mills brought a new element into class. The College girls are older. Their studies begin where those of their predecessors left off. They do not tamely submit to the same restrictions, and find it hard to accept chaperonage. Even Commencement Day shifted from May to October. The reaction on the Alumnus was very marked. The strain to keep the College going tested the loyalty of all concerned.

After forty-four years of continued service Mrs. Mills resigned as President, on May 18, 1909. She was succeeded by Dr. Luella Clay Carson, a former Seminary graduate, who had gained prominence as a teacher in the University of Oregon. Dr. Carson was the ideal college-bred woman. She was handsome, polished, worldly wise

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MILLS HALL

A Little Prayer to Joss

Ah Foon Metes Out Oriental Justice

THE fog flowed through Chinatown in a gray, sodden stream. It cas-

caded silently down cellar steps and seeped under doors. It was drab and dull, save where some dim light stained it to a muddy pool and at the corner of Ross Alley and Sacramento Street where it swirled about the coloured lantern that glimmered above the door of a pawnshop and dripped a streaked blue, then a moment later slipped past the place and melted off into the mist-blown night mysterious as it had come.

Ah Foon shivered slightly as he stepped from the doorway of the little house midway in the murky alley and with his hands folded up the wide sleeves of his black silken jacket moved down the shadowy way with a gentle slip, slip of his matted sandals. To Foon, born in the beneficent climate of the Flowery Kingdom and growing up on the warm waters of the poppy-strewn Hoang-ho, the searching cold of this gray western city had ever been a trial, and tonight there was a chill in his heart as well.

Ah Foon was bent on an errand this evening, a thing which while slight enough in itself, must have far reaching effect. It was not without due deliberation that he had reached this decision. With the serene and painstaking patience of a good student of the august sage Confucius, he had considered, weighed and planned. Foon did nothing hurriedly. He had followed the same method when he bought Ming Li—that most gracious of wind-blown lilies, whose laugh was like the sparkle of purest white rose wine when poured into a jade cup. He had considered that he was a bachelor, that he was lonely and that he had a steady income which justified venture. Therefore it was that when one Hip Moy, a merchant of Chinatown, with the savings of some years transported his family from China to San Francisco, among which family was numbered one delicately beautiful daughter named Ming Li, rumor of the maiden's utter sweetness aroused considerable interest in the mind of the contemplative Foon. So he straightway called on Moy, bearing a gift of spiced tobacco and offering profuse apologies for having in the past neglected such a deep friendship as theirs. Old Moy had blinked blandly, had called Ming Li to serve fragile porcelain cups of Oo Long tea with jasmine petals floating in it, and had spoken of the rice crop in China and of the latest tong trouble. That night when Foon went home he walked in a dream, his brain clouded in a phantasmagoria of beautiful visions and the dank stinks of Chinatown he inhaled as sweet breaths from poppy fields and pine woods.

So it was that a month later the business of Moy had been increased to the extent of a thousand dollars of new capital and Ming Li wore the very honorable and strangely new title of Mrs. Ah Foon.

Foon was inexpressibly happy in his new state. He

By Robert Hewes

came home as regularly as was compatible with a gentleman who had certain

social obligations to fulfil and who maintained an interest in the illicit games of pie gow and fan-tan, and always he carried to Ming Li some little present—an ivory fan, a peacock feather brush or a pair of delicately embroidered sandals; on nights when he had been particularly fortunate at gaming he would bring her, perhaps, a bit of sea green jade or a smoldering fire opal. And always there were heaps of many-coloured silks to be made into more gorgeous garments than one little Chinese girl could ever hope to wear. Sometimes when Ming Li protested at her husband's extravagance he laughed and told her she was all he had ever saved money for.

One time Ah Foon made the discovery that Ming Li liked poetry, and thereafter he very often carried home some red and gold volume of Li Po or other singer of truth and beauty, and he read many verses of evenings by the saffron light of soft-lit lanterns while Ming Li curled up in a heap of cushions and listened eagerly while she nibbled at some bit of melon candy. Several lines from Ch'en Tzu-Ang called The Last Revel always brought a warm glitter to her eager young eyes open to all that was new and wonderful in this western world after her secluded life in China.

When in tall trees the dying moonbeams quiver;
When floods of fire efface the Silver River,

Then comes the hour when I must seek
Lo-Yang beyond the farthest peak.

Sometimes she would ask Foon to repeat the lines and he would glance at her a little curiously.

So Foon had been very happy until he had made a distressing discovery. For after all, he was old and fat, and Ming Li the bought bride had learned that there is such a thing as love. So it was that the gossip came to Foon, as gossip will, and it sent a chill to his heart. Still he did nothing hastily.

Deliberately he investigated, and he found that Ming Li on her nightly visits to the joss house, ostensibly to burn little coloured bits of prayer papers and recite lines to Buddha, was meeting her lover, one Chang Lee, a young student. Having ascertained thus much, Foon next considered whether Ming Li loved the other, and the new light she could not hide in her eyes told him that she did. Now it was that, the problem stated, he considered the solution, and carefully he weighed the facts and decided. Therefore it was that tonight, a few minutes before the time he knew to be the hour for the trysting, he slipped up the narrow stairs of the joss house.

A fat old priest dozed heavily in a corner but Foon did not so much as notice him. Kneeling before Joss, he

(Continued on page 46)

Haig Patigian

California's Noted Sculptor

HERE is a definite creative quality in the California air. Breathed in, it makes of those who might be otherwise quite ordinary mortals painters, poets, novelists, dancers, sculptors—. There is the urge to create, to give expression to that beauty which not only pertains to but is California.

The list of these California-produced exponents of the Seven Arts is a long one, and a list which is having constant and increasing growth. There are notable names on the list, men and women of not only national fame but many who have attained international renown; and it is among the latter that Haig Patigian, San Francisco sculptor, must be placed.

Of Armenian parentage, Patigian is by residence, in training, in love for his environment and its expression, pre-eminently a Californian. Almost entirely self-educated in his art, he has that thorough grounding in its basic principles which enables him to give free and strong expression to his motif—a freedom and beauty of expression which is in itself of California—and this motif has to a large degree found its incentive here.

To a great extent, also, Patigian's work has been executed for California. He is—an unusual circumstance—a prophet not without honor in his own country. His first exhibited work, a monument to McKinley, stands at Arcata. A recent bronze of General Pershing looks out from the trees of Golden Gate Park, and in the Memorial Museum not far away the gallery of sculpture holds a fine marble bust of John M. Keith. The Bohemian Club, of which he has twice been president, owns several important pieces; and he is represented in many of the private collections throughout the state.

At the Panama-Pacific exposition Patigian's colossal sculptures were a splendid feature of the architectural details. The columns of the Palace of Machinery, strongly modeled figures symbolic of the industrial arts in relation to civilization, were his. He had here those great figures symbolizing Imagination, Invention, Steam, Electricity and Power; and in the Fine Arts exhibit several figures and busts. As showing his standing in the world of art, Patigian was here a member of the International Jury of Award.

His most important work of recent date is the wide triangular pediment for the doorway of the beautiful

By Harry Noyes Pratt

building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, standing on Stockton Street looking out upon San Francisco Bay. The pediment is an unusually fine example of sculpture architecturally applied; a group subordinated to the architectural whole, yet sufficiently strong to hold place of its own. Modeled in high relief, the shallow pediment is a striking piece of symbolism. The central figure, typical of Life Insurance, holds the up-borne Sun as the emblem of Beneficence, while her wide-spreading wings signify Protection. At her right is an aged man, typifying Wisdom, who offers a policy to a younger man. The latter, with the babe held in the arms of the half-reclining nude female figure at the extreme right symbolizes the Family. At the left of the central figure is a group symbolic of the family protected by Insurance; the contented mother looking gratefully toward Insurance, the laughing children, and—at the extreme left—the half-reclining figure of Man with his Horn of Plenty. The pediment is balanced both in line and symbolism, a successful working out of a difficult problem.

Patigian has showed at the Paris Salon and at the Pennsylvania Academy, and holds membership in the National Sculpture Society and in the American Federation of Art. As significant of his international standing is his selection by Rineton Parks of London as one in the brief list of American sculptors given mention in his authoritative work, "Sculpture

ture of Today." Among the many notable achievements of Patigian are the heroic figures of General Funston, City Hall, San Francisco, Tympanum group and figures, arts, sciences, etc., Memorial Museum, San Francisco, Alden J. Blethen Memorial, Seattle, Washington, William Greer Harrison, Olympic Club, San Francisco, Rowell Monument, Fresno, California.



HAIG PATICIAN



A Page of Western Verse

Conducted by Harry Noyes Pratt

Yester Land

Did winds of Mem'ry waft o'erseas
A name, a fragrance—which of these?
I heard your hail: I understand.
Yon lies the way to Yester Land,
Where Time his rosary of hours
Links, bead to bead, with fadeless
flowers.

I see a cot, deep in a lane—
A face against the window pane.
Hushed is the vale that lies between
Close-cradling hills, forever green;
A vineyard slopes to sapphire seas.
Beneath the golden-fruited trees

Drift scented snows—the while 'tis May
Upon the hills of Yesterday.
I follow Mem'ry, tireless, fleet,
Through vineyard, grove and garden
sweet;
Through purple dusk and star-cool night,
On, on, till blooms the rose of light.

We two—and none beside us—know
The garden where flame-poppies grow.
How warmly on adobe walls
And lichenized tiles the sunlight falls!
Soft sound the mission's drowsy chimes;
Adown the aisle of blossoming times
You come; my faith is built anew,
And life is sweet because of you.

Torrey Connor

*This poem was awarded first place in a California Writers' Club (monthly) competition; Prof. William H. Carruth of Stanford, judge.

A Book

Oh, Muses, just a book upon a shelf,
High-browed, maybe, by poet and by
sage,
A trace of finger prints across each page
To which I gave the essence of myself!
Where measures play like lutes of some
fair elf
And, soft as breath of rain at dusk,
assuage
The passions of our human heritage;
With words, not ornate, written for the
self
Fame gives, but vagrants of a mood that
set
The soul to singing, to the senses bring
The fragrance unforgettable of Spring;
Of desert evenings when the sun has set;
Of rainbows limned forever 'gainst the
sky—
Grant me this book of songs, then let
me die!

Jo Hartman

Mountain Spirit

Have you ever lived in the mountains,
Far in, for months at a time?
Where the canyons are deep, and the
trails are steep,
And the crags are hard to climb?
Have you felt the thrill, when after a
week
Spent in where the trails are few,
You come to a clearing, and there 'neath
a peak
Is the cabin that's Home to you?

Have you ever stood on a ragged rock
When the valley deep below
Was full of little glistening clouds
That seemed to come and go?
And the mountains beyond were veiled
with mists,
But sometimes they would rise
And reveal the ridges and fields of snow
And rocks, reaching into the skies?

Have you ever walked in the dark fir
woods
Where the trees are straight and tall,
Where the trail winds in among the ferns
And the soft moss covers all?
The streams sing a song in the moun-
tains
As they rush along, wild and free.
There is life in that song; it is bold and
strong;
A life that is calling me.

Harold N. Lee

El Contento

A place in the sun! What more can I
ask?
A corner to dream in—not even a task
To steal the stray thoughts that come
drifting to me.
A place in the sun—overlooking the sea!

Secluded from winds that are fitful and
cold,
Oh, let me forget I am lonely and old;
I whittle and whistle and listen to bees
That drone as they plunder and steal
where they please.

My whistling is not full of melody,
And my whittling is not what it used
to be;
But what does it matter just how it is
done,
Just so I have this place in the sun?

Cristel Hastings

The Call of the Winds

Whither away, over the prairies,
Whither away, little wind fairies?
The grass, in love with your elfin song,
Would cling to your hands as you pass
along,

"Follow me, follow
O'er hill and hollow!"
It hears your cry
As you hurry by,
The grass would follow—and so would I!

Whither away, over the prairies.
Whither away, little wind fairies?
The clouds drift onward across the blue,
Reaching with outstretched hands to you,

"Follow me, follow,
O'er hill and hollow!"
They hear your cry,
As you hurry by,
The clouds would follow—and so would I!

Whither away, over the prairies,
Whither away, little wind fairies?
The birds will away to their winter
homes,
I must bide till springtime comes,
"Follow me, follow,
O'er hill and hollow!"
They hear your cry
As you hurry by,
The birds will follow—and so would I!

Derrick N. Lehmer

Boats

I ever live with rapture
In the waking day,
When I watch the boats come in
From the gleaming bay;
Rusty boats with torn sails,
Boats propelled by steam,
Coming into Baltimore
From the realm of dream.

Flaming with the morning,
Silvered with the dew,
Boats come in from Fairyland
With a fairy crew,
Boats heaped with the treasure
Of the Eastern Shore,
Bringing all the stuff of dreams
Into Baltimore.

Darkies, softly singing,
Let the anchors down,
As they dream of laughing lips
And the ways of town,
And my heart is knowing
The magic of the seas,
When the boats from Fairyland
Tie along the quays.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

The Prodigal of Siyeppa

Love and Fear of the Law in the Balance

DAN SCOFIELD checked the mud-spattered, reeking black at the top of the hill and looked back over the vast expanse of wind-tossed redwoods that lay between him and where the gray Pacific beat sullenly against defiant headlands. The man, oblivious of the horse's heaving flanks and distended nostrils, smiled grimly as he saw the driving wall of rain that beat up from the coast on the wings of a roaring sou'wester, blotting out all vision behind its opaque curtain and churning the soil on which it fell into a viscid mass.

"Good luck, for once in my checkered career," Scofield muttered with bitter sarcasm, as his reddened spurs touched the horse. "Forty miles from Crescent and not even a bloodhound could find my tracks ten minutes from now."

As the weary horse stumbled down the sinuous, brush-grown trail, the man's thoughts were not for the wondrous forest giants swaying to the blast of the storm, nor the glistening beauty of crimson dogwood and golden maple whose falling leaves carpeted the trail with a riot of color. He was thinking of that time so long ago—not many years, but an eternity it seemed now—when in the hot flush of outraged youth he had recklessly spurred up this same trail forswearing all allegiance to those whose name he bore. The memory of the gray-haired mother who had watched with tear-dimmed eyes as he rode away was blurred still by the more bitter remembrance of the quarrel that had passed between his stern old Scotch father and himself. And over nothing, Dan had maintained. A reckless rider always, he had been training Stager, the great gray colt, to jump, and in clearing a huge redwood log, had lamed the colt slightly. He and his father were too much alike, as his mother had always said. Harsh words brought bitter answers and the boy, scarce yet a man, had tempestuously flung his saddle on his own horse and ridden away, the red weal where his father's quirt had struck scoring his forehead.

Dan's musing ceased momentarily as the horse, with bunched feet, slid down a cut in the gravel bar and shoulder-point deep into the muddy water of the West Fork. With staggering tread, that scarce spelled safety for his rider, the horse plunged through, the rising flood boiling around him.

"There'll be no more horses cross the West Fork this winter," Scofield muttered, "and Brush Creek is swimming now—must be. I'll have a nice long visit with Eddie until the snow gets solid enough for me to cross the summit."

The hard lines in Dan's face softened a little at mention of his younger brother's name. With Eddie he had not quarreled—at least no more than brothers usually do. And from a scant word that had reached him now and then in his reckless, hectic wanderings he

By Charles V. Brereton knew that Eddie was the only one left on the mountain ranch that lay beneath the shadow of snow-crowned old Siyeppa. This news had come to Dan from the lips of a wandering cow-puncher like himself, who, hearing Dan's name, had told of working a day or two for Ed Scofield, who lived alone on the Siyeppa range. Dan had not asked more questions because he feared to hear the answer. His father and mother had always said they would never leave the ranch. In his own thoughts Dan knew that they must be sleeping peacefully in a little enclosure of snow-white pickets on the ranch they had toiled so hard to make their own.

There was a bitter taste in Dan's mouth as he thought again of the wild debauch his agony of spirit had driven him into after his garrulous informant had ridden away. Later these frenzied, fruitless attempts of a high-spirited man to drown his sorrow had become more frequent until he became a wastrel, drifting from camp to camp on far-flung ranges, yet in moments of forgetfulness winning many friends by his scintillating personality. Always though, it seemed something drew him closer to the old home. A yearning to stand by the white-painted fence he knew he would find, to ride again the bunch grass slopes of old Siyeppa, to feel the clasp of Eddie's hand—Eddie, why Eddie must be a man now. He had been sixteen when Dan left—he would be twenty-six now, a sturdy mountain rancher, respectable and worthy—perhaps married.

Dan grinned sardonically at the picture his thoughts had formed, then his face changed, hardening again as he saw that other picture—this morning. Himself, penniless, brain working brilliantly in queer unusual channels from the effects of a terrific bootleg debauch at Crescent. Dago Tony, a squat, hairy old spider—no other person in the dive—the request for a drink to soothe tortured nerves—the sneering, thick-tongued refusal coupled by an unforgivable epithet, and then the snap into amnesia—muscles as taut as piano wires swinging the too-handy gun in a vicious down stroke—the leap for the open safe with its hoard garnered from men like Dan Scofield.

The black horse had been ten miles from the littered, sordid town before his rider's white-hot brain had cleared and he had realized that reckless, debonair Dan Scofield was at last a criminal and a fugitive. Dan's free hand fell on the bulging, heavy cantinas at his saddle horn. He struck with his spurs and cursed savagely as the black horse stumbled in the darkening trail. Such a home-coming! Creeping in, literally a thief in the night—and maybe worse. Dan shuddered as he thought of the force with which the heavy gun had descended on the bootlegger's head. But at the ranch, with rising water on two sides and Siyeppa's im-

passable summit for the third he was safe until the hue and cry should die away. And he could never be tracked to the ford now. The rain had seen to that. The black horse stopped at a gate that barred his way and there was an unaccustomed constriction in the man's throat as his fingers lifted the old, familiar latch. A light shone dimly through the sheets of whipping rain.

As though he had been absent but a day, Dan led the black to a wide-roofed shed whence came the smell of fragrant clover. As the saddle slid from his steaming back the wearied animal's legs refused longer to uphold his weight and he sank dumbly to the straw-carpeted ground.

"That's that," Dan muttered as he turned toward the light.

At his knock a woman's startled voice bade him enter and, all dripping as he was, he stood framed in the light of the doorway. It was just a girl—or at least so she seemed to Dan—who stood regarding him, a queer mixture of hope and defiant fear in her long-lashed eyes. Dancing devils lurked in the man's own eyes as his old insouciant bravado returned at renewed thought of this home-coming. His own experience of women's eyes had been that they were brazen or alluring or appraising, as occasion willed, but he had never before seen blue eyes that held the expression those regarding him now did. Hope was there, the hope of a tortured soul for a savior but in them too, there was the same gleam that emanates from the yellow orbs of the tigress as she stands at bay in defense of her young. The man broke the silence and his voice was strangely gentle.

"I'm Dan Scofield," he said. "Where's Ed?"

"Oh! Thank God!" It was a paean of joy as it came from the girl's lips. "You've come, after I've prayed and prayed." She grasped his hand with slim young fingers that seemed like steel and urged him, unresisting, into the lighted room adjoining—his mother's room, he remembered.

There, flushed with fever and muttering now in weak delirium lay Eddie. Wasted and drawn as was the face that looked up from the pillow, it was yet the face of the Eddie of so long ago and as Dan stood at the bedside he knew now that every curve and liniament in that boyish countenance had been burned deeper into his consciousness as his own wasted years had passed. The sick man's dry lips ceased their meaningless drone and he began to talk in his delirium.

"Maybe Dan will come, Nell. I don't care for myself. Don't care for—it's you—you can't make it—you and the baby. Call Dan, Nell. Tell him Eddie wants him—wants—."

The voice ceased and the young wife raised hot, dry eyes to Dan as she placed a cooling cloth on her husband's fevered brow and smoothed the crumpled pillow.

"He's been calling like that since last night," she murmured. "And I've prayed; I've prayed so hard that you would hear him, Dan. We're alone here between those rivers and only Doctor Mason from Redwood can save him now." She turned to replenish the kitchen

fire and Dan followed, two tears—the first since boyhood—rolling unashamed down his wind-bitten face.

Well did he know how alone they were on this out-thrust mountain ridge, hemmed around by water and snow until Spring should come again. Men had swum their horses across Brush Creek in leaving the Siyeppa Range in the winter but none had ever attempted to swim back. The turn of the current forbade. That was the reason he had come, wasn't it? For safety—or was there something that had impelled him? He had never had to flee from the law before. Was it that stern God his mother had worshiped so fervently who had made him do the thing he had done this morning so he would be compelled to come here in time?

But another thought appeared. Even should he successfully cross the turbulent flood that lay to the south and bring the doctor, he would be a marked man at Redwood. The secret of his hiding place would be gone. Discovery might probably mean that his own life would expiate his crime. Tony had sprawled limp when the gun barrel descended on his black poll and Dan had not waited to see if the saloon man moved again. His brother's life hung in the balance but if Dan went to Redwood it would likely mean the end of things for himself.

And then the girl turned at a troubled murmur that came from a cot in a shaded corner. As she knelt by the crib, cooing endearments, Dan saw a tousled tow head upraised from a diminutive pillow and two wide eyes surveyed him sleepily, withal with much friendliness.

"How do" the small man said and then dreamland claimed him again.

"We call him Danny," Nell whispered as she tucked the cover around her son.

Dan's brain snapped as it had snapped once before that day but this time it was working on oiled pinions. He was once again the alert human mechanism that made him, despite his reckless ways, so valued on the ranges. Dan knew now what he must do. Redwood lay to the south across Brush Creek. He must cross that creek tonight; and more, he, or at least the doctor, must return.

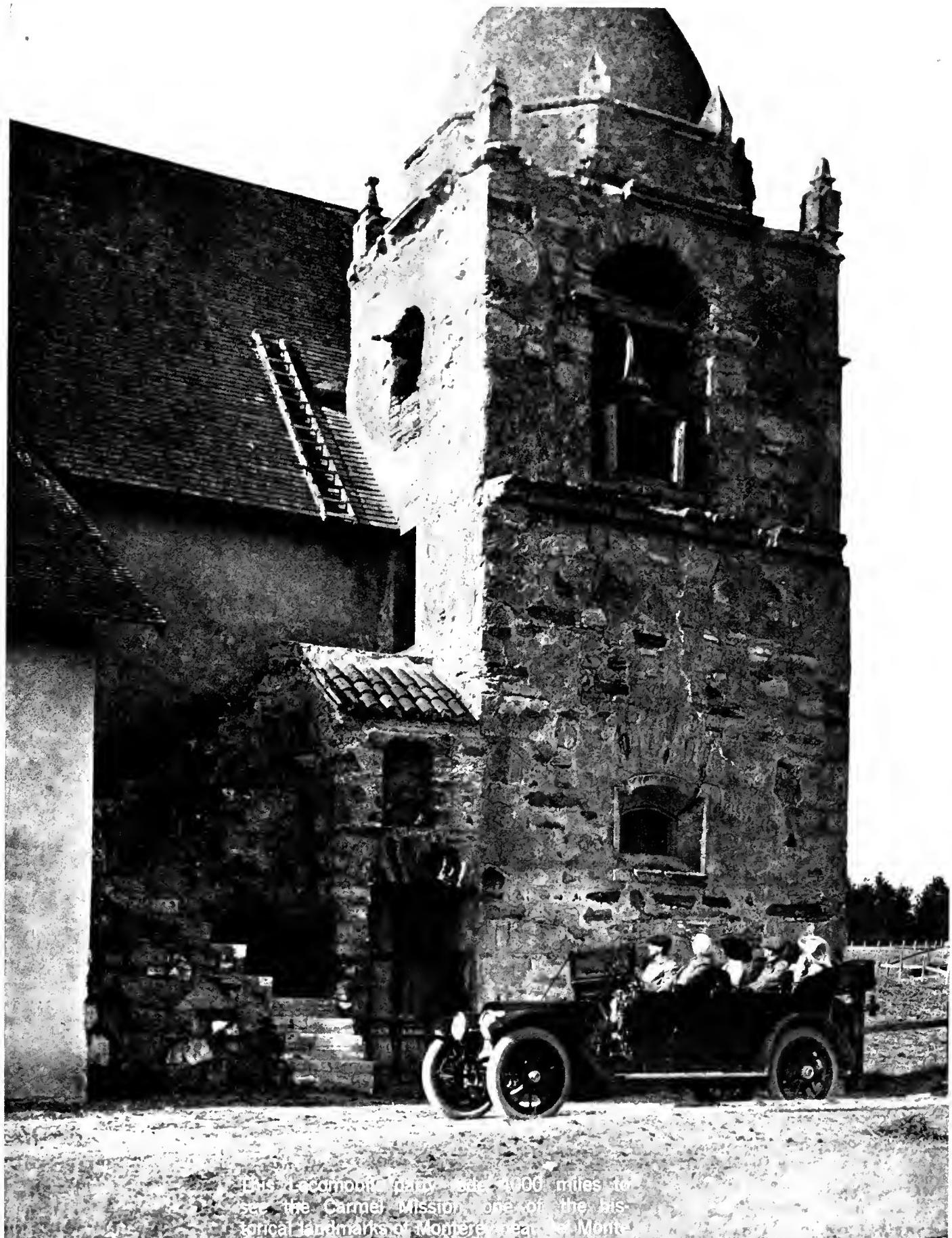
"Have you a horse?" he asked. "Mine can't travel tonight. Maybe never again."

"Only old Stager," Nell answered. "He's my saddle horse now. The others are out on the range." She hurried toward the stove, grief momentarily forgotten in womanly instincts of hospitality.

"But you've got to have some supper, and some dry clothes," Dan was already half way to the door.

"Just some coffee," he flung back. "I'll get the horse and some other things I want while you're making it."

Inside the stable he found the lantern and by its light appraised the great gray horse who blinked in the sudden glare. With all his judgment of horse flesh Dan had never thought the gawky colt over whose training he and his father had quarreled would develop into this deep-chested veteran. Dan ran his hands down the



This is a company touring auto, 4000 miles to see the Carmel Mission, one of the historical landmarks of Monterey, California.

powerful legs and found not a blemish. He examined the feet. Eddie had evidently shod Stager before he became sick. As Dan led the horse out the iron shod hoofs rang on the plank floor with a precision that is only shown in the step of a perfect saddle horse.

"You've got the strength, old timer," Dan muttered, "but you're old. I can't tell until I try how good your wind will be. You've got some things to do tonight, horse."

With the lantern, then, Dan searched the barn for rope. It was fruitless, except so far as halter ropes and Eddie's riata were concerned. Dan took the coil of braided rawhide. Together with his own it might serve the purpose. But as he went through the yard to the house a fluttering garment showed in the lantern's thin rays.

He examined the clothesline and found it to be of several strands of twisted wire, pliable and thin, but stout out of all proportion to its size. It was long, at least two hundred feet. In a couple of minutes Dan had unfastened the line and with his practiced fingers fashioned it into a neat coil. This he tied to the saddle, replacing Eddie's riata in the barn.

In the house he wolfed some of the food Nell had prepared and drank his coffee. Then he tip-toed to the sick room whence the ceaseless monotone still came. A long look at Eddie's flushed face and Dan caught one of the feverish hands, pressing it gently, as though for a last goodbye. At the door, as if by an afterthought, he turned and held out a hand to Eddie's wife. For an instant she hesitated, then both strong young arms were flung around Dan's neck as she kissed him full on the lips.

"God bless you, Dan," she breathed, as he went out again into the storm. When Dan regained the shed he hesitated a moment before he picked up the cantinas. With a savage gesture he flung them on the saddlehorn.

"If I left it here, they'd say that Eddie was in the deal, too," he growled. "When they get me, let 'em get the damned money as well."

As he stopped to open the corral gate Dan's hand struck against the neck of a bottle that protruded from the cantinas pockets and he drew it forth, remembering for the first time that he had grabbed a bottle from the bar as he rushed from Tony's dive that morning. The old craving was strong and the bottle was half way to Dan's lips when he remembered Nell's goodbye blessing. The bottle swung up but not to his lips and there was a crash of splintered glass as Stager, in the old familiar stride, sped down the trail toward Brush Creek. Human vision was impossible in the wet blackness. Everything must be trusted to the old horse's knowledge of the trail. Dan knew that.

A quarter of a mile, half way to the creek, there was of old a low-hung limb that would sweep an incautious rider from his saddle, perhaps to his death. Dan tried to bring another sense into play—something that would tell him when to meet this menace of those who ride in

the night. He could not afford to get hurt now. Therefore he expelled a sigh of relief as a sudden dip and turn in the trail brought back a flood of memories and told him he was safely past the danger. The limb, "The Widow-maker," as the riders had always called it, must have fallen or been cut down, he decided.

The ride itself was an incident—one of many such in the cowpuncher's reckless life. After the first tryout of old Stager's powerful muscles under him Dan would have waked the night birds with his cheerful whistle were it not for the knowledge of how much depended on his reaching Redwood, and the black agony of his own soul.

The roar of Brush Creek came to him sullen, menacing, like that of some huge animate thing ready crouched for its prey. He checked the horse in the alders at the river's brink and dismounted. The gash made by Brush Creek in the giant redwood forest was wide, and here it did not seem to be so dark. The difference to Dan's eyes was only like that which might be experienced in emerging from an unlit cave to the blackness of a stormy night, but there always seems to be a faint luminosity that hangs over the first plunging torrents of winter. Eyes and ears attune, Dan sensed, rather than saw, that the creek was in flood. Out for forty feet it would be swimming water, with a strong current. Stager could cross that, Dan knew. The real danger lay in the next forty feet—the flood water—where it might be swimming or it might only be running over an uneven bottom, up to the saddle skirts one step and ten feet deep the next. In such a place the best of swimming horses has little chance, especially in such a current as Dan knew was there. One misstep and horse and rider would roll over and over in that icy current until they were sucked into the rock walled canyon two hundred yards below.

There would be no swimming back. Dan knew that, and it was that knowledge that had caused him to bring the coil of wire with him. One end of this coil he made fast to a stout young tree, being sure of his wraps and ties. Then he fastened Stager's bridle reins loosely to the saddlehorn, giving the old horse his head. Holding the wire coil with hands that trembled a little, he mounted and urged Stager forward by the pressure of his knees. It would require his whole attention to keep the wire from fouling them both. Stager's instinctive knowledge of where to land must be his only guide.

At the first swift suck of the current Dan's heart sank within him and a long-forgotten prayer rose to his lips. The thin line paid out at terrific speed, hissing into the water behind as the horse drifted down. Dan thanked his God that the creek was not yet high enough to carry much driftwood.

Dan felt the jar as Stager's feet struck the first boulder past the channel. Then the old horse plunged into a hole, submerging them both. Another stroke and he was among the boulders again. For an eternity, it seemed, as the horse strove to keep his feet against the

Fishing Fleets of San Francisco

Picturesque Fishermen's Wharf

THE daily food needs of a large city are enormous and varied, and to supply the fresh fish required by the hotels and cafes a small army of fishermen go out to make their daily haul from the ocean or other waters nearby.

At San Francisco, with its cosmopolitan population drawn from all quarters of the globe, are to be found "quarters" that are distinct and picturesque, such as the "Chinatown" pictured and sung by innumerable artists and writers, the "Barbary Coast," or colorful night district, that was always a Mecca for tourists in the days when liquor was sold, and many other parts of the city given over principally to one nationality or class of people.

"Fishermen's Wharf" is another of the sightseeing points of the California city, for here can be seen the hundreds of fishing vessels that make up the fleet that daily puts out to sea to return laden with all varieties of fish and sea foods, from the daintiest sandabs to the largest halibut or salmon. At Fishermen's Wharf one hears only the musical cadences of the Italian tongue, for practically all of the fishermen are of that nationality, and though, perhaps, born in the city in which they live, they still cling to their mother tongue.

To accommodate the hundreds of small gasoline launches used by the fishermen, a number of long wharfs have been erected close to the shore, virtually forming inland lagoons where the waters are placid and unaffected by the winds. Alongside of these wharfs the boats are tied up when not in use, and the nets are strung out over the floor or sides of the wharf to dry and to be mended after the daily fights with some of the larger fish that often tear great holes in the net in their attempts to escape its meshes.

The Italian fisherman is a volatile chap, always eager and willing to talk or sing while his hands are busy mending nets or keeping the snug little boats in good condition. On Sunday, although it is the day of rest, the fishing folk cannot keep away from the boats, and often the whole family, dressed in their best, will swarm over the wharfs, chattering and laughing and singing while the men tinker on board the little vessels, painting or polishing the craft or getting ready for the Monday morning cruise to "The Heads." The principal fishing grounds near San Francisco are just outside the Golden Gate and off toward some tiny islands that lay out in the ocean, about thirty miles from the mainland, which are nautically known as "The Heads."

Most of the fishing boats are owned individually or in partnership by the men who make up the crew, although one or two larger concerns operate a fleet of these vessels handled by men who are paid according to the catch they make.

By Arthur L. Dahl

The fishing fleet usually puts out to sea at two or three o'clock in the morning, so as to reach the fishing grounds before daylight. The Pacific Ocean in the vicinity of the Golden Gate is never a warm place, even in mid-summer, and the cold winds that sweep across the broad expanse of water would chill to the bone any but these warm-blooded Italians, who love the salt tang in the air and go singing to their work while other city dwellers are snug in their beds. With a demijohn of wine to keep their blood warm, the fishermen go out in all kinds of weather, spreading their nets and gathering in their daily harvest of fish, sometimes in great numbers, at other times in lesser quantities, but always there are fish to be hauled in, for the nets sweep the waters clean and gather into their folds the finned folk of many varieties.

The fish brought to Fishermen's Wharf are bought at the boats by the dealers, who have the facilities for marketing the catch, either to the big hotels and cafes or to the peddlers who sell from door to door. A great deal of the fish caught are of a variety that is not readily salable for food, and these are sold to fertilizer factories or to be ground up into dry fish meal for sale to poultry dealers or for feeding stock.

At different periods during the year certain varieties of fish predominate in the catch, and at such times the market for this particular kind will be glutted, and often much of the daily output will be tossed back into the sea, or sold to the fertilizer mills. As a rule, however, a sufficient number of the different kinds of fish used by the city markets are caught each day to supply the demands of the hotels and better class of restaurants, so that it is almost always possible to get one's favorite fish in a San Francisco cafe. The faithful fishermen of "Little Italy" daily risk their lives in their quest for the denizens of the deep.



Frank Grouard---Government Scout

In the Days of Sitting Bull

IN the South Sea Islands many years ago a boy was born, whose mother was a Princess of the Island of Ana, and his father a missionary from New England. At the early age of five years this child found himself in the western wilderness of North America with all family ties broken by a strange combination of circumstances. For ten years he lived with foster-parents in southern Utah. They did the best they could for the lad. But Utah, like the entire West, in those early days was a vast untamed, uncultivated region full of exposure and hardships of every conceivable nature.

At the age of fifteen this boy (like many boys in ages past and ages yet to come) grew weary of the monotony of his life, left school and started to seek his fortune. What the fortune was to be he had not the remotest idea. He "hired out" to a man named McCartney. His first job was driving a team across a stretch of plains and mountains for a distance of many hundred miles—a journey that consumed eleven months out of the twelve.

In the days before railroads or even wagon roads were in existence in the big western country, weather conditions were more tyrannical than they are today. The rivers had no bridges; rain and melting snow frequently made crossing a stream a big problem—sometimes an impossible problem. In the mountains a harmless, dry depression might at any time, without warning to the freighter, become a raging torrent sweeping everything before it. Blizzards with their terrible drifts and sudden drops in temperature; or just plain, old-fashioned snowstorms covering the plains several feet "on the level" and filling depressions twenty or thirty feet deep with snow, often caused even more serious problems to the traveler, and sometimes even cost him his life.

The motive power of these freight trains that ran without rails was either ox, mule, or horse power. These animals had to gather their own food by the wayside. There was no room in the wagons for hauling grain and hay for these faithful laborers; they must do their day's

By H. B. Kinsley

work in the harness and "rustle" for their meals by the roadside when the men went into camp for rest and "grub." If the grass happened to be short or covered deep with snow the beast of burden went hungry. Although horses and mules were much used in freighting, it was found that ox teams stood the work and rustling for food better than either. Hence, the "bull train" as a forerunner of the freight train that runs on rails with steam as the motive power, has become a picturesque bit of our western plains' pioneer history.

The McCartney freight train, of which our hero was a youthful "whacker," was not unlike other "outfits" of the western plains of that period. The wagons were always arranged in pairs—a trailer and a lead. The trailer was hitched to the back end of the lead wagon. A "team" meant, not two horses, mules or oxen, as the case might be, but anywhere from four to twenty draft animals, according to the needs of the journey and the species of draft animal owned by the freight company in charge of the contract. The number of wagons in a train varied from two to three or four hundred. These wagons were very large and very strongly built; and necessarily provided with strong brakes, and in addition heavy chain locks for emergency use. It required

the full weight of a full sized man to throw the brake shoe into position in front of the rear wheel when traveling on a down grade. The usual load for a lead and trail wagon with a team of seven yoke of oxen was eight or ten thousand pounds of freight.

The hero of our narrative knew nothing about driving any sort of animal; and here he was confronted with a whole string of them stretched out across the landscape in front of him. To manage such a team on a rough mountain trail and perform a man's tasks in a cross-country jaunt of eleven months was a rather big undertaking for a lad of fifteen years. But the wagon master, or boss of the outfit, was more considerate of the lad than wagon masters usually were in those days, and rode beside him for the first few days of the trip to give him pointers. The conditions of the



GENERAL CROOK FRANK GROUARD SITTING BULL

times made it especially hard for the so-called "tenderfoot." In the slang of the camp, "the tenderfoot was the goat for the whole outfit."

In the light of later experiences, his first trip was uneventful. The long camp delays due to snow-drifts, flood-tide fords, grazing of draft-animals, searching for strayed or stolen stock (Indians frequently ran off the draft-animals), gave time and opportunity for gambling and carousing, if any were so inclined; and if there was liquor to be had—which, contrary to the general belief, was not always obtainable—camp conditions showed far from a Sunday School atmosphere. On this trip however, liquor was to be had; and some of the scenes were so revolting to the lad that he vowed never to indulge.

After more than three years with the McCartney Freight Company, the boy Frank took the job of breaking horses for the Holliday Express Company, at their station near the present site of Helena, Mon. At that time Helena was a small mining camp. This was too tame for the daring youngster, and after a few months he gave up "bustin' broncos" to carry mail for the Holliday Pony Express through the hostile Indian territory in what is now northern Montana. The Blackfeet and the Sioux could not be reconciled to the encroachments of the white men who, because of the reported fabulous mineral wealth in what is now Montana, were coming into that country in increasing numbers.

Frank was only nineteen when he undertook the hazardous mail route as pony express rider. He had made only a few trips when he was captured by the Blackfeet, who after most cruel treatment, released him. In an almost dying condition he reached friends, and after more than three months of agonizing pain and careful nursing, he was able to resume his mail route, but almost immediately fell into the hands of the Sioux. Because of his inheritance of South Sea Island features and dark skin, some of the Sioux thought he was one of their own tribe who had been captured by the whites when so young he had forgotten his native language. For a year and a half the prisoner was kept in agonizing doubt as to what his fate was to be. He could not understand a word they said; and could only guess at the meaning of their sign-language, which they used a great deal. He could only listen, watch, wait. He became desperately ill from the effects of Indian food (a steady meat diet with no bread and no salt). Close confinement with no exercise was a contributing cause to his illness,—since he was kept in an Indian teepee closely guarded at all times. He was nursed back to health by Sitting Bull's sister, who by some mysterious means divined his needs and succeeded in securing the white man's flour, salt and coffee. Finally his physical condition was improved enough that he was put through the various torture-tests, feats of strength and bravery. There were two opposing factions in the camp,—one led by Chief Crazy Horse, the other by Chief Sitting Bull,—each contending for the privilege of disposing of the prisoner. According to the Sioux code of strength and

bravery, Frank passed successfully all tests; won the favor of Sitting Bull and finally the confidence of the opposing faction. With this came partial freedom, though the Indians continued to keep close watch over him at all times and never permitted him to leave the camp alone. Neither was he permitted to have any kind of weapon.

Finally he learned that he had become Sitting Bull's adopted brother and had been given the name "Standing Bear," because when captured, he was clad from head to foot in bear fur and was at first sight mistaken for a bear. Having thus been assured that his life was to be spared at least temporarily—the prisoner began in desperate earnest to make the best possible use of his captivity. To all intents and purposes Frank became a full-fledged Sioux. He entered into the games, the hunts, the life of the tribe with all the zest of the most ambitious young warrior. He seriously set to work learning both the sign language and the spoken language,—the latter being in reality six different dialects.

At last,—after what seemed an endless waiting,—Frank—or Standing Bear as he was now called,—was presented with a gun. It was an old flint-lock, one that the Indians thought would not shoot. With seeming indifference, but a heart thumping hard, he took the old muzzle-loading shooting iron, examined it, and cleaned it up as best he could, ready to take a shot at the first opportunity. He was on his guard however. He knew he must not seem to be much interested, must not seem to value the old gun. The opportunity soon came to test its shooting qualities. A fine deer ran over the brow of a hill straight for the place where a group of Indians were having an exciting game. They all saw it at the same time; but none of them had a gun near. Frank, with his old flint-lock, calmly waited for it to come within range, when with the eyes of half the Indian village upon him, he raised his gun, drew a quick bead, and fired. The deer fell dead in its tracks. This remarkable shot won him a Hawkins powder-and-lead muzzle loader; and the privilege of going on hunting trips with the young warriors. This was, of course, the one thing he had wanted most of all. Now he could explore the country; study the trails, the mountain-passes, and every minute detail of the topography of the country far and near. He embraced every possible opportunity to explore, always under the pretext of hunting. In the six years of captivity he went over the ground so many times in these hunting trips that he fixed upon his brain a map of the entire region; and could travel any of the trails, day or night, dark or light, eyes shut or open, and never miss a cut-off or a trail. He also studied carefully the favorite camping places of the Indians, the tribal customs, the tribal traditions, and secured a continuous history of the Sioux Nation covering almost a thousand years. All the while he was constantly on the alert to escape captivity the moment he felt sufficiently armed with information and equipped to accomplish his purpose for his country and

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Early History of the City of Vallejo

and of General Marino Guadeloupe Vallejo

THE history of the city of Vallejo is so indissolubly linked with that of General Marino Guadeloupe Vallejo, whose name it bears, that one cannot be told without the other.

The city lies in Sonoma County, which in early days embraced all that territory lying west of the Sacramento River, and north to the Oregon line. At the first Legislature, the State was divided into counties, and the northern line of Sonoma established along the fortieth parallel to the summit of the Mayacuma Mountains and south to San Pablo Bay, including all of what is now Mendocino and a part of Napa County. In 1858 Sonoma was further contracted by having the County of Napa set apart, this giving it its present dimensions.

In 1832 the Spanish built their last mission in California at Sonoma, named Mission of San Francisco Solano, after a famous Peruvian priest.

Chief San Feto, or Solano, as he was later known, had chieftainship over rancheros between Petaluma Creek and Santa Rosa. General Vallejo won the Chief's friendship while Commandante at Sonoma, an unusual thing, as the Indians were suspicious of the whites and looked askance at either Spaniard or Mexican.

The impress of General Vallejo is stamped not alone in Vallejo township, but all over the State he knew and loved. He possessed a warm friendship for the Americans, giving them advice and money freely, and when it was found that Mexico had neither government nor protectorate over California, he was the first to strongly counsel annexation to the United States.

Marino Guadeloupe Vallejo was the son of Ignacio Vincente Vallejo. He was born in the city of Monterey, July 7, 1808, and received most of his education there.

General Vallejo was the eighth of thirteen children, and supplanted meagre education by reading. He had a strong leaning toward militarism and at the age of sixteen was a member of the Mexican army, and at the same time acting as private secretary to the Mexican Governor, Arguillo. His first work of importance

By B. G. Rousseau

was the drawing up of articles of capitulation acknowledging the surrender of

the Spanish forces to the Mexican government. At 21 he was in command of the San Francisco Presidio when Governor Chico resigned under compulsion in 1836. But Vallejo had neither taste nor desire for the emoluments of civil life and soon turned the office over to J. B. Alvarado. The latter was also a Californian, a man of shrewd, progressive ideas, and popular with all classes.

When California, tired of Spain's neglect, broke away from that country, and was made an independent territory, it had at first seven representatives in Congress, one-half of whom were elected annually, and had neither seat nor vote.

The first Governor of the new territory was Don Luis Arguillo, but the people were dissatisfied and discontented; they wanted a state government and their own officials. In this movement they were ably seconded by Alvarado, who as a consequence leaped at once into popular favor. He was named the first Governor under the new ruling, and immediately appointed as his commandante at Sonoma Marino Guadeloupe Vallejo, who at that time was the richest and most influential man in the territory.

In 1840 Vallejo was made Brigadier-General. At his suggestion Governor Figueroa ordered a general election of civil officers for the Presidio, or District of San Francisco, with the seat of government at Mission Dolores, which

plan was duly carried out.

In 1831 Vallejo was made a member of the territorial deputation. Governor Victoria had succeeded in making himself intensely disliked by the Californians on account of his arbitrary and cruel conduct. Vallejo was selected by his fellow townsmen to draw up an impeachment against him. In some manner Victoria became cognizant of what was going on, and sought by every means in his power to win over Vallejo, hoping he would drop the indictment against him, but his plan failed, and as a last resort he determined upon the arrest of the young Californian and his followers. News of the Governor's determination leaked out and caused a revolution. Victoria was defeated in the battle of Sanigua Pass near Los



GENERAL MARINO VALLEJO

The City of Vallejo, today one of California's most prosperous and thriving communities, is a delightful boat trip from San Francisco. The round trip can be made in one day, allowing ample time for a trip to Mare Island, the Government Navy Yard.

Angeles, and deported in an American ship to his native land.

In 1834 the Governor of Monterey ordered Vallejo and his staff, consisting of an army of from ninety to one hundred dragoons, to go on a tour of inspection into the then unknown regions of the upper bay. They traveled from Monterey to Pueblo; thence to San Jose, and down the east shores of the bay, having many thrilling experiences, even suffering the pangs of starvation. Indeed, the wolf growled so threateningly near that a relief party was sent back to San Jose for more provisions.

The expedition made its way to Sausalito, and finally to the shores of the Golden Gate. On the journey Vallejo's favorite horse fell from the boat and was supposedly drowned. Vallejo was inconsolable. On his return trip he heard a familiar whinney from the opposite bank, and was overjoyed to see his horse, none the worse for his involuntary bath. The Island received the name Mare Island, or in the more liquid Spanish, "Isla de Yegua."

In 1836 Governor Chico succeeded in getting into disrepute with the Californians, and he too was deported. Before leaving he appointed a man named Guiterez to take his place. The revolutionists agreed, but it was not long before they found that Guiterez' policy was much the same as that of the deposed Governor, and much dissatisfaction was expressed. Finally, the populace arose and proclaimed Vallejo General in Chief and revolutionary Governor ad interim. Vallejo at once convened the territorial legislature and turned the reins of government over to Alvarado, President of that body.

In 1838 the Mexican government confirmed the acts of the Californians, and sent out Micheloreno. Vallejo was appointed military commander of all the territory north of the Santa Inez Mountains, with headquarters at Sonoma. Here he lived for many years.

When the first legislature met, Vallejo was on hand and offered to build the finest state capitol building in the West, if the legislature would but declare Vallejo the capital of the state.

His proposal involved a whole section of land and \$370,000 in money. It is true that the site of Vallejo at that time was a bare plain of wild oats, but miracles had happened, even in those days. San Francisco had sprung from a village to a city, while Sacramento and Stockton had suddenly leaped from nothingness to life.

The offer was finally accepted by the legislature

after being confirmed by a vote of the people. The General lost no time in drawing up a bill of particulars. These included a Governor's mansion, state university, state library, asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb, a botanical garden, and numerous other improvements. Besides all this, he spent vast sums of money in the expectation that the state capitol should remain for all time at Vallejo, and he would be reimbursed for the extra outlay from the sale of lots in the new capitol city, and the consequent raise in the price of land in the adjacent territory.

In January, 1853, the steamer "Empire" sailed from San Francisco, carrying the state government to Vallejo. All, however, was not plain sailing. The "Alta," at that time the foremost newspaper in the state, fought the removal bitterly and said among other caustic things: "The state capitol is being taken away from civilization to be located among the coyotes." It also took occasion to congratulate San Jose on losing the

"Legislature of a Thousand Drinks."

The first legislature convened in the basement of the state capitol, which was not yet complete; the senate met on the top floor, while the middle floor was used for assembly rooms. In the immediate vicinity were numerous saloons and bowling alleys. The legislature met in Vallejo just twice, then presumably on account of in-

adequate hotel accommodations—but in reality owing to certain powerful influences which had secretly been working in favor of Sacramento as the capitol city, Vallejo saw his dream shattered after a monetary loss of several thousand dollars.

The captain of the steamer which was to make the transfer declined to do so until he was paid \$1,700. After much skirmishing the sum was finally collected and the removal began.

In 1852 the legislature returned to Vallejo. Conditions at this time were somewhat improved. Several corrugated iron cottages had been imported to relieve the house congestion. The state capitol was finished, also the governor's mansion. The latter some time afterward became the property of John B. Frisbie, Vallejo's son-in-law. The population of Vallejo at that time was thirty-one.

All this time the political pot was boiling merrily in Solano County, and the capitol, as a pawn in the hands of wily politicians, was moving from one place

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THE OLD VALLEJO HOME AT SONOMA CITY

A serial story with a well woven plot. A mystery of tangled lives, the outcome of a past love affair and machinations of

The Boss of the River Gang

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued from July)

"IT is quite true," he told them, "I underwent an operation to relieve a slight pressure that caused annoying headaches and extreme nervousness; but I have never sustained an injury inducing lapse of memory, or paralysis, during any great length of time; and during the last seven or eight years, have been perfectly well."

He shrugged, and made no reply when asked why, during that time, he did not come home. He declared he knew of no person called Denby. He listened to a recital of Mrs. Esteban's marriage, that, with her death and the disposal of her property, greatly distressed and excited him.

"Where did this man, Denby, come from?" he asked. "Who was he?—What was he? About what age? His looks?"

The only information forthcoming was a description of the man in person and character. And to this Esteban listened intently.

"Short and stout," he repeated slowly. Suddenly a stunning thought flashed into his mind.

"Did he have red hair? Smoke a pipe? Did he always wave his hands, palms out, when excitedly speaking? Did he always say: my, or 'me'?" His questions which had come rapidly, tumbling and tripping on each other in his eager excitement, were answered in the affirmative.

Anger blazed in his eyes and red spots glowed on his cheeks. He clenched his hands as though aching to deliver a blow.

"Donivan, by thunder!" he ejaculated. "Donivan, I'll bet my head. The wily rascal! I'll run him down yet, and put a bullet into his carcass if it takes until doomsday. Donivan—ex-convict; adventurer; deceiver of women. Donivan—BOSS OF THE RIVER GANG!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE Esteban family was one of many branches, and members of its several generations were widely scattered, at the period of the river flood.

Don Pedro, founder of the family, had grown rich from his holdings in California, comprising many miles of land on which he herded great bands of cattle and sheep. He settled a portion of the land on each of his ten children as they married, and when he died the remainder was divided among them.

Jose Esteban, oldest son of Don Pedro, built a house on his land, in which his

daughter, an only child, and later her son, Reuben Toddler, also an only child, were born. As he saw the descendants of Don Pedro increase, Jose, looking to the future, knew that as the land was again and again sub-divided among the numerous children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, the herding of stock in numbers, must one day be abandoned.

Anticipating facility for transportation in the future, he early began improving his estate and planned better than he lived to know. When, by the death of his daughter, his grandson, Reuben, became owner of the Vine Hill it was not only the most profitable ranch in the region, but also was the most beautiful.

Then came a day when a railroad company, having procured right of way, sent its first passenger coaches over the rails that divided the "Esteban" valley, and curved their sinuous way over the "Esteban" hills.

Many strangers, looking for small tracts of land offered tempting prices, and among the members of the Esteban family who were tempted to sell, was Sebastian, who later went to Northhaven and founded that branch of the family from which Tony was descended. Other Estebans drifted elsewhere—and quite soon a rapidly growing settlement was cradled in the beautiful "Esteban hills."

The land adjoining the Toddler place on the east, had come down by right of inheritance—to a large family of descendants—from Juan Esteban, brother of Jose, Reuben Toddler's grandfather. To these descendants of Juan, his or her sub-division of the original estate seemed beggarly by comparison with Vine Hill, Reuben's ranch. And, after the completion of the railway and founding of the town, "Landsburg," they placed the entire original estate on the market.

One day quite soon thereafter, a person of great importance—at least in his own estimation—waddled from a platform of a car when the passenger train stopped at "Landsburg." And "Landsburg" citizens—usually at the station when trains came in—started in amazement at a stranger:—A man of ruddy countenance, stout of figure, short of legs—from the tips of his patent leather boots to the top of a silk hat that, although unsuited to his face and figure, like everything else about him, was brand new.

His hands seemed bursting from the gloves in which they were encased; in an immaculate shirt front there blazed a diamond of goodly size, and across a broad expanse of vest hung a cable of glittering gold that undoubtedly was anchored at one end by a watch equally massive.

Momentarily he stood irresolute. Lifting his hat he mopped his nearly bald head with a new silk handkerchief. Lighting a cigar, he looked about nonchalantly; and presently, with as much pompous dignity as the shortness of his legs and his balloon-like body would permit, rolled along to the general merchandise-post office—boot and shoe store—real estate establishment, of Miggs and Co., all eyes following until he disappeared within, when the dead silence in which he had been inspected, was broken by uproarious laughter; and the idlers about the station let their tongues loose.

"B'gosh; aint that s'prisin'?"

"Thunder! How'd y'u s'pose that the freak got through on them ther cars 'thought bustin' down th'train?'"

"It's a—what is it, anyhow?"

"Mighty swell f'r these here parts."

"Swell?" now yer talkin.' Jest on the pint o' bustin'."

"Makes me think o' Toddler's freak hog."

The last remark brought a boisterous guffaw, as the crowd dispersed.

The entrance of the brand new stranger electrified the proprietors of the post office-store-realty combine. Miggs drew his legs down from the counter, and jerked his hat straight. Co. suspended operations with a toothpick and ran his fingers through his hair. Both waited expectantly, for the man to speak.

"Moses, ain't it blistering hot?" The stranger mopped his perspiring face with his handkerchief. "I'm looking for land—desirable land; pay spot cash," he presently told them with the air of a multi-millionaire. "Me name's Rebman; Spencer Rebman—from Maine."

"How many feet—acres—sections?" Miggs, suddenly finding voice, eagerly asked.

"Inside—out-lying—hill, or valley?" asked Co., eager to have his voice in the matter.

Miggs and Co. were both sizing up—financially—Spencer Rebman from Maine.

Mr. Rebman elevated his chin, and

with his shoulders lifted and his hands palms out, answered loftily:

"Quite immaterial. Feet, acres, sections; anything—so long as locality, scenery, fertility, water suits. Desirability is the main point. I want plenty of room."

"You look as if you did—I—I mean as if you know whatcher want," stammered Co. in an effort to gloss over the involuntary expression of persistent thought, and to obliterate Miggs' scowl.

"Why, yes. Certainly! Of course!" Miggs, eager to land a big fish, sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair. "Come right along—I mean come right along and—"

He grabbed Spencer Rebman's arm; and Co., echoing: "Certainly, come right along," clutched his other arm. Between them they hustled him out to a waiting wagon.

"Jump right up! Jump right in; we'll take you out," they assured him as, exerting themselves, they succeeded in hoisting him on the high seat.

Miggs climbed up beside him and took up the lines while Co. climbed in at the rear and settled himself on a sack of seed potatoes. Miggs headed the horses toward the higher hills and with wheels creaking and groaning, they rattled away.

"We'll show you some putty fine land, old boy—Mister.—Putty good buys in these here parts, I reckon; yes-sir-ree," declared Miggs as they rumbled and jolted along. And Rebman who wobbled from side to side, bumping against the driver, sliding back again, shook like a bag pudding.

Presently they turned off into another, and worse, road. The wagon lurched and Rebman lost balance, but righting himself he ventured to mop his face that was dripping perspiration; he was not enjoying his elevated position or his vigorous exercise.

"Roads all like this?" he presently asked with an effort to appear indifferent as he slid and bumped about while exerting himself to stay on the seat.

"Wa-i-l, to'ably good—middlin' till we git past Toddler's place."

"Y'u see," interrupted Co., "Toddler kinder looks arter this here road, here; but his wife's been porely o' late, an' one thing an' t'other is kinder upset—"

"Whoa, there, Flighty; what's eatin' ye?" Miggs suddenly shouted. A dog had bounded into the road just ahead, and ferociously barking was prancing back and forth before the horses. Flighty had balked and reared.

"Git out, y'u beast—git," Miggs yelled, trying to control the horses with one hand while with the other he flourished his whip and dealt the dog a stinging lash.

A wheel had settled in a chuck hole on Miggs' side and Rebman, sliding against

him with a thump that nearly knocked the breath out of him and almost shoved him from the seat, grabbed at his arm to steady himself, but instead, seized the lines, and the horses backed the wagon cross-way of the road.

Miggs' temperature rose somewhat.

"Gee, mister, you; doncher holt onto me that-away; you'll send us all to kingdom come," he roared, bracing himself as best he could.

"Wh-o-a, Flighty! Wh-o-a; You, Bill, there, git back inter the road. Whoa—whoa!"

Under the sting of the whip lash the horses leaped forward, and Spencer Rebman from Maine shot up from the seat and came down again with a bump that nearly knocked the breath out of him.

When Miggs had got the horses under control, they rattled along over hillocks, into holes and out again, bumping, and thumping, and jarring, until the gentleman from Maine wondered whether there was a spot on his anatomy that was not bruised, or whether or not some of his bones did not prick through.

"Y'u see, as my pard was sayin'," said Miggs quite unperturbed, "all this land here, onct belonged to old Don Pedro Esteban, and then to his chiern an' their chilern an' gran—Wh-o-a!—gran'chilgran-chilern."

"An' a goldurn shif'less, lazy lot—some of 'em; yes-sir-ee." Co. broke in. "The Toddlers is the only ones as has done proud—Toddler married a Esteban and they had one son; that's Reuben—Rube, Vine Hill's his place."

"That's it over yender; finest in these here hills; It'll make the rest more valerable when it's sold an' fixed up. Toddler's O. K. Fine neighbor an'—

"Christmas clover!" yelled Miggs.

A wheel had sunk in a chuck hole and Rebman, bounding up like a rubber ball had come down with all his weight on Miggs' lap, nearly annihilating him; and as his brand new silk hat rolled off, he, himself came very near rolling off on the other side.

Co. slid off from the sack of potatoes and started in pursuit of the hat that was rapidly somersaulting down hill. It lodged a moment, against a shrub in the bend of the road, and Co. increased speed. He reached for it as it was about to continue its peregrination, fell asprawl, and smashed it flat. Brushing the dust from his overalls he returned to the waiting wagon and with a wicked gleam in his eyes, restored it to Rebman—from Maine.

"Y'u better put yer beanpot under th' seat an' tie yer hanky over yer head," he suggested dryly, as he clambered in. "We kin fix yuh up with a new lid when we git back to the store."

"How much—farther do we—have to go?" Rebman had not energy enough

left in him, to speak. His bones ached, and great beads of perspiration clung to his face.

"Say, Miggs; there's the Juan Esteban place; 'twas to 'ave been sold off in pas-sels—but, if it suit the gentleman—why, I guess 't kln be—"

"Right y'u are, pard. Finest land in these parts. High; drainage good; everything handy to get at. Game; all kinds. Say mlster, not much of a house—kindsa tumble-down—"

"Where Is it?" Rebman asked, frantically clutching at Miggs' arm as the wagon lurched again. "Any old shack'll do; intend to build—Oh, Lord, let's get—somewhere—before—I'm—"

"Here we are," called Co. "Let's take a ginal survey."

Miggs turned his horses and drove between two unhinged gates, into a weed grown driveway.

"Ramshackle old house on the place—aint chargin' nothin' fer that, though it's good for somethin', 'spect," Miggs condescendingly informed Rebman, stopping his horses at a trough.

Rebman, glad to descend from the perilous seat, sat down on a recently felled log to rest his aching bones. Co. produced a flask of whiskey and offered it to him.

"If y'u aint a teetotaler, take a swig—it'll put some vim inter y'u; yes, I'm s'posin' y'u're about used up. S'pect y'u're uster them autermobiles; we aint got none—yit."

While he escorted Rebman over the place Miggs waxed eloquent upon the desirability. Its timbers, streams and canyon were pointed out and the fertility of its soil, its climate, et cetera, were highly eulogized.

"You can grow grapes and make wine; grow hops and brew your beer," suggested the voluble Miggs. "Dry raisins; figs; pickle olives—olive oil; cider—vinegar. Preserve, or dry, peaches, pears, apricots. Gee, wisht I'd money enough—No end to money makin'—"

"And make yer own brandy," blurted Co. sotto voce, slapping Rebman on his shoulder, as he let his voice fall confidentially and cast a knowing wink. "Peach brandy—nothing like it—and no one the wiser."

Miggs was smiling broadly.

"And just look about—look at water power going to waste, lying around loose. Now a man of your millions—and ability—"

Miggs finished with a shrug and a wide sweep of his arms; words were inadequate.

"Fishing—trout; don't you like to fish? Game—hunting; don't you think it great sport? Deer, rabbit, squirrel, quail; even bigger game—bear."

"What is asked for the whole place?"

(To be continued)

Renewing the Lease

Fighting Against Time for a Fortune

MUTTERING an oath Bob Grimsby seized the reverse lever, at the same time twirling the throttle as he successfully maneuvered to prevent the tools from making another stroke. A not infrequent occurrence in the duties of an oil-well driller, yet there was sufficient of the unusual in the act to bring his helper running from the rear of the machine where he had been carefully nursing an obstinate fire under the boiler.

Grimsby's assistant was a new man in the oil-fields. Some three or four weeks earlier he had drifted in, given the name of Jim Randall, and asked the driller for work. His advent being timely he got the job; then proceeded to take hold of it so well that now, except for now and then a rare betrayal of his inexperience as on this occasion, he might have passed for an old hand.

Without a word Bob set the reel in motion, taking up the slack in the cable, and with Jim's assistance loosened the screw-clamp and swung the walking-beam up out of the way. Then, still with his teeth set, he again threw the reel in contact with the rapidly moving friction-pulley and turned to Jim as the cable began to sing on its way out of the hole.

"Didn't we have them tools set up good and tight last night before we hung 'em in the hole?" he barked.

"Sure," replied Randall. "Why?"

"Put the wrenches and jacks on 'em, didn't we?"

The young man nodded.

"Well, the bit's off now. Hadn't drilled a dozen strokes when I felt her let go." Just then the heavy tools made their appearance above ground, and the driller was forced to give his attention to operating the machinery.

"All smashed to the devil!" was Jim Randall's comment as he ran an explanatory forefinger around the threaded socket at the bottom of the stem from which the bit was now missing.

A sneer twisted Grimsby's lips as he nodded. "Be a miracle if it wasn't, Jim. I've seen a few bits lost without spoiling' the threads, but it don't often happen. Well, there's one thing sure,—I caught 'em as quick as I could."

Randall walked slowly around the platform, his eyes glued to the floor,—then suddenly turned to Grimsby: "Say!" he exclaimed, "don't you think—"

He stopped there. Something,—doubtless his on-rushing thoughts,—caused him to leave the sentence incomplete.

Grimsby stared at the young man, suspicion growing in his eyes. "Don't I think what? See here, Jim,—did you stay here all the time last night, without leavin' the place for a minute?" He hesitated, still staring suspiciously, "Did you?—that's what I want to know!"

By H. A. Noureddin Addis No, by Jingo, you didn't! You needn't answer. I can tell without. I was afraid all the time you wouldn't. Now you see what's come of it."

Randall was silent while the older man continued: "It's all of a piece with them fence-posts we found in the hole. That other outfit's been watchin', and when they seen you leave, a gang come down and loosened the bit. The result is that we've got a fishin' job on our hands, and the fishin' job is sure goin' to lose the lease for old man Wishart. We can't possibly finish the well now before his lease expires, and the other bunch is all ready and waitin' to grab on the minute his time's up.

"You knowed that, Jim, and it seems almighty queer to me that you didn't remember when you went up to see the old man's girl last night. Of course it's very thoughtful of you not to leave her so much alone with her sick dad,—still in the end she'd probably thank you if you hadn't been the cause of the old man losin' out now when he had a chance to make a stake.

"I don't say," Grimsby went on, more gently, "that they wouldn't a-been up to some other devilmint if you'd a-stayed here. I expect they would. They've seen for several days that without some bad luck we was due to drill in ahead of time, and they didn't intend to let us do it if they could help it."

The young man hesitated. His first thought was to take Grimsby into his confidence,—then as he reflected that what he might gain in the other's esteem by such action would certainly be turned to his disadvantage by Grimsby's inevitable change of attitude, he decided to hold his peace and let the driller continue to imagine that Jessie Wishart alone had been the attraction which drew him from his post at the drilling-machine. The only risk in silence was that Grimsby would discharge him, and there was little danger of that, because the driller was too completely overawed by the sense of ill-luck to lay the blame for any mishap upon anyone in particular.

"If we only had another stem," began Randall.

"Yes," snapped Grimsby, "With a good supply of tools and machinery we'd be prepared for all kinds of work, and could get the highest prices. In that case we wouldn't be drillin' for John Wishart. He couldn't afford a first-class outfit."

The younger man smiled and said nothing.

"The only thing for us to do," went on Grimsby, "is to get in touch with John Robbins or some other teamster, and send over to the McGinnis farm to borrow a stem and a set of fishin' tools."

"I guess we can find Robbins without much trouble," replied Randall. "I saw him going up the hill towards Joe Kelly's about half an hour ago. Suppose we walk

up that way; he's likely to stay all day once he gets talking to Joe."

They had not proceeded far when they met the object of their search coming down the road in their direction. Coatless and bareheaded—it was still early morning, and, although the sun shone with a brilliancy that presaged a hot mid-day, the morning was chill with the frost of early winter—John Robbins was leading the large, patient gray draft-horse which he had ridden up the hill a short time before, swaying from side to side as he walked, and singing. And if nothing else had given him away, this last would, for John Robbins never sang when he was sober. The thing was impossible—he couldn't sing. Nor, to be exact, could he sing when drunk. But the difference was that when sober he knew his limitations.

"That new sheriff of ours that's been raisin' Ned among the bootleggers down along the river 'd better get busy over this way," exclaimed Grimsby, as he observed Robbins' progress. "I never set eyes on him—didn't vote for him—didn't even go to the election, never do any more, scarcely—but they say he's a holy terror among the liquor-joints. Cleaned 'em out o' the river towns.

"Heard he was due over this way long while ago, but he never got here, it seems."

Randall laughed. "Bootleggers may have got his goat."

Grimsby shook his head. "Not him. Nothin' for him to get scared at here; after what he's been through. Them river towns sure was a fright. No, this is a tarnation big county. I'll bet the sheriff's busy somewhere. Or, if he's layin' low, it's for a purpose." With a short, dry laugh and an additional shake of the head. "Them river towns is sure hell! Ever been in 'em much?"

"Quite a lot," replied Randall quietly. "Know 'em pretty fair myself."

"You know what the sheriff was up against then," chuckled Grimsby. "And him just a young feller—at least so they say. I never seen him that I know of. What's his name, now?—Wallace? Never was a hand at rememberin' names."

"Pretty close," returned Randall. "It's Willis—J. R. Willis. You see, I voted for him."

"Bully for you, Jim," returned the driller heartily. "I'll be with you next election. Bet he'd find out where all these fellers get their corn-juice," nodding toward Robbins, who was now very near them. "Never a day goes by without somebody or other goin' on an old high lonesome around here. Like as not there's a still tucked away in some cellar or cave in the neighborhood."

"Hello, boys!" called Robbins, gesticulating elaborately with his free hand, "where you goin' so early in the mornin'? Wasn't lookin' for me, I reckon. Anyhow you'd just as well turn back; you won't find anybody else on this road."

"Why not?" asked Randall.

"Why, because I told 'em to keep off. Maybe you didn't know it, but this road belongs to me. Yep—she's all mine—back—away back as far as Joe Kelly's, and further still—to hell and gone. You fellers can use it though—just as if it was yours. I know you're both good fellers—that's why I'm so generous with you. I wouldn't give nobody else such privileges—no sir! Joe Kelly wouldn't do as much for his own mother."

"What's Joe Kelly got to do with it?" demanded Randall sharply. "You been up there drinkin' his whiskey?"

"I been a-drinkin' my own whiskey, son," replied Robbins, attempting to focus a stern look upon the young man. "All my own."

"But say," he burst out suddenly, struck with a new idea, "why don't you have a little snifter yourself?" And he produced a large bottle, now almost empty, from his hip-pocket, and offered it to the young man.

"Thanks!" protested Randall, looking hard at the proffered bottle, which he made no attempt to touch, "I'm not a drinker."

"No harm done, my boy—no harm done. Maybe the boss'll have a snort."

Grimsby took a swallow of the fiery beverage, and made a wry face as he returned the bottle to Robbins. "Strong medicine that," was his only comment.

"Say, Robbins," the driller went on, "what about drivin' over to the McGinnis farm this morning to borrow a stem and a set of fishin' tools?"

"Reckon I might go," returned Robbins, turning as he spoke and stroking his horse's nose. "There hain't nothin' at all in the way of it so far as I know. This old horse is willin', and when he's willin' I've got to be—ain't it the truth, Bill?"

Bill set his ears forward and rubbed his nose against his owner's arm.

"Bill's the best old horse in seven counties. He knows me, and I know him. Maybe if you'd try to work him he wouldn't pull the hat off your head, but he works all right for me. Some saddle-horse, too!"

"Yes," observed Grimsby crisply. "I see he's got a saddle on."

"Why don't you ride?" queried Randall innocently.

"I will as soon as I find a nice roomy piece of road so's I can get on," replied Robbins solemnly.

The driller laughed. "Can you go right now, Robbins?" he asked, returning to the object of the interview. "If you can't I'll try somebody else. We need them tools, and we need 'em now."

"Sure I'll go," replied the teamster, as with the assistance of the two others he at last succeeded in mounting to Bill's saddle. "I'll ramble along and start as soon as I can harness the horses and hook 'em to the wagon."

"Now where d'you s'pose they get that booze?" speculated Grimsby as they walked slowly back in the direction of the drilling machine. "Never a day passes without somebody blows in all lit up. Something funny somewhere."

Randall kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the reced-

ing horseman while the driller was speaking, and by way of comment merely smiled absently and shook his head.

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The life-long ambition of old John Wishart had been to own an oil production. From his young manhood he had been a laborer—first in the coal mines, later in the oil fields. And, particularly in the latter work, had he had opportunity after opportunity of observing the meteor-like careers of men into whose hands wealth gushes forth lavishly from the depths of mother earth. He knew that such wealth is usually as short-lived in the hands of the producers, as ephemeral and transitory as are the winnings in the hands of a gambler. He had seen too many men who were poor yesterday, rich today, and poor again tomorrow. Consequently John Wishart had early resolved that should Fortune ever come within his grasp he would seize her with a grip of iron and never let go. Perhaps it was this instinct of his, this complete absence of sporting blood, that so long delayed John Wishart's opportunity. He had never been one of those persons who "rush in where angels fear to tread." Now he was an old man, and for the first time it began to seem as though his dreams were to be realized.

Wishart had faith in the Kelly farm. For years he had kept his eye on that place as a likely prospect for oil; then, when recently the Lost River Oil Company had started developing some nearby leases with excellent results, his faith was redoubled.

"I'm going to lease that place of Joe Kelly's," he confided to his daughter, Jessie, one evening as they sat at the supper table. Wishart had returned from work late that evening.

"Why father," the girl had exclaimed, surprised at the temerity of her usually cautious parent, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," replied the old man. "I'm going to lease that place and drill it myself."

"But think what it will cost, father," argued the girl, still aghast at what seemed to her the old man's insanity.

"Yes—and think of the oil! Think of the production! All my own. I won't have to divide with anybody."

"Yes, I've been thinkin' about this all my life, Jessie," he continued as he observed the expression of bewilderment on his daughter's face. "It's nothin' new for me. Your mother knew all about my ambition in her lifetime—but then when she was gone and I found myself gettin' old I got to think my time wasn't never comin', so little by little I forced the idea out of my mind till this new boom, then I seen my chance in the Kelly farm. That's why you never heard me talkin' about it—nobody ever heard me talkin' about it lately. I knew they'd say that old John Wishart had gone off his nut. But all the time—ever since I was a boy—I've been feelin' that sometime, somehow, I'd strike it rich. First I thought it would be a mine; then I got into the oil

fields, and I seen it must be that. But I've worked for it, girl—Lord, how I've worked and slaved to save money to develop that oil!"

The old man suddenly stopped and dragged his heavy feet, tired with the day's hard labor, toward a little old desk that stood in one corner of the room, from which after a moment's search he brought forth a bank book which he exhibited to his daughter's wondering eyes.

"You didn't know I had so much money," he exulted, smiling wistfully at Jessie, and pointing to the total deposits, which ran into four figures. "Twice before I've had more than this," he went on, "once before that accident I had about the time you was born, when I broke both legs and was smashed up generally so that I couldn't work for over two years. Then again, just before your mother took sick for the last time, I was gettin' a good stake laid up. But she was sick so long that my roll dwindled away to nothin' before she died.

"It's been a hard pull—savin' up time after time, only to see it all go for sickness or something else when I had got it together. But this time I'm a-goin' through with it, Jessie. I'm a-goin' through. I quit my job tonight, and tomorrow morning I'm goin' to see Joe Kelly about his farm. I've lined the oil up in every direction, and there hain't no possible way for it to miss Joe."

It was the first time old John Wishart had unburdened himself to his daughter on the subject of the great ambition which had remained so long pent up within him, consequently the night was far advanced when he was at last able to compose his agitated mind in sleep.

Next morning Wishart failed to get up when Jessie called him to breakfast. "I just feel as if I couldn't move if you was to tell me the house was on fire," was the way he explained his sudden indisposition.

The girl brought in his breakfast, watching wide-eyed and alert as he managed to swallow a few mouthfuls, then carried the tray back to the kitchen.

"I'd better go for the doctor," she observed quietly, noting the inquiring glance with which her father watched her preparations to go out.

John Wishart shook his head. "Not now," he whispered hoarsely. "Go to Joe Kelly's first, and lease his farm. They'll be hot on his trail now that the well on the McCreary farm where I've been workin' is comin' in good. The only thing that's held 'em off this long is that they hain't had no competition to speak of; they don't figure that anybody else'll be after Joe's lease. Go get it, Jessie. Make as good terms as you can—but get it!"

The old man seemed worse when his daughter returned—weaker and more completely exhausted—but he was able to form the question that was uppermost in his mind.

"Yes," was Jessie's reply. "I got the lease, but it cost nearly every cent you had in the bank. Kelly said that the Lost River people had offered him a bonus of a thousand dollars."

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"Mr. William Shakespeare"

By George Watson Cole

THREE hundred years ago in 1623, appeared a volume which together with the King James version of the Bible did more to stabilize and standardize the English language than all other books of Elizabethan days combined. This volume was entitled *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories & Tragedies*. It contained twenty of Shakespeare's plays that had never before appeared in print. Three other editions all known as Shakespeare Folios appeared during the seventeenth century. In 1709 Nicholas Rowe published a revised and corrected edition of the plays in six volumes. Since that day hardly a year has passed without the appearance of one or more editions of Shakespeare's works.

Some writer has said that Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* has been printed more times than any other work in the English language, except the Bible, Shakespeare's works, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Editions of all these works are well-nigh innumerable. There are various editions of Shakespeare's works in other languages than that in which they were written. An immense literature has grown up regarding his person, poems, plays. Jaggard's *Shakespeare Bibliography*, published at Stratford-on-Avon in 1911 and restricted to works written in English, covers 729 closely printed pages in double columns. The statements of two American collectors, who have attempted to cover the entire field—Marsden J. Perry of Providence, R. I., and H. C. Folger of Brooklyn, N. Y.—that their collections each contain some 20,000 volumes, is, therefore, in all probability a conservative estimate. As the former collection has been dispersed it is but natural to suppose that Mr. Folger benefited largely thereby, so that his collection must now considerably exceed the above figures.

To such an extent has Shakespearian literature grown that guides are necessary to enable one to ascertain what has been written. Such guides take on several forms; there are (1) catalogues of individual collections, such as those of the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library, and that of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, at Birmingham, England. Then there are (2) bibliographies proper which attempt not only to include all the editions of the author's plays and poems, but, in fact, everything that has been printed about him or his works, such as that by William Jaggard, just named. Finally there are (3) bibliographies restricted to a particular phase.

IN this last class is the recently published *Mr. William Shakespeare*, by Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett, published by

the Yale University Press. This book includes few works of a later date than 1700. Not only are Shakespeare's own works included but certain plays attributed to him, adaptations of his plays, source books, and those containing contemporary notices. Each entry begins with a lined-off transcript of the title-page. This is followed by the number of the edition, a collation by signature-marks, the names of owners—where not more than five copies are known—and ends with a reading note of a bibliographical or explanatory character.

Of Miss Bartlett's training and competency for carrying out the work it may be said that it is the culmination of many years' study. Her attention was first drawn to the subject when she assisted the present writer in compiling the *Church Catalogue of English Literature and Miscellanea*, prior to its publication in 1909. Her first publication, in which Alfred W. Pollard, the eminent Shakespearian scholar collaborated, was *A Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto*, published by the Yale University Press, in 1916. In this work she located no fewer than 886 copies. Of these, 381 are locked up in public institutions and therefore cannot again come into the market. In three private collections, those of H. C. Folger, J. Pierpont Morgan, and William Augustus White, all of New York, are 192 more. These may ultimately become public property. This leaves but 313 copies for the possession of which future collectors may be able to compete. It should be remembered, that these figures were only true for the year 1916 and that a few copies, hitherto unlocated, may yet come to light.

Miss Bartlett's next experience in this field occurred in 1916 when, at the suggestion of Mr. White she undertook and carried to a successful completion the *Shakespeare Exhibition* at the New York Public Library, held in commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. The books there exhibited were loaned by nearly every prominent Shakespeare collector in this country. This commemorative exhibition surpassed in numbers and importance that of any other either in England or in this country. The following year Miss Bartlett compiled a catalogue of the 343 volumes comprising this exhibition which was published by the New York Public Library.

The great value of this, her latest work, *Mr. William Shakespeare*, consists in the fact that, in addition to her previous experience in this field, she has

personally inspected every copy to which she could gain access. For this purpose she visited not only the various collections in this country but made two trips to England during which all doors were thrown open to her and she was shown every courtesy by collectors there.

While the ownership of the early editions of the Shakespeare Folios and Quartos is assuming a more and more permanent character, as is inevitable, it must be recognized that bibliographies that attempt to locate copies in private collections as well as those in permanent institutions, have to a certain degree only a temporary value. One has but to examine Justin Winsor's *Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare with Particular Reference to Copies in America*, published in 1876, to be convinced of this. His work was based largely upon the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library. The information it contains regarding other than public collections has for a long time been utterly out-of-date. And such must of necessity prove true of every work of a similar character, as an important sale at the Anderson Galleries or at Sotheby's while it is passing through the press may cause it to become out-of-date even before it is published.

OR, take a more recent example. The *Church Catalogue of English Literature and Miscellanea* is perhaps the most notable example in which an attempt has been made to give full collations, numerous facsimiles of title-pages, the location of other copies so far as they could be ascertained, references to the authorities consulted, and pertinent bibliographical and critical notes. Over 200 pages of this catalogue were devoted to the description of Mr. Church's collection of the Shakespeare Folios and Quartos, at that time (1909) the finest collection outside of England. After months of labor an elaborate table was prepared of "Shakespeare Collections Containing Fifteen or More Editions published before 1623," the date of the First Folio. Of the thirteen collections analyzed in that table four no longer exist and one, the Huth, has changed hands, all but three of its plays now being owned by the Elizabethan Club, at New Haven. The absence of the name of Henry E. Huntington in this list of owners shows how hopelessly it is out of date, so far as present ownership is concerned. At that time Mr. Huntington had not acquired the Church collection and made such additions to it that today, in this particular field, it rivals if indeed it does

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How Hawaiian Islands Came on the Map

THE "Crossroads of the Pacific" is a practical as well as a poetic expression by which to designate the relation of the Hawaiian Islands to the rest of the world. The most familiar maps showing these islands represent them as little black dots in the midst of the Pacific. One of these dots is the island of Oahu with its city of Honolulu, from which radiating lines are drawn to all the important ports on the borders of the great ocean. These radiating lines are the pathways of modern commerce as now established.

But commerce existed in the Pacific for more than two centuries before much of the world had heard of the existence of these islands. During all this time Spain was carrying on a commerce between Mexico and the Philippines. Each year one or two Spanish galleons made this perilous voyage. The ships were slow, clumsy craft which at this day would not be considered seaworthy for even a short trip, to say nothing of circumnavigating the world. They were crowded to their utmost with crew, animals and cargo. On their return voyages they brought back fewer people, for always many died, but they were heavily laden with the coveted treasures and products of the Orient, and of all these none was more coveted than the fragrant spices of such islands as the Moluccas.

So richly laden were the Spanish ships that crossed between Mexico and the Philippines that they were called "Treasure Ships," whose safe passage of the treacherous ocean was awaited with the utmost anxiety. Such a ship as this was captured by an English man-of-war, commanded by Captain Anson, in the year 1743, and was valued by her captor at over one million dollars. Among the papers found on this ship there is said to have been a chart of the Pacific Ocean and directions for what was considered its safest navigation. This chart showed certain islands which may, indeed, have been the ones we now know as the Hawaiian group, although they were charted at a considerable distance east of the location which our islands actually occupy. There is much reason to believe that these islands were actually discovered by the Spaniard Juan Gaetano in 1555, although this is still a disputed point among historians. Traditions obtained from the Hawaiian people in later years make it appear highly probable, indeed, that their islands had been visited on several occasions by foreign people before the time of that notable voyage of Captain Cook, the English discoverer, who not only landed upon them in

By Junius C. Hoag and
Ernest B. Hoag



—Photo courtesy Matson Navigation Co.

1778, but who rendered himself famous through his great discovery.

If the Hawaiian Islands occupy so central a location in the Pacific today, why were they practically unknown to the world before the memorable voyage of Cook? The answer to this inquiry is to be found in the papers of the galleon referred to, whose directions are very explicit. These directions required the treasure ships to proceed along definite lines of travel, not from fear of capture by ships of other nations, but because it was thought that the specified directions gave to ships dependent upon the winds the greatest advantages of speed and safety. These courses carried the ships far to the south of the islands in their western voyages and far to the north of them upon their return, in which wise the islands were circumnavigated and never seen save in the isolated instances referred to, when the ships must have been driven by adverse winds from their usual courses.

In these early voyages the crews suffered much from lack of water and fresh food, both of which might readily have been procured at the Hawaiian Islands, if they had been known, whereby many lives would have been saved; for death from scurvy was a common penalty incurred by all who made long voyages in those times. Until 1778 then the Hawaiian Islands, instead of being located at the crossroads of the Pacific, were for

all practical purposes unknown at all; in point of fact, few localities in the whole world were so desolately remote. Captain Cook himself, as Albert P. Taylor in "Under Hawaiian Skies" has pointed out, went on record as saying that "had the Sandwich Islands been discovered at an early period by the Spaniards there is little doubt that they would have taken advantage of so excellent a situation and have made use of Kauai or some other of the islands as a refreshing place to the ships that annually sail from Acapulco to Manila."*

But, according to the English missionary, Ellis, who visited these islands in 1822, and became expert in the use of the Hawaiian language and the legends and traditions of the people, there were three accounts of voyagers from the outside world. There is also some evidence that Spanish blood very early became mingled with that of the Hawaiian, and that from this mixture there arose a race of superior Chiefs.

In the early days of Pacific explorations the dangers inseparable from travel by sea were so great that one marvels at the temerity of the bold navigators who attempted such long voyages. They set out upon voyages of indefinite duration, often over unknown waters, unprovided with nautical instruments as we understand them today, latitude being obtained approximately by use of a crude cross-staff and longitude merely estimated by the distance run. They had no proper charts, and sailed in a large part over totally uncharted seas; they had food unsuitable for long voyages and were constantly victims of the dread scurvy which claimed tribute from every crew.

In these early times the sailors themselves were a drunken, dissolute, mutinous set of men, held in check only by resolute officers heavily armed and commanding unlimited authority; not infrequently they were felons from prison, released for the purposes of the voyage.

But whoever may have first discovered the Hawaiian Islands, it was Captain James Cook, the famous English explorer, who put them on the map. He had made two previous voyages of discovery, and upon his third and last voyage undertook to find the long sought northwest passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. While engaged in this quest he accidentally ran upon the Hawaiian group, sighting first the island of Kauai and later Maui and Hawaii. To the whole group he gave the name "Sandwich Islands," in honor

*Dahlgren, a Dutch historian, denies that the islands were known at all to the world before the time of Cook.

of the first Lord of the British Admiralty. Cook was received by the Hawaiians as a god, and was supposed by them to be the reincarnation of their god Lono. With questionable taste Cook accepted the homage of the simple natives, together with its material advantages. Unfortunately, however, during the heat of a quarrel with the natives about the theft of a small boat, the divine qualities of Captain Cook were doubted by some of the savages, who heard him cry out for help, and they thereupon assaulted and killed him. His death was later deeply regretted, even by those who slew him, and they still continued to venerate his memory by preparing his body after the manner customary with kings and chiefs. At this time England was at war with the United States, and the British Admiralty for some time made no public mention of Cook's discovery. A few years later, the news having been spread abroad, trading vessels began to visit the islands, first to obtain supplies, and eventually to engage in important commercial transactions.

Presently, owing to the vast development of the American whale fisheries, the islands became the rendezvous of all the whaling ships of the Pacific, so that at the height of this industry it was a matter of common occurrence for hundreds of whalers to make annual visits to the islands. The Hawaiians made good sailors, and before long it happened that they found their way on whaling ships to the seaports of Massachusetts. Here some of them attracted the attention of Christian organizations, and in 1819 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent out to the islands the first of several bands of missionaries. The descendants of these New England missionaries are now in their fifth generation, and form some of the most important and worthy factors in the commonwealth of what we now know as the Territory of Hawaii. The original missionary society formally withdrew from this field of activity about the year 1865, but their good influence has continued to this day.

American knowledge of the Hawaiians

is purely traditional and rests upon the numerous songs, chants, or meiés, as they are called. These meiés told of the ancestry and achievements of the most important individuals, the chiefs and chieftainesses. Each child of a chief had his meié, which was chanted upon all important occasions during his lifetime and finally at his funeral. Through such traditional records it appears that the Hawaiians began successive migrations to their present abode from certain islands in the south seas, probably the Samoan and Society Islands, and that the first of these migrations may have taken place as long ago as 500 B. C.

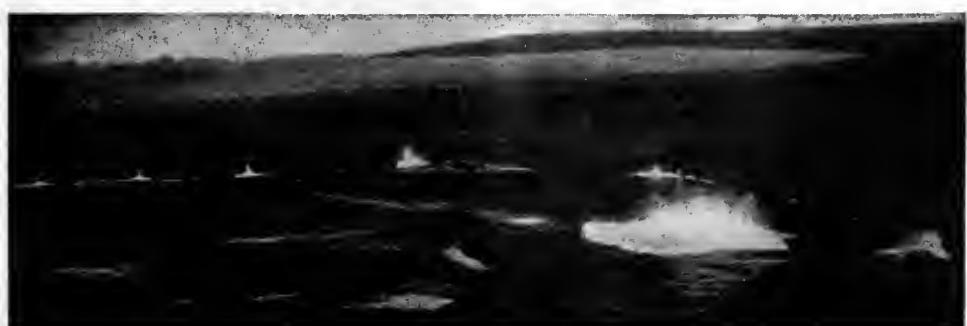
In tracing back Hawaiian history, Judge Abraham Fornander was able to account for more than seventy generations of these people, whose records, merging with those of other branches of the Polynesian peoples, appears to him to indicate that they had moved progressively from the high plains of India, in a southeasterly direction to the Malay Peninsula, subsequently migrating to the Island of Java and finally taking up their abode in the various islands of Polynesia. In Fornander's opinion, the Polynesians are related to the white people, having a common origin with them in the Aryan stock. This is, however, generally doubted by modern anthropologists and ethnologists, who are now engaged in an extensive investigation of the origin of the Hawaiian race, and who have decided that there were at least two definite types, Indonesian and Polynesian. The Polynesians, says Dr. Sutherland, may be an offshoot from the primitive Mongolian stem close to where the Caucasian stock arose.

Whatever may have been their true origin, the fact remains that the Hawaiians were savages of a rather high grade of development, with well established customs and arts, indicating much progress in the path of civilization; and still they were living in a cultural period which may be designated as a stone age, for they possessed no weapons or implements of metal. It is peculiarly interesting that these people should have remained so long isolated from the rest of

the world, so that when Cook came upon them at a comparatively recent date he enjoyed a picture of a barbaric race, not indeed in its earliest form, but nevertheless unchanged by contact with modern civilization. Their implements were fashioned from wood, stone, shells and bones. They possessed, indeed, one or two small pieces of iron of unknown and accidental origin, (possibly from wreckage cast upon their shores), but knew nothing of its origin. Yet they prized these fragments highly, for they appreciated some of the uses to which iron might be put and eagerly sought more of it when opportunity to obtain it was afforded them in the subsequent visits of trading ships. The islands were singularly lacking in animal life, for aside from birds and fishes, there were no important animals save dogs, hogs, chickens and mice. Rank and authority were duly respected in the persons of kings, chiefs and women leaders. They had a certain form of government, closely resembling that of feudalism, for the ownership of land were vested in the king, who allotted holdings to his people, as he chose, and they in turn owed him military service. Distinctions of rank were so much respected that marriage within the closest bounds of consanguinity was common, as was also the case with such otherwise enlightened people as the ancient Egyptians. In this wise it came about that those of highest rank, throughout the islands, were closely related in blood, notwithstanding the fact that they were rather widely separated by geographical limitations and hostile attitudes.

One of their most peculiar customs or mores related to the so-called "tabu," an institution which was respected with the utmost fidelity. Many privileges of rank and sex were guarded by the tabu, thus men could eat certain kinds of food forbidden to women; women were never permitted to eat with men; the person of a man of tabu rank was held sacred, and the penalty of casting one's shadow upon the person of a king was death. Enforcement of the tabu was largely in

(Continued on page 36)



THE LAKE OF FIRE AT KILAUEA. THE VOLCANO ISLAND OF HAWAII



BOOKS and WRITERS



Shakespeare Memorial

ALL lovers of Shakespeare will be glad to be reminded that they still have the opportunity to become Associate or Life Associate Members of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, a tribute to the immortal bard. We give below Mary Anderson de Navarro's message to her friends in the United States:

"Since the appeal went out to the English-speaking world for an Endowment Fund for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, England (his birthplace, the place where he lived, wrote, died, and is buried), a pressing invitation has reached me to undertake a tour in America for the purpose of raising funds for this object.

"For reasons too many to recount here this is impossible, but my heart and soul are in the movement to make the great Memorial to Shakespeare, in whose works we claim an inexhaustible heritage, free from debt and sufficiently endowed to complete the work for which it was founded.

"Thousands of my compatriots have visited the old world town that enshrines his dust, and where his Memorial stands, and countless thousands will make the pilgrimage in days yet to come.

"This year is the tercentenary of the publication of the first folio of Shakespeare's works. On November 8, the anniversary of that publication, I want to be able to hand to the Governors of the Memorial a gift from the United States of America that will be worthy of us and a fitting tribute to the immortal Shakespeare.

"There are only a few scores of American Associate Members of the Memorial Theatre, but there are thousands of true lovers of the poet who can give a dollar or more annually, and so become Associates, or \$25.00 and become Life Associates. There are only four American Governors of the Memorial—I am proud to be one—but there are many lovers of Shakespeare who could give five hundred dollars or more to become Governors, and so help a school of acting to be found throughout the year, and the thousands of American visitors to Stratford-upon-Avon would thus at all times be able to see his plays performed within a stone's throw of his birthplace and tomb.

"The American public has never failed me in the past, and surely they will respond when I appeal for so great a cause."

An autograph copy of Mary Anderson de Navarro's portrait by Sargent will be sent to donors of \$25.00 or more.

Immigration--Asset or Liability?

By John Chetwood

AT a recent session of the International Association of Public Employment Services, the Secretary of Labor indicated that unemployment had been cut to normal, and that about 5,000,000 men, idle one year ago, have found jobs once more.

This situation is certainly reassuring as far as it goes, or rather as long as it lasts. But with ever-recurring strikes or lockouts and unstable political and economic conditions both at home and abroad, should we be in haste to assume the long continuance of returning prosperity, and consequently remove or lower the recently erected barriers to immigration?

For such is our custom. We lower them in periods of prosperity and raise them slowly and awkwardly in periods of depression. For the latter always seem to take us by surprise, and the sudden lack of demand for labor is very disconcerting. Unpleasant as it may seem, the American labor problem is connected with the European one. The present revival of industry will not last in full measure after all home needs are met, unless there is more prosperity abroad and a growing demand for our surplus products. And the question remains, how may we effectually aid Europe, economically and industrially, in order also to help ourselves?

The present laws restricting immigration have admitted defects, but on the whole have proved a great boon, especially to the 5,000,000 idle workers of but a few months ago. Should we not be very cautious how we open the gates to another swarm on the assumption that there is to be place—abiding place—for all?

At this lull, the first of the kind we have ever had in the torrent of immigration, it might be well to consider and if possible discard one or two curious and persistent fallacies that have clouded so much of immigration thought and debate. Some people have talked as if immigration was, instead of a privilege, a natural right. Rife for a long time

were those hoary maxims of our being a "refuge for the nations" and an "asylum of the oppressed." Of late years conditions have changed so radically that the "asylum" theory, always untenable when applied to a nation, became an absurdity.

But the idea lingers that heavy immigration is indispensable for material welfare. It is as a great economic factor in industry that immigration makes its most potent appeal, and has often been cited as at least a partial offset to the evils that sometimes follow in its train. Indeed, "What we owe to the immigrant" has formed the text, or underlying thought, of many a speech or article dealing with the great national problem.

Well, what do we owe the immigrant since, say, 1830 A.D., when he first became noticeable as a problem? Also, what does he owe us? For it ought to be, though it never seems to be, obvious that we cannot strike a balance in the account till both questions are answered. We have often been told, and we very cheerfully concede, that for five and eighty or ninety years the new arrivals have carried the wood and hauled the water, felled the forest and bridged the stream, striven and thriven in business, science, the professions and public life, in short vastly aided in every way the development of the country.

But meanwhile what has the country been doing for him? America, as Emerson said, is but another name for opportunity. In Europe our immigrant may have had ability, but he lacked opportunity; had it not been so we should never have seen him. In thousands of cases he does brilliantly, and in hundreds of thousands most creditably. Whenever this occurs the country benefits of course, but the individual concerned benefits still more. Abroad, conditions greatly hampered his progress; over here he succeeds in acquiring wealth or fame. The country owes him something, no doubt; sometimes it owes him much. But he owes everything to the country.

In this much mooted matter there is another viewpoint, that of the supposed enormous economic gain through immigration from its additions to the popula-

tion. But this notion is largely erroneous, it would seem, though forming the basis, or a large part of the basis, of our entire immigration policy. Linked in fact with the debt theory just mentioned is this addition theory, and even more relied on is the latter to mitigate the force of the objections to past and present conditions.

Yet it may be stated with fair exactness that the immigration of the past three-quarters of a century has not been an addition to the total population, but in effect a substitution, owing to the constant and increasing check it has put on the national birth rate. Francis A. Walker, noted census superintendent and trained statistician, pointed that out years ago. As he broadly states it, "the opinion that immigration constituted a net reinforcement of our population was natural, and long held sway with absolute unanimity; yet no popular belief was ever more unfounded."

In the Atlantic Monthly for June, 1896, Walker observes: "Space would not serve for the full statistical demonstration that immigration from 1830 to 1860 simply resulted in a displacement of native by foreign elements; but I believe it would be practical to demonstrate this to the satisfaction of every fair-minded man. Let it suffice to state a few matters that are beyond controversy." He then proceeds to show that between 1790 and 1830, while immigration practically amounted to nothing, population increased enormously and "at a rate unparalleled in history." But immigration now began to grow rapidly, and "the decline of the rate of increase among Americans began at this very same time, showing itself first and most in the very counties to which foreigners most largely entered. It proceeded in such a way for a long time as to absolutely offset the foreign arrivals, so that in 1860 our population differed by less than ten thousand from that which would have existed according to the previous rates of increase without reinforcement from abroad. This fact, which might be shown by tables and diagrams, constitutes a statistical demonstration such as is rarely attained in regard to the operation of any sociologic or economic force."

Walker accounts for this ominous condition by pointing out that "all human history shows that the principle of population is intensively sensitive to social and economic changes. . . The arrival in the United States between 1830 and 1840, and thereafter increasingly, of large numbers of peasantry created for the first time in this country distinct social classes, and produced an alteration of economic relations that could not fail to powerfully affect population.

"The appearance of vast numbers of men foreign in birth and often in lan-

guage, with a much poorer standard of living . . . was exactly such a condition as any student of population would have expected to profoundly affect the growth of the native population." And in August, 1891, issue of the Forum, he remarks in this same connection: "The American shrank from the industrial competition thus thrust upon him. He was unwilling to himself engage in the lowest kind of day labor with these new elements in the population. He was even more unwilling to bring sons and daughters into the world to enter into that competition."

"It has been said by some" (Atlantic article), "that during this time habits of luxury were entering to reduce both the disposition and the ability to increase among our own people. In some small degree, in some restricted localities, this undoubtedly was the case, but prior to 1860 there was no such general growth of luxury in the United States as is competent to account for the effect seen."

Since 1860 the growth of luxury has of course been very marked. Still, not one in a hundred of our people can be said to live in luxury, and the failing birth rate is equally conspicuous among the other ninety-nine. A professor at Yale more than ten years ago pointed out that its effects are as noticeable in the middle class as in the class above—the former being nearer the competing element—and as Walker says, "the great fact protrudes through all the history of our population that the more rapidly foreigners came into the United States the smaller was the rate of increase, not merely among the native population but throughout the population as a whole, including the foreigners."

It does not seem needful to continue these quotations, partly because Walker's figures and reasoning are so clear, and partly because there have been till recent years no serious attempts to confute him, while he has many supporters, among them Sydney G. Fisher, and the census expert, Dana E. Durand, who refers to Walker's views in the report of the U. S. Industrial Welfare Commission for 1902 (vol. xv, page 277), saying, "It is a hasty assumption which holds that immigration during the nineteenth century increased the total population."*

Of late years the emphasis in treating such matters has shifted somewhat from statistics and sociology to eugenics and biology. In this field we had only a few months ago Prof. Henry Fairchild Osborn's warning words in his address to the International Eugenics Congress.

*This most important, but of late rather neglected, subject has recently been taken up by the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. And its Secretary, Mr. Earle Walcott, in the San Francisco Examiner of September 3, cites facts and figures that serve both to amplify and fortify the statements and conclusions of Walker.

"We are slowly awakening," said Osborn, "to the conclusions that education and environment do not fundamentally alter racial values. In the matter of racial virtues my opinion is that from biological principles there is little promise in the melting pot theory. Put three races together, and you are as likely to unite the vices of all three as the virtues."

Whether considering our debt to or need of immigration, there may be a seeming local need every now and then in some sections of the south or west. But that need cannot be deemed a pressing one at present. And our great centers of population are likely from time to time to be great reservoirs of labor, which could be drained to any section that might need it. Moreover, before long the increased birth rate, which we have seen must follow stopping or checking immigration, will soon make more labor available, both skilled and unskilled—all in accordance with natural law instead of the laws of excessive and unnatural competition.

And now, to sum it all up, in trying to ascertain whether our debt is to or from the immigrant, let us ask:

To our rough labor immigrant, either in the late or remote past, are we indebted to any considerable extent? However great our debt to immigration as a whole, or any particular part of it, has not the debt been fully paid as we have gone along? Is not the claim that we owe so much to the immigrant's work based on the assumption that such work would not have been done without him? Is not that claim largely unfounded and one that tends to confuse the whole issue?

Is it not more probable that our real advantage has been derived from the best ten or twenty per cent of the immigration, and would it not be better to study how we may best select and admit only such percentage? Is it not rather absurd to talk of the twenty-five or thirty million additions to our population since 1830, when we mean twenty-five or thirty million substitutions?

How much longer are we to add to our population on the theory that Europe breeds children more suitable for us than we can breed for ourselves? Is there any question, foreign or domestic, so vital and fundamental or so misunderstood and misstated as this same question of foreign immigration?

Levy's Case

Levy's case comes up in a New York court, but owing to pressing business he must leave very suddenly for Boston. He leaves word with his lawyer to wire him the result immediately. After the trial the lawyer wires: "Cause of righteousness victorious," whereupon Levy without delay wires back: "Appeal at once."

Books and Writers

THE BOZEMAN TRAIL

HERE is a two-volume book from the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland, Ohio, which has permanent historical value and is also more interesting than any novel that has dealt with the same period and characters. It gives us with truth and simplicity one of the greatest of all chapters in the adventurous western march of the pioneers of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, California—of all in fact who came by the old Jim Bridger's Fort.

There is hardly anything in the two volumes more delightful than the account of Jim Bridger and Sir George Gore, who hunted in the Rockies in 1854 and later. The latter built a fort, and Bridger spent much time there listening to him read from Shakespeare and other classics. The reader is given this: "Bridger did not seem impressed with Falstaff, declaring it 'wuz too hifalutin' fer him, and that 'that 'ere Fulstuff wuz too fond of lager beer.' To the tales of Baron Munchausen he only shook his head, remarking, 'I'll be doggoned ef I kin swallow enything that 'ere baron sez; derned ef I don't believe he's a liar.' He further commented on them by remarking that some of his own adventures among the Blackfeet would read 'Jest as wonderful of writ down in a book.' When Sir George read Scott's account of Waterloo, old Jim turned the tables by saying: 'Wal, now, Mr. Gore, that thar must hev been considerabul o' a skirmish, doggone my skin if it mustn't. Them 'ere Britishers must have fit better than they did down to New Horleens whar ol' Hickory gin 'em the forkedest sort o' chain lightnin' that perhaps you never did see in all yer born days.'

We hope that readers of Bozeman Trail can also manage to pick up a copy of Frederick Remington's "Pony Tracks," which Harper published in 1903. It has a great many of Remington's best cowboy and western illustrations, and covers much of the same region and same events described in "The Bozeman Trail." Some of its chapters are these: "The Sioux Outbreak in South Dakota," "Policing the Yellowstone," and "Lieutenant Casey's Last Scout."

The two authors of the "The Bozeman Trail" are Miss Grace Raymond Habard of Laramie and E. A. Brinstool, the well-known newspaper man of Los Angeles. It has been a highly successful case of collaboration, but evidently the bulk of the investigations were made by Miss Habard, who is one of the most distinguished educators, librarians and historians of America. She holds a Ph.D. degree, has practiced law, is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wyoming and the author of five historical studies, one of which, "Sacajawea," is known to every student of the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1807 and is full of literary charm for the general reader.

There is a fine swing in the book's dedication to "Scouts, Frontiersmen and Soldiers of the United States Army of the Plains Who Led the Van." The first chapter, which describes the Great Medicine Road of the Whites," carries the reader back to the Old Santa Fe Trail

of the Traders of 1822-43. Students can refer to Josiah Gregg's two-volume book on "The Commerce of the Prairies." In this chapter are also glimpses of the Gila Trail, the "Old Spanish Trail" to Los Angeles, "The Oregon Trail," Fremont's route, the protests of Indian tribes against the coming of the whites. All these things are told vividly in thirty-two pages. But even before reading the brilliant résumé in this first chapter, one should get the calm, reflective point of view of General Charles King, who writes the "Introduction." He tells us of days and deeds that no American should ever forget.

Charles H. Shinn.

Cohn in the Lunch Room

Cohn orders a slice of chocolate cake in a lunch room but sends it back, canceling the order, and orders a piece of apple pie instead. He eats it, gets up and is about to leave when the waiter accosts him:

"Say, you haven't paid for that pie yet!"

"Vot," replies Cohn indignantly, "didn't I give you the chawclate cake for it?"

"But you didn't pay for that either."

"And why should I? Did I eat it?"

Conrad the Connoisseur

For the first time little Conrad goes to a concert with his mother. The soloist is rendering a subdued number and Conrad, pointing to the conductor with the baton, says in a clearly audible voice:

"Mother, why is he always threatening her with that stick?"

"Hush, Conrad," comes the answer.

Now the singer has reached a fortissimo passage and again Conrad chirps up: "Then why is she shouting so?"

A Word to the Wise

A bank director sends his manager to another city to attend a stockholder's meeting for him, asking him to inform him as soon as possible of the result of the meeting, as he has a heavy interest in the company.

The next day the manager wires: "Sell out immediately."

Upon his return the director greets him with the words: "I congratulate you. I sold my interest without delay and in that way avoided a heavy loss. But how did you ever manage to wire at 12 o'clock when the meeting only began at 12? Surely it must have lasted until 4."

"Yes, it wasn't adjourned until 5. But I heard only the first word. The president opened the meeting with the word 'Unfortunately.' That was my cue. I didn't delay any longer. As soon as I heard that I hurried to the telegraph office and wired you."

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California's Poet Laureate

By H. N. P.

TODAY

By INA D. COOLBRITH

Tomorrow is too far away.

A bed of spice the garden is,
Nor bud nor blossom that we miss;
The roses tremble on the stem,
The violets and anemones.

Why should we wait to gather them?
Their bloom and balm are ours today,
Tomorrow—who can say?

Tomorrow is too far away.

Why should we slight the joy complete,
The flower open at our feet?
For us, today, the robin sings,
His curved flight the swallow wings;
For us the happy moments stay.
Stay yet, nor leave us all too fleet!
For life is sweet and youth is sweet,
And love—Ah! love is sweet today,
Tomorrow—who can say?

The lovely, singing lyrics which came month by month over the signature of Ina Donna Coolbrith brought with them smiles and tears. Perhaps because of the poignant beauty of the lines, the tears came more often. There was an undertone of sadness—springing from whatever cause—which touched the heart. And so they ran, number after number, during those years when Bret Harte attained his fame and brought fame to the Overland, and after. Hers was a name already favorably known in the East and in England, yet because of her love for the young State, she preferred to remain and write here rather than to alienate herself from that region which she held her own.

And so, with Bret Harte, with Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Edward Rowland Sill and others of that galaxy of the late sixties and early seventies, Ina Donna Coolbrith joined in making that period the truly golden era of California literature. She embodies today for the nation the romantic splendor of California's pioneer days in poetry and prose. She is in herself tradition and romance.

Yet not tradition alone. One with the past, she is most vitally of the present. Her work grows in strength with the years, and in the form and feeling of her verse she keeps abreast of those progressive tendencies which retain sanity and poetic principle. Coming to us less frequently than before, her poems attain to heights in dignity and power almost unhinted-of in those earlier lyrics. She is known the world over as California's poet laureate. California loves her as its own singer; as the voice of the rounded hills and the sweeping winds. Ina Donna Coolbrith is California.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CITY OF VALLEJO

(Continued from page 21)

to another. A rivalry sprang up among certain towns in the county. Vallejo against Suisun and Benicia against Fairfield. The capital of the state not only wandered from place to place, but the county seat as well. Benicia was originally the county seat and Vallejo the capital. Then, for some political cause or another, the state officials moved, and Benicia never forgave the affront.

In 1853 a county seat convention was held, and through political influence Fairfield received the coveted prize. This was engineered by some of Fairfield's citizens giving land and erecting thereon a small court house. On this occasion Vallejo threw the weight of her influence with Fairfield and helped her secure the plum.

In 1870 Vallejo tried to get back the county seat. Frisbie, Vallejo's son-in-law, worked hard and spent the remnants of his fortune, but he failed in his efforts. Then Fairfield built a court house and this quieted the removal talk for all time.

Among other things, Vallejo has the distinction of being the birthplace of the reform ballot in California, and of introducing the Australian ballot system to the state.

After the establishment of the navy yard in Vallejo, politics became seething, and favors and patronage were dealt out among the faithful, if they voted right; if not—well, their job was missing, and they would have to look elsewhere for a meal ticket. It is said that election officials even went to the polls armed.

In 1849 Sonoma was selected as the site for the headquarters of the United States Army, and Vallejo's home became the rendezvous of the officers stationed there. They were always sure of a royal welcome and an open-hearted hospitality.

For several years prior to his death, Vallejo was Treasurer of the State Horticultural Society. He was also a member of the N. S. G. W., being that society's oldest representative.

Vallejo's interest in his home town never wavered. He had vast plans for the ornamentation of the public parks, and generously offered the Mayor and Councilmen to share in the expense if they would help him carry through his plans, but the new generation was taking the place of the old; money was their slogan, and they had neither time nor care for the beautifying of parks, so his plans were never carried out. He did much improvement of the city on his own account. He was the first to set out vineyards and fruit trees, and the first to set out grapes for wine making on the

(Continued on page 47)

The Cell in the Wall

(Continued from page 4)

had been murdered. It was the same sign he had made before he thrust his sword through the body of a defiant soldier who had turned an avowed heretic over night.

"He had thought of a fitting revenge. He strode into view with his drawn sword flashing in his hand. Certainly the appearance of the Evil One himself could have excited no more terror and dismay in the breasts of the hapless pair, for the governor was all powerful and no one could foretell the result of his wrath. Mercedes had believed her maid to be on watch, ready to give warning at the approach of danger. Innocent as they were, they must have looked very guilty, and this only stirred the more the anger of the governor.

"Jealousy is a terrible passion when aroused. Far weaker men have been known to wreck havoc under less provocation, but please understand, señoritas, that I in no way seek to condone or justify the terrible revenge that the man took upon his victims. I firmly believe that he was mad; that a demon took possession of his immortal soul.

"The moment after the governor had confronted Mercedes and Juan, a priest who had been at the bedside of a dying man came into view. He was walking slowly, with downcast eyes, and was clad in the sombre garb of his order.

"Ha! Father Anselmo, you are sent by the devil at a most opportune time," cried the governor with a laugh. "Prepare to celebrate a wedding." Here he burst into such demoniacal laughter that the old priest believed him quite mad, and turned to flee.

"Stay, father, you are needed," commanded the governor. "The Star of Seville, the fair Mercedes, is about to be wed to the promising young merchant, Señor Juan Perez. 'Tis a late hour for a wedding, but by the nails of the Crucifix, it shall be for eternity."

"What sinful mockery is this?" asked the priest, trembling with indignation. "Yonder woman is your wife, and by all the laws of our Holy Mother the Church, she may not wed another."

"The governor cursed deeply and long, but could not compel the priest to go through the ceremony. At last, his patience giving way, he cried, 'Come then, confess the lovers; their souls are in jeopardy this night, for by the Mass they will soon bid farewell to all things of this earth.'

"The priest, now believing that the mad governor was about to slay the pair and having failed to dissuade him from inflicting such an extreme penalty, professed them spiritual consolation.

"In the meantime the governor had called to the relief watch as it approached along the top of the wall from the barracks. Soon under his orders the soldiers were strangely busy about a breach which had been started in the wall in order to construct a new gate and drawbridge at the eastern approach to the city. In opening the wall some weeks before, workmen had revealed a secret chamber such as Governor Santiago, the founder of the city, had been fond of constructing for such purposes as the natives spoke of only in whispers.

"The old wall, as you can see, is over forty feet wide and is honeycombed with cells and passages. Apparently this cell was isolated and had been walled up by a successor to Santiago.

"Solemnly Mercedes and Juan obeyed the command of the governor, and followed the old priest to the wall. They believed that they were to die at once—but they were to die together.

"The soldiers had partly repaired the breach in the wall, and now only an opening the size of a small door remained to the dismal cell. Flickering torches held by the guards lit the grim scene, for the moon had hidden its face behind dark clouds.

"The soldiers drew to a salute.

"The governor was speaking in calm, terrible accents: "Freely do I grant you this man for your husband, O faithless Mercedes! Freely do I give you this woman for your bride, O Juan! And that nothing may ever interrupt your happiness, I have provided such a home that you shall be forever free from the cares of this world!"

"The glance of the boy and girl met, almost hopeful. Was the governor about to pardon them when all seemed lost? Was—then came blank despair, and for the first time they noted the door to the cell in the wall. Again the governor was speaking. His voice seemed to come from a hollow cavern and his eyes glowed like coals.

"Here in this wall you shall abide for all eternity, for when you have entered, the door shall be sealed and all present shall be sworn to eternal secrecy. What now! You hesitate to go into the house which I have prepared for you with so much loving care? Am I not the most forgiving of wronged husbands? Must I assist you to find your own happiness?"

"Mercedes was brave, but now she was sobbing pitifully. Suddenly with a cry of rage Juan sprang into action as one awakened from a dream, and snatching a sword from the nearest guard, he lunged furiously at the governor's heart. Fear of striking the woman spoiled his

thrust, for Mercedes fell forward in a faint almost between the two men. Before Juan could retrieve his stroke the governor had drawn his own weapon and the two swords drew sparks as they clashed.

"Juan thrust again, and this time his blade reached under the guard of the old soldier and drew blood from his shoulder. But Governor de Tua was a trained swordsman, and many an antagonist had fallen by his hand. His weapon suddenly described a strange arc and Juan found himself hard pressed. He encountered strokes and thrusts that were lightning-like in rapidity of delivery and recovery.

"Desperately he recalled all the tricks of swordsmanship he had mastered in old Spain. The blades slithered and gleamed in the light of the torches, and the shadows of the duelists danced fantastically upon the wall. The soldiers did not dare to interfere without some order to do so from the governor.

"As Juan came near to the priest, hard pressed by his antagonist, the holy man muttered a few words in a low tone of voice. Juan almost received the governor's sword in his breast as he suddenly flung aside his weapon in token of surrender.

"Stooping, he tenderly lifted the form of Mercedes in his arms and carried her into the cell in the wall. At a sign from the governor the soldiers quickly performed their task, the heavy stones were set in place and the door was sealed.

"Within the cathedral a priest had lighted the candles upon the altar and his murmured prayers were heard by the sentry upon the wall. The moon emerged once more, cast its beams upon the waters of the moat and then into the empty garden, as if in search of the two lovers who had wandered there.

* * * *

"Seville the Sunny, 'the gem of Andalusia,' was in holiday attire. It was carnival time and the streets were filled with a merry riot of jostling, good natured folk. Everyone was in costume and almost everyone was masked. From the courts and patios, with their flowery trellises, came the sound of music and dancing.

"As the sun rose higher in the heavens the fun seemed to grow more boisterous. Woe to the unfortunate peasant who, bent upon some more sedate affair than the sport of jesters, ventured into the crowd of merry makers, for he received such a buffeting with air-filled bladders and such a volley of coarse buffoonery that he turned and fled in panic.

"Suddenly the crowd parted and all jostling and fun ceased. A figure swathed in a dark cape with face almost obscured by the broad brim of his hat strode solemnly through.

"'Tis Señor Fajardo de Tua!" whispered a red Satan to his fair companion as he adjusted his mask in order to get a better view. "He has but late returned from the islands where he reigned as governor. They say that he has grown morose and lives alone; in truth 'tis whispered that he keeps company with the devil."

"Why not ask him to dine with you then?" asked his companion merrily. "In truth you wear the devil's livery."

"Not I," said the red Satan. "There are strange tales afloat of how in a fit of jealous rage he stabbed his wife and her lover, though not without giving them time to confess. No one may know the truth of the tale, but a returned soldier from the islands related it to his wife's aunt under an oath of secrecy."

Governor Alfonso Fajardo de Tua, for it was he, stopped suddenly at the sound of a silvery laugh. It was as gentle as the notes of a flute, and yet it turned his blood to water, and those who caught sight of his face shrank back in terror.

"It must be my disordered fancy," he muttered. "I am surely mad, for I would have sworn on the cross that it was—No, no, it cannot be—Mercedes is within the wall—dead—dead!" He clasped his hands before his brow and strode on, totally oblivious of the staring multitude.

He reached a large and ancient building of forbidden appearance in the Street of the Swords, and a doddering serving-man admitted him. Once within his chamber, he locked the oaken door and gave himself up to an agony of grief so terrible that his powerful frame was racked by sobs and his cries were such as might come from a lost soul in hell.

The room was dim and neglected, for no servant had been allowed to enter for a long time. A tall silver crucifix on the writing table seemed the sole ornament in the place. On the wall there were fastened steel armor, casques and bucklers showing signs of rust.

The day passed; the moon shone through the iron bars of the window and cast its rays into the room. The man knelt before the table clasping the crucifix in his hands, his head buried in his arms. At last he rose slowly and as in a dream made his way to the street. It was raining and the clouds were drifting in long, dark masses across the sky. Between their shifting shapes there glided from time to time a furtive ray of doubtful pallid light.

Heedless of the storm, the distracted man wandered through the city, out the Marçena gate and along the deserted highway—he knew not whither. For hours he tramped along as though the Fiend himself were in pursuit.

At length the rain pelted him with such fury and the lightning dazzled his

eyes with such constant flashes that the storm within his breast abated and he began to take notice of his plight.

Before him rose the blackened and impressive ruins of a monastery. He was glad to find shelter in one of the large rooms, which he took to be a chapel. Here the roof was almost whole and he lay down upon the sepulchral slabs which paved the church.

How long he slumbered he did not know, but he awoke with a shudder of fear. He laid his hand upon the hilt of his rapier and gazed at the farther end of the chapel with starting eyes. The rain had ceased and the night was calm and beautiful. A full moon had risen in the heavens and its rays pierced the shrubbery above the hole in the roof and filtered through upon the ruins of the altar.

There kneit a woman in white as if in prayer. Whether carved of marble or a living being de Tua could not tell, but fear of the supernatural held him fast. He longed to cry out—to turn and flee—and yet a dread curiosity overpowered his will. He longed, yet feared, to behold the face of the kneeling woman.

The hoot of an owl coming from his refuge beneath the stone numbus of an image still standing on a niche of the wall, was echoed by the cry which burst from the lips of the man. The woman had turned her head. The governor looked into the eyes of Mercedes.

Slowly the woman came forward and the ghostly moonlight made a dim halo about her head. Her white hands were clasped before her. The governor tried in vain to make the sign of the cross. His trembling hand refused to perform the function his mind demanded as the ceremony that would banish spirits and break the terrible spell.

As the woman in white came nearer, fixing upon him her great, reproachful eyes, the governor sprang backward. His body struck against the base of a mutilated statue and the heavy marble figure toppled upon him, striking him with great force and bearing him to the floor.

The old soldier regained consciousness only to realize that he was dying. His brain was clear now, and glancing about him he recognized a group of holy men who were standing about the rude couch upon which he had been placed. In the background was a small group of nuns.

A young priest came forward to the side of the dying man in response to his feeble gesture. "We were compelled to seek shelter from the storm, in this ruin, as we journeyed toward a village where pestilence rages," explained the priest. "I was startled by the cries of a woman, and running to this chamber, I found her struggling to lift a broken image from your body." He paused, for an older priest had come forward and bent over

the dying man. "Are you ready to confess your sins and receive the last sacrament?" asked the old priest.

The governor trembled and his eyes fastened themselves upon those of his questioner. "No, Father Anselmo," said he. "For such a sin as mine there is no forgiveness. You know of what I speak. With that black stain upon my soul I will sink straight to hell though I prayed upon my knees through another lifetime. I know not how you came to be here, but still it is fitting that you, a witness to that dark deed, should be at my side now that I am dying, to reproach me for my crime."

"Juan and Mercedes are within this ruin," said the priest. "Know, then, that your vengeance was averted. Juan had planned to study for holy orders while Mercedes may soon take the veil."

The dying man discerned Mercedes garbed in white standing just within the circle of light shed by the torches. The miracle of her presence did not interest him so much just then. Only a great wave of tenderness swept over him. He longed to hear her voice. He knew now, that it was she who had laughed so merrily somewhere in the crowd at the carnival in Seville. He was glad that she was to enter a convent—to shut herself out from the world.

"Tell me, father, by what miracle—" muttered the governor, his voice sinking into a whisper.

"I know what you would ask," said the priest. "It will do no harm to tell you now. When you sought to both judge and punish those two souls in Capitola, where they were wholly at your mercy, you did not reckon with the Church. You did not know that the chamber in the wall had been built at the request of a bishop in a day before your time.

"A secret underground passage ran from behind an altar in the cathedral to the chamber within the wall. Huge stones hid both entrances to the passage, but they were easily moved aside by those who knew the secret. The chamber was used to conceal the sacred vessels and ornaments of the altar in time of siege and danger. The secret was well kept by the priests.

"As you fought with Juan he came close to me and I managed to speak to him in a low voice, telling him to yield and all would yet be well. Before daylight your intended victims were rescued from the place you intended should be their living tomb. Later they were smuggled aboard a galleon bound for Spain, garbed as monks returning from a mission. Under the care of the Church they were returned to Seville. They were parted at once and did not meet again until tonight, when Mercedes, bound on an errand of mercy to the pesti-

lence-ridden town, in company with the Sisters of Mercy, was forced to take refuge in these ruins.'

"The dying man kept his gaze fastened upon the face of Mercedes, but as the torches flared upward he noticed her eyes were not upon him. He followed the direction of their gaze and recognized Juan. The thoughts of the two could be plainly read upon their faces, for both stood as in the presence of a miracle which was to open the gates of paradise to them. The governor was dying and his inner vision was clearing—he knew that when he died nothing could hold the former lovers apart.

"No qualms of conscience could now mar their happiness. The Church would now sanction their marriage, as neither had yet taken holy vows. A moment before, the dying man had shrunk from his God and craved the absolution of the Church—even though he knew that what he had done was a great crime. But now that he realized that his vengeance had been thwarted, rage filled his heart.

"Father Anselmo bent forward in order to catch the words which the dying man gasped, believing that he was about to make his last confession. The priest stepped back in horror, for the governor was uttering blasphemies and curses coined by the evildoers of a dozen lands. He died unshriven and the monks and priests drew together in pious fear of the devil.

The sun was rising over the mountains when hand in hand Mercedes and Juan climbed the trail toward the stricken village.

HOW THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS CAME ON THE MAP

(Continued from page 29)

the hands of the priests, who enjoyed many of the privileges of the tabu system. There were permanent and temporary tabus. The temporary tabu was indicated by setting up tabu sticks, as was often done to protect property from theft, and death was the penalty of any man who had the hardihood to steal such tabued property.

Following Cook, other discoverers and explorers visited the islands, and soon traders began to arrive in large numbers, through whom important trade relations were established with Europe and America, and soon with China. Of visits made by explorers, those of Vancouver, a former Lieutenant with Cook, were perhaps the most important. Vancouver conferred many benefits upon the natives and made them valuable presents which included domestic animals. In particular he greatly attached himself to Kamehameha I, who first becoming King of the large island of Hawaii, afterwards became King of the entire group, to which he gave a unified form of government.

From time to time agents were dropped off from trading ships with a view of the accumulation of sandal wood, for trade with the Chinese, because in this commodity was found the most quickly remunerative article of foreign commerce. Some of these people took up their permanent residence in the islands and became men of considerable influence there. Of these, two men Young and Davis, were at first held by force, but subsequently became honored as chiefs.

In the year 1790 Kamehameha began a military campaign, which in a few years resulted in the conquest of all the islands, with the result that he made himself sole ruler of Hawaii-nei, a term used by the natives to include the entire group. This King, variously distinguished as Kamehameha the Great, the Napoleon of the Pacific, and Kamehameha the Conqueror, although a remarkable man, could scarcely have succeeded in his ambitious designs, had it not been for aid and counsel secured by him from Young and Davis. Under their direction vessels of considerable size were built, or purchased, vessels large enough indeed for the transportation from island to island, of considerable bodies of fighting men.

In addition to this the foreigners assisted the King by demonstrating the use and manipulation of muskets and field pieces which had been obtained from traders. The employment of firearms gave Kamehameha advantages such as no other native King or Chief had ever known.

The culmination of this campaign was reached first in the great battle when Kamehameha destroyed the army of the King of Oahu. This involved combats of no mean magnitude and required the transportation, it has been said, of as many as 16,000 men across a wide and turbulent channel; assaults against an enemy protected by natural and artificial entrenchments and ending in a drive in which the defeated army was hurled over an appalling precipice, to be dashed to destruction upon the lava rocks in the abyss. This was the battle of the Nuuanu Pali, as the precipice is called, on the island of Oahu, a spot of entrancing beauty and one scarcely to be excelled, in all the world in point of scenic grandeur. The Pali is now reached by automobile from Honolulu, over an excellent road, and a bronze tablet marks the locality of the battle.

Vancouver, in his intercourse with Kamehameha, gave him much good advice regarding his duties as a monarch and advised him to abjure his faith in heathen gods and accept the doctrines of Christianity. But to the last Kamehameha adhered to his faith in the ancient gods of his people.

(Continued in September)

"THE SCUDDERS"

By IRVING BACHELLER

FOR summer reading, or for winter reading for that matter, it is difficult to find a more satisfactory author than Irving Bacheller. The book under review, "The Scudders," is a story of more than usual interest. It possesses not only the elements of an interesting novel, but it is thoroughly foundationed in philosophy. In his own characteristic language and phrasing, Mr. Bacheller gives in this new volume a word picture of present day life and the shallowness and folly of much of what goes on in so-called fashionable circles. Indeed the book sets forth in satire the practices and usages of that part of our population that is supposed to lead and direct in the halls of fashion. Mr. Bacheller has analyzed most carefully the fads and excesses of the younger generation and brings these to the surface in such manner as to make them appear ludicrous.

Throughout the book which, while keen and cutting without being the least bit sarcastic, the treatment is at the same time most kindly and human. The best part of Mr. Bacheller's philosophy is, that the younger generation is not held to blame for its own shortcomings and weaknesses.

From the chapters dealing with the excesses of youth he passes over to the period of age and experience and shows that more than any other cause for the youthful extravagance is the example set to them by their elders. The story is, in fact a series of social sermons minus the preaching. The book is full of happy phrasing, of clever hits at ultra-modern points of view and is epigrammatic in the highest degree. As a character study, the volume abounds in individuals picturesque in the extreme, but absolutely true to type. It is a refreshing book to read and will be both healthful and helpful in clarifying what has become a most distressing situation. Altogether it is one of the best books of the year. Published by the Macmillan Company at \$1.50.

SHAKESPEARE

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not surpass the British Museum itself.

Copies of Shakespeare Folios and Quartos are still in private hands. Notwithstanding so many have passed into the possession of public institutions, notably Huntington Library, the information regarding the location of copies contained in Miss Bartlett's book will prove accurate for a long time to come. Hence the great value of her work as a contribution to Shakespeare bibliography.

In setting forth her purpose in publishing this volume she says: "My best excuse for putting one more book about

Shakespeare before the public is that it contains, in one volume, full and accurate descriptions of the first editions of a great many books in early English literature connected with him, and gives their present location. It is, in fact, an attempt to bring together, in compact form, all the more important printed sources before 1640, from which we derive our knowledge of the greatest English dramatist, his life and works."

While Miss Bartlett has only given the names of owners of copies of which not more than four or five are known, it is to be regretted that she did not make an exception and enter into fuller particulars regarding the exact numbers and owners of the *Pavier* or *Spurious Quartos*, so-called. These have a literature of their own which was brought to a close in the fine analytical bibliographical work of William J. Neidig in his illustrated article "The Shakespeare Quartos of 1619," which appeared in *Modern Philology* (8:1-19) and *The Century* (80:912-919). He there showed conclusively by illustrative plates of title-pages that though some of these Quartos bear earlier dates than 1619 they were all actually printed at the same time, by the same printer, and in the same year (1619). This is definitely proved by a composite photograph of the title-pages of *The Merchant of Venice* (1600) superimposed upon that of *Pericles*, 1619, in which the line, "Written by W. Shakespeare," the printer's device, and the imprints fall exactly over each other, showing that they were printed from the same setting of type and that by no possibility could this have occurred had these title-pages been set up and printed at the dates they respectively bear.

Another interesting feature regarding these quartos and one going far to prove their contemporaneity is the fact that they exist in nearly equal numbers and are of uniform and slightly larger size than other Shakespeare Quartos. This leads to the belief that they were originally bound together. But a single volume so bound is now known, the "Edward Gwynne" copy, so-called, because it bears his name in gilt upon its covers. This copy formerly belonged to Marsden J. Perry, of Providence. Upon the dispersal of his Shakespearian library it passed by private sale into the possession of Mr. H. C. Folger, of Brooklyn. A similar volume belonging to Mr. E. W. Hussey, was broken up in 1906, a fate which so far as we know has befallen all other copies as they chanced to fall into the hands of booksellers whose cupidity caused them to realize that these quartos would bring more if sold separately, than if bound in a single volume.

In 1909 the present writer located 196 copies of these detached quartos, not less than 17 nor more than 22 of each, or

The Prodigal of Siyeppa

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drag of the terrific current, Dan Scofield, acclaimed champion of many a buster's contest, rode as he never in his life had ridden before.

At last it was over. Stager stood on a gravel bar, the angry stream foaming its disappointment at his heels as Dan dismounted, ten feet of the wire in his hands. This time it was with something like his old blithe manner that he climbed a young alder and drew the slack of the line away from the water and the danger of drifting snags. It was assured now that the doctor could get across the creek to Eddie's aid. For the present, danger was over. Speed was the thing essential.

The trail turned up the creek for a half mile before it began to crawl out of the canyon again and so Dan let Stager have his head. Secure now in the thought that he would be able to save his brother's life his own senses were not attuned to possible danger to himself and so it was without warning that he rounded a jutting shoulder of rock into the full glare of a fire that burned beside a fallen forest giant. He checked the horse, his first thought being that here he might seek assistance. He had forgotten momentarily that he was a fugitive who must

enough to make up 17 complete sets (*Pollard, Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, p. 165). Later still he was able to locate additional copies in sales' records and in booksellers' hands in sufficient numbers to bring the total up to 122 or enough to make 19 complete sets (*ibid.*, p. 166).

When Miss Bartlett was engaged in locating copies it would appear to have been an easy matter to have said the last word on this much discussed point by extending her census so as to locate every known copy of these spurious quartos. She has gone into other matters with such thoroughness that we are much surprised that she did not make an exhaustive search for the *Pavier* Quartos. As it is, so far as the number and location of these are concerned she leaves the matter still unsettled. This is, however, a comparatively unimportant matter. That any work of this character is without at least a few errors of omission or commission is unthinkable, as anyone who has been engaged in similar undertakings well knows.

After all that can be said it must be acknowledged that Miss Bartlett is thoroughly equipped by training and temperament for this work, that she has worked assiduously to secure full and accurate information, and that she has laid every Shakespearian student under obligation to her for the excellent work she has done in bringing together within a reasonable space essential information that every Shakespearian scholar desires to know, and that henceforth her book will be the first to which he will turn before consulting others.

not yet reveal himself to strangers. Just then a voice called from the shadows beside him.

"Put 'em up, Dan Scofield! This is the deputy sheriff." And Dan knew he was trapped.

Dare he undertake to explain to his captors that he was on an errand of life and death? Dare he ask them not to delay him nor to make the arrest until he had seen the doctor safely across Brush Creek? Wouldn't they think he had taken a circuitous route to the ranch merely to secure a fresh horse? These and other questions that flashed across Dan's brain were answered for him as a man spoke:

"Say, boys, that's Ed Scofield's old gray horse, Stager. Mebbe there's more to this here case than we thought when we got that telegram this morning." They were closing in now, secure that the man with upraised hands who sat quietly on the motionless horse was harmless.

So that was it. The sheriff from Crescent, discovering that Dan had left the southbound road, had spread a net around the Scofield ranch. These were Humboldt men. There must be a reward out for him, Dan reasoned. Else these men would never have come out in this storm. They would never listen to his arguments nor pleadings now they had concluded that Eddie had loaned him a fresh horse. There were three of his captors and the only reason for their slowness of approach was that they were a picked posse and were decidedly nervous in the presence of one they no doubt considered a desperate killer. He must do the unexpected and he must do it at once.

Dan's way was blocked by the cliff at his right. The redwood log, five feet at least in diameter, lay across his path to the trail. At the left and rear his captors were converging. Dan knew that log. It was the self same log over which he had leaped Stager the day he had quarreled with his father and had left home. The colt had stumbled then. Could he make it now? There was scant distance for a take-off but still enough if the horse had been kept in training. Dan clinched his heels ever so slightly and pressed his knees against Stager's mighty muscles. To his joy he felt the old cow-horse's every nerve tense. Stager had felt the old familiar signal and he was ready. He, too, remembered this log.

Like a flash of light Dan's left hand dropped to the reins, his right to the gun and Stager made his first great bound at the same instant, incredibly swift. Even had the posse not been startled out of their wits by the roar of Dan's pistol as he fired in the air their first shots would have been sure to go wild. Dan's wild yell rose in exultation as the gallant old horse cleared the log with inches to spare and plunged into the safe darkness of its shadow. As of old, he never broke his stride when he landed but was off up the trail like a rutting buck.

"Hell! He's got clear away." One of Dan's would-be captors wailed disgustedly. "I told you not to unsaddle them horses, Nevins."

And Dan knew, that barring some unexpected stroke of bad luck, he had got

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Frank Grouard--The Government Scout

(Continued from page 19)

the white man on the frontier. At last the day of his deliverance came; and he stepped forth from his bondage, not to avenge, but to right many wrongs.

"But it took me two or three months," he said, "before I could talk English without getting the Indian mixed up with it; hadn't talked a bit of English for six years."

This was his schooling. This was his apprenticeship. He was now a graduate scout, ready for his first government job to help the frontier army bring the sullen, rebellious red man to terms and live a peaceable life along with and beside the white man. This was a big job—a big job for the scout and a big job for the army. And when looked squarely in the face after the lapse of a half century, who of us has the courage to lay all the blame on the red man? This had been his ancestral home and tribal hunting ground for many centuries. Who wouldn't fight,—be his skin red, or white, or black,—and "fight to the last ditch" for such an heritage?

The closing scenes in the last act of this immense drama embraces the decade of the seventies; and our hero scout was a star performer. Frank Grouard was a mighty factor in the General George Crook Campaign through the region now called Wyoming and through the Black Hills country in South Dakota.

For centuries that section of the west now known as the state of Wyoming had been the cross-roads of Indian tribes, trappers and fur-traders. It was one of richest grazing lands and best game preserves in the vast western region; and was still such in the seventies. From the Indian's point of view, to give up this region meant starvation. He was not altogether to blame for his lack of confidence in the Great White Father's promises to take care of him on the reservation set aside for him and his people. But this long drawn out quarrel between the red man and the white had to be settled some time; and must be settled for all time to come.

General Crook decided on a winter campaign along Powder River north through the center of Wyoming Territory; through the Crazy Woman and Clear Creek country; through the Tongue River, Big Goose and Little Goose Creek country, on up into southern Montana Territory along the Rosebud and Big Horn Rivers. The purpose of the campaign was to surprise the band of Sioux that had left the reservation against government orders; destroy their camp with the winter's supply of food; disarm the Indians and take their ponies; and thus force them to return to the reser-

vation to live according to the government program. This campaign is a matter of history and has been ably written up by Thomas Macmillan, with the expedition as reporter for the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and John F. Finerty, reporter for the Chicago Times and by Captain John G. Bourke, an officer with the command. But the part played by the Chief of Scouts has been less conspicuous in print, partially due to the scout's extreme reticence, and partially due to the necessary nature of army reports. Aside from a few newspaper yarns—sometimes yarns, pure and simple, spun for thrilling news-fillers—published at the time of the campaign, little has been written concerning this hero of the western plains.

Frank Grouard was recommended for Government Scout Service by a man who knew him before his captivity. A courier was sent out from Fort Laramie in southeastern Wyoming Territory summoning the scout to report at once to General Crook. It was only a little jaunt of ninety miles over the mountains in mid-winter, but the strong scout made it in a few hours.

"Are you acquainted with the country?" General Crook asked him.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you think there is any possible show of jumping the Indians there in the winter?" the General asked.

"If you work it right, there may be," the scout replied.

This was in February, 1876. The expedition was arranged to start from Fort Laramie by the first of March.

Because of the plan to take the Indians by surprise, the military tactics were movement of troops in the night. Only those familiar with that section of the country and the weather conditions in the mountains at that season of the year can imagine the difficulties and the dangers of this stupendous program. It would have been an impossible feat without a leader who knew the favorite haunts of the red men and every foot of the ground to be covered by the campaign.

With the mercury at sixty below zero, Grouard was sent out on an all-night scouting expedition to try to locate the camp of Chief Crazy Horse. Just at day-break the scout came up a hill overlooking a valley. The air below him was so full of a heavy frost-fog that nothing could be seen in the valley, but his ears served the purpose, for his highly trained sense of sound recognized at once the far-off tinkling bells of Crazy Horse's ponies and he sent a messenger back in haste to inform the troops to move up as quickly as possible.

Chief Crazy Horse had been Grouard's protector on many occasions when Sitting Bull had been ugly toward his adopted brother, "Standing Bear;" and now this same "Standing Bear" was leading the white man's "warriors" into his winter quarters for his destruction. The horoscope had changed. The scenes of the drama had been shifted. The destiny of two strong contending forces was to be decided. The troops moved up to the point indicated by the Chief of Scouts. But the officer in command showed indecision and otherwise "acted queer;" he did many inexplicable things. It later became known that he had given credence to camp gossip—a jealous scout and bitter enemy of Grouard—though posing as a friend, had circulated falsehoods concerning the loyalty of the Chief of Scouts.

Somebody blundered, and as usual the blunder cost dearly—the success of the battle with Crazy Horse was almost turned into defeat. Because the Indian robes and food were recklessly burned instead of being used for the comfort of the soldiers, the troops suffered untold agony from cold and hunger. Finally the commanding officer was court-martialed and lost his command, all because of the deadly poison of a lie.

The march that became famous in army circles as "Pollock's Sage Brush Expedition" was an attempt to move a detachment of cavalry and infantry from Fort McKinney, near the present site of Buffalo, Wyoming, over to the Belle Fourche River country to investigate a rumor concerning movements of Lone Deer's band. It proved to be a false alarm, and the troops were ordered back to the Post. A blizzard overtook them and the situation became serious. Scout Grouard informed the commanding officer that he knew a short-cut across country to the Post which would save a long distance of hard travel, and get the troops into the Post by three or four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day they started on the return march; but the wagon-train would have to keep to the old road and take two or three days for the trip. The cut-off trail was taken. The blizzard increased in severity and the situation became alarming. Not a person in the command except Grouard knew the route selected. An army engineer, just out from West Point, well armed with "book-learnin'" but hopelessly ignorant of the Sioux country and Indian warfare, persistently interfered by attempting to dictate to the Chief of Scouts; and almost caused a mutiny among the troops. Strong, brave men wept from fear, cold and dread of being lost in the mountains.

The scout held firm to his course in spite of the fact that many insisted they were traveling in a circle. To miss that

pass between the two Pumpkin Buttes meant destruction to the whole command; make it he must; and make it he would in spite of a near mutiny, if the commanding officer would only stand by him. The men were becoming exhausted in their struggle against the storm,—a storm increasing in intensity and as blinding as darkness; and the mercury continued to drop.

Captain Pollock, officer in command, never wavered—not for one moment did he seem to doubt his Scout Chief. At three o'clock the trail leading through the Buttes was reached; the troops went down the Pass, out into the open, and away from the storm,—the scout never having led the troops two hundred yards out of the way during the entire march. The Post, now only a short distance away, was quickly reached; and thus ended successfully one of the most difficult marches of the entire campaign.

It was next to impossible for this scout to lose his bearings under any circumstances, for he knew the entire Sioux country perfectly. He had no use for a compass; indeed it confused him. He knew nothing of miles, but could tell with exactness at what time he could reach a given point. General Crook once said, after an exceedingly hard and long-drawn-out march, "I'd like to buy land by your miles." The soldier's way of traveling, mode of life—in fact, army life in general—puzzled him. But he could get desired results under the most baffling conditions.

In the darkest hour just before dawn, made more dark by a blinding snow-storm, General Crooke, after an all night's march, said to his Chief of Scouts: "It is daylight."

The scout having promised to reach a certain fork of Clear Creek by day-break, replied: "We are almost there."

The General said: "How can you tell?"

"By the lay of the land," was the reply.

"How far away is Clear Creek?" the General asked.

"Not more than two or three hundred yards," Frank replied.

They moved not more than one hundred yards from that spot and found their journey's end.

The General laughed and said: "I don't see how you can tell."

The summer campaign was fitted out at Fort Laramie in May 1876; but Fort Fetterman, one hundred miles farther up the North Platte, was to be the real starting point. Scout Grouard, with ten picked men, was sent ahead of the troops to select river-crossings and report conditions of the trail for movement of troops. He found himself closely watched by Indian spies. The utmost caution was necessary at all times, both day and

night. There were plenty of "close-calls" and "dare-devil" excitement if one had not had previous experiences, as Grouard had had, which made this scouting-trip rather tame and colorless.

Arrangements had been made with the friendly Crows and Shoshone Indians to join this campaign as allies with Crook's forces against their hereditary foes, the Sioux and their allies. The Crows and Shoshones were to join Crook at the Powder River crossing, and were to be there at a certain specified time. They did not appear. The General was disappointed and puzzled; he had been assured he could depend upon them. He asked Grouard if it was possible to reach the Crow Agency and find out why the Indian allies had failed him.

The entire country from Fort Fetterman to the Agency, a distance of three hundred miles, was infested with bands of hostile Sioux.

Grouard said: "I will try. And if I am alive I will join you in fourteen days at the junction of Little Goose and Big Goose Creeks." (This spot is now the site of the city of Sheridan, Wyoming.)

When asked how many men he wished as an escort, he said: "Two." And he selected Louie Reshaw and "Big Bat"—Baptiste Pourrier. The latter had lived with the Crows, was still highly esteemed by them, and to them he was known as "Left Hand."

As usual on such hazardous journeys, the scouts traveled by night and lay in hiding during the daylight hours. During the entire trip the scouts were in constant danger and had many narrow escapes from capture. At last success seemed very near, they had almost reached the Crow Agency,—when several hundred Indians charged them in true warrior fashion. As the situation was becoming hopeless, "Big Bat" suddenly discovered that the warriors were a band of Crows that had mistaken them for enemy scouts. A disaster and near tragedy turned thereupon into a happy reunion of old-time friends. Overjoyed at seeing their old friend "Left Hand" once more, a grand "hand-shake-and-How!" reception followed. Each warrior in the entire band wanted to shake his hand, white man's fashion.

Just as General Crook was about to give up hope of his scout's return, Grouard rode into camp three days late, accompanied by a gigantic Crow chief; a large body of warriors, true to their Indian caution, having halted at a safe distance beyond the hills until "Gray Coat" (as they called General Crook) should summon them.

Grouard said: "This large band of Crows had appeared according to the original plans; had as usual halted a short distance from the white man's camp; sent a scout to investigate and

make sure they had found the right camp. When this scout approached near enough to give his signaling call, he was answered in a Sioux dialect. The Crows fled in alarm, fearing they had been led into a trap and had not found 'Gray Coat' at all."

Again somebody blundered. And again the blunder cost dearly. It cost several weeks' delay for the entire army. It cost that hazardous journey of many hundred miles for three of the most valuable Government Scouts through a region swarming with warriors out for scalps.

A scouting trip, known in army circles as "The Sibyl Scout," was one of the most miraculous escapes of the entire border warfare and is one of the best illustrations of expert work to be found in the annals of scouting.

The troops were waiting in camp in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains for munitions and supplies to come in from Fort Fetterman. General Crook decided to send a scouting party out to investigate possible Indian villages. Against his own judgment, Grouard was persuaded to take an escort of twenty-five picked men with one officer, Lieutenant Sibley of the Second Cavalry.

After reconnoitering for a few days in the heart of the enemy country, Grouard became even more wary and cautious—if such a thing were possible. The soldiers thought he acted a bit queer and unnecessarily cautious.

Lieut. Sibyl said: "What did you see, Frank?"

"Only Sitting Bull's war-party," he replied. "I knew they would be here without coming to see."

The young lieutenant knew that their escape from the dangerous quarters depended wholly upon strict obedience to orders from Scout Grouard. The Sioux had picked up the Lieutenant's trail. The situation was desperate in the extreme. Not one moment could be lost in hesitation or indecision. The little band of troops must stick close together and sell life as dearly as possible and retreat if they could. Early in the skirmish they had to abandon their horses. This meant also abandoning all their food supply with fifty miles or more of rough mountain climbing between them and Crook's camp. With howling warriors on three sides of them, a mountain wall on the fourth, these hard-pressed soldiers found their rifles and what was left of their original one hundred rounds of ammunition a sufficient load to carry in their scramble among rocks and over all but impassable ledges.

About midnight, absolutely exhausted, the retreat halted. Even the elements were against them. They had no sooner bivouacked under a projecting stone-ledge, when a most terrible wind and hail-

(Continued on page 47)

Renewing the Lease

(Continued from page 26)

"A thousand dollars!" echoed the old man, rising to one elbow and looking hard at the girl.

Jessie nodded. "I offered him eleven hundred, twelve hundred, and thirteen hundred—but he refused. Said he wanted fifteen hundred, or he wouldn't talk business at all. Finally I got the lease for fourteen hundred dollars."

"Fourteen hundred," repeated the old man dazedly. "Fourteen hundred dollars!" Then without another word he arose and began to dress.

"What are you going to do, father?" asked the girl in amazement.

"What am I going to do?" he repeated, still half-dazed. "Why, I'm going to work. We've got a year to drill that lease, and we've got to have money to do it with. That's what I'm going to get now—the money to drill that lease."

So old John Wishart went back to work—dragged his old, toil-weary limbs back to their unwilling drudgery. And for ten months longer the ambitions of his youth—the unconquered and unconquerable will to succeed—kept him at his task when at any time a moment's relaxation, an infinitesimal period of time wherein that vision of the ultimate goal might have faded from his mind, would have left the old man a complete physical wreck.

Thus it was that the first day of the last week in the year which measured the life-span of the leasehold of old John Wishart upon the Kelly farm found Bob Grimsby at work there with a rickety, creaking old drilling machine that he had literally rescued from a junk heap. Grimsby was an excellent mechanic, but the ill luck that had so persistently followed him in all his operations had won for him a reputation so unenviable that no one would employ him as a driller. His assistant was a novice at oil well drilling—willing, eager, even, to learn the work, yet raw and maladroit from lack of experience. Still, a large proportion of Jim's troubles was due to the condition of the machinery; indeed, it would have taxed the skill of an old hand to keep up steam in the leaky old boiler which sent forth tiny jets of vapor from every weakened joint and worn connection. Aside from this, it was quite evident that Randall had his mind on other matters, among which old Wishart's daughter was by no means the least monopolizing. Then there was the wheezy old engine, which had a decided penchant for stopping on center and allowing the steam to whistle, seemingly unobstructed, through her leaky ports. The brakes, too, were literally "fearfully and wonderfully made"; a part of the time they would allow the pulleys to slip under them as though they had been ball-races, then suddenly they would set hard and grip the drums with a shock that would actually lift the rear of the machine from the ground, and cause the mast to bend and sway like a reed.

In spite of all these handicaps their persistence was slowly winning. Inch by inch and foot by foot they had worn away the rock, all the while fighting against the petty annoyances of the Lost River people, who had, by winning Joe Kelly over to their side, obtained a practically free hand in hindering the work on John Wishart's well, until they were

now within two hundred feet of the estimated depth to which they would have to drill in order to reach pay sand.

But the second day of the last week opened by losing a bit in the hole, and two hundred feet, good drilling though it was, was all of a week's work for Bob Grimsby and his old coffee mill of a drilling machine.

That evening John Wishart was given a surprise. It was just early dusk, and the old man lay as usual, weakened more from worry than illness, that Joe Kelly called. In all the years that the two men had lived near neighbors Joe Kelly had never before paid John Wishart a friendly call.

"I hear your men had bad luck down to the well today," Joe began, as he seated himself uncomfortably on the extreme edge of a chair drawn up near the sickbed, and fumbled nervously with his hat. "Tain't likely they can drill in now 'fore the lease is out."

"Yes, but it's customary here to give them time to finish a well when it's so near in at the time the lease expires."

"Mebby it is—but just the same it hain't necessary. The lease calls for production in paying quantities," insisted Kelly. "And the Lost River outfit'll fight it for me if you try to make trouble."

"Of course I'd pay the rental," urged Wishart.

"Sure. But I don't have to take it. I'd renew the lease for you if I did." Kelly hesitated a moment; then continued, with eyes averted, twisting his hat as though trying to wrench it to shreds. "I might renew it—if—that is, on a certain condition. Say, Wishart, don't you know it's mighty lonesome when a man gets along toward middle age, livin' alone—always livin' alone? And since your girl come over to see me about that lease, you know, I've been thinkin' a lot about how different things might be. You get what I'm drivin' at, don't you?"

The surprise was too great for Wishart in his exhausted condition. He tried to speak, but only succeeded in staring at his visitor.

As Kelly's heavy footsteps thumped out of the room and through the house, Jessie Wishart entered her father's room.

"You heard what he said?" queried the old man.

The girl nodded.

"I wouldn't see you marry Joe Kelly," he exclaimed, "not for a dozen leases! No—not for all the oil in the world!"

* *

By aid of the fishing tools that John Robbins borrowed the drillers finally succeeded in hooking the loose bit and removing it from the hole. Then they lost no time in starting work with the borrowed tools while waiting for their own to be repaired. But in spite of their industry, as the days passed it became more and more apparent that they could not complete the well before the expiration of Wishart's lease.

"Of course if Kelly accepts another month's rental that will renew the lease," said Randall, as he sat one evening talking with Jessie Wishart, when the conversation turned to the all-absorbing question. They had finally put on a second shift in their vain race against time, but without greatly increasing their

rate of progress. It seemed that the old machine required about a certain amount of rest each day, and whether it came during the night or in the short spaces at various times during the day, made but slight difference. However, it did one thing, it freed Randall from the necessity of standing guard at night.

"Of course," replied the girl, "but there's about as much chance of the sun standing still and giving us time to finish the well."

Randall smiled, and a wistful, pleading look came into his eyes, as he leaned toward the girl. "There's that question I asked you the other day, Jessie," he said, "you haven't answered me yet."

She hesitated, raising her head as though listening for the repetition of some sound from the sickroom. "Not while this race is on," she said finally, "and my father's life is hanging in the balance."

"You think, then, that such a lot depends on the outcome of this well we're drilling—that it means—is, a question of life and death to him?"

Jessie nodded. She dare not trust her voice. Then, after a moment she said: "Of course, there's one way out of it, but—"

"That's the way your father was telling me last night?"

"Yes."

"But you couldn't do that—not even to save your father. He wouldn't have you do it." The young man's eager eyes seemed to burn their interrogation into her brain as he leaned toward the girl, awaiting her confirmation of his statement.

The girlish form stiffened at the words. "I—I cannot say," she replied. "My father has suffered so much—endured so much, I—I can't tell yet what I might do."

* *

"No, by the Eternal, you'll stay off here, and stay off till the last minute!" The second shift was in charge of the drilling machine, and Joe Grimsby was guarding the line where a crew of Lost River workmen were trying to effect an entrance with part of a drilling outfit.

"Hit him with something!" yelled Red Smith, foreman of the outfit, who sat beside a teamster on the first wagon-load of traps. "Smash him on the coco, Bill! What's the good of arguin'?" The fact that Smith had been drinking would have been apparent to the most casual observer.

The burly workman addressed as Bill stepped forward, swinging a heavy hand-spike, but Grimsby stood his ground, axe in hand.

"No you don't, Red Smith! Till midnight tonight this lease belongs to Wishart, and you don't cross the line—not an inch—till the time's up! Maybe not then! It's more than I can see what you want to be worryin' the life out of a sick man for, anyhow."

"Ya-ah—go it, Bill—bean him—paralyze him!" vociferated Smith. "Don't let that one-hoss driller bluff you! He's got no call to talk back to a man! Move him out o' the way!" And Smith, after many ineffectual attempts, awkwardly drew from his pocket an ancient pistol of heavy calibre.

Even had the gun been loaded, which it probably was not, Smith's drunken unfamiliarity with the weapon would probably have made it less dangerous for Grimsby than any one else in his vicin-

ity; still, the maneuver had the desired effect. With the driller's eyes focused upon the gun Bill got his chance, and a well directed blow from his handspike sent the axe flying from Grimsby's hands.

"Now you've got him where you want him!" exulted Smith. "Give him the next one over the cranium! Smash him, and get out of the way! We're comin' in!"

* * *

During the altercation no one had taken notice of a small body of horsemen riding briskly up the road in their direction. Eagerly occupied with their own affairs, they had (if they had so much as seen the horsemen) merely recognized the fact that some one was passing along the highway. But now, as the Lost River foreman was urging his henchmen to an attack upon Grimsby, the leader rode forward, forcing his horse in between the driller and the man who threatened him.

"All right, Red Smith," began the newcomer, exhibiting a shining badge which he wore beneath his coat, "you're the man I want." The voice was familiar; Grimsby looked up for the first time, surprised that his assistant, Randall, should wear an officer's badge.

"Will you climb down from that wagon peaceably, or—" He motioned suggestively toward the three young men riding with him.

"What the devil!" blustered the foreman belligerently, making no attempt to obey. "Who says I've got to climb down? You're just the same fool kid that's been workin' here for Grimsby—name of Randall—Jim Randall. I know you. You can't run no bluff on me!" And Red Smith waved his rusty gun again.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Bill, staring at Jim in imbecile excitement. "I thought I knew you all along. Yes, sir, your face looked familiar ever since you been workin' for Grimsby here." Bill turned to the others: "Yes, he's the sheriff all right—only his name ain't Randall. At least that ain't all of it. It's James Randall Willis. I know 'cause I voted for him."

"Well," argued Smith, "even if he is the sheriff, he can't keep us off this lease. Wishart's time is up today, and we're goin' to take possession."

"He'll keep you off all right," interposed one of the sheriff's deputies, who had executed a flank movement, and took Smith's pistol from his hand as he spoke. "What do you say, Jim?"

Jim nodded. "You've sold too much hard liquor, Red—we'll need you down at the courthouse tomorrow."

He nodded at his deputies, who started towards the foreman.

"Oh well, never mind—I'll come down myself." And Red Smith swung down from the high teamster's seat. "But I warn you I hain't done no bootleggin'"

The sheriff smiled as his deputies took charge of Smith and turned to the others.

"Now about this lease," he said, "I have a copy in my possession now, and I know that Wishart's time does not expire till midnight. Providing, of course, there's no renewal."

Fearless though these men were in the face of physical danger, the loss of the leader unnerved them. Then, too, they were experienced oil workers, and knew many of the legal aspects of an oil lease. An attempt to create a lease by an action, the first step of which involved setting the law at defiance, was a little too

brazen for even the Lost River Oil Company. So with a chorus of mutterings, wherein was recognizable an occasional boast or threat, the teamsters unhitched their horses and took their departure, leaving the wagons just as they were, in readiness for their entry after midnight.

"Guess I might as well tell you boys that I don't think it'll be worth your while to come back after midnight," Jim turned to the grumbling teamsters after he had seen two of his deputies on their way with Red Smith. "I think this lease of Wishart's is going to be renewed."

"What's that you said about the lease bein' renewed?" asked Joe Kelly, as Jim turned to find the farmer at his heels.

"I said I thought it would be renewed," replied the young man, with a smile. He took a roll of bills from his pocket. "I've been authorized to pay you the rental for another month," he went on, "and, of course, you know what that means."

"Yes—if I take it," sneered Kelly. "But there hain't no danger of me takin' it—none as I can see now."

"I'm sorry," said the sheriff quietly, with a keen, searching look past Kelly's head. "Somebody's comin' up the road. Looks to me like John Robbins."

Kelly turned. "Yes, it is John Robbins," he agreed, hesitatingly.

"Robbins has been drunk several times lately." Jim still spoke quietly and evenly.

"Nothin' surprisin' about that."

"No—maybe not. But there's something else I've noticed about John's drinking. Probably being sheriff and being used to bootleggers has made me keep my eyes open. But anyway, I've noticed that when John Robbins is drunk he's always been talkin' with a certain person, and he's generally coming from that person's house."

"They say Red Smith's sold a lot of bum whiskey," Kelly began tentatively.

"I know—but not to John Robbins. Robbins hates the very ground that Red Smith walks on. He told me once he wouldn't drink a drop of Red Smith's booze if it was the last there was on earth—which, if you'll believe me, is some statement to come from John Robbins."

"He'll be along here in a minute, though—maybe I'd better ask him where he gets his liquor."

"Try it," sneered Kelly. "See if he'd tell you."

"He might not tell Jim Randall, I'll admit—but he'd tell the sheriff fast enough."

"You got everything to prove—from the grass-roots."

"I'm not so sure of that. Robbins offered me a drink out of a bottle the other day before a witness."

"The damned fool!" Kelly exploded with rage. Then conciliatingly, "What do you calculate doin'?"

Jim laughed. "There's at least two lines open for me to choose between. One is to take it for granted that Red Smith has been selling all the booze that's been sold in this end of the county and rest easy; the other is to go right ahead looking for other violators of the law. The way things stack up now I'd rather go ahead and make an oil well here for old man Wishart than anything else. But if I'm stopped from workin' I'll probably go ahead and follow up two or three leads I've got on bootleggers."

He peeled three bills from the roll in his hand and passed it to Kelly, without a word.

"Sign here," enjoined the sheriff, tendering a receipt for the following month's rental, which lacked only the farmer's signature to make it valid. "And mind, I'm selling you nothing. If there's any hard liquor flowin' from now on there'll be an investigation just as soon as this well's drilled in—and no favorites played."

* * *

"We just touched it," exulted the youthful sheriff that evening as he sat beside John Wishart's bed, where the old man half sat, half lay, against a heap of pillows. He had just exhibited the receipt bearing Kelly's signature, and noted in John Wishart's flashing eyes and eager face that his news had been a more potent tonic than any the druggist had compounded. "Just cracked the cap of the sand and all up and down the valley the air's heavy with a mist of oil."

"The instant we struck it Grimsby sent me to put out the fire under the boiler while he pulled the tools. Tomorrow we'll have to send for John Robbins to move the boiler back, then lay a new steam line before we can drill her in. But—oh, man! She's goin' to be some oil well!"

Jim felt a soft hand upon his, and as he turned he met the smouldering fire that shone in Jessie Wishart's eyes through the gathering dusk. "I'd like to see the well tonight," she said. "Can't we go down?" Father will be all right for a few minutes. Won't you, father?"

"Sure!" replied the old man, stoutly. "Don't worry about me now. I'm goin' down to the well myself tomorrow."

* * *

"I am still waiting for your answer," said Jim softly, when they stood a few minutes later inhaling the heavy, pungent odor of the living oil as it sprayed in ever-increasing volume from the well.

The girl's gaze was fixed upon the wonder before her, but at the words her finger tips touched his arm, rested there an instant, then moved down and grasped his hand. Silently she leaned nearer, and Jim's arm slipped around her waist.

San Francisco Bay

By JEAN CAMPBELL MACMILLAN

After the day has drifted into the vast Unknown,
And the night has painted with purple
the white of the city's stone;
After the boats lie idle and the fisher
fleet is still,
And the sunset seems like an echo of
color behind the hill;
After the ships ride anchor and their
masts in the starlight loom,
And the waves lap up their shadows,
and the grey gulls seek the gloom;
There enters the hour of silence, when
the tide steals out to sea,
And the voice of the great Creator
speaks low and dear to me.

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Tight Shoes**

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THE PRODIGAL OF SIYEPPA

(Continued from page 37)

clear away. At least, for long enough to do what he had set out to do. By the time the posse had saddled their tired horses, Stager, fresh and knowing every inch of the trail, would be well on the way to Redwood. Dan checked the gallant gray down into an easy, distance-eating lope, unmindful himself of possible raking limbs or low-hung branches. He had to take chances now.

It was twenty miles to Redwood. Two hours before midnight the sleepy cluster of houses by the river's edge was electrified by a shouting maniac who galloped down one crooked street calling for directions to the doctor's house. Lights glimmered hastily as the town dogs, coming forth from somnolent hiding, began their uproar. A window flew up and an authoritative voice demanded who needed the doctor.

"Ed Scofield, at his home," Dan answered, knowing from the tone of the query that his quest was ended.

"Ed Scofield! My Lord! man, no one can cross Brush Creek after this storm!"

"I did, Doctor Mason," Dan answered, "and I know I can get you back across."

The doctor himself was a mountain man, inured to such calls as this and to his own perils in answering them. Also, he was a man of remarkably few words.

"All right," he said. "Wait five minutes." The window closed with a bang and shortly there appeared a light in a little stable at the rear of the house. Came then the creak and slap of a saddle being adjusted and the doctor led out his horse. Dan gazed in admiration at a big-boned bay. The horse was a fitting travel mate for old Stager. The doctor glanced at the mud-spattered gray horse, then held up the lantern.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Dan Scofield. Ed's got pneumonia. We've got to get to him before the crisis of the fever in the morning."

"Hmph!" The doctor blew out the lantern and swung into his saddle. If he had any curiosity he was an adept at concealing it. As Dan turned Stager's head on the return trip he knew he had yet one more difficulty. He would surely meet the distinguished posse, hot on his trail and this time there would be no escape from them. But with the doctor along as a guaranteee of the truth of his statements Dan felt that they could not well refuse to return to the creek with him and see the doctor safely across. After that—well, he did not care. As expiation for the things he felt he had done, it was slight but it was all he could do.

The storm had cleared and a wan moon gave such pale light as was permitted by the still straggling clouds when the two parties met, as they did, where the trail crossed a diminutive glade. Dan spoke first.

"Its Scofield, sheriff," he called. "I'm coming back. I'll talk to you now." Rapidly, in clipped sentences, he told the dumfounded posse why he had ran away from them. Then he made his proposition that they go back to the creek and see that the doctor crossed safely. After that he would go willingly where they directed. No one spoke until Dan had finished, then the deputy sheriff urged his horse forward.

"Say!" he said truculently, "You talk like you thought we wasn't quite human. D'ye think we'd let Ed Scofield die for the want of help in gettin' a doctor to him? Of course we'll help, though God knows how we're goin' to get Mason across that creek. Wait a minute." He drew his companions aside and they held a hurried, though evidently an emphatic whispered conversation. At last it was concluded and the deputy turned his face toward Dan.

"Scofield," he asked, "Where's that money you took from old Tony?" Dan's hand was already lifting the cantinas from his saddle horn.

"Here," he answered, "I haven't even looked at it." The deputy took the heavy bags.

"Listen, fellows," he said to the assemblage, "That reward was out for the recovery of the money and we've got it. I ain't seen anybody who looks like Dan Scofield. Have you?"

"Neither have I," the man Nevins agreed. "We found that money. Scofield got clear away; and, anyhow, I guess if old Tony gets his money back he won't feel much like saying anything more about this business. It might hurt his trade."

"You bet he won't say anything," the deputy chuckled. "Tony is too free with his tongue when he's drunk. He knows he had that wallop coming to him anyhow." The doctor stirred uneasily in his saddle.

"H-r-r-umph," he grunted. "If I'm going to reach that sick man tonight we'd better be moving." They spurred forward, the silence only broken now by the splash of the horses' hoofs in the sopping mud and the swish of wet bushes against the chaps of the riders. At the creek they dismounted.

"You ain't figurin' on trying to swim against that current?" the deputy asked. Dan shook his head and began climbing the alder after the end of his wire line. The other men, versed as they were in woodcraft, understood his plan the instant they saw the wire. The doctor took a small axe from his saddle and after the use of many matches and some decidedly unprofessional words, succeeded in getting the pitchy base of a huge fir on fire. The flames, flaring twenty feet up the tree, threw a red glare out over the tumbling, frothy water, but better still, they furnished light for the members of the posse to drag two small dry logs from a pile of driftwood. With halter ropes cross pieces were lashed to these and in an astonishingly short time the hurrying workers had constructed a raft that would not sink nor turn over under the weight of two men. All of them knew that the doctor might get wet but he would get across, and quickly—if the wire was stout enough. Dan voiced his thoughts.

"If you're willing to take a chance, I am."

The medical man growled, "Let's get going. But wait. How am I going to get back?"

Dan had never thought of this contingency. The creek would be no lower for months and Stager would not be available again until the creek could be crossed by a horse. Nevins spoke up.

"We'll tie our ropes to that raft," he said, "and wait here until you're ready to come back, Doc. The sheriff here can

take that money out and shut old Tony's mouth."

"But I may be several days," the doctor demurred.

"Makes no difference. We'll have grub sent in to us. There'll be a camp here and a way to cross this creek until we hear that Ed Scofield is all right. We can at least do that little hit after we've seen tonight what kind of a man this here Dan Scofield is."

They shoved the raft into the water and with their riatas tied together guided the bucking, bobbing craft out into that boiling torrent. As long as the wire held fast to the opposite shore the force of the current alone would swing the raft across. While the ropes were attached the raft could be pulled back and the stream crossed at any time. Anxiously the deputy and his men waited, paying the rope slowly out until Dan's hail told them the ferry was safely over.

The trail to the ranch was steep and the doctor was portly, but dawn was not yet graying the eastern sky when Dan once more stood on the old familiar doorstep. This time he did not knock. Nell's gray-lined face showed the strain the night of terrible worry had wrought in her. She led them to the sick room without a word.

Doctor Mason took one look at that flushed, hectic face, hurriedly felt the sick man's pulse, and then, removing his coat, began his work of breaking that terrific fever.

Hearing a call for "Muvver" and a patter of small feet in the kitchen Dan intercepted the youngster on his way to the sick room and entertained the two-year-old with marveilous tales of moo cows and pretty horses. Although he kept the youngster engaged so Nell would be free to aid the doctor, Dan's thoughts were far away. At last, though, he heard the weary voice cease its monotone. Came a long silence. Dan was unutterably weary and when Nell tiptoed from the sick room she found him sound asleep, Danny's tousled blond head clasped to his breast. Her movement awoke him and her glad eyes told him the good news.

"Dr. Mason says the danger is over," she whispered. "Eddie is sleeping peacefully now." She raised Danny's limp weight and tucked him again into his crib. As she hustled about the kitchen, happy in her glad relief, Dan got up and stood by the window. It was light now and his eyes roamed over the well remembered vista, searching—searching for the thing he dreaded to see.

"Dan, dear," Nell whispered, "The old folks will be glad to see you back. Your mother has worried so."

"What!" Dan cried as he whirled from the window. "Why—I thought—I thought—"

"Why, whatever is the matter, Dan?" Nell cried, startled by his outcry. "Your mother and father felt that they were too old to stay longer away out here in the mountains. They've a little place down on the coast. We see them quite often."

Dan turned again to the window and this time the joy in his heart would not be denied. Tears rolled down his rugged cheeks and through them as through a mist of springtime, he saw that the storm was over and the first bright rays of the new day was painting Siyeppa's hoary crest with rose and amber.

Early Days and Writers of the Overland

(Continued from page 6)

pleasure in "reading your articles in Harper's Monthly, the Cosmopolitan and the Overland and, if you will pardon me, I should like to ask you if you would consider the publication of them in book form?"

But of all Mrs. Eames' writings I think I most enjoy her "By Northern Rivers." I have heard it repeatedly and ever with increasing delight. The last time was several months ago while on a trip through the region of which she writes so eloquently. My companion was an educated and intelligent Indian of the Winton tribe, descendant of Chief Colchoo-loo-loo whose picture makes a striking page of this account. Together my guide and I made our way up the Sacramento, the McCloud and the Pitt Rivers, he the while recounting cherished legends of his people and our eyes taking note of the august scenery made familiar by the Overland picturings. Let me quote here a paragraph from the article referred to:

"The joyous energy of these young water Titans communicates a boundless exhilaration to the beholder treading buoyantly the bright singing groves where flowers tremble under a ceaseless baptism of jeweled spray. In the crisp warm sunlight and throughout the short nights, cushioned on spicy pine feathers, one hears always the chorusing of the cascades—the vox jubilante of this primeval wilderness where the Almighty "scattered the everlasting hills and did cleave the earth with rivers."

It must have been some such scene on the upper Sacramento that inspired the author to write "Life's Moment," a bit of blank verse in the Overland that pleased me mightily and I am moved to copy it herewith for the readers of today: "From birth till noontime on our separate ways

We went, each knowing naught of each, until

Upon a river's wall our pathways met, Where gazing soul-bound on the streaming flood

That drained the red life of the dying sun,

We paused to breathe the vastness of the scene.

Far off the city's spires shot silver points Above the purpling shadows of the hills; Behind us rose the forest dark and dumb Beneath night's sable mantle. On the west,

Across a jasper sea, a new moon's shadowy sail

Dipped lightly to the breath of languorous winds.

The sun's last brand broke into starry lights

Of such unearthly radiance that my soul Forgot its clay and stood alone with God. Trembling you touched my hand and drew my eyes

To meet your own,—and lo!—the crowding years

Rolled backward like a scroll;—there stood revealed

The blessed visions of the Long Ago, Come all too late for you and me to share.

"The river knows its bounds. Forever on

Between its walls it seeks the sea. Within the deep-cut channels of our lives

The same resistless force bears us along

Our devious ways. The end is near!

We, too, shall find the sea."

The light went out

And in the dark our hands unloosed their clasp."

It was not "all work and no play" with the Overland staff during Mrs. Eames' connection with it. There was a unanimous agreement that all should take a day off once a month for some kind of recreation within the means of individual members, the sum set as not to exceed one dollar per capita. Throughout the summers it was a yachting party monthly; a day on the Bay with a picnic lunch together on island or shore where "Captain Charlie," who rented his commodious yacht, inclusive of his services and that of a sailor helper, made the coffee for the merry crowd. Mrs. Eames comments happily about these occasions.

"We all needed the stimulus of the salt sunlit air and the trips did us a world of good. Charmian," referring to Miss Kittredge who was general secretary for the staff, and who afterwards became Mrs. Jack London, "was the life of the party and she and Miss Shinn used to sit where they had the full benefit of the flying spray with every dip of the bowsprit. During calms when the twenty-five of us would be lazing on deck, by pre-arranged plan someone would start dear old "Pa" Stocking to spinning yarns about his experiences years ago in our mining camps, and, unknown to him, Charmian at his back would be jotting down his narrative in shorthand for Miss Shinn to shape for use in forthcoming Overlands."

I think it was some time in the nineties that the Overland was sold to Rounseville Wildman and Miss Shinn retired from its editorship. Shortly thereafter the magazine again changed hands, its new purchaser, James Howard Bridge,

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acting as editor and retaining Charles S. Green as his assistant. At this juncture Roscoe L. Eames (Ninetta's husband) joined the staff as business manager which position he filled for the next four years. At the close of Mr. Bridge's first year, he went to France to attend the Paris Exposition and before leaving, engaged Edward B. Payne to assume his place as editor during his absence. Mr. Payne was pre-eminently fitted for the position because of his recognized scholarly attainments, combined with a horizon outlook upon world activities.

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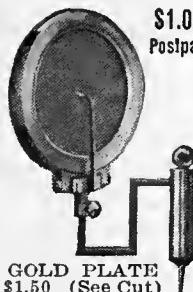
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SUSAN TOLLMAN MILLS

(Continued from page 9)

as to the nicer things of life, an idealist, and intensely loyal to Mills traditions. It was soon apparent that Dr. Carson could not adjust herself to the new order, nor stem the rising tide of discontent with old Seminary ways. After five trying years she resigned and things drifted until 1916.

Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt was made President in that year, and Mills College took on a new lease of life. Dr. Reinhardt brings to her splendid building plans, youthful optimism and clean wholesome personality. She represents the new thought in teaching. Of present ideals Dr. Reinhardt says:

"Today the curriculum of the American college for women is vastly enriched and contains a far greater number of subjects, and a larger period of training. The sciences take a greater place. The increase of knowledge demands greater consecration to scholarship. Technical subjects with training for professions and occupations are available for all students. Changes in economic conditions in America, brought about by immigration and industrial development demand the teaching of history in terms of sociology and economics. The woman's college of 1923 seems a very different educational institution from the seminary and academy of the eighteen fifties. But the appearance belies the inmost truth. Mills is still concerned in fitting girlhood for happy, wholesome womanhood. It still makes clear the ideals of Christianity, the sanctity of the home, the paramount importance of individual standards, intelligence and conduct in the community and national life."

Mrs. Susan Tolman Mills died December 12, 1912, in the eighty-seventh year of her age. She spent most of her life at Mills College, and is buried on the campus beside her husband.

Love greatly expressed is in infinite giving. Of the founders of Mills College the paraphrase is, greater love hath no man than he who gives a life-time service for the benefit of others. The object of devotion at Mills College is—just girls. But God never made anything finer than a really nice girl.

A LITTLE PRAYER TO JOSS

(Continued from page 10)

burned several prayer papers and spoke reverently and feelingly a very brief prayer. After this he lighted some incense which burned with a red mist and filled the room with a pungent odor. For a very long time Foon knelt there, till light, eager steps sounded on the stairs followed by a ripple of young laughter. Then he rose.

Ming Li stopped in the doorway as Foon stood up. The hand she had been extending to Chang Lee directly behind her fell to her side and with the colour suddenly gone from her face leaving her cheeks very white she stared at her husband as though uncertain of the terrible truth, as though she were a little bit hoping he was not

(Continued on page 48)

**FRANK GROUARD
THE GOVERNMENT SCOUT**

(Continued from page 39)

storm turned on its artillery and the temperature fell many degrees. The men were dressed in summer clothes and their over-heated blood, due to the long hours of excessive exercise made the suffering from cold most intense and gnawing hunger also added its quota of misery. The storm however rendered some compensation—the Indians ceased their pursuit until day-break, thus giving the troops a trifle lead. The twenty-five picked men, more dead than alive, resumed their retreat as soon as possible after the storm subsided. But for the dauntless Chief of Scouts, who was equal to any emergency, they never could have survived and made the remaining twenty-five miles into camp. He scaled gigantic walls and led his men along what seemed to them mere squirrel paths. Finally they came out onto a crest and saw, twenty miles away, camp and comrades. Could they make it? It was a long, perilous twenty miles for foot-sore, starving, exhausted men with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of blood-thirsty warriors trailing them. After one more desperate effort they reached a mountain stream lower down where they could drink,—the only refreshment they had during that long battle and hazardous retreat. They had scarcely slaked their thirst when a band of warriors came within firing range. The Sibley party managed to elude these without a skirmish.

Another night of travel and evading the Sioux spies lay between the troops and camp. So exhausted were they that it took four hours to make six miles—many times they had to ford storm-swollen streams up to their arm-pits in water as cold as melting mountain snow and ice could make it. At last about ten o'clock on the morning of July 9, 1876, after three days of this terrible struggle to reach Crook's Camp, the entire party returned safely. There was much rejoicing. All agreed that the miraculous escape was entirely due to the skill and judgment of the Chief of Scouts, Frank Grouard, and the coolness and good sense of Lieutenant Sibley in following the lead of the only man in the party who could save the command from complete destruction.

**EARLY HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF VALLEJO**

(Continued from page 33)

northern side of the bay. For several years his wines and brandies took first prize at all state fairs and at the Mechanics' Fair at San Francisco.

In 1865 he made his first trip east, and was royally entertained by government officials and old-time friends in Washington, many of whom had partaken of his hospitality in the West.

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A LITTLE PRAYER TO JOSS

(Continued from page 46)

real but merely some vision out of the red vapor that curled up about him.

Placidly, Ah Foon gazed through the crimson fog at the paled face of his wife and the imperturbable countenance of Chang Lee.

"Chang Lee," said Foon courteously, "I wish you a very good evening." As the other bowed, Foon sighed and went on, as though speaking to the frowning Joss. "This night a most unpleasant duty devolves upon me. I have tried to make the most gracious Ming Li happy, but I seem to have failed, and you, Chang Lee, to have succeeded. Unfortunately she is married to me. It is my earnest desire that she have whatever her heart wishes, yet I love her too much to give her up. Therefore, after full consideration of the circumstances, I have decided the only solution of this distressing problem is that one of us should die. . . ."

Very deliberately Ah Foon moved out of the cloud of blood-coloured mist. His eyes clung to the lily face of Ming Li, one hand at his side while the other slid inside his blouse.

Ming Li screamed softly as the jeweled dagger gleamed in Foon's hand, then wildly threw herself upon Chang Lee, who stood imperturbable in the corner of the doorway.

"I am very sorry this is necessary," murmured Ah Foon as he sighed, "very." Then, quickly, he plunged the knife into his heart.

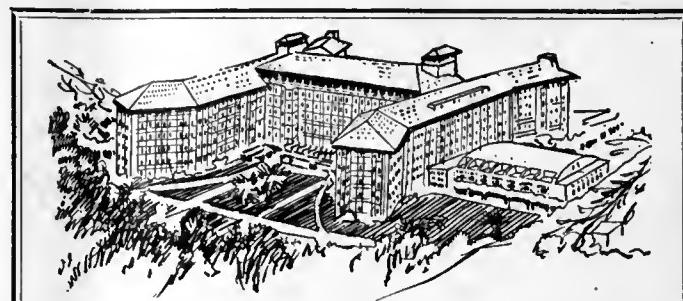
For a moment he gasped, then staggering ever so slightly, he went on very faintly. "I have just made a prayer—a prayer to the God of Filial Faithfulness, who allows, that come what may between man and wife in this world, in future lives they shall be reunited the closer as steel is the truer for the furnace . . . future lives" he whispered, then with a terrible suddenness crumpled to the floor with a smile on his lips a smile so happy that somehow it sent a chill to the heart of the wide-eyed Ming Li, so that she shivered in the arms of her lover.

Then abruptly, Chang Lee felt the hand that clung to his growing cold. At the same time he saw Ming Li's face gone white . . . little beads of sweat stood out on her forehead like a circlet of rice grains.

The nameless fear that had gripped Ming Li a moment before was transmitted to his soul.

"Little flower . . ." he whispered, White blossom . . . which is it? . . . surely there is nothing now to fear. . . ."

Ming Li tried to speak, but a numbness clutched at her tongue a deadly dullness was creeping over her body. She sighed, and her eyelids dropped heavily, then suddenly she wilted in Chang Lee's arms. A moment later he laid her on the floor, quite dead. For Ah Foon who always planned everything very carefully, had nicely calculated the combination of poisons served in Ming Li's tea that evening to act in such time that their spirits might depart together to be reunited the closer in future lives.



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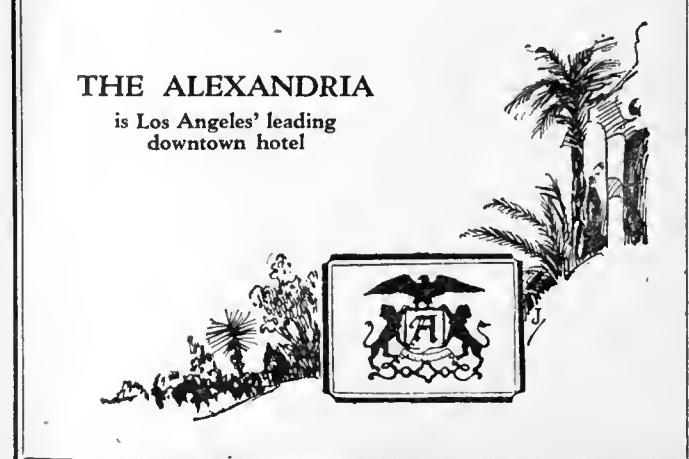
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Our Contributors

Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait Colburn is well known to Californians and throughout the West. She early achieved success as a writer and newspaper woman—the first woman to enter the newspaper ranks in San Francisco. She is prominent as an author, lecturer and club-worker. Her recent book, "The Kinship of Mount Lassen" sets forth in graphic fashion the attractions of the entire Lassen region. The series of articles by Mrs. Colburn on famous women published in the OVERLAND MONTHLY has attracted wide comment and is to be followed by an equally interesting series on famous men.



Professor James F. Chamberlain who contributes for this number the first of a series of special articles on California, is a leading authority on geography and a writer and lecturer well known throughout the country. He is the author of numerous books on geography and travel and is a frequent contributor to magazines and scientific periodicals. His forthcoming articles on the industrial development of the country and the possibilities in trade and commerce, will be interesting as well as authentic.



Our readers will appreciate the opportunity of having before them in its entirety the eulogy on President Harding delivered by James D. Phelan, former United States Senator, given at the Memorial Services held at the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, on August 10. It is especially fortunate that Senator Phelan was available for this service as he was associated with President Harding as a fellow senator during the six years that the latter served the State of Ohio in the Senate of the United States. This eulogy on Mr. Harding by one who knew him intimately well reflects the character and greatness as well as the simplicity of our former president. It will be read by people throughout the nation.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is the oldest magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains. Founded by Francis Bret Harte, in 1868, the first issue made its appearance in July of that year. The magazine celebrated its 55th Birthday the July just passed. Few periodicals in the country have had a founding so significant or a history so brilliant. As one writer puts it: "The history of California is the history of the Overland."



The Out West Magazine was from its beginning one of the most "Individualistic Magazines ever published in America." It first appeared in 1886 under title "The Land of Sunshine." It later became Out West, under editorship of Charles F. Lummis. No magazine ever began to do for Southern California and the Southwest generally what Out West, published at Los Angeles, accomplished for that territory.

Overland Monthly



and

Out West Magazine Consolidated

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXI

SEPTEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 5

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D. R. LLOYD
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

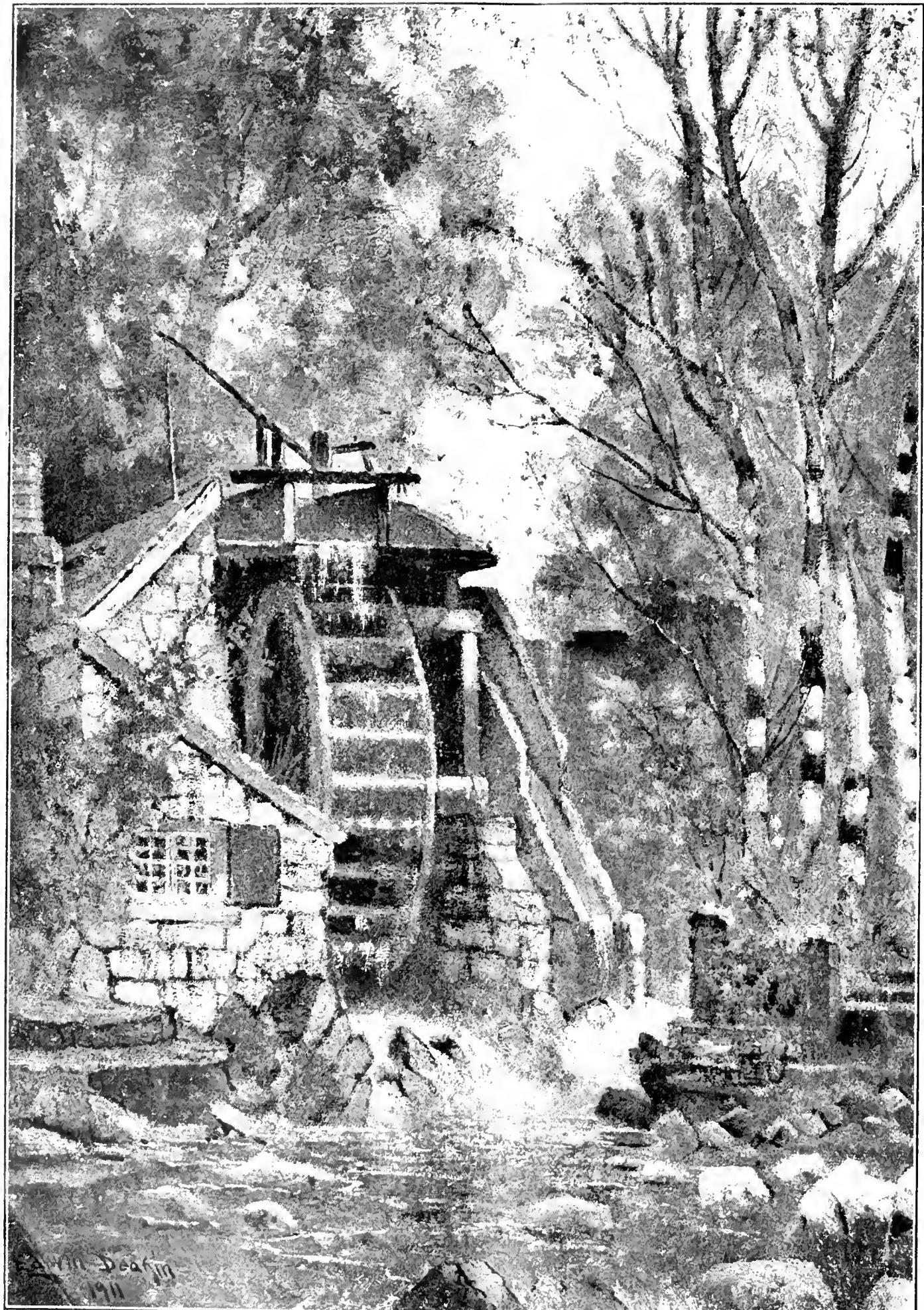
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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

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John Deakin
1911

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Consolidated

18th
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VOLUME LXXXI

SEPTEMBER, 1923

No. 5

The "Olden, Golden Days" of the Pony Express

Its Contribution to Western Civilization to be Demonstrated by a Re-enactment of the First Race Made in the Sixties

THE Wild West—the West of Mark Twain, of Bret Harte, of "Buffalo Bill," of "bad" Indians—in a word, the West of sixty-two years ago—will come into its own this Fall. For ten days, between August 31 and September 10, the people of six western states will thrill to the thud of horses' hoofs and of cowboys' yells, while the calendar is turned back to the days of the Pony Express.

From St. Joseph, Missouri, on August 31, two teams, one composed of cowboys and the other of United States army riders, will start one of the greatest horse races of all time. Riding in relays of 10 miles for each horse and 75 miles for each rider, these teams will race to San Francisco, over the old Pony Express trail. Each of the states traversed will form a separate contest, which will end at the state line and all teams will start even again in the next state. Thus there will be races through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. Computation of actual running times will be kept and the team making the lowest running time for the entire race will be the winner.

The last lap, from Sacramento into San Francisco, will end, it is planned, at Tanforan race tracks, outside the limits of the city by the Golden Gate, where a great rodeo, or wild west show will be in progress. Into a scene made lively by bucking bronchos, plunging steers and swishing lariats, the winning rider, wearing either the chaps and sombrero of a cowboy or the khaki uniform of a cavalryman, will speed atop his galloping pony, a fitting finish for a race of more than

2,000 miles. The rodeo will be a three-day affair, with some of the best buckers and most gifted riders between Cheyenne and the Pacific Ocean in contest for trophies.

There is a peculiar fitness in reviving the pony express this year, for never have there been more interesting historical connections. In the first place, Nevada is holding a Mark Twain Festival and in this California, as the home for some years of the author to whom it owes no small part of its romantic fame, has joined gladly.

JAMES W. MARSHALL

Discoverer of Gold in California And Bret Harte, founder of the

By H. W. THOMPSON

THE ORIGINAL PONY EXPRESS

In the history of China there appears to be a record of a dispatch route inaugurated by Genghis Khan, the first of the Mongol conquerors, who overran most of Asia in the thirteenth century A. D. The distance covered was 1800 miles, and dispatches were carried by single couriers, using pony relays. The schedule time was ten days. History says that the riders bound their bodies tightly in narrow strips of cloth, presumably for the purpose of keeping themselves from being shaken to pieces or rubbed severely by the saddle.



JAMES W. MARSHALL

Discoverer of Gold in California And Bret Harte, founder of the

OVERLAND MONTHLY, who was Samuel Clemens's associate, will be honored as well, for Harte, aside from being an author of note, was in 1857 a shotgun messenger on stages running from Del Norte and Trinity counties. This year also marks the diamond jubilee of the discovery of gold in California by James Marshall and that gold enabled the Union to fight winning battles in the Civil War.

In its day the Pony Express service ended at Sacramento, and the mail was taken to San Francisco by boat; but there is adequate historical reason for making the Bay City the terminal of the race. Had it not been for the discovery of gold, there would have been no need for a pony express, nor would Mark Twain have been lured across the plains to tell imperishable tales of gold hunters. San Francisco then drew the adventurous from all the world. In its harbor were scores of ships abandoned by crews that quit the sea to try the mines.

An additional historic celebration in California will be the observance of Admission day on September 9, the date when California was admitted to the Union of States.

Every state through which passed riders of the original Pony Express is aiding in its revival, for the intrepid messengers of sixty years ago marked a new epoch in the development of frontier civilization. They brought the fastest transportation in western history up to that time, making the distance of 1,980 miles from St. Joseph to Sacramento in eight days.

It was on April 3, 1860, at five o'clock in the morning, that Johnny Frey, aged 20, leaped on a black pony at St. Joseph and rode westward. At the same hour, in Sacramento, Harry Roff, another youth, saddled his restless mount and, turning eastward, was off like a shot. Thus started the Pony Express, which operated for sixteen months, at a crucial period in the nation's history, when quick mail service meant the very life of the union.

Mark Twain, who tells in "Roughing it," of his trip across the continent in a stage coach, wrote the following description



JOHN A. SUTTER

Founder of Sutter Fort

of the express riders:

"We had a consuming desire from the beginning to see the pony rider. But somehow or other, all that passed us, and all that met us, managed to scoot by in the night. And we heard only a whizz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. Finally one is seen in the distance. It approaches nearer and nearer! Everyone yelling, 'Here he comes!' A whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand but no reply and man and horse burst past our excited faces and go winging away, like the belated fragment of a storm."

The first trip from St. Joseph to Sacramento was made, historians state, in nine days and twenty three hours. The east bound run was accomplished in eleven days and twelve hours. This was about half the time taken by the stage over what was known as the "Southern Route." The pony then, had cut down the time a full ten days.

There were popular demonstrations when the first eastbound mail arrived at Sacramento. The pouch was rushed aboard the steamer Antelope for San Francisco, where it arrived during the night. Even at that, waiting crowds, ap-

Sutter Fort in Sacramento, as It Appeared in the Days of the Pony Express

prised by whistles and jangling bells, shouted their enthusiasm and the California band turned out. The courier had brought a message of congratulation from President Buchanan to Governor Downey of California. It was a wonderful achievement.

"The Pony Express rider," says one writer, "seems to have been a semi-mythical person even in his own time. He was a function, rather than a man, a human substitute for the telegraph. The pioneer merchant knew that a five dollar fee would carry a letter written on onion skin paper, from Sacramento to "St. Joe," a distance of 1900 miles, in eight days, but few ever saw a rider. There was a general idea abroad that the rider avoided excess weight like a jockey, dispensed with pistols on this account even in Indian country, used a pad saddle, never rode less than a run, and jumped upon a new steed every

ten miles until he had completed five laps.

Everyone knew that riders were racing over desert and plain day and night, in burning summer and freezing winter. But in his human qualities the rider was little known, except at the relay points. He was a rare specimen in comparison with stage drivers and scouts.

Mark Twain says in "Roughing It" that eighty riders were in the saddle all the time from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward and forty westward, requiring the services of four hundred horses.

In the coming race, it is proposed to adhere somewhat closely to the fastest schedule of the express riders of the old days. About 50 riders and 250 ponies will be used by each of the two competing teams. The winner of the last lap, whether he be cavalryman or cowboy, will be greeted in San Francisco by thousands of waving sombreros, for the "Ten Gallon Hat," gauged by cubic, not liquid, contents, is being generally adopted in that city as the insignia of the occasion. All California is entering with spirit into the preparations for the greatest Wild West revival in a half century.



Relay team of William S. Tevis, Jr., for Pony Express race. Left to right: Jack Reyen, W. S. Tevis, Jr., Thomas Mulhall, Harry Guevarra

Reminiscences of The Pony Express Days

EARLY in the Spring of 1860, the Overland Pony Express was inaugurated. This was a matter of absorbing interest to everybody on the Pacific Coast, and particularly to the tradespeople of California. Be it remembered that the Pony Express preceded the telegraph as well as the railroad. It opened up communication with the Atlantic seaboard in the wonderfully short time, as was then thought, of ten days. Prior to that the speediest way of transmitting intelligence from one side of the continent to the other was by steamship, by way of Panama, and that consumed often four and never less than three weeks.

"The mail steamers at first arrived only monthly, but later perhaps oftener, and the time between steamers, when great events were transpiring in other parts of the world, seemed distressingly prolonged.

"The advent of the Pony Express, therefore, was hailed with great delight by the newspaper men of the Coast as well as by the merchants and others having close business relations with the East. Shortening the time of communication across the continent to less than one-half was regarded as something extraordinary, as it really was, considering the manner in which it was done.

"For the purpose of this express a line of nearly 200 stations was established on the shortest practicable route between St. Joseph, on the Missouri River, and Sacramento. These stations were well supplied with the fleetest horses that could be procured, three or four at each station, and many hundreds in all.

"Besides the keepers of the stations, the requisite number of daring boys of light weight, for riders, were employed. Of these there were more than half a hundred, and among them, young William Cody, afterwards better known as Buffalo Bill. He was then but 14 years of age, but a man in courage.

"Each rider for his run would make a hundred miles, more or less, without stopping a moment for rest, changing horses perhaps a dozen times on his stretch, jumping from one foaming steed, with his light letter pouch, to the back of a fresh one already saddled awaiting him, and away he would speed like the wind.

"The ride of John Gilpin was not to be compared with the ride of those brave boys. Some of them were killed by the Indians, but that did not deter others from taking their places. They were ordered to make time and they always made it.

By Former U. S. Senator CORNELIUS COLE

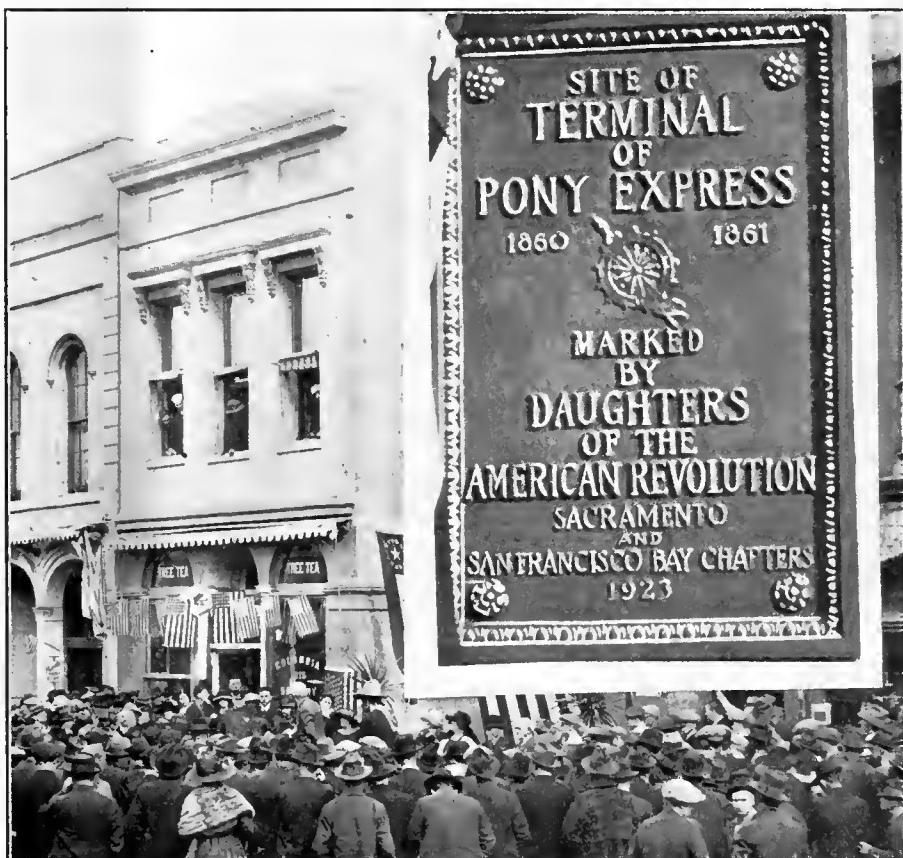
"Those who were to witness it, will never forget the arrival of the first of these express messengers at Sacramento. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, and everybody, big and little, old and young, turned out to see the fun. All business for the time was suspended; even the courts adjourned for the event.

"A large number of the citizens of all classes, grave and gay, mounted on fast horses, rode out some miles on the line to meet the incoming wonder. The little rider upon his blooded charger, under whip and spur, came down upon

headed, riding at the top of their speed, dashing down J Street, might have been taken, had it occurred on the plains, for a band of wild Comanches, but the little mail carrier paid no attention to them and kept in the lead.

"If there was one in the whole throng more conspicuous than the rest and who might have been taken for the chief of the tribe, it was Charles Crocker, afterwards so prominently associated with the great Pacific Railroad enterprise.

"It ought to be noted here that all letters to be sent by the pony express were required to be written on the thinnest of paper. Even newspapers to be



The Old Alta Telegraph building at Sacramento where the Pony Express riders drew rein on the last lap across country

them like a meteor, but made not the slightest halt to greet his many visitors.

"Then began a race of all that waiting throng; over the stretch back to the city, the like of which has never been seen. It may have been rivaled in speed and confusion by some of the cavalry disasters during the war that presently followed, but the peaceful people of Sacramento, I am sure, never beheld anything of the kind before or afterwards. The whole cavalcade, shouting and cheering, some waving banners and bare-

sent by that express were printed on tissue paper and sent as letters. But light as they were the charge upon each was \$5.00 and at that high rate of postage the enterprise continued to be well patronized until its usefulness was finally cut off by the completion of the overland telegraph."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Former United States Senator Cornelius Cole, of Los Angeles, who is now in his 103rd year, was in Sacramento when the first trip of the Pony Express was run. This story is from his memoirs of the early life in Sacramento.

The Overland Pony Express

How the Route of the First Transcontinental Railroad was Determined

MUCH has been written of the famous Pony Express, but most accounts have stressed the romantic and spectacular side, failing to show the motives which actuated its founders, or to portray its relationship to the other problems of overland communication and westward expansion.

The Pony Express was not an end in itself, but a means to an end. It was launched primarily for the purpose of getting a contract for a daily mail service with stage-coaches over the "Central" route, via Salt Lake City. The stage-coach was looked upon as the precursor of the "Pacific Railroad"; hence the great importance attached to the question whether the mail route should follow a northern or a southern course.

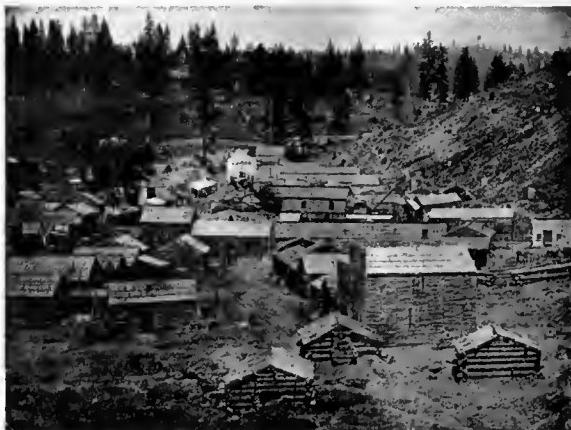
The first United States mail service to the Pacific Coast ran to Oregon, and was provided for in March, 1847, before California had become a part of the United States. In 1850 slow overland mails were established from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, and to Santa Fe, New Mexico. The next year a monthly line was begun from Sacramento to Salt Lake City. Letters could now be carried by land across the continent, but with a sixty-day schedule no through letters were offered for transmission. The land service served the intermountain region only.

During the early fifties great efforts were being made in Congress to provide for a "Pacific Railroad," but the efforts were uniformly unsuccessful, due to the strong sectional conflicts between North and South. With an apparent deadlock existing on the railroad question, representatives from the West turned their attention to a substitute in the form of an improved stage-coach service. These efforts finally culminated in the passage of an act in 1857 which provided for a semi-weekly mail service from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast at a compensation of \$600,000 per annum.

The route chosen was in the form of a great semi-circle from St. Louis via Fort Smith, Arkansas, El Paso, and Los Angeles, to San Francisco. The Postmaster General, who was from Tennessee, maintained that the route via Salt Lake City was impracticable for year-round travel. However, in response to criticism from the proponents of the

By L. R. HAFEN
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"Central" route and to better keep in contact with the army in Utah, he improved the mail service on this route in 1858 to a weekly schedule.



Old "Hangtown"—now Placerville, an important point on the Pony Express route

When the "Utah War" episode terminated, the mail service was reduced to a semi-monthly basis. It was operating upon a thirty-eight day schedule, and accordingly could not compete with the more adequately subsidized "Butterfield" route which was operating upon a twenty-five day schedule via El Paso. Conflict both in and out of Congress was therefore inevitable.

Friends of the route via Salt Lake City would not be satisfied until they had a service equal to that upon the southern route. Senator Gwin of California, told W. H. Russell, the contractor on the Central route, that it would be necessary to demonstrate the feasibility of his route for year-round travel before Congress could be induced to establish the desired service. He asked Russell to launch a fast overland express and agreed to obtain from Congress a subsidy to reimburse him for the undertaking. Russell, Majors and Waddell, accordingly decided to make the venture, and within two months all was in readiness for launching the Pony Express.

On the third of April, 1860, a simultaneous start was made from the two ends

of the line. In San Francisco a "clean-limbed, hardy, little nankeen-colored pony" stood waiting for his precious letter bags which were to be sped across the continent. The little fellow looked all unaware of his famous future. Two

little flags adorned his headstall, and from the pommel of his saddle hung a bag lettered "Overland Pony Express." This pony had but a short run to the boat which was to carry the express to Sacramento.

Here began the real Pony Express. Harry Roff, mounted on a spirited half-breed broncho, started eastward, covering the first twenty miles, including one change, in fifty-nine minutes. At Placerville he connected with "Boston," who took the route to Friday's Station, crossing the eastern summit of the Sierras. Sam Hamilton next fell into line and pursued his way by Carson City to Fort Churchill. The run to this point, 185 miles, was made in fifteen hours and twenty minutes. "Pony Bob" Haslam, Jay G. Kelly, H. Richardson and George Thatcher followed each other on the route to Salt Lake City.

The start from the eastern end was made before a large crowd, gathered at St. Joseph to witness the launching of the Pony Express. The firing of a cannon announced the beginning of the first ride. J. H. Keetley, an old pony express rider quaintly remarks: "On the first trip out Carlyle was riding a nice brown mare, and the people came near taking all the hair out of the poor beast's tail for souvenirs."

The first express was carried through in splendid time and was enthusiastically



Driving the Golden Spike that marked the joining of the eastern and western divisions of the first transcontinental railroad, at Promontory Point, Utah

received along the line. The San Francisco Bulletin writes upon the reception at the western end:

"It took seventy-five ponies to make the trip from Missouri to California in 10½ days, but the last one—the little fellow who came down in the Sacramento boat this morning had the vicarious glory of them all. Upon him an enthusiastic crowd were disposed to shower all their compliments. He was the veritable Hippogriff who shoved a continent behind his hoofs so easily; who snuffed up sandy plains, sent lakes and mountains, prairies and forests, whizzing behind him, like one great river rushing eastward."

The route taken by the Pony Express was that followed by the Mormons in 1847 and by the California Argonauts of 1849. It followed the Platte River, and through South Pass to Salt Lake City. From this point it went south of the Great Salt Lake, across the desert to Fort Churchill, Carson City, and over the Sierras to Sacramento.

Along this route, stations were established at intervals averaging about fifteen miles each. Station houses were built of logs, stone, or adobe, according to the material most available in the section. Some of these houses, in the area where Indians were hostile, were regular little fortresses. Usually, two men were maintained at each station to care for the stock and to keep all in readiness for the arrival of the riders.

The horses employed were the best obtainable and were famous for speed, endurance and dependability. They were fed and housed with the greatest care, for they must measure up to the severest tests. Ten, fifteen, or twenty-five miles each must cover with scarcely a breathing spell; and it took good mettle to endure the strain.

The riders were the pick of the frontier. They were young men, selected for their nerve, light weight, and general fitness. They were armed, but generally depended upon the fleetness of their ponies for safety from Indian attacks. The life of the rider was exciting and his work often dangerous. It was no fit position for a tenderfoot or a coward. Over the level prairies and through the mountain fastnesses the rider must know the path or make it. Hostile Indians might lie in ambush, but he must not hesitate. Day and night in sunshine or storm, the precious burden must go on. If a rider galloped into a station and found that his "relief" had been killed or disabled, then he must do double service. It was on such an occasion that "Buffalo Bill" rode continuously for 320 miles in 21 hours and 40 minutes.

Each rider rode from 75 to 100 miles and made a round trip over this run

twice a week. For this work he received a salary of from \$50 to \$150 per month. The riders did not dress uniformly, but the usual costume was a buckskin hunting shirt, cloth trousers, tucked into high boots, and a jockey cap or slouch hat. A complete buckskin suit with the hair on the outside to shed the rain was provided for stormy weather. The mail was carried in four small leather bags called *cantinas* about six by twelve inches in size, which were sewed to a square *machier* which was put over the saddle. The letters before being placed in the pockets were wrapped in oiled silk to preserve them from moisture. The maximum weight for any mail was twenty pounds and the charges were at first \$5.00 per half ounce.

Before the Pony Express had been in operation two months it was interrupted by the Washoe Indian War in Nevada. Several stations were burned and the stock driven off by the Indians. However, volunteers were raised and the Indians punished. Within a month the line was re-stocked and the service renewed. After this interruption the Pony Express was placed upon a semi-weekly schedule and continued upon that basis during the remainder of its existence.

The time consumed in making the overland trips was usually a little greater than that announced by the schedule, but by the aid of the telegraph at each end of the line good time was made in the transmission of messages.

The best time made was that made in carrying the news of Lincoln's election. This was carried from Fort Kearny to Fort Churchill (the telegraph termini) in precisely six days.

As winter approached, the experiment was watched with great interest. Was the Central route to be practicable for year-round travel? The answer to that question would determine the route of the first transcontinental railroad. The schedule was extended to fifteen days for the winter months, and although the schedule was not entirely maintained, only one trip was missed completely.

During the summer of 1861 the telegraph was pushed forward from both ends and the transmission of news and messages was accordingly expedited. When the telegraph line was completed on October 24, 1861, the Pony Express came to a close. The pony was fast, but he could not compete with the lightning.

The Pony Express was inaugurated as an advertiser and demonstrator of the Central route, rather than as an immediate money making scheme. When the daily stage coach service was established on this route in July, 1861, this first object was attained. As a financial undertaking the project did not succeed. Alexander Majors, one of the original projectors of the enterprise, says that "the business transacted over this line was not sufficient to pay one-tenth of the expenses, to say nothing of the capital invested." Although this is no doubt



The historic engine "Collis P. Huntington," first to enter Sacramento over the rails. Now on view in the yard of Southern Pacific Company, Sacramento. (Inset)—John Longman, the first engineer, now living at Philadelphia



William S. Tevis, Jr., of Burlingame, California, grandson of the first president of the original Wells Fargo Express Company, will ride from the Nevada-California state line to San Francisco for the cowboy team in the Pony Express race. The original route to Sacramento, 104 miles, will be followed, starting at 1 o'clock A. M., September 9 and arriving at 12 noon. The official letter from Governor Arthur Hyde, of Missouri, will be delivered to Governor Friend W. Richardson, of California, at the State fair grounds, where the Whiskerinos of Sacramento will furnish the pioneer background, garbed in the costumes of '49. With a fresh mount, Tevis will continue to San Francisco—not by boat, as in the old days—but around through Stockton to the Tanforan race track, where Mayor Ralph will officially receive him in behalf of San Francisco. The entire distance to be ridden by Tevis is 261 miles.

an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that the Pony Express brought considerable financial embarrassment upon its projectors.

From the standpoint of the nation the Pony Express was eminently successful. It demonstrated the practicability of the Central route and marked the path for the first transcontinental rail-

road. By shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts it helped unite the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific Coast to the Union during that first ominous year of Civil War. It showed the conquest of the West in one of its most spectacular phases, and is an act in the great Western drama that will always be recalled

and re-enacted as one of our precious heritages.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In 1861 the Pony Express Company sold its holdings to Ben Holladay, and his successful handling of the overland mail is a story that will be told in a latter issue of the Overland Monthly. Many of the employees of the Pony Express continued in Holladay's service, while some were later connected with the Wells Fargo Express Company, which operated until the World War, when it was absorbed by the American Railway Express.

1860

THE people of the United States were thrilled on March 26, 1860, with the following announcement which appeared simultaneously in the New York Herald and the St. Louis Republican:

"To San Francisco in eight days by The Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express.

"The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3d, at 5 o'clock a. m., and will run regularly weekly thereafter, carrying letter mail only. The point of departure on the Missouri River will be in telegraphic communication with the East and will be announced in due time, etc."

The distance covered by the Pony Express was 1966 miles. There were but four military posts, which were from 250 to 300 miles apart. The last rider westward reached Sacramento in nine days and 23 hours. The first mail from the East consisted of 85 pieces.

1923

ON August 23, 1923, or 63 years four months and 27 days after the record-breaking Pony Express race, the people throughout the nation were again thrilled by the announcement in the newspapers, similar in tenor to the following which appeared in the San Francisco Examiner:

"Pilot ends epochal trip across United States. Thousand greet machine as it drops at Crissy Field, San Francisco, ending speedy voyage from Atlantic to Pacific.

"At 6:24 last evening the airplane carrying the eight bags of New York mail swooped down out of the skies and effected a safe landing upon the Marina, completing the entire journey in thirty-four hours and twenty-three minutes.

"The average speed of the plane for the 2680-mile trip was 80 miles per hour."

An Interpretation of California

By JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN

Author of *Climatic Conditions in California,*
The Forest Resources in
California, etc., etc.

quickly followed and the Spanish became the dominant power on the eastern shore of the Pacific Ocean. They took

There was excitement in the town of old Palos, Spain, one August day in the year 1492. On that day there sailed out of the harbor three small ships to seek on the opposite shore of the uncharted sea, the continent of Asia. That the hazardous undertaking would be successful few believed, for it was supposed that in the mysterious distance beyond the curtain of the horizon lay the edge of the world. To plunge over this meant annihilation. The little vessels from the Spanish port skirted the western coast of Africa to about the thirtieth parallel of north latitude; then boldly set their course westward.

As day after day passed and no signs of land appeared, confidence gave place to doubt; doubt to fear; fear to anarchy. In vain did the sailors argue, implore, threaten. The faith of the great admiral who directed the course of the ships remained unshaken. To repeated requests from the sailors to turn back and steer a course for Spain, his reply, which was ever the same, was a lesson not to his men alone, but to all people everywhere. The famed California poet, Joaquin Miller, has immortalized both Christopher Columbus and himself in the verses entitled "Columbus:"

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores;
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone,
 Brave Adm'r'l speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

And then, in the vision of Joaquin Miller, "They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow," overcoming all obstacles of wind and wave, and finally Columbus "gained a world;" he gave that world "Its grandest lesson: On! sail on!"

The never ceasing trade winds drove the ships slowly but steadily westward to the shores of the *new* rather than the *old* world. Thus was the very discovery of America favored by a geographic condition. But although America had been discovered, the long-desired route to Asia had not been found. In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed around the south end of Africa and thus reached Asia. The voyages of Balboa, Magellan and others

Nature was in a happy and gracious mood when she fashioned California. She bestowed upon it fabulous mineral wealth; restful forests in which grow the monarchs of the vegetable world; fertile plains where men gather bountiful harvests; majestic mountains whose most lofty peaks are crowned with everlasting snows; beautiful lakes glistening like jewels in the laps of alpine valleys; wonderful waterfalls, whose power is man's obedient servant and whose music is a benediction; an abundance of sunshine which is woven into the bodies and souls of her happy children.

possession of Peru and Mexico, obtaining from these countries vast stores of gold and silver. It was therefore quite natural that the Spanish explorers should extend their movements northward. These explorations resulted finally in the discovery of California.

For several centuries following settlement on what is now the Atlantic coast of the United States, the frontier of our country moved steadily westward. Because of this, California is usually thought of as a new country, having only a brief history. Three thousand miles of plains, deserts and mountains separate our Atlantic from our Pacific coast. Quite natural then that the discovery of California was the result of water rather than of land movements.

It was Cortez who toiled up the mountains from the Gulf Coast to the City of Mexico, captured the city and deposed the Indian ruler, Montezuma. The gold and silver which fell into the hands of Cortez as a result of the con-

quest, the fabulous stories of the Seven Cities and of the wonderful island called California, whose only inhabitants were said to be women, led the conqueror to send out expeditions both inland and along the coast. One of these was commanded by Cabrillo, who was commissioned to seek the fabled Strait of Anian which was believed to extend across North America from west to east. Cabrillo sailed into San Diego Bay in 1542 but did not establish a settlement. In fact, he voyaged further north than San Francisco Bay, passing on without discovering the Golden Gate. On his return voyage he died.

More than two centuries were to elapse after the discovery of California before a permanent settlement was to be made. During this time Mexico was being developed, and the Spanish were working with the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona. Other nations were becoming interested in the Pacific shores of North America and the Spaniards saw that if they were to hold California permanently, they must protect this much-desired land.

The depredations of Drake, the English sea-rover, resulted in great loss to the Spanish. Finally both a land and a water force left Mexico for the purpose of making settlements along the coast of California. The land force, after nearly two months of hardship and suffering, reached San Diego Bay, and on its shore, on July 16, 1769, Father Junipero Serra, the Spanish monk, established the first permanent settlement in California.

Thus San Diego came into existence six years before the first shot was fired in the War of the Revolution. Monterey, the first capital of California, was founded five years before Paul Revere made his famous ride. Before the Revolution had been brought to a close, San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and other noted places had been founded as presidios or pueblos.

While our ancestors in the eastern part of our country were prosecuting Indian wars, the Padres in California were building missions and teaching the Indians the arts of peace; Spanish rancheros were living happy lives upon their vast estates over which roamed countless herds of cattle, sheep and horses.

During the years of Spanish occupation, the settlements were near the coast

because communication with the outside world was by water rather than by land, and because of the lack of rain in the Great Valley. The wants of the people were relatively few and household industries supplied these in large part. The daily routine of existence was most simple. An occasional ship brought to California manufactured articles from the mother country, and on returning, carried back to Spain hides and tallow. Between the years 1769 and 1823 there had been established a chain of missions, twenty-one in number, and extending from San Diego to Sonoma.

Under the direction of the Padres, the Indians made the sun-dried bricks used in building, and helped to erect the adobe structures so much used in decades past. Timbers were dragged from the mountains, shaped and put in place, being held together by strips or thongs of leather. Irrigation ditches were dug. Orange and olive trees and vineyards were planted and flocks and herds were pastured on the adjacent lands.

The people of other countries soon began to compete with the Spanish for possession of California. Russia was already in control of Alaska, and as early as 1812 a company of Russians entered California from the north. The hunting of fur seals was quite profitable and a base of operations was established on the coast at Fort Ross, near Russian river, in what is now Sonoma county. The English also were interested in the fur trade of the West, and a number of hardy British subjects found their way from Canada to California.

It is commonly believed that the first party to enter California overland was led by Jedediah Smith in 1826. In 1830 Wolfskill led a party of trappers into California from Utah. They reached the Mojave desert by way of the Sevier and Virgin valleys and passing through Cajon pass made their way to Los Angeles. This route came to be called the Spanish Trail. It is of interest to note that the Salt Lake Railroad, now a part of the Union Pacific System, practically follows the old Spanish Trail.

The Gila Valley, which in early days was a favorite trapping ground, furnished another approach to Southern California. The Gila led to the Colorado river at a point south of the Sierra Barrier and the route then led westward to San Diego. In a general way the Gila Trail is now followed by the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific.

As early as 1825 there was considerable trade between California and the east by Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was carried on by means of "trains" consisting of "prairie schooners" drawn by oxen, mules or horses. Many of these trains fitted out and started from Independence, Missouri, and followed the

Arkansas, the Cimarron and Canadian Rivers to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and thence across the mountains to Santa Fe. The Santa Fe Trail reached the seaward slope of Southern California by way of Cajon pass. The Santa Fe Railroad today follows this trail.

The low passes along the southern trails, the relatively high winter temperatures, and the importance of Santa Fe as a trading center resulted in giving to Southern California overland communication with the East sooner than such contact was had with the central and northern parts of the state.

Another route to the coast followed the Platte river to Fort Laramie and the Sweetwater to South Pass. The Green, Black, Muddy and Bear rivers led into Utah. From a point on the Bear, the course was west to the Humboldt and Walker rivers, and Sonora Pass opened the way across the Sierra Nevada mountains. After the discovery of the Truckee Pass, this latter was used, as it is some three thousand feet lower than Sonora Pass. This was the California Trail, and it was the Humboldt river and the Truckee Pass that determined the course of the Union Pacific Railroad from Ogden to California. This trail is now the Ogden or San Francisco Overland Route of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Occasionally a party that had reached the Pacific coast by way of the Oregon Trail followed up the Willamette Valley and crossed the mountains to the Upper Sacramento. The Shasta Route now operates through this gateway. There were thus five slender streams of population flowing into California overland in pre-railroad days. These entered over the Spanish, the Gila, the Santa Fe and the California trails, and by way of the Willamette and Sacramento rivers. In addition, there was an occasional water voyage made around the Horn. It is difficult to say whether the hardships and trials incident to land travel were more severe than those encountered by a trip around the Horn.

The number of American settlers in these early days was not large but they were intelligent observers and awake to the possibilities of California. They saw clearly the inability of Mexico to hold California should the English or the Russians make an attempt to secure it. They saw too that it was of the greatest importance that the United States should be in possession of this area. Our Government began to realize the necessity of having more definite knowledge concerning the West, and in 1842 General John C. Fremont was sent to map the country along the Oregon Trail. His explorations took him into California and he was prominent in the events leading up to the overthrow of Mexican rule.

The Mexicans did not look upon the Americans with favor, and there were frequent clashes. In June, 1846, a group of Americans at Sonoma revolted and raised the Bear Flag as an indication of their independence. The action of these pioneers was unnecessary, however, for owing to a dispute as to the boundary of Texas, which was annexed to the United States in 1845, our Government had declared war upon Mexico. The fall of Sonoma was quickly followed by that of Monterey and San Francisco, and in August, Fremont assisted in the capture of Los Angeles. In 1848 Mexico ceded California to the United States.

The United States thus came into possession of one of the richest areas in the world. California has resources of many kinds, the value of which is only beginning to be realized. It enjoys a climate that attracts at all times of the year people from every part of the world. The state is an empire with an area greater than that of the six New England states together with the states of New York and Ohio. It stretches from the latitude of Boston to that of Charleston, South Carolina. It is capable of supporting many millions of people in addition to its present population.

Nature was in a happy and gracious mood when she fashioned California. She bestowed upon it fabulous mineral wealth; restful forests in which grow the monarchs of the vegetable world; fertile plains where men gather bountiful harvests; majestic mountains whose most lofty peaks are crowned with everlasting snows; beautiful lakes glistening like jewels in the laps of alpine valleys; wonderful waterfalls, whose power is man's obedient servant and whose music is a benediction; an abundance of sunshine which is woven into the bodies and souls of her happy children.

From every state in the Union, and from other lands as well, people are pouring into California. Her population, both rural and urban, increases by leaps and bounds. Many come but to see, and having seen, remain. Later articles will explain this holding power and marvelous growth. They will deal with human responses to geographic environment in the state, thus furnishing an interpretation of the development of California and a forecast of its future.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles dealing with California. In this article the writer gives the Spanish foundation of the State, touching on the history and romance of the "Days of the Dons."

In succeeding issues will be described the days of '49 and the gold rush, the resources of water, forest, and oil, the tremendous development in agriculture, fruit growing, manufacturing and transportation, the influence of climate, the marvels of engineering and the building of the cities. The unrivaled natural scenery will be pictured, and the complete series will be a comprehensive story of accomplishment and progress in commercial expansion, industrial development and scientific achievement.

A Page of Western Verse

Conducted by HARRY NOYES PRATT

A GROUP OF LYRICS

By ETHEL TURNER

Valley Heat

The poor panting sheep exist
No one knows how.
Long the dust-colored dove
Droops on the bough.

Where does the white road lead,
Naked and free?
Into the hills again?
Out to the sea?

Oh, while this cruel heat
Blisters and mars,
Let me remember
The peaks and the stars!

Joy

Oh, I will dance tonight, tonight!
For Joy has ridden down the wind
And caught me in his arms, his bright
Wild locks like flame. Now will I find
The very secret home of him,
Who gave to me these perfect days
Where I will dance to please his whim,
And chant my lyrics in his praise.

I'll dance until Love breaks his bow;
Until the Lords of Laughter frown;
Until these lilies turn to snow;
Until the moon comes crashing down!
Until this wanton mood has flown,
And on a gold-and scarlet noon,
The nodding Joy will find me thrown
Across his threshold in a swoon.

The Rancho

The strong wild grass has turned to gold
Here in the valley. Where gum trees shade
The dusty sheep, a herdsman old
Weaves in and out a horsehair braid.
Lupine is gone, but the paint-brush still
Flames in the field. Jose will soon
Twang his guitar by the granary, till
Coyotes howl in the dark of the moon.

Bees drowse over the heliotrope
In the old garden; the 'dobe wall
Is pink in the sunlight; a ragged rope
Binds the gray mare to her open stall.
Scarlet geraniums line the fence;
The collie's asleep by the pasture bars.
Shadows grow long, and Jose will commence
To sing his young heart out beneath the stars.

Infinity

I am part of the joyousness of seed time
Akin to the grass and the blossoming apple tree;
I am a part of the gloriousness of harvest—
My breath's in the wind, and my heart's in the
beating sea.

I am a part of the freedom and flight of an eagle,
One with the silent snow on a mountain far;
I am dust, I am dew, gray granite, radiant rainbow—
And the white infinity of evening star.

—MILDRED FOWLER FIELD.

The Eagle River

I'm the mad river talking to myself
And the eternal silence of the mountains
Answers me. I tell of far, high places
The wild dance of the sunlight on my waters,
Of starlit nights when all my pools lie quiet
Beneath the hand of God.
I tell the winter storms that howl above me,
The sharp-fanged ice that creeps and creeps upon me,
To lock me in its jaws.
I shout aloud my agony for the sea.
The envious cliffs would close to hold me back
I crash my wild, resistless way between them
With the roar of waterfalls.
Men come and stand upon my banks and talk.
I shake the cliffs with my derisive laughter.
Theirs is the strength of a few puny years,
Mine the unnumbered ages.—Yet I know
The simplest thoughts of the puniest of them all
Are more enduring than I—and some think great
thoughts.
Therefore I utter high, eternal things
And all may hear, and some will understand.

—GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

Life's Golden Thread

Life's golden thread all down the ages runs
And struggling men sometimes its glint can see,
Like radiant shafts from cloud-enshrouded suns,
That flash and gleam and stream forth dazzlingly.

Ambition holds it on her outstretched hands
And empire weaves it in the web of fate:
It binds the brow of beauty with its bands
And shines divinely in great deeds of state.

The sculptor carves it in immortal lines,
The singer lifts it up, exalted, strong:
Its silken strand the painter's brush entwines
And poets thread it into sweetest song.

—BEN FIELD.



—Photo by S. F. Examiner

A part of the immense throng gathered in front of the Civic Auditorium during the Memorial Services for President Harding on August 10. The Auditorium was filled to capacity at 12:30 P. M., and about 20,000 assembled on the Plaza. The amplifier shown on the front of the Auditorium had been installed for the address to be made by President Harding on July 31. Instead it was used to transmit his Eulogy, delivered by former Senator James D. Phelan to a grief-stricken people.

Warren Gamaliel Harding

*Eulogy by Senator James D. Phelan Delivered at the Memorial Services Held in the
Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, August 10, 1923*

THE solemnity of this occasion is in contrast to the gladsome welcome which we had expected to provide for our President in this very hall. But it was not to be.

'Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh,
Death!
We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from afar shall cross
the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden
grain,
But what shall teach us when to look
for thee?

We, of California, in this hour of grief, have not forgotten the sacrifices which have been made by our Chief Magistrates in other days. It was only a few months after his departure from San Francisco that President William McKinley was removed from these earthly scenes. Ohio, over the Alleghanies from Virginia, in the new Western Reserve, had taken the place of the Old Dominion as the "Mother of Pres-

idents." Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Harding were Ohio's sons, born upon her fruitful soil.

We, who had seen McKinley in the full enjoyment of his power, beneficially employed, and had experienced his charm, deeply mourned his loss. And now, another son of Ohio, a guest of our city, dies within its gates.

It brings home to us intimately a realization of our common American citizenship—now bereft of its elected leader—and invests the sad event with a sense of personal loss. Macbeth's estimate of Duncan, the King of Scotland, applies to President McKinley and to President Harding with equal force, for the death of our President, suddenly stricken down by a cruel and inexorable fate, against which we vainly protest, had the same bitter elements of unexpected shock followed by poignant grief. Shakespeare's words are these:

"He hath borne his faculties so meek,
Hath been so clear in his great office,
That his virtues will plead like angels,
trumpet-tongued,
Against the deep damnation of his taking off.
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin,
hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

Pity, "like a naked new-born babe"—and his virtues, like angels, pleading for him at the Throne of Grace—that is a picture of the passing of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Perhaps some angel of justice and peace—words almost interchangeable—had whispered to his parents, fond and prophetic, the word "Gamaliel" when the President was about to be named. It certainly was the fitting inspiration for his life, for was not Gamaliel the member of the Jewish Council—the Sanhedrin—who, righteous judge, saved the Apostles from condemnation for preaching the word of Christ—the Prince of Peace—when all the people cried out for their death?

The personality of President Harding was exceeding winning. He was a comrade among men, of simple tastes, and generous nature. He was born on his grandfather's farm in the State of Ohio, 58 short years ago. He was the eldest of eight children. His father was a village doctor of Scotch ancestry and his mother traced her line to the Netherlands—and that suggests the character and origin of our American population. And remember this in the light of this man's ancestral strain, that it was cradled in old Europe, a region which we have been taught to much mistrust. At that time Dr. Harding lived in a two-room house, which he had built with his own hands, and pieced out his slender practice with small farming. His distinguished son received a common school education, and, after trying his hand at various employments, became the proprietor of the village newspaper, where he learned the trade of typesetting and also engaged in reporting. By the practice of economy and strict industry, he prospered. He always prospered. And, as you learn something of his career, you will see why he prospered, because, after all, prosperity is a capacity to win one's way among one's neighbors. Some of his precepts, prepared for his staff, give us a key to his character. He instructed them, for instance, in words like these, posted in his little printing office:

"Be truthful. Get the facts."

"I would rather have one story exactly right, than a hundred half wrong."

"There is good in everybody. Bring out the good and never, needlessly, hurt anybody's feelings."—(That is one test of the gentleman, never to hurt anybody's feelings.)

"Be decent; be fair; be generous."

"If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man, woman or child by telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative."

"Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking."

His charm of manner and genial, lovable personality endeared him to all. These characteristics were inbred, and were no veneer of geniality found so commonly in public men. He really wanted to be helpful to others less fortunately situated, and, among, his peers, he inspired genuine and permanent attachments.

Why, when he wanted support, you all recall how his friends rallied to his side. They could not stay away. That is what made him available. A man cannot win the battle of life alone; he must have cohorts of friends.

As an example of the kindness of his heart, I recall that he had received some attention in the Territory of Hawaii from the old and decrepit Governor Pinkham, and when Governor Pinkham went to Washington, then Senator Harding took him to his home, and he and Mrs. Harding nursed that old man through a long and serious illness. And the only association that had been between them was a little act of courtesy done by the Governor for the Senator when he visited the outpost in the Pacific.

You all know how he gave the run of the White House to Laddie Boy, his dog, a dumb animal, who, during the meal hour, so simple was their menage, would often be found lying devotedly at his master's feet. I can testify to the perfect home-like character of the White House under Mr. and Mrs. Harding. You would be no more embarrassed to dine there with them than dining in the home of your most intimate friends, so simple were these folk.

Everywhere in this broad land the whispered sentiment of the "common folks" whom he loved so much, reverently speaks of Warren Harding as "a good man," a tribute which he would indeed have coveted rather than one more pretentious and perhaps less informed and sincere. He was a good man, and that sums up the life and work of Warren Harding.

It has been written:

"We find,
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind,
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the East."

But here we have in Warren Gamaliel Harding a man essentially and constitutionally kind, and he knew nothing else in his intercourse with his fellows. It was a part of his being, not like a cloak put on for formal occasions, to be taken off.

Then his personal appearance. Never since George Washington has there been a President equally handsome. When he delivered his inaugural address, stepping from the Senate to the Presidency and speaking to the country from the terrace of the Capitol, it was observed everywhere that no one could surpass his elegance. Washington, himself, was a tall and impressive figure, and much of his success came from those same qualities born of loyal friendships and courteous manners, which characterized Warren Harding. Cordiality and benevolence seemed to beam from his presence. No one exposed to this influence could harbor any but a friendly thought. And when Senator Harding was elevated to the higher office, he developed, as well, a firmness, required by his position, which never, however, alienated those who disagreed with his views. In fine:

"His life was gentle,
And the elements so mixed in him
That Nature might stand up
And say to all the world,
This was a man!"

You may have observed a hawser, taut and quivering, under the strain and stress of a great load. The least observant see the danger and step aside to a place of safety, because, by constant use, the hawser loses its elasticity and finally breaks. The office of President is the most powerful and, at the same time, the most exacting in the world. The responsible head of the greatest nation on earth has under him, and subject to his direction, the army and the navy and the conduct of foreign affairs. There have grown up under the American system great departments of finance, commerce, agriculture, national resources, post offices, various commissions and other broad and engrossing activities. Statutes are spread upon books in increasing volume, which require scrupulous enforcement. With these duties it is the President who is charged, and no one else. The Cabinet officers, unknown to the Constitution, are merely his clerks. They have no independent existence. In other governments, the responsibility is divided. Here it is concentrated in the executive. He is the responsible head, and we look to him. He cannot evade his obligations, and it is almost beyond the power of human endurance for a President to conscientiously discharge his trust and keep his health.

Strong as the President was, he broke under this strain in the position which you gave to him—working for you. Nor was he unaware of the danger to which he was exposed. He had, modestly, often expressed himself as not equal to the task, but it was believed by many that his uniform equanimity would carry him through the labors of his term. Yet those who observed him had recently detected that his surface equanimity had been worn to the bone. For six years I was in association with him in the Senate, which we entered together, and I, my friends, was in a fairly good position to measure his condition when I called upon him at the White House last summer—just a year ago. He bravely maintained his external poise, discussed public matters, made pertinent inquiries, but, the subject having come up of newspaper comment, he at once exhibited irritability which was foreign to him. He began to express in a nervous and perturbed manner his disapproval of some things which ordinarily might be regarded as trivial, and which, in his happy days, he would have utterly ignored. A part of the humorous press and some of the play-actors of the stage had made conspicuous with ridicule his fondness for the game of golf. And he bitterly condemned them for their un-

fair comments and inconsiderate action. He said they desired to create the impression that he was doing nothing else. And this great, placid man had become sensitive to such petty things in the course of a few years of official life.

Now, we know, as a matter of fact, that in playing golf he was trying to conserve his few shreds of health by an hour's respite from the cares of office. They begrimed him the recreation necessary to keep life in his body, and made him the butt of their jokes. And because he was depleted and his nerves laid bare, he did not like it. That was indication sufficient to the observing that he had already become a changed man. He did not have the resistance. And then, by constant worry, care and irritations such as this, the vital forces were reduced to a point where, by a slight derangement in the system, he succumbed. His health had been insidiously undermined.

When he left Washington for his trip to the west, his secretary informed me while in this city, he was already a broken man. Now we know specifically, in the jargon of medical diagnosis, exactly what ailed him. His wife told me the day before his death, when his condition appeared to be so satisfactory, as you will remember, that no one could understand the daily and hourly strain to which he was exposed, and that she, as well as he, pined for the serener life which they had enjoyed before his elevation to the Presidency. They wanted to go back to the simple life, but they could not escape. They were chained to the responsibilities of high office—nor would they publicly avow that they wanted to escape. And yet, such is the barren recompense for distinction, "Those who ascend the mountain tops will find the highest peaks most clad in ice and snow." And yet it is the aspiration for high office that has led men in other years, and in other times, to the same inevitable fate.

It is recalled that an uncanny premonition, two days before the nomination was made at Chicago, while awaiting the result of the balloting, led Mrs. Harding, when interviewed, to say: "I can't see why anyone should want to be President in the next four years. I can see but one word written over the head of my husband, if he is elected, and that word is 'Tragedy!'"

It cannot justly be said that he sought the Presidency. It came to him. He had been long singled out by most of the political leaders as the most available man, and, of course, no man in his then perfect condition of health would avoid the honor or shrink from the duty when the call came. His term was in the reconstruction period, the period after the

war, without the glamour of glory and the excitement of action, the hurrying troops and preparations for conflict, which carried the war administration through with so much eclat. It was a hard and difficult work, under the fierce light of caustic criticism, and amid circumstances of party demoralization and division. So, when he bravely entered upon his task, he was indeed like a soldier responding to a call to the colors, and, certainly, his death is not less glorious than that of the soldier dying on the field.

The country wanted to see their President and hear an exposition of his policies. He could not refuse. And it now appears that, when he responded to the call, he felt he would not survive the journey, and so he told his doctor in San Francisco. And that brave man, facing what he believed to be his end, feeling that he had not the strength to carry him through, responded to the call of the people to come out and show himself. He had campaigned on his front porch at Marion, and he was not known to the country at large personally. They wanted him to come out, very properly, and show himself and expound his policies. So it was, that the brave man went forth, impelled by a high sense of duty, to what proved to be, as he had divined, his mortal doom. It may be said of him, as Alan Seeger, the soldier-poet of the war, said of himself before he gave up his young life:

"I have a rendezvous with Death—
Maybe he will take my hand,
And lead be into his dark land,
Close my eyes and quench my breath:
I have a rendezvous with Death!"

The world, my friends, is wont to acclaim military genius. Genghis Khan, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon have all excited thoughtless admiration. But, as Milton says: "What do these worthies but kill, murder and destroy?"—Their empire is founded upon blood, which is washed away. Their works do not endure! They purchase glory at the cost of the lives of men and women, not sparing even the lives of their own people, where "thousands die on battlefields to lift one hero into fame." And, in a world of rational men, sympathetic with their country's true greatness and the good of humanity, is it not the slower and less showy process of constructive statesmanship that seems worthier of the greater praise?

It has been well said that happy is the people whose history is uninteresting. Warren Harding wanted to make his people happy, to establish concord and to bring about a better understanding among the nations, and so abolish war. He gave out his heart's blood in lavish streams more than he could afford. His gentle spirit sought to impart a gentleness to others. He was the soul of courtesy. All his life he had practiced these

principles, and had he not attained his goal? He would teach to the people what he found advantageous to himself. He would give them the secret of his life and hoped by it that they should prosper at home and abroad.

So, in the din and confusion of the times, his voice was clear and emphatic for a world court to settle matters by conference rather than by a conflict. He had voted in the Senate against the League of Nations, but he had voted to accept the League of Nations with the reservations proposed. He did not wish to reject it entirely. He said he wanted to attract the good of it and reject only what he considered the evil of it; and he believed that a world court, proposed by the League of Nations, was a good and forward-looking step. It was, in a party sense, a courageous thing for him to have done, but he did it. This plain, calm man had courage. He was no soft putty-made politician that yields to every impression. He stood his ground, although all the rest of them were cold in disapproval or expressed alarm.

Whatever be the merit of his position, he was convinced. Many of his friends who considered him available, perhaps because they thought he was a man who would be malleable in their hands and bend to their will, were greatly astonished. But it is an old saying that power brings wisdom. Warren Harding, in the White House, reached a high standard of becoming independence. He could be moved, but not moulded.

He was not only lovable, but he was strong in those essential things which make a man firm when once convinced. He was not concerned, apparently, whether it was going to improve his political fortunes. He kept his eyes in the boat.

This man voted for war in the spirit of peace. I well remember the day, the tremendous responsibility which was upon the Senate, to vote for war, because even the blind, could foresee the slaughter and the sacrifice. It was the step that one might well hesitate to take, and, this man, loving his fellows and loving peace with all the ardor of his great heart, voted for war. He understood why he voted for war and he did not hesitate to express it on the floor and in the circle of his friends. There was no division among loyal men in that hour. They were not voting to go to war in order to win any advantage by conquest. Not so. Their souls were perfectly clear as they cast that ballot—they were voting to preserve the integrity, not wholly of France or of England or of Italy, but of the United States.

Unless the challenge of the Kaiser was taken up, after insult and injury, this country would have lost its self-



—Photo Copyright by R. C. Saunders

This photograph of the President's Suite in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, was taken Friday afternoon, August 3, 1923, just a few hours after the death of President Harding. The President's Suite extends from the fifth (left) window on the top floor of the Market street side of the building to the rear on the Annie street side.

respect, and, with German success, probably would have been made a tributary State to the Prussian Empire, because the Kaiser's evil designs embraced the world. And, seeing that, Warren Harding knew that unless this conflict was settled, and settled right, there would be no peace in either hemisphere, and the whole world would be aflame. So he voted to kill "The wild beast of Europe" while yet there was time.

Former President Wilson, you may have observed in the press reports, deemed it an honor, wounded as he is in the same struggle, to follow, as a mark of respect the caisson, wrapped in the American flag, bearing the mortal remains of Warren Harding, because Wilson, too, stood for the reign of law, as opposed to the cruelty and injustice of force.

President McKinley's last speech at Buffalo was in favor of broadening our

international trade, which is "the calm health of nations," by removing unnecessary restrictions; just as President Harding's last speech, given out at San Francisco, declared for a more liberal conception of America's obligation to the fatherlands of the world. In that he rose to the dignity of his position, and demonstrated his love of the human race. His sympathies were as broad as life; his devotion to peace spontaneous and sincere. Let me quote a few words of that address:

"From the day the present administration assumed responsibility, it has given devout thought to the means of creating an international situation, so far as the United States might contribute to it, which would give assurance of future peace. We craved less of armament and we hated war. We felt sure we could find a rift in the clouds if we could but have international understanding."

(All warfare, according to Carlyle, is misunderstanding. We go to war, not with one another, but with distorted phantasms, which we call one another.)

"We felt sure that if the sponsors for governments could only face each other at the council table and voice the conscience of a penitent world, we could divert the genius and resources of men from the agencies of destruction and sorrow to the ways of construction and human happiness."

Of course, with becoming caution, he did not want to involve his country needlessly in any war. War can only be declared by Congress. No matter what our engagements made by the President, who directs our foreign affairs, there is no power outside of Congress to declare war. He felt that his country should not stand aloof in setting up the principles of determination by law-tribunals for such questions as

might be submitted to a court by the free consent of the litigants. He wanted a tribunal in which two States could amicably submit their cases to the court, voluntarily—under no compulsion to do so—but to provide this open way for a peaceful settlement. And there are those who would bar that way! But Warren Harding was not one of them. He further said:

"The abstract principle of a world court was engendered in the Hague tribunal. The concrete application of that principle has been made by the League. Sound theory and admirable practice have been joined successfully. The court, itself, is not only firmly established, but has clearly demonstrated its utility and efficiency."

But what practical steps had President Harding taken to reduce the danger of war and to allay the fear which weaker powers, misguided, perhaps, entertained as to the aggressive designs of the American Republic? Had he done anything? He had called the conference in Washington, which, apparently, has borne more substantial fruit than any other conference. And that was on account of the exceptional position of the United States, disinterestedly capable of advising the world powers. Whatever may be the wisdom of this action, it is certainly consistent with the high purpose with which the President faced a difficult situation. History alone can determine whether the generosity of the United States was met in an honorable and fit manner, and with reciprocal co-operation, which we fully expect. The reduction of armaments was accomplished by the leading nations agreeing to the "five-five-three" plan of naval maintenance and construction. That was supposed to put the United States on a parity with the greatest nations, and other nations to stand in proportion to their importance as existing naval powers.

Then the Four Power Pact between the United States, England, France and Japan related to keeping peace in the Pacific. If accepted in good faith, which, as I said, history alone can determine, it should protect our possessions in the Pacific without war. Therein lies a great question. We can protect everything that we have, but we want to protect it without war, and here is an agreement by which these great powers

undertook to respect one another's rights, and that is all there was to it; and that was the second achievement of this great conference called by Warren Harding in Washington.

The spirit of these agreements is the spirit of Harding, the man, and, if they fail, it is only because his generous soul was more trustful and confiding than the common run of humanity. He, clearly, among modern statesmen, I will say, was a superman in his belief of the efficacy of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount.

His whole conduct, in these and other matters, was highly creditable to our civilization. Civilization consists of restraint—not using the power you possess for the infliction of injury upon others—but to give all others, at home and abroad, an equal chance in the development of their individual destinies. No meddling with the other man's affairs—give him an equal chance in the development of his own destinies—and protect him in it—and then there will be peace. If his spirit permeated the earth, standing armies would fade away, and man would be imbued with the sentiment of fellowship, if not of brotherhood.

So it will be seen that, although he was only a little more than two years in the presidential office, there was no mistaking his policy, which he had partly inaugurated, and was progressively moving towards the accomplishment of a peaceful settlement of international disputes. The greatest task, however, still lies before a suffering and leaderless world, which is now beginning to realize the interdependence of States. He was fast breaking loose from the thralldom of parties and would doubtless have espoused, pursuant to his principles, a more liberal trade and foreign policy, and would have been able, under the prestige of a re-election, perhaps, to have forced his views upon the Congress. Not only, therefore, do his countrymen realize his loss, but the people of the world must feel that the death of such a sympathetic humanitarian in high office is a serious setback to a better understanding among the nations, and is, therefore, in the nature of a world calamity. The despairing people of the world are looking to the traditional his-

tory of the United States which, from the time of Daniel Webster, expressed a solicitude for the welfare of other peoples less fortunate. In his great speech as early as 1827 in the Senate of the United States on Grecian independence, Webster said substantially that it has been and is our policy to sympathetically lift by the hand people fighting for a chance to live and be free. Knowing this, they saw the greatest example of true Americanism in the persons of the President, laid low. What must be their disappointment and their grief.

Warren Harding is no more. He is gone. He was drawn into the vortex of international politics, and clung fast to his conscientious belief that peace might be obtained and war abolished by the same exercise of civilized forbearance by which the several nations of the world regulate civil society. He believed there was some way of doing it, and he jumped into the leadership. There was nothing cynical or distrustful of his fellow man in his discussion of public questions. He gave no offense. He gave all others the credit for the same candor and honest purpose which peculiarly belonged to him. His days might have been spared for the enjoyment of the genial and pleasant life, which was so sweet to him, had he not found his greater pleasure in the service of his countrymen, whose very labors, also, have decreed his early death.

It is hard to say whether he was tinged with that strange malady of greatness which covets posthumous fame. If so, his passing could not have had a more dramatic setting. One of the monarchs of the earth was warned, on pain of disease and death, to abdicate his throne. But, forgetful of self, he labored on to the close with this expression, "The throne is a splendid sepulcher!"—The presidency is a splendid sepulcher!

Good-bye, Warren Gamaliel Harding, friend, humanitarian, Senator, President! You will be remembered when more boastful mortals, laying claim to greater intellectual achievements or bookish scholarship, will be unheard of in the schoolroom and cottage, where tradition embalms the memory of the good and the true; because, let it be known, "The heart has reasons of which the reason itself knows nothing."



The New Day

A Story of the Regeneration of a Man

By PAUL ADAMS

INDIFFERENT to danger, he scarcely had noticed his route for the last hours while the tough pony picked his way at a leisurely trot. On the knolls and summits of the cedar-clad, stony hills he had not tried to conceal himself or to look back or in front along the tortuous road. He sat with eyes fixed on the white dust and hands folded over the pommel as if his safety did not depend upon his getting out of the district very quickly.

Without urging the pony faster he thoughtfully considered the results of his carelessness. A large posse must have been organized within an hour after he had galloped out of Rockland. This, broken up into small parties, was gaining distance rapidly and perhaps some of the riders were ahead of him now. Also it was likely the sheriff had telephoned several of the counties south of Rockland to look out for him.

There were moments when he was tempted to stop and make a stand against the posse, fighting till they had killed him; for this morning, despite his escape, he had sunk deeper than ever into despondency. For many months bitter, self-contempt had grown steadily within him. He hated himself; he had been a coward, a cheat who had stolen, killed, run away and hidden—a man opposed to everything decent and worthy. He never played a fair game; he had held up unarmed men, shot at his enemies from the dark and concealed himself among doubtful suspicious friends. He had taken advantage of other men's weaknesses; he himself had done nothing that was not mean and cowardly. For three years he had lived in this way; he had lost even the pretense of self-respect that the worst criminals have, and he had no hope whatever of changing. He had searched his motives carefully again and again, and he found that they were always evil. He believed he had been born the exact negative of a strong honest man.

It hurt him to see little acts of kindness and charity by others, for he never considered anyone but himself. He thought constantly of food and danger. He would make a stand now and let the posse shoot him but for one thing: he must kill Jim Coltrane. The thought of the man who had had much to do with his evil part in life gave him new determined energy. He must keep out of the posse's hands if only until he reached Coltrane's cabin.

Certain portentous events of the past unfolded before him with the sharpness

of scenes in a moving picture reel. He saw his father slumped helplessly in his big arm-chair, gasping to his death from wrath and disappointment because Jim Coltrane, in a fraudulent suit, had won the two hundred-acre strip between the Elm Creek and Diamond Bar ranches. Again from a shelter of Spanish oaks on old Baldy mountain, he watched Coltrane's rustlers steal his fine Herefords. Another day he surrendered himself silently to the sheriff for the killing of one of these same rustlers. He recalled the densely packed, stuffy little courtroom as if the trial were only a few hours past. He heard Coltrane droning solemnly, his testimony—like that of his hirelings—a shrewd network of lies. Then the ride to the penitentiary. Then his escape.

He remembered poignantly how his freedom had mocked him. A dozen times he had nearly starved. Once he had risked his life to steal a drink of water from a herder's cabin. The long days and long nights of profound loneliness. The mean, cowardly subterfuges! He had seen his own mind and soul rotting gradually. He had wanted to shriek forth his anguish to the silent hills. At last, fearful of the approaching insanity, he had dragged himself in, beaten and helpless, to the authorities. They gave him five years—an eternity in hell. All the world had been pressed down into a few feet, imprisoned by four grim, gray walls. At first they regarded him coldly—then they began to torment him. Dark, grotesque, horrible shapes came forth from them and bedeviled and bewildered him. He fought desperately. He worked simple problems in arithmetic, wrote long letters to an imaginary sweetheart, prayed, exercised. At times he gave up wearily, lay on his rough bunk and cursed his tormentors for long hours. But one thing saved him. Occasionally he saw the coarse face of Coltrane. This roused him to a bitter fury, instantly cleared his faculties, steeled his determination. He waited with an unsteady but dogged faith that at last his moment would come.

Suddenly he sat erect in the saddle and scanned the neighborhood. He knew a road a short distance away that the posse almost certainly would miss; this way offered the only escape open now. The road led to within four miles of Rockland and then followed a north-easterly direction.

As the morning hours passed the sun mounted into a hard, bright sky, turning a merciless current of fire upon him. The country was lonely, barren and so dry that the dust flying up from the pony's hoofs covered his trousers with a white, soft coating. There were no houses in sight, but once he disturbed a herd of thin goats. His despondency deepened.

In the early afternoon a brittle incline and a short curve through a patch of keen-scented cedar brought him abruptly upon a view of Oak City. Two miles down the vivid green, cliff-lined valley beside the Angeles River—a broad, shimmering stroke of silver—lay the dusty little village like a panting white lizard on some hot hill rock.

He felt instantly a desire for liquor and with it the impulse to brave danger. There was a chance, of course, that the sheriff had not telephoned to Oak City because the posse had gone in another direction.

He nudged the pony gently with his heels, gave the reins a shake and started down the hill towards Oak City.

The small, unpainted two- and three-room houses on the outskirt of the town were enveloped in an atmosphere of perfect quiet; even the lean, coal-black hounds asleep on the flimsy porches took no notice of the stranger. Thin, brilliant-featured chickens stood in the rich shade of the oaks, panting from the heat. The yards were dry and scrawny and the bumpy street was four inches deep with white limestone dust.

Suddenly from the center of the town he heard three or four shouts, followed by two swift reports from a high-power rifle or revolver. Three blocks away a man in shirt-sleeves dashed across corners, running rapidly towards the west. He was followed shortly by others, who appeared very excited. There were several faint screams and two more reports. A barelegged boy wearing an immense straw hat vaulted out of a shabby bakery shop and sped off remarkably fast. A woman grasping a faded blue cooking apron stood on her front porch, gazing curiously. A nervous buzz came from the center of the village now as if many persons were talking rapidly in high-pitched voices.

He rode on, vaguely interested. Reaching the main street, he swung the pony to the right towards the west.

He approached fifteen or twenty persons gathered in a tight excited knot. A thin young girl was wringing her hands in anguish while her yellow pig-

tails danced hysterically. Two small boys stood staring open-mouthed. Four or five men of nondescript appearance were talking gravely, trying vainly to seem cool. Several women were chattering. All were gazing up the street.

He dismounted quietly and dropped the reins over a hitching post in front of the barber shop as a fat man wearing a comically solemn expression stole across the street, clutching a short-barreled shotgun.

When he came up, a woman described the trouble to him. That afternoon a Mexican (called Crazy Pedro because of his constant drunkenness) had overcome the jailor and escaped. He had gone straightway to a saloon and drunk heavily of the cheap, poisonous whiskey sold to men of his race. An hour later the deputy sheriff had come to the saloon. The Mexican, flashing forth a revolver, had put up a fight. He was driven to a small shed on the opposite side of the street, where he continued to fire at intervals. The saloon's inmates had sought shelter elsewhere and the deputy sheriff, unable to take the Mexican by himself, had ridden to Pecan Grove, six miles distant, for help. Nearly everybody in the town was attending the barbecue at Pecan Grove. The sheriff had gone to Viva for a prisoner.

When the trouble began a spring wagon containing two women and a child was nearing the saloon. They had jumped from the wagon and had run to the porch of a confectionery store. The door was locked, the proprietor having gone to the barbecue; and the women and the child had only the scant shelter of several sacks of corn and boxes of canned goods piled on a small platform that projected beyond the store's porch. If they tried to escape in either direction along the street they immediately would invite the fire of the whisky-crazed Mexican.

The woman finished her story, began to sniffle and turned away.

He saw about one hundred yards from him the two women and the child crouching beside the stack of grain bags and the boxes. The face of the younger woman, the blonde, frail mother, was curd-white with terror. The gray features of the old woman beside her, apparently the grandmother, wore a strange, stoical scowl. Crying and twisting, a little boy of four or five years was held down tightly between them. On the steps of the porch lay the mother's shiny green hat and below in the dust were several sticks of candy and the broken candy bag.

He stared gravely at this picture, hardly thinking, growing quickly unconscious of the group of excited men and women. Inside of him an odd im-

pulse was stirring. As the impulse grew stronger he had not the slightest thought of himself.

He took his heavy revolver from its holster, slipped some cartridges from the belt and drawing open the cylinder, slid them into the chambers. He was aware that the excited men and women were staring at him with much interest. The fat man with the shotgun, who a few moments before had crept across the street, returned and gazed at him with a curious expression of apathy.

Before the last building near the end of the street he climbed into the littered yard of a blacksmith shop. Stooping low behind a rear corner of the shop, he saw the shed about seventy-five yards on a southwest line from him. Nearly forty yards on the opposite side of the shed, a short distance from the river bank, stood an immense oak, the only place within shooting distance that offered concealment. The saloon was fifty yards beyond the oak. To shoot at any distance greater than fifty yards would be useless, he knew. Therefore, he must manage to get behind the broad trunk of the oak.

He went back over the route he had followed, and hurried to the rear of the small houses across the street. He ran as rapidly as he could, leaping through fences and dodging piles of rubbish, fearing that at any moment the Mexican might turn his fire directly on the two women and the child. Every little while there was a report or two swift reports, almost together.

A high, closely boarded fence, once used for breaking ponies, bounded the west side of the saloon. He pulled himself up over the rails, drew his muscles taut, and then, compact as a ball, rolled quickly over, dropped, picked himself out of the dust and sprinted for the tree. A bullet whined past his head and cracked into one of the fence rails behind him. Another went wildly to his right. An instant later he lay panting against the broad trunk. As soon as he regained his breath he crouched as low as possible and peeped around the tree. He saw a small window in the front of the shed, but no sign of Crazy Pedro.

Five minutes went by without a shot. He was racking his brain for a plan when Crazy Pedro began firing, but not at him. The Mexican had discovered the partially concealed figures behind the grain sacks and the boxes, and his shots were directed at them.

There was only one thing for him to do now; to rush the shed. There was surely an entrance to the shack; he had seen none on the other side and there was no opening on the side towards him, so it must be in the back.

He stooped low and ran swiftly in a straight line south of the tree. As he neared the shed he saw an open doorway

and the unsteady figure of Crazy Pedro, who had inadvertently revealed himself. He jerked his revolver forward as a swift current of cold air stung his cheek. Another bullet sent up a little spurt of dust beside his right foot. He succeeded in getting in three shots, one finding its target with the soft, full thud of lead striking flesh. Crazy Pedro dropped his revolver and sank back deliberately as wounded men fall.

Twenty minutes later in the center of a gaping circle, he was helping a garrulous old man lift the bandaged Mexican—the shot had broken his shoulder blade—into a wagon. His ear caught expressions of awed praise.

He felt a strong desire to get away from these people because their compliments embarrassed him; he remembered he had left the pony before a barber shop not far away, and turning he passed the group and left it.

He filled his canteen from a tap at the side of the barber shop, carefully examined his saddle blanket and girth and prepared to mount when he felt a hand touch his shoulder.

A well-knit young man of his own size, somewhat older than himself, with brilliant brown eyes that burned with a strong magnetism, faced him. Instantly he liked this man; his clear-cut features, his pleasant, forceful voice and his modest manner were stamped with absolute sincerity. The young man explained that he was a preacher, and had just returned from a visit in the country. He wanted "to thank a man for a real man's work." He would like to have such men—"men who were glad to brave nine chances to one to do a man's work"—for his particular friends. He said something very earnestly about "Men of God."

His speech, almost as simple as a child's, ended as abruptly as it began, and they shook hands and parted.

Five miles from Oak City on the lonely hill road that led into Mason County, the rider noticed that his hand clasping the bridle reins was trembling as in a fit of ague. He had been sitting rigidly although the pony had given no sign of bucking or running away. And his heart was beating like that of a child who has just passed through some intense excitement.

His brain was whirling. "To thank a man for a real man's work." "Men who were glad to brave nine chances to one to do a man's work." "Men of God."

"Men of God!"

Again and again the phrase passed through his mind. He began whispering it slowly, with a little unconscious air of hopeful anxiety, his fist tightening closer and closer about the bridle reins. With all his might he was trying to be

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A Tale of Calaveras In '58

(Continued From May)

"The devil be from me"—began Michael Kalaher aloud to himself. He had paused just inside the door of the Chinese restaurant. The favorite ejaculation of exorcism fell from him as he beheld a long dining table that ran the length of the room and was all set in readiness to banquet the imported musicians and stage artists, and the leading persons of the local Chinatown when the play was over.

Kalaher was taking his first look at a Chinese festal board, his first whiff of the odors arising therefrom. The display of much brass and lacquered-ware, of gilt and flowered china, the forest of candles, arranged ready for lighting, the gay silken banners hung about on the walls, brought from him the muttered comment that the place was "as illigant as a hotel in New York, be the law!"

"Who'd be thinkin' to come onto all this fine fixin' up in a Chinee house in these wild par-r-ts?" Mike asked himself in an emphatic undertone.

He looked hard at the various dishes of meats, relishes, sweets, and other eatables good to Chinese palates, while the various undefinable Oriental odors of the room crept to the seat of his sense of smell and clung there, to his intense disgust.

"What in the name o' creation be all that mess? An' the shmeell! The shmeell's enough to sicken a dawg, it is that! The devil be *from* me"—raising his voice unwittingly.

"Hello! "You likee hap debble go away you?"

Kalaher, with all his nerve, started at the question, uttered at his elbow. He turned about to meet the friendly grin of a little Chinaman with his arms crossed and his slim little hands tucked into his loose sleeves.

"You hap got debble? You likee makem go way?" repeated the smiling Celestial.

Mike had entered here peaceably, in quest of the stairway leading to the theater and joss quarters overhead. But while his outer seeming was agreeable for his safety's sake, in his ardent Kerry heart burned a sense of wrong done his friend, Jim Rafferty, by the "Chinee gang," and he had no intention or expectation of establishing friendly relations with any "pigtail" whatsoever. This unexpected approach by a kindly seeming little member of the despised yellow race rather disconcerted him for a minute, but he quickly recalled himself to the purpose of his being there,

By HONORIA TUOMEY

and replied craftily but civilly, "Shure, yes, ye little ape o'Satan," bestowing a broad grin with his answer.

The uncomplimentary name was not understood by little Ah You, but the sociable tones and the grin were, and he nodded again as he once more queried: "You likee makem debble go way you?" Then with solemn assurance he added: "Me plenty makem go."

"An' how do ye mane to be afther per-r-r-formin' the extra-or-r-ordinary thrick, me yellah friend?"

Now Kalaher could discourse in his native Gaelic and in the broguish English of Kerry. He also had acquired American English to some extent during his year in New York as coachman for "Mrs. War-r-r-ner Jer-r-ome, God go with her!" His reading under the tutelage of that excellent lady had stocked his vocabulary with many elegant and high-sounding words which he loved to introduce into his conversation on occasion. His voyage to California and residence in the mining region had given his whole previous linguistic acquirement a flavoring, inter-larding, and top-dressing of sailor, miner, Spanish, "greaser," and other lingo peculiar to the time and the country. But he did not, till now, find himself in need of pidgin English.

Ah You looked up at him with straight-faced sincerity.

"My no sabbee you talkee," he stat-ed. "Sabbee," pondered Mike. "Be the law, that's what them greasers say, too, meanin' 'understand'."

"Ye don't sabbee me talkee, eh?" To the waiting and patient devil-chaser. "Well, then, ye talkee me some more, maybe bimeby I sabbe you talkee."

The Chinaman was delighted at this plan.

"Ah litte! me talkee, you sabbee. You talkee hap debble go way you. You likee him go way now? Mabbee hap you go up him," pointing toward the regions overhead, "debble go way you. Can do."

"Who's him?" inquired Mike, pointing in turn toward the ceiling.

"Him Joss. You sabbee joss?"

"Ye're afther comin' on fine on the right lead, Michael, me boy," to himself, and lapsing into a miner's phrase. "Me sabbee joss. Talkee some more, what's a joss?" he put to Ah You.

"Joss him planty good. Him makem debble go way you planty soon," declared the zealous Ah You.

"But see here, ye little nub o' the

Ould Man, how is it ye're afther thinkin' the devil's in me, anyhow?" Which was quite another lapse from pidgin English.

"My no sabbee," quickly reproved the tutor.

Mike squared his figure, planted his hands on his hips, and set himself to getting the matter straight. Inwardly he was reveling in hilarity.

"Me got devil?" he demanded to know.

"Allee same you talkee," steadfastly affirmed Ah You.

"Me talkee me got devil?" in surprise.

"Two debbles"—sticking up two skinny fingers.

"The devil be from me—" burst out Mike in good old Kerry fashion as heretofore.

"T'ree debbles!" exclaimed the Celestial excitedly, holding up three digits. "T'ree debbles!" with a look of mingled horror and concern. "Talkee one debble, hap in," he explained, indicating Mike's entrance at the door. "Talkee two debbles, lookee chow-chow—" waving toward the tempting supper-table. "Talkee t'ree debbles hap now. Sabbee? T'ree debbles hap now!" Ah You gazed almost in despair at this triply possessed but unbelieving creature.

Mike wrapped a palm about his chin and quietly studied the wrinkled toes of his boots.

After a busy little session with that mysterious new dictator in the back of his head, he decided.

"There's somethin' beyant this—there's somethin' beyant this," was his mental comment. Looking up, he said to Ah You.

"Me like talkee you joss."

"Ah litte! Mabbe him makem t'ree debbles go way you all time! Can do."

The Irish are celebrated the world over for their support of religion and liberality in money matters generally. Mike though about to visit a pagan image, realized that this believer was sincere, and meant to help a fellowman he supposed possessed by the Evil One. It seemed to him fitting that he make an offering toward the upkeep of the deity upstairs.

"Me likee you takee this you joss," he evolved with care in his utterance, to make it the more acceptable to this unexpected friend, possibly ally, willing or unwilling as events might prove.

As he spoke he drew from his shirt pocket a small nugget and held it out.

His religious counsellor beamed upon

him now. But he did not take the nugget. Closing Mike's fingers upon his gift, Ah You exclaimed, "You come talkee joss, you hap makem joss likee you planty."

"Be the law," said Kalaher to himself as he followed up the steep stairs, "He's the honest little devil not to grab the goold the minit he saw it. Shure, in all me life, I've never before got into the likes o' the quare place like this. How I'll iver get out, an' how I'll be then, there's no tellin'. But, faith, I'm on me way to thry me luck at the devil dommin' business in the sthyle o' the pigtail Chinees—the Lord look on us!"

Coming up into the dim light of the theater, Michael found himself a lone white among a roomful of yellow men. All the seats were occupied by Chinamen, watching at their ease, in a smoke-blue and smell-thick atmosphere, the play in progress on the tiny stage.

Ah You, as he led the way across the hall toward the abode of the joss, told by gestures rather than words, that he was the guardian and sponsor of the man in his wake. He seemed to be a peculiarly privileged person, being a devotee of zeal and earnestness, and none of the Irish-hating audience stirred to bar or molest the big man from Kerry, though in the look of many was malice of the kind allied to murder.

The two passed into the devotional chamber, out of which Ah You proceeded to motion the three attendants. Turning at the door, he addressed a few high-pitched words to the attentive men in the audience. Then, without waiting for any to speak in answer, stepped within and closed the door.

Kalaher stood in the middle of the small room and with a solemn flourish, took off his hat before the image that the white men called a joss, and the Chinese spoke of by the same corrupted term when trying to make themselves understood by the white men.

Mike beheld a figure resembling an abnormally obese square-molded, thick-featured Mongol of the remote ages.

"You hap see joss!" exclaimed the proselytizer. "Him likee you planty much. You planty likee him, mabbee him makem debble go way you."

The same chant, but its intent appeared charitable.

"Ye think maybe him likee this?" asked the postulant, extending on his palm the shining lump of gold.

"Planty likee. Allee same takem joss," directed Ah You, waving Mike forward to the idol.

Kalaher slowly approached the pagan shrine. His half-closed eyes were like needle points of concentrated light as he glanced with lightning quickness at every object and shadow, every sign of anything that might furnish him a clue

in his secret quest for Tim Rafferty's stolen gold.

His gaze rested on a noticeably ornate brass bowl standing directly in front of the image. A square of rich red silk was thrown over the contents of the bowl, which mounted well above its rim, and suggested irregular lumpiness.

Through his intensely alert mind ran the description his friend Tommy had given him that evening of a bowl containing a gold nugget as an offering upon this spot, when Tim Rafferty lost his head and made a riot because the Chinese were worshipers of idols. And it was this mad act of intolerance that had led the Chinese to rob Tim's sluices of all his gold and carry it away in the very buckskin sacks he had placed near at hand for his own filling.

Kalaher put out his hand and laid his nugget on the red silk cover of the bowl. In withdrawing his hand again, his elbow tipped a joss-stick holder. Quickly catching the toppling holder with both hands, and awkwardly scrambling to restore the gingery ornaments displaced in proximity to the bowl, he made a pass that gave him a momentary glimpse of what the square of red silk was arranged to conceal.

Kalaher saw what he had come to expect he should see, two buckskin sacks, each bearing in small neat letters the initials T. R. In a lower corner Mrs. Tim had worked those initials for her man, and now they served well to identify his lost property.

Even the Chinaman, Ah You, with all his Oriental cunning and quickness, had not seen Kalaher's sleight-of-hand flash under the silk cover. Mike set the joss-sticks to burning, the gay decorations in place, and turning to Ah You, made a bow and scrape and said with hearty geniality: "Me no likee makem mess, allee same too muchee big man, me no sabbee fixee—" He ran out of pidgin, and stopped; knowing Ah You's knowledge of English to be extremely limited, dumb show served to express further his apologies for the accident.

"Ah litee! Him joss likee you, allee same," the evangelist assured him.

"Him devil go way me how?" asked Mike.

"Planty soon you hap allee same likee me," exclaimed the officiating minister of exorcism, and stepping before the image, he began bowing low before it and reading prayers from a little red-and-gold prayer leaf.

"Allee same me!" commanded Ah You, looking round and seeing Kalaher standing erect and gazing at him with manifest curiosity but no sign of pious imitation.

"All litee, me laddiebuck! I'll go ye better, be the law," Mike announced.

To the amazement of the Celestial,

his new disciple went down on both knees, laid his hat beside him on the floor, clasped his hands together upon his breast, raised his shining blue eyes to the face of the idol, and commenced to pray aloud with fervor.

The words rolled forth from Kalaher's throat with an eloquence of utterance that held Ah You spell-bound. More, he was profoundly mystified; for while he had acquired but a limited use of the English language, he understood a good deal of it, and readily recognized it when he heard it spoken. Here was a different language, a musical and rhythmic tongue he never had heard.

Michael Kalaher was repeating from the depths of his heart, the Lord's Prayer as taught him by his sainted old mother in the Irish tongue, back in Killarney. But he was not praying to a Chinese idol.

Tonight, after he had finished the prayer, he went on in the same tones and improvised a petition for aid in carrying out safely the dangerous undertaking he had in hand.

"Amen!" proclaimed Kalaher, and rose to his feet. "Him debble all go way?" half timidly asked Ah You.

"Him joss sabbee," replied Mike, which added to Ah You's mystification.

"Me likee see fun," stated Mike, moving toward the door leading to the theater. He seemed entirely detached now from the joss and all his works and pomps.

Passively Ah You opened the door. Mike walked out, and the three guardians returned to their stations around the idol.

Kalaher found a seat and gave his attention to the play. But it soon seemed to pall on him, perhaps because the dialogue was in Chinese, the performance a mummery of, to him, meaningless actions and situations. As the play went on, depicting some event in the life of some great emperor who died a thousand years before, Kalaher's suppressed dissatisfaction suddenly erupted.

Leaping to his feet, he ran down the aisle, sprang upon the stage, and began pummeling the actors soundly, roaring all the while that the were no account players and their play was a no account affair.

This uproar brought the whole house to its feet and swarming en masse toward the stage. The three guards hurried in and joined the indignant crowd bearing down upon the howling whirligig fighter on the stage.

But when the closely packed Chinese inundated the small platform, no Irish maniac was there to be seen, nor a sound from that throat bellowing thunder a moment ago.

It took the Chinese crowd a couple of minutes to decide what to do.

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Phoebe Apperson Hearst--As I Knew Her

EVERY girl has in her mind an ideal woman whom she adores in silence and worships from afar. Such an inspiration had I in the personality and life work of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst.

No painted portrait and certainly no photograph ever conveyed an adequate idea of Mrs. Hearst's petite loveliness. Her coloring was so elusive and delicate; her features so finely chiseled that it was almost impossible to reproduce them. Her grace and charm of manner, her warm-hearted, sympathetic interest made her a perfect hostess, and a delightful friend.

A thorough knowledge and a fine discriminating taste made Mrs. Hearst an ideal patroness of art and learning in all methods of expression. No greater Lady Bountiful lived in her time. Not only did she give freely, but she took time to write a helpful, encouraging letter to each recipient of aid. She apparently put herself in the place of all those who sought assistance, and was incapable of either rudeness or unkindness.

Exquisite breeding expressed itself in the little things she did. For instance in my first interview she left word that I was to be admitted at once. Mrs. Hearst would not trespass upon my time. In all my experience with society women Mrs. Hearst was the only one who ever sensed the value of time. Never did I ask her for information without an instant response, and she tried always to be direct, prompt and to the point. She had such a nice way of making me feel that my work was of immense value and that it was being well done. A few words with Mrs. Hearst was as stimulating as a glass of champagne!

Phoebe Apperson Hearst was of old Virginia stock, but was born in Franklin County, Missouri, December 3, 1842. Brought up in the best traditions of the home life of the old South, Phoebe Apperson grew to womanhood a patriotic American, and a good housewife. Her devotion to education was first expressed in teaching a mixed school near her birthplace.

Life began in its fullness when she married George Hearst, in 1862, and as a bride came to California by way of Panama. Here the young people were made a part of the Southern Colony, in the first fashionable quarter of San Francisco. That section is now Chinatown.

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

Then began the search for fortune in the mining districts of the entire Northwest, which eventually made the family one of the richest mine owners in the world. The only child, Wm. Randolph Hearst, was born in San Francisco, April 29, 1863. His young mother made many trips on horseback into the Bret Harte country, over into Utah among the Mormons, and saw much of Indian fighting, as settlers usurped the lands and began farming operations. Her intimate first-hand knowledge of Indian life made Mrs.

Lloyd Tevis, the social queen, disputed honors with Mrs. Eleanor Martin, still alive, and the last of the old Southern Colony.

Mrs. Hearst was entirely too big for society. Annie Laurie has aptly said of her: "She had the heart of a woman, the gaiety of a child, and the brains of a man." In travels in Europe and the Orient Mrs. Hearst began the notable collections of laces, tapestries, rugs and antiques which are destined to fill a museum building planned for the University of California. Her own selections were greatly enriched by the purchase from time to time of choice collections of connoisseurs. The Ephraim Bengueat Oriental rugs include some of the rarest specimens of Prayer and Hearth rugs in existence. Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford vied with each other in a friendly rivalry over their priceless laces. Both collections belong to University of California and Stanford, respectively, and both are without competitors in excellence.

In 1886 Mr. George Hearst was elected Senator and then began a social career in Washington, which gave Mrs. Hearst an opportunity for leadership. She and Mrs. Stanford ably upheld California's reputation for hospitality. Both were elegant, gracious hostesses. Beauty and charm belonged to Mrs. Hearst. She was typically American in sentiment and feeling, but she looked like a bit of Dresden china or a deftly modeled miniature figure in bisque. Mrs. Stanford might have represented the nobility of Northern Europe. Her later activities centered into a single purpose. Mrs. Hearst was always many-sided in her interests and sympathies.

After ten wonderful years in Washington, Mrs. Hearst returned to San Francisco. While in Washington Mrs. Hearst established a free kindergarten to fit teachers for kindergarten work. She also established and maintained the Cathedral School for Girls. Her motto was, "Help the individual to help himself."

Out of her Washington association Mrs. Hearst became the vice regent from California in the Mt. Vernon Council, organized for the purpose of collecting and restoring the Washington home at Mt. Vernon. Mrs. Hearst purchased and gave many Washington relics to the collections established by the Council. It was a joy to find Mrs. Hearst at Mt. Vernon the memorable day I stood at the tomb of George



PHOEBE APPERSON HEARST

Hearst appreciative of their good points, which probably accounts for her willingness to back Professor Uhle in his Peruvian excavations later on. Mrs. Hearst was known in the mining camps as the "Good Angel" long before she became the greatest outstanding single figure in California.

Back in San Francisco, the first money made in mining went into a home on Chestnut street overlooking the Golden Gate, where soon the elite of the seventies shared the typical hospitality of the time. George Hearst had an almost uncanny knowledge of mineral values, but like many other inexperienced men he acquired more mines than he could develop, and was soon in financial straits. During this period the home on Chestnut street was sold, but a change in conditions enabled Mrs. Hearst to have a much more pretentious residence in Taylor street, where Mrs.

Washington. It was a privilege to walk down the long veranda beside her, as we gazed out over the broad Potomac, and talked of familiar things in California. Mrs. Hearst was an ardent Daughter of the Confederacy, an honored member of the D. A. R., and who that saw her in the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco can ever forget the heroic little figure in white who walked at the head of the Woman's section. I was in charge of the Soldierette camp in the East Cantonment of the Presidio, which furnished the guard of honor for Mrs. Hearst on this occasion.

For twenty-two years Mrs. Hearst was a regent of the University of California, serving under six Governors who represented both political parties. In 1900 the first tentative plan for a greater university was made known by Mrs. Hearst, and she selected Mr. John Galen Howard as supervising architect. Four years later Mrs. Hearst went to Paris and stayed two years. Here she elaborated a scheme for an architectural competition for detailed plans which was entered into by one hundred and five of the world's best known architects. M. Henri Benard of Paris was the successful man, and Mrs. Hearst sent him to Berkeley to study locality and conditions at first hand. Finally after an expenditure of over \$200,000 Mrs. Hearst had the satisfaction of seeing the perfected plans accepted by the Board of Regents in 1914, and of knowing that it will be only a question of time when her dream of a great seat of learning will be carried out. Whatever of symmetry and beauty has been achieved in the ensemble of buildings on the campus is due to Mrs. Hearst's untiring energy and generosity.

In honor of her husband, Senator George Hearst, who died February 28, 1901, Mrs. Hearst erected the Hearst Memorial Mining Building in 1907. The cost of the building, grounds, equipment and mining specimens was more than a million dollars, and it ranks as the last word in metallurgical requirements. In addition to this, several thousand dollars were expended in beautifying the grounds around the building.

It is quite impossible to recount all of Mrs. Hearst's charities or invisible help rendered worthy objects, because no one knew about them. Her business managers and secretaries were never told more than the barest outlines. Mrs. Hearst was not only singularly modest, but she had a fine sense of justice, and would never expose the needs of those who appealed to her. She maintained thirty scholarships for needy girl students, and her Indian collection in the Affiliated Colleges cost originally \$130,-

000. Free libraries in Lead, South Dakota, and in Anaconda, Montana, were some of the benefactions Mrs. Hearst gave to the mining districts where her husband carried on extensive operations.

Mine was a sort of touch-and-go acquaintance with Mrs. Hearst which never grew into intimacy. I sensed the jovial side of Mrs. Hearst's nature and often reminded her that I was one of her big newspaper family. It would be for only a minute in a crowded assembly, but she would always respond quickly with the assurance that she had not forgotten. Upon one occasion I rushed by her in an exit. She called to me and said, "It is you who are forgetting this time."

Shortly before her death I opened the Ebell Club season with an address on the "Indian Messiah Legend and Folk Lore." It was an Indian program exclusively, and while on the platform I saw Mrs. Hearst in the audience. She gave me an encouraging smile, and later when I thanked her for coming over from Pleasanton especially, she said with a chuckle, "Family pride, you know, I have not forgotten."

For years no big affair in the Bay region was quite complete without the presence of Mrs. Hearst. She had a rare sense of social obligations, and did not willingly neglect any worthy cause. She gave of herself abundantly. As she grew older, Mrs. Hearst was distinguished by her style of dress. She wore lavender almost constantly. From her tiny, close-fitting bonnet to the dainty handkerchief and other accessories, her toilette showed the various shades of her chosen color.

A cherished memory of Mrs. Hearst is in connection with an incident of that day of days—the only time women were ever guests at a Bohemian Grove play. The special occasion was the reproduction of the "Atonement of Pan," and the woods were literally full of women. Evening shadows hung over the Grove, the big full moon winked at us through an intricate tracing of evergreen leaves, the bon-fire had just been lighted in the Mystic Circle, when Mrs. Hearst started across it. From all sides came the Bohemians, young and old, who in knightly fashion stooped and kissed the hand of their lady guest. And this great lady had just passed her seventieth birthday! With trembling lips and swimming eyes I cried out in the growing darkness:

"Thank God! Chivalry is not dead yet."

Among the innumerable gifts of the "Mother of the University" is the Women's Gymnasium, better known as Hearst Hall. This edifice was recently

destroyed by fire. Comes now Mr. William Randolph Hearst, sole survivor of Senator and Mrs. Hearst, who undertakes to rebuild the structure as a fitting memorial to his mother. Already the Greek Theater speaks of a son's reverence for his father's name. The rebuilt gymnasium will be a gem of architecture, and the show place on the campus.

The Palace of Fine Arts in all its wealth of coloring and structural beauty at Exposition time gives some idea of what Maybeck will do with this new venture. Mr. Hearst has given him complete liberty of action, and the preliminary drawings give promise of great beauty in a conception which includes background and surroundings.

Mr. Maybeck plans to locate the building in the center of the campus entrance at the end of College avenue. Here an ugly offset throws the approach into College Way and mars the impression first gained of the University proper. With this corrected the new and glorified gymnasium will have an ideal setting. Of classic design the main hall will have arched windows thirty-five feet high, with Maybeck's own combination of square and round pillars, between, and huge mural paintings occupying the niches on the inside. There will be a liberal use of color in concrete material, itself. This will be enhanced by the ornate caps over the pillars, which will carry designs in figures in the squares, and all will be a mass of harmonious colors. At a lowered level the utilities will be housed outside the Assembly Hall, but as part of the original building. Pools, fountains, flower beds and shrubbery will beautify the surroundings. An outdoor effect will be produced by having the trees close to the outside walls with only the tall windows between.

Inside, the memorial idea will be emphasized by an emblematic ceiling, ornate columns, statues and six murals eight by twenty-five feet in the niches between the high windows. Scenes from the Parthenenia—the colorful masque—given in Faculty Glade each year by the women of the University, will probably be the subjects represented. As this production always portrays the rite of the Dawn of Womanhood in classic fashion, selections from its varied stories would be most appropriate for such a purpose.

Here under the refining influence of sheer beauty the young womanhood of California will find inspiration to fulfill Mrs. Hearst's high hopes for them. No higher tribute could be paid to her, and no memorial could more fittingly symbolize her life and character.

A serial story with a well-woven plot. A mystery of tangled lives, the outcome of a past love affair and machinations of

The Boss of the River Gang

CHAPTER V

(Continued from August)

THE suddenness of the question momentarily disconcerted Miggs and he glanced questionably at Co. The title covered many acres.

Rebman's eyes followed Miggs' glance and he turned to face Co. The diamond in his shirt front flashed in the sunlight and attracted Miggs' attention. He caught an inspiration.

Realty in the region of Landsburg increased a third in value at a bound.

Although destined to be a thriving town, Landsburg at this particular time was a place of no importance except in the opinion of its citizens. Residents, although uncommunicative concerning their reasons for being out West, each individually, at sewing circles and social gatherings generally, claimed the distinction of having seen better days "back East."

The ladies indulged in reminiscences of how they once exchanged calls with certain social leaders and how certain celebrities had been entertained at dinners or luncheons; how many servants had been employed, and kindred matters. But a few weeks later—after Rebman's first appearance—Landsburg folk forgot their own importance and their tongues wagged excitedly and incessantly at all gatherings.

Rebman, accompanied by a sister, and a Mexican man and woman, presumably servants, left the train at the station and were driven to the old Juan Esteban ranch where they ensconced themselves in the old house; and almost immediately the construction of the largest and most artistic structure ever built on the Esteban grant was begun.

Landsburg ladies who had seen Miss Rebman at the station, were pleasurable interested; but anticipating a feeling of superiority on her part, were over-critical of one they believed to be a genuine aristocrat.

"Wonder if them folks is going to hang out here in them store close?" blurred one, attempting to disguise an undercurrent of jealousy.

"Close'?—that silk dress that Miss Rebman had on her, looked just like a black rag wound around a telegraph pole; don't care if I do say it."

"An' she looks like a telegraph pole. Thin as a rail, an' aint got nothin' of a figger to brag about, neither."

"Wonder how old she is? Guess she's

By FRANCES HANFORD DELANOY

a old maid, from looks of her; stiff as if she's afraid if she bends, she'll break."

"Bet she's vin'g'ry—looked it through her veil."

"Wonder if them Spencer Rebmans own the railroad—shouldn't wonder."

"What do you s'pose they come up here for?"

The more these ladies speculated, the more curiosity increased. At church they craned their necks and turned to face the door at sound of every footfall, half expecting, half hoping the arrival of the Rebmans. Sunday succeeded Sunday but they never came. Whenever Joe Holway—man of all work who had lived many years on the Juan Esteban tract, and who had been retained by Rebman—appeared in the village, he was besieged by the ladies who hurled at him various questions—all of which he was unable to answer.

It plainly was the duty of Landsburg society to call and welcome the strangers. All were in a flutter; who would be first to undertake the obligation?

Madam President of the Presbyterian sewing circle, consumed by a burning desire to know the distinguished strangers, decided to take the matter in hand. She invited six ladies to luncheon and suggested that they appoint themselves a visiting committee and present themselves at the home of the late arrivals.

The proposition led to a spirited discussion concerning the etiquette of the call.

"Will it be proper for Madame President to introduce herself and then introduce us when we file in? Shall we shake hands and introduce ourselves?"

"I think it would be proper to have cards," a lady timidly suggested. "Just hand a card to whoever opens the door."

"Then how's the lady going to know who's who? Where I worked—"

"Why, where I come from," said another, assuming an air, "just put cards in a silver tray in the hall."

"My servant always held the tray," said a third, with a toss.

"Yis. But s'posen Miss Rebman aint got no servant to—"

"Huh! No servant in a house like that? Huh!"

The ladies of Landsburg were never more spirited; never had there been a time when they were so dangerously

near a rupture of friendship. Each sought to impress her superior knowledge of social usage on the others, and, during discussion, eyes flashed, and scathing words—especially: "I guess I know"—flew from angry tongues.

"Ladies, as President, I must call you to order. This is my house. It was me as suggested this call; you-all are goin' in my wagon; understand? Jimmy has a little printin' press an' we'll have him do the printin'. I'll hand the cards myself to whoever opens the door. The lady kin find out f'r herself who's who, when she returns the calls."

CHAPTER VI

On a sultry afternoon not many days after the luncheon, a spring wagon drawn by two horses driven by Madam President, jogged along the road into the hills. A board across the back of the conveyance, on which two of the visiting committee sat, did duty as an extra seat.

On the way up the hill, the temporary seat slipped gradually backward; when the horses turned in between the gates of the Rebman place they suddenly shied at a fallen log, and backed, throwing the board and its occupants into the shrubbery; whereupon the committee of seven set up a shriek that awakened the echoes of the hills, and brought Joe Holway from the barnyard to their assistance.

The ladies, although their faces were disfigured by many scratches, had sustained no serious injury. But their Sunday best apparel was considerably damaged, and greatly disappointed, they decided to remain outside. Joe directed them to a sheltered place where they might sit down and wait for their companion, and went to bring the cool water from the spring.

"Guess yuh got lost, didn't yuh?" he asked, handing a gourd of water to Madam President. "Wher did yuh wanter go?"

"Why no," she answered, poising the gourd, "Aint this where Mr. Spencerian Rebman lives?"

"It be. Wanter see him?"

"Came to call on Miss Rebman."

Joe replied with a prolonged whistle.

"Why; what's the matter? She aint dead, or sick or—somethin'?" chorused the women with a twinge of disappointment.

"Gosh-all-hemlock!" exclaimed Joe, "If yuh ever see her yuh'll do mor'n

I ever done. I aint set eyes on 'er face ever since they been 'ere. Allers wears a veil-like weak eyes, or scairt o' her complexion; mebby's has smallpox—"

"Lan' sakes! Do tell!"

"She don't wear a veil in the house, do she?"

"Never seen 'er in the house. Folks allers send my grub to the barn." Joe elevated his chin. "High-toned—their Rebmans," he sniffed.

"Why, yes, of course," emphasized one of the committee, pursing her lips, "they's folks of super-i-osity."

Joe shot a glance at the speaker as though not quite certain how she meant him to take her speech, and continued:

"Whenever she pokes her nose outside, that old greaser's allers taggin' at 'er heels."

"Ladies don't never go trapsin' about alone, in the hills; 'taint nice." Madam President's accent was slightly sarcastic.

Joe had finished watering the horses, and Madam President tightened the lines and asked:

"Do I drive straight ahead?"

"Yis'm; foller the road."

"Don't forgit us when you come back," called one of the disheveled women. "You'll find us settin' here gnawin' with envy."

Sounds of wheels on the gravel aroused Rebman, who coatless and hatless and smoking a pipe, lounged full length on the porch. He sprang up when the party approached and hurried down the steps to meet them.

"Want to water your horses, ladies? You've passed the barnyard."

"Oh, no, thank you." Madam President climbed out and began to tie the horses to a tree. "Mr. Rebman—I s'pose; how do you do? Folks all well?"

The committee, beaming with smiles, were tumbling out.

"Lovely day, ain't it, Mr. Rebman?" bubbled one of the would-be visitors, graciously extending a hand.

"Anything I can do for you, ladies?" Ignoring the friendly overture, Mr. Rebman folded his arms and stood stiffly.

"You might take our cards." Madam President was disconcerted by his courtesy. "We came to call on Miss Rebman an' 'pologize fer not being more sociable an' neighborly an—"

"Beg pardon," Mr. Rebman interrupted icily, "My sister never sees callers; confirmed invalid; blind, and exceedingly nervous."

"Dearie me! The pore thing! Mebby now, she would like us to talk to her, if you'd just tell her we're all from the East an' respect—"

"No, she won't," answered Rebman brusquely. "Let me turn your horses and help you in." Without ceremony he took the hitching strap from Madam

President's hand and turned the horses about, heading them toward the gate; unceremoniously he hustled the committee into the wagon and with a slap on the side of one of the horses and a "giddap there," started them on a trot.

On their way back to the village, the disappointed and humiliated seven voiced their indignation by hauling "That Spencerian Rebman porcupine" over the coals. The visiting committee decided among themselves not to let Landsburgers know of the failure of their attempted visit—if questioned, as without doubt, they would be. They agreed to say that owing to an accident they had been compelled to return, and postpone the pleasure of meeting the Rebmans until a more propitious time.

The affair, however, leaked out through Joe whom they had failed to take into consideration and none of the ladies were disposed to subject themselves to a repetition of the indignity heaped on the humiliated seven.

CHAPTER VII

Jose and Juan Esteban, each had constructed a fence five feet back on his own land, from the dividing line; thus making a lane ten feet wide, that during their lifetime led to a sheep shearing pen that with a small barn or building, stood near the water's edge, and was used in common by them.

The buildings, falling into decay were taken down by their successors, and the lane was not now, nor had it been for many years, used by the Toddler. The fences were beyond repair and rapidly falling. Toddler, with new neighbors, saw the necessity for a new fence and contemplated its construction on the surveyor's line.

Since the Juan Esteban estate had passed to ownership of Spencer Rebman he had made use of the lane without permission or hindrance. The suggested arrangement did not receive his approval. The old arrangement suited him, so he said, and in overbearing manner declined positively to expend a single cent on a new fence.

"Bully Rebman," as he was soon dubbed, was cordially disliked throughout the region. Purse-proud ostentation and vain-glory stuck out all over him. A belligerent man, he was always ready to provoke a quarrel. He proved himself an intensely disagreeable neighbor; but it was not until Rube Toddler purposed replacing the worthless fences on either side of the lane, with a sound, new one, that he became openly antagonistic.

Reuben Toddler informed him that he should remove the tumble down obstruction that encumbered his land, and was beyond repair, immediately; and was willing to proceed with his share of a new one. By virtue of such a writ-

ten notice given, he could not be held responsible should his stock break through the remaining old fence, and trespass on Rebman's place. And he proceeded to carry out his intention. Subsequently, he built a new fence along one half of the boundary line, and set out a row of grapevines on the re-claimed five feet.

Rebman had not anticipated this move: he had expected to bully his neighbor. But with characteristic stubbornness he braced his own fence in spots, and his rage at being baffled smouldered in silence until one day, Toddler, driven to desperation by the depredation of his graceless neighbor's stock, sent his hogs home filled with rock salt. Rebman's mental temperature mounted higher, but not quite to its limit.

On the next day, his cherished bronze turkey-cock arrived in his owner's barnyard in such undignified haste that the unwonted exertion seemed to have exhausted him; he remained motionless where he alighted.

Rebman discovered on investigation, that it had lost its head, and immediately lost control of his. His face was ablaze with wrath as he turned to the fence and attempted to clamber over. Blinded by rage, he neglected to see that at that particular part it had not been repaired. The once supporting posts, worm-eaten and decayed, collapsed under the strain of his avoirdupois.

Toddler's man, Jake, was pruning grapevines not thirty feet away. His attention attracted by the crash, he sprang upright just as Rebman, turkey in hand, pitched headlong into a recently pruned vine on the Toddler place.

Sight of the downfall of a man of Rebman's pomposity and corpulence, appealed forcibly to Jake's sense of humor—the hills echoed his merriment.

Rebman's pride, as well as his person, had sustained a fall—both were jarred. Jake's evident enjoyment of his humiliation by no means assuaged his wrath or soothed his wounded pride.

His hat was battered, his sleeves torn, and blood trickled from a dozen scratches of various width and depth; on his face, as he scrambled to his feet as best he could, and, seizing the turkey that had bounded from his hand, with as few steps and as much sprightliness as the shortness of his legs and the rotundity of his body would permit, covered the ground between himself and Jake who was weeping with laughter; and, too furiously mad for speech, whirled the bird around his head and brought it down with a sounding whack on Jake's shoulders.

Jake's face instantly took on a sober expression, and without preliminary, he
(Continued on Page 35)

Mr. Come-back

By HELEN HUGHES

IT WAS Friday at noontime. Outside, a somber indolence filled the air; inside the Fly-Net, short-jacketed, saw-dust soled waiters rushed wildly about, bellowing orders to red-faced, sweltering cooks, each displaying by their manner that perpetual animosity, which usually exists between chef and garcon. From the red-hot range came the sound of sizzling angry steaks that filled the place with their heavy, stifling odor. Dishes danced and spun from kitchen to dining-room, then back again to the kitchen, to be dumped noisily at last in a grim and dirty heap beside a huge galvanized dish-trough where stood a girl of perhaps twenty. Slowly, but dexterously she built from the debris stacks and stacks of shining white-fluted pillars.

Her slender drooping figure, her faded but immaculate calico dress with sleeves rolled high made one think of an old-fashioned kitchen, all blue and white with a swiss-curtained window where roses peeped in. One had the impulse to snatch her away from this dingy-looking place and put the hand of the law on her employer. That is, one felt that way until she happened to look up with a contented smile.

Tony, the waiter, returning from the dining-room with a back-breaking load of heavy, thick, dirty dishes, set the tray upon a support. He removed the top plate of the load and handing it to the girl whispered.

"Come-Back leave de real hunk of tenderloin today, ay."

"I'll say," said the girl with a light in her eyes. "And you're certainly a brick, Tony, to take care of it for me." Tony hurried away, and the girl wrapped the tender piece of meat in a bit of paraffined paper, evidently kept for that purpose. The cook eyeing her, said in passing: "Any come-backs for tonight's hash? 'N say, watch the bread-scrapes for tomorrow's puddin'; get me?"

On Tony's next trip with a load of dishes, the girl said:

"You promised to let me see Mr. Come-Back. Wise me up next time he's in, will you Tony?"

He replied: "It is always when I so beesy, Signorita, that he come—but I try to remember—next time."

"Gee, he must be rich," she whispered. "Is he classy-looking?" Tony only laughed as he hurried away.

The noise in the dining-room grew fainter and fainter, as eager men with hunger appeased hurried back to their work. Then came the cleaning up of the kitchen, the same grind after every meal.

The girl worked diligently until the very last dish was washed and dried, and her corner of the kitchen mopped clean. Then with faded hat and jacket of blue she stepped out of the back door and into the sunshine. She made her way up the alley to the street, hurrying along. Passing Portsmouth Square, where men of many races lolled supinely, she met Mr. Come-Back face to face, but of course she was not aware of it.

Portsmouth Square was his after-breakfast and midday smoking den. He loved to sit there and sneer cynically at the Hall of Justice across the way. He was young and arrogant and he enjoyed quarreling with the world.

"Justice!" he had said aloud to a stranger who had shared his bench one day. "You'll get more of that stuff in hell, than you'd ever get there." Then he had stalked away, leaving the stranger to wonder. But when he was not in a mood for quarreling with the world—and it must be admitted that he did not always confine his quarrel to words—he had a way of inviting the confidences of others. So it had come about that Tony had told him about the girl, and how she had nick-named him Mr. Come-Back. Since then he had always sat at a certain table where he could get glimpses of her as the waiters rushed through the swinging doors. True it was only a glimpse now and then, but enough to kindle in him a more than passing interest. His quarrel wasn't with the weak and helpless, in fact part of his sullen defiance of the world was his arraignment of its treatment of the weak.

As the girl passed him today he had a desire to raise his hat to her, but he only slid it back on his head, embarrassed lest she might have seen him. But had she known and had taken the time to glance back after she had passed him, she would have noticed that he had turned and was sauntering along the street in the same direction.

At the tumble-down shack where a gate hanging by one hinge made a deep semi-circle in the soft unpaved street, the girl cautiously entered the yard. In a window overlooking the street was a crudely made flower-box where poised a scarlet geranium.

Just inside the open window sat a child of perhaps five. She was sleeping, and there was a look of pathetic helplessness about the little thing as she sat huddled with her head upon her breast.

The girl tiptoed to the window. "Boo," she said. Then Mr. Come-Back heard the child exclaim.

"Oh, goody, goody! Did you get money sister, and are we going tomorrow?"

"Maybe, I can't tell yet, kidlets." She forced a laugh. "But we ain't going to give up hope, huh, are we?"

"Oh! but I want for sure to go. And you said we would," said the child beginning to cry.

"Gee-whizz, Honey-Bunch, don't cry. Maybe we're going yet, yu' can't tell. 'Member what I told you about them fairies? But you gotta believe in 'em. Here, see what a s-w-e-l-l piece of steak Mr. Come-Back sent you today. Look-a."

Between broken sobs:

"He might come to see us sometime, might'en he?"

"Sure he will, but right now he's such a busy man, making money. I guess it's hard for him to find the time to come."

The Mr. Come-Back, who stood beyond the gate just out of sight, but not of hearing, tightly narrowed his sullen young lips, and a faint flush crept over his youthful, daredevil face. He turned and walked away.

Near Portsmouth Square he stopped Tony hurrying home.

"Saay, you know 'bout the kid sis of the dish-washer don't you?"

Tony nodded.

"Well, do you happen to know where it is she is wantin' to go?"

Tony studied the ground thoughtfully, then as if a light had dawned.

"Oh, si, Signore, the Signorita tell me that every Sunday she try to bring de little one over to Sausalito, de udder side. De babie she is got de consump' dat's why de docktor tells her to give her plenty good meat and lossa fresh air. Might-be dat is the place they are want to go."

After Tony had left, Mr. Come-Back walked to a bench in the Square and seated himself. With hands shoved deep in his pockets his gaze wandered from the lily-filled, mysterious-looking windows of the Chinese shops that banked the Square on three sides, like the ancient cliff-dwellings, to the deep blue sky where clouds like snow banks floated. Somehow he was trying to take a mental invoice of himself. It was not a long record that he reviewed, but it was rather a spotted one and it had never seemed so distasteful. Yet he recognized vaguely that the reason for his new disgust gave also the reason why he must go on.

He gave a curt, harsh laugh, saying half aloud.

"Must be gettin' coo-coo to be trailin' a skirt."

He fell to thinking deeply again. It was nearing the end of the week. Slowly he drew first one hand and then the other from its hiding-place, turning his empty pockets inside out. He quickly pushed each pocket into place again, slapped his knees roughly, then rose to his feet and walked away.

It was two o'clock the next morning when he entered his dingy room furtively. He threw his cap in the corner, drew the window-blinds low after he had seen that the windows were still bolted. Then with the toe of his shoe he jerked a chair into place, emptying the contents of his pockets on the bed. He sat gloating feverishly over the haul, three rings, two watches, a necklace, two scarf-pins and a pearl-handled knife. That night he dreamed that he had become a real Befana. Awakening next day about eleven, he dressed, dropped in at Jerry's, his fence, where he received a roll of currency. He went to breakfast at the Fly-Net, but that dream had left a vague, puzzling feeling that maddened him.

He muttered as he walked towards the Fly-Net "that he was minding his own business from now on, and that he was not going to let a hash-house dishwasher go to his brain." And when he entered he decided that he would sit where he couldn't see her. But each habitue was in his regular place and all the seats were taken but the one where he usually sat, so he seated himself.

Clothe, Lachesis and Atropos must have danced in and out, out and in, for never had he noticed the waiters so busy; sometimes the doors swung so far back that they became fast and stood wide open for minutes.

"What's the matter with the kid? She sure looks sober today," he asked Tony who was hurrying by.

He decided that he would order roast instead of steak, just to show himself that he could, but his order had always been the same, so today Tony had not waited to ask, but had brought him a large, rich brown steak and his usual French-fried and coffee, smiling knowingly as he set it before him. Mr. Come-Back muttered a suppressed oath, but began eating. He was afraid the dishwasher might notice him, but she seemed unconscious of the swinging doors or the crowd without.

Tony whispered:

"You know what we talk 'bout, yesterday, Signore? I ask her dis morning if she go to Sausalito Sunday, and she say if she can get de mon. So I was right. Yes, she is sober today, dat's why."

Then before Mr. Come-Back was really conscious of what he was doing he had taken a five dollar bill from his pocket. He handed Tony his plate with the bill tucked carelessly under the edge, so the transaction might not be too apparent to the other diners. When the transfer had been affected he handed Tony his usual tip, saying:

"See that she gets it, will yu'?"

"Si, Si, Signore. Gracias, for me and gracias for her." Tony made a deep bow.

A moment later Mr. Come-Back had let the door of the restaurant slam behind him, and the girl, her big eyes brightened with moisture, stood holding the bill in her trembling hands.

"BUT TONY, you promised you'd tell me when he came in again. Now how'll I ever thank him?"

Tony shrugged.

"But I thanked him for you, Signorina, perhaps Monday he will come again."

She lost control of herself for a moment. Behind the palm of her hand, she gave a nervous little laugh that bordered closely to tears.

"Gee, what a mind-reader that feller must be."

Then she joined in Tony's goodnatured chuckle.

That night Mr. Come-Back found his dingy room early. It was Saturday night, the best night of all for his usual occupation, but tonight it lacked interest, somehow, and everyone seemed to stare suspiciously at him.

Sunday morning dawned in a warm ethereal splendor. The sun came peering over the Berkeley hills, like a huge golden chalice, spilling its rays in profusion over the city. One tiny playful beam found its way into Mr. Come-Back's room, danced first on his nose and then into his eyes, causing him to awake with a start. He found it was eight o'clock.

He swore, rolled over turning his back to the sunbeam, but it danced on the wall opposite, spraying a dazzling reflection upon him, and try as he might he could not sleep. Nine o'clock found him up and dressed in his best for it was Sunday. He breakfasted at a coffee-house. The Fly-Net, catering to working-people only, was not open on Sundays.

He sauntered along the street, looking up at last to find the Ferry clock smiling down at him; twenty minutes to ten it said.

"That Sausalito boat goes at ten," he said half aloud. "Think I'll mosey over and see if that dish-washer and her kid sis is on it." His eyes became quivering slits as he quickened his pace.

He walked over to the west side of the building, watching shrewdly the hurrying crowds. Just three minutes to

ten they came. The girl's eyes were wide with fear, lest they miss the boat, as she half-wheeled half-carried the little chair with the invalid child, joyous with anticipation. She was fumbling in her purse for the money for her ticket when he hurried to her side.

He was a second too late, she had gotten her money and was handed her ticket. But she smiled at him, and now of course he would have to buy a ticket for himself or she would think that he was crazy. He was following after her when the chair became blocked in the gateway leading to the boat. He lifted it bodily, saying:

"Don't worry, we'll make it all right. kinda late myself."

They made it just in time, for the boat was already straining at her leashes. He was breathing hard with self-consciousness, for she had taken hold of his arm as if to help him. He looked at her shyly saying:

"Wanta take yu'r kid out o the front, so she can see the gulls?"

"She's my sister," corrected the girl. "No, I guess we better stay here in the strong sun, she gets cold easy. Thanks for your help,—Mr.—Shake hands with the man," she said to the child.

As the little thing held out her hand he was tempted to ignore it. But he took it gently, saying:

"I'll help you on the other side if you need help."

She was a bit confused.

"I guess you can. I mean, I expect we will. Somebody most always helps me."

He walked to the front of the boat and forgot for thirty minutes that he was even on the water. He came to when the boat slowed down, as she nosed her way into her berth at Sausalito. Then he made his way through the crowd back to the girl.

Once on the street at Sausalito she hesitated, saying:

"Now there, I guess I can get along all right from here. Thanks very much." At the disappointed look in his eyes, she hastened to add: "We usually take our time, and by going up this winding street we get to the top of the hill before we know it. There's a pretty marble bench up there, and we rest and eat our lunch. LUNCH." She stopped short, quickly searching the little chair.

"Didju lose something?" he asked, as she stood trembling, looking anxiously in the direction of the retreating boat.

"Yes, our lunch. Gee, what am I gonna do? I forgot and left on the boat."

"Why, I was thinking about lunch myself," he said. "What'd you say to you and your sis eatin' with me? I'm a stranger in these parts and I'd be glad of your company. There's a chop-house right over there."

"Well, I guess we could. Thank you." She waited, began biting the tip of her gloveless finger. "Then . . . then if you're a stranger, maybe you'd like to go with us to the top of the hill. It's early now, couldn't we eat when we come back?"

"Oh please come with us," said the child pleadingly. And so he went with them.

Up a winding, shady road, where moss and ivy, a profusion of different colored, sweet-smelling blossoms grew, they went slowly. Back of the reluctant attitude of the silent man, a regenerated brightness shown in his eyes, as he wheeled with one strong, white-knuckled hand the wheel-chair. The girl timidly pointing out the way.

Far below and high above them on terraced rows stood the Sausalito homes, their lofty faces rising to the sun. Near the top of the hill a semi-circle of steps leading up to a carved marble bench caused the child to joyously exclaim,

"Oh here they are, here they are!"

The girl nodded smiling, with a questioning look towards the man.

"We call these our steps." A pink flush tinted her cheeks. "Here's where we usually eat our lunch, when we got it. Then my sister plays here and has lots of fun."

"Yes, and I'm the little Princess the man wrote about," said the child, pointing to a memorial inscribed in the marble.

"Here lies the Princess sleeping, in the Palace solemn and still."

The man read the memorial through, his eyes resting on the line which ran:

"Like the far off murmur of forests, comes the turbulent echo of town."

Had he been alone he perhaps would not have bothered to read, would have rebelliously scorned such waste of time, but a new responsive tenderness had all at once kindled within him. The girl was saying:

"Do you think you'll be able to stay here, 'till you get hungry?"

He gave a curt nod.

The child was taken out of her chair and made comfortable on the bench, the girl removing her hat and brushing the damp curls from her forehead.

The man dropped upon the opposite side of the bench. He was silent. It was a warm day. He bent forward letting one arm rest across his knee. With the other hand he removed his cap, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. He straightened up as though to remove his coat, but quickly pulled his shoulder into place again. Rather vacantly he gazed about.

Far below them from the bay—that lay like a giant emerald in a filigree setting—came the sputtering of racing boats and the hollow echo of glad voices. Birds sang; bees hummed, a cool breeze

fanned the tassled pepper trees that shaded them. Fishing boats and yachts lay sheltered in Richardsons' Bay, like lazy, white winged butterflies. Then across on the other side, the sward covered the hills like velvety green carpet, and against this background ran waving streaks of yellow, making one think that even the sunbeams had forsaken their places in the Heavens, just to lie there peacefully among the grass as golden poppies. The tranquility was broken now and then by the languid swishing of the red-footed ferry-boats.

For the first time the girl studied the man; she said:

"I'm afraid you're sorry you come."

He gave a shrug.

"No—it's all right. Ain't much pep." He hesitated, not sure of himself. "I always kinda like scenery places like this."

He moved closer to the child and filled her lap with gum and candy.

He lit a cigarette, brushed his hands, then his knees, blew the smoke into the air with slow, forceful puffs.

Again he studied the memorial lines.

"Like the far off murmur of voices comes the turbulent echo of town."

He fixed the girl with a queer stare, She was like all those turbulent voices of town, lying voices. She couldn't be different, false to the core. He supposed if he'd ask her she'd lie, try to make him think she belonged to some society doings. He'd try her out, prove it, so he said:

"If I ain't askin' too much, I'd like to know where you live."

"Why." She caught her breath, waited a moment, then with frankness. "I kinda hate to tell you, but we live down by the water-front, near Chinatown, and I work at the Fly-Net Restaurant. I'm dishwasher. We use to live in the country, and when we moved to town, I got a job clerking at the Emporium, but after mother died, I had to find a place where I could be home with my sister, part of the time, besides I make ten a week washing dishes and no carfare to pay."

"Ten a week?" He looked surprised, shrugged, studied his hand.

The girl continued. "The doctor said I would have to give my sister lots of fresh air and good things to eat, like steaks and things like that. I bring her here every Sunday I can, and I take what we call comebacks home to her from the restaurant." She said slowly. "I—I—expect it's stealing."

She sighed. "But I guess anyone would steal for them they loved." Unconsciously patting the child's arm—"But I don't like to, it's wrong."

There was a silence. He studied his hands, again brushed his knees, looking at her strangely, said:

"So you hate anyone that steals . . . huh?"

She thought a moment.

"Well—no—sometimes people who take things are not just sure what they're doing. Now like me. Tony, the waiter, is so good, he saves the nice clean pieces of meat that are left on his dishes. He says it's all right for me to take them because the man who owns the restaurant has got his pay for them. But of course he could make more money on what I take, so I guess I'm stealing."

"You should worry," said the man. Then he removed the cigarette from his lips, blew a puff of smoke toward the sky, watched it intently. Carefully choosing his words, he said:

"Now—if anyone or anything stole everything you had in the world, wouldn't you think it was all right to get square with them?"

"I don't exactly get yu'" she said.

He took another puff from his cigarette, waited, said slowly:

"Well, now just for instance—I know a guy that was in this last mix-up, this last war. He wasn't crazy about killin' anybody. Still he was one of the first to go when Uncle Sam sent his bunch of nephews over to France to scrap. Well, after he got winged, and laid in a hospital for months half dead, finally gets home, finds his mother had died of a broken heart. She was all he had left." He waited, swallowed a stray breath. "He couldn't get his old job back, with the country stricken on the bum, no work, no grub, it's root hog or die. Don't you think that guy's got a right to steal?"

"No I don't," she said without hesitating. "I wisht I knew your friend. I'd certainly tell him it was wrong to steal. I'm terribly sorry about his mother. But she never died of no broken heart about a boy that was as good as her's; just because he done his duty, and I'm sure she'd tell him so too, if she could. If he'd just imagine it, he could find lots of work."

The man hung his head.

"Couldn't you have your mother talk to him?" she asked.

He gave her a quick, half-frightened look.

"My mother's dead." His voice was dull and cold.

"Oh," said the girl hesitatingly. "I'm so sorry. Then can't you tell him yourself?"

"Maybe," he muttered.

All at once he grew restless. The girl suggested going.

In the restaurant they found a cozy table. When the girl hesitated about ordering the man said:

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"My order's usually steak, but you take anything you like. Get something good for the little sis."

Their meal was finished and thoughtlessly he had left the tenderloin of his steak lying on his plate. The girl laughed, saying:

"Gee, I forgot to ask your name. But if you don't care I'll call you Mr. Come-Back. That's what I call a man that comes to the restaurant where I work, and he's like you, he never eats the tenderloin of his steak. And Tony always saves it for me to take home. Yesterday, this feller put a five-dollar bill under his plate for me, otherwise I guess we couldn't of come today. And I can hardly wait 'til tomorrow comes to thank him. I wisht he coulda seen how glad my sister was, when I got home last night. She nearly went wild. I ain't spent anywhere near all the five yet."

The man toyed at the scrap of meat with his fork.

"I never could eat fat," he said.

But the girl had noticed the strange look that came into his eyes and she fell to wondering.

They caught the five-thirty boat, crowded with tired pleasure-seekers. Some were dressed in summer finery, others in dusty walking breeches. But all had their arms loaded, for they had been out to Nature's free nursery. The man had taken the child out of her chair

and carried her to the top-deck, where she lay in his arms, while her sister sat close beside him. He could hardly speak, something was wrong with his throat. The girl asked:

"Will you be in San Francisco long, and what do you work at?" He waited to reply, then said slowly:

"I'm a jewelry designer by trade, but I ain't workin' at it from now on." Then he pointed across near Alcatraz Island where a stately five-masted schooner lay cradled in the white capped waves. "I'm takin' a job on her, leavin' tomorrow mornin' at ten for a year and a half trip to southern ports."

"A whole year and a half" said the girl with a trace of surprise and disappointment in her voice.

"I figure it'll take that long for me to save up enough for a little stake to go ahead on; the ship's pay is good. I figure on comin' back here." He gave the girl a quick, half-frightened look. "Do you think you'll be livin' here then?"

"Sure I will. I'll never leave San Francisco, and everybody is good to me at the Fly-Net and out where we live, so I'll stay right on there, if I can."

Someone crowded on the bench where they were seated, compelling the girl to move closer. Their shoulders met. Then a rather embarrassing silence ensued. A haze wrapped the distant hills with an ethereal veil, she gazed across



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the sunlit water at them. From the Presidio to the water-front San Francisco lay draped like a huge crazy-quilt.

The man's head dropped slightly letting his lips rest close near the child's fair head; without raising his eyes, he said:

"Can I write to you when I'm gone?"

She began biting the end of her finger, her hand trembled slightly.

"Oh, I'd be awfully glad to hear from you." There was a hint of relief in her voice. Searching in her purse she found a card upon which she wrote her name and address. His hand trembled as he took it from her.

"You'll—you'll sure get a letter from me. I'll mail it at my first port. Can I expect an answer?"

She did not speak, but embarrassed she folded her hands tightly in her lap and nodded her lowered head.

At the gate of their home they paused. The child, looking up at the man, said:

"We'll miss you so much, when you're gone away on that big, big boat, and every Sunday we'll tell the fairies to watch for you, won't we, sister?" she asked, looking up at the girl, who stood looking strangely at the man, saying:

"Y-e-s—we'll watch for Mr. Come-Back 'til he does come back."

She gave a tremulous little laugh and held out her hand to him.

A Four-Footed Sherlock

SPEAKING of dogs,"—Jones interrupted the Chief's story about the ship's spaniel—"Speaking of dogs, I've got a snap shot that—"

He was interrupted in turn. A voice at the door said, "Wireless for you, Captain!"

Captain Murray, skipper of the Pacific liner "Mohawk," gave a nod of dismissal to the operator, and taking up his cards went on with the game to which he daily invited a few of his passengers. His manner was preoccupied, however, and his guests noticed a troubled look on his usually cheery countenance.

"You trumped my ace!" complained his partner a few minutes later.

"Why, so I did." The captain threw down his hand. "Gentlemen, suppose we postpone this session. I may offend again, and I see by my partner's looks, that it won't be safe."

Pushing back his chair, he smiled two of his guests out of the room, but stopped the third.

"One moment, Mr. Jones, I want a word with you."

With attempted nonchalance the passenger sank into the nearest chair. His face had turned the hue of clabber, bringing into more startling relief the suspicious blackness of his coarse mop of hair. But for that peculiarity either man might have travelled on the other's passport; yet they were as dissimilar in looks as two men of the same height, weight and general coloring well could be. In character they differed also. The skipper's good nature and courtesy were ingrained, Jones' geniality was on the surface only.

"Well!" he managed to articulate, furtively eyeing his host, "What can I do for you?"

Captain Murray fished the aerogram from his pocket and placed it on the table in front of Jones, who grasped the arms of his chair more tightly as he read:

"Steamship Mohawk:—Hold John Arthur Berton, alias Henry Jones, passenger, aged 35, blue eyes, black hair, height 5 ft. 7, defaulter \$80,000 dollars negotiable securities and cash. Relay U. S. Consul, Yokohama."

The signature was that of a Chief of Police of a large city in the middle West, and had been relayed from San Francisco.

Jones looked up finally, his glance as defiant as the captain's was searching. "What's this to me?" he demanded.

By CAPTAIN MANSFIELD

"Have you the loot aboard?" questioned the skipper.

The passenger replied with jocular bravado.

"Guess again, Captain. All the loot you'll find on me is my own. I have proof of my identity and if you'll come to my room, I'll show it to you."

"We'll go to your room," the skipper grimly assented, pressing a button that would summon his chief officer and purser.

Fifteen minutes of unproductive searching followed. Jones had letters, cards, receipts, and a check book on an Iowa bank, but these abundant testimonials failed to convince Captain Murray.

"What have you done with those securities?" he demanded.

"Securities? Never said I had any," Jones parried artlessly. Then, with coarse vindictiveness, "This high handed treatment may be very entertaining to you, but by Heaven, you'll pay for it later."

The two men glared at each other. "Stow that, you crook," grated the captain. "I've a good mind to put you in irons. I would in a minute if I had anything to go on but that wireless." Then as Jones shrugged and calmly proceeded to light a cigar, he went on: "I suppose you cashed them in San Francisco, or mailed them to yourself in Yokohama. By the ring-tailed top'l I'll bet they're in one of the mail bags aboard this ship!" The captain shook his fist at Jones and looked triumphantly at his two officers. But while they nodded agreement, Jones airily turned his cigar and congratulated the Captain on his brilliant imagination.

The skipper answered briefly, but with emphasis: "You are under arrest! Try to leave this room and I'll keep you in irons till I hand you over to the Yokohama police." Then, leaving abruptly, he locked the door, handed the key to the mate, and repaired to the wireless room where he had the message relayed to Yokohama.

On his return to his own quarters he noticed an overcoat not his own, draped over the back of a chair. He picked it up and examined it. A large kodak weighted down one side pocket, while the other contained a handkerchief and a business card with an address pencilled on the back of it. The skipper surmised that it probably belonged to one of his guests at the card game, and would be called for later. In the morning the

captain's mess boy, finding an overcoat on a chair, tidily hung it up in the clothes locker where it was forgotten, for the time.

After leaving Kobe, last port of call before reaching Yokohama, the mate reported a surprising discovery. Jones was not in his room. A thorough investigation brought no trace of the fugitive, and since he could not have gotten out of the port hole nor through the key hole, no one could guess how he had escaped. The mate was threatened with dismissal, so were the cabin boys, and the captain himself, felt humiliated beyond words to think that such carelessness should have happened on his ship.

Arrived in Yokohama, he turned over a report of the affair to the United States Consul, mentioning his own suspicion that the securities were in the ship's mail, and thinking he could do no more in the matter went about his business.

By his orders Jones' trunks had been sent to the Consulate after the Customs officers had examined them. There, under the Consul's supervision, their contents were carefully gone over again by a party from police headquarters, Togo, a big Newfoundland dog, being an interested party to the transaction. But here, again, nothing was found to connect Jones with the stolen securities.

While changing to shore clothes Captain Murray had seen the strange overcoat in the locker, and since its owner had left the ship he decided to take it with him, hoping to meet him in the city. It still hung over his arm when he alighted from his jinricksha in front of a candy store on the Benton Dori.

As he stepped to the sidewalk, a big Newfoundland dog rushed up to him and put dirty paws on his immaculate white duck trousers.

"Go away, you big flea ranch! Git! Beat it!" The captain waved his hand in the general direction of Kanagawa, some miles away.

The dog wagged a friendly tail and sitting down on his haunches regarded the skipper with deep interest.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" laughed Murray, "If you really like to sit here taking up most of the sidewalk, do so, only be kind enough not to follow me any more. He entered the shop to buy a love offering for a beautiful young lady who lived on the bluff.

Native citizens of Yokohama grinned and exchanged significant glances as they passed by the shop.

When the captain came out, a long silver corded box under one arm, he almost stumbled over the dog who began to romp joyously about him. Climbing into the jinricksha, Murray gave the coolie an address on the Bluff. The enlarged perambulator started up, but stopped so suddenly that the captain, very red in the face, found himself on his knees, his arms dangling outside the dashboard. The big dog had gripped the motor power of the vehicle very firmly, by one bare leg, and having apparently accomplished his purpose of stopping the cart, proceeded to climb in.

The dog whined abject apologies and looked imploringly at the captain, who having recovered his seat in the 'ricksha, laughed heartily. But the coolie had no sense of humor. His outraged feelings—out of all proportion to the teeth marks on his bare leg—were voiced in accents that quickly drew an interested crowd about him.

"Cumshaw!" he loudly demanded. "Cumshaw!"

"Oriental balm for all wounds," thought the captain as he put his hand in his pocket.

A silver yen changed ownership and magically disappeared on the person of the half naked coolie. The crowd grinned. So did the inevitable policeman with his sword and steel-rimmed spectacles, and his ever ready note book. Murray did not grin. He began to suspect a joke on himself and his four legged companion.

"Well, Old Dog Tray," he muttered as he made room for the animal in the bottom of the cart, "I don't know your former owner, but from now on, you may consider yourself attached to a meal ticket. And you—" he turned sharply to the human motor who still stood jabbering volubly in Japanese. "What's the matter with you? Hiakko! Mosey! Mush!"

The skipper's vocabulary of verbs of motion being exhausted, he waved his hands, as a farmer would shoo a refractory hen through a gate, and waited for results.

They came but not what he expected. The coolie started, it is true, but the captain's ungainly fellow passenger, scratching behind his ear, seemed about to wreck the tiny vehicle. Owing to his cramped position the movement of his hind leg missed its mark, and his foot, ricochetting off his head struck the dashboard in a series of resounding thumps, like the music of a tom tom.

As nothing is so potent to draw a crowd as the music of a tom tom, soon the natives gathered from all directions. And when the Benton Dori could hold no more, the surplus population climbed to the house tops, and perched on telephone poles.

"Certainly," thought the captain, "this excitement is more than the situation calls for!" But his eyes twinkled, and as the coolie halted again, he turned on him and the crowd with an amiable:

"What now? By the holy piper! I hope you are all enjoying yourselves."

"Dikkimassen! No can do! Two piece dam oki pushman skimas!"

The coolie looked at his audience for approval. With unanimous nods they upheld his demands. "Pushman," they yelled. Even the spectacled policeman agreed that for two passengers a 'ricksha man is allowed a helper.

Captain Murray would have agreed to anything that would rid him of his present embarrassing position and hasten his arrival at the Bluff: Instantly another coolie fell into place at the rear of the cart and began to push. The main engine, inside the shafts, to keep from being run over, picked up its heels and the skipper sighed with satisfaction. He deemed his troubles over. But not so.

Instead of swinging into the road that would lead to the bluff, where the beautiful young lady impatiently awaited Captain Murray's arrival, the 'ricksha turned deeper into the town, and in spite of the skipper's vigorous protests, kept on at full speed until it halted at a pretentious bungalow with the rising sun flag of Japan floating over it.

There, a cordon of police surrounded the vehicle, and with many intakes of breath whistling through his teeth, the officer in charge invited the captain to enter the kensha.

Another policeman wearing the insignia of a corporal on his arm, adjusted a collar with a short length of chain to the dog, and with many affectionate pats and endearing Japanese words, dragged him inside the building.

"What does this mean?" Murray wrathfully demanded. "An arrest? Why I didn't steal the dog, he forced himself on me."

The police officer bowed as if he were jointed in the middle and moved by clock work. His sphinx-like face seemed engraved on his face. "A formality," he assured the irate skipper, embarrassing, no doubt, but unavoidable." Everything could be explained at the proper time, but at present he would have the pleasure of the captain's company until the United States Consul could be informed.

At the desk Murray was subjected to a modified third degree, after which he was informed by the officer with the inscrutable smile that the consulate was closed for the night, but word had been left to hold the prisoner until morning. The silver corded box was detained at the desk, but no attention was paid to the overcoat.

The mariner, for the first time losing

his temper, and vowing to get somebody's scalp for this indignity, was escorted to a cell and locked in. He stood for some time staring through the bars into the corridor with unseeing eyes, trying to figure out the cause of his arrest. He had not an enemy in the world that he knew of.

A joke, was it? Hardly. No one would carry a joke so far. No mistake either, for surely the police knew who he was. Of course everything would be straightened out when he saw the consul; but no explanations or apologies could eradicate the disgrace—not to mention the discomfort of a night in jail.

When he thought of the beautiful girl on the Bluff the honest seafarer felt his collar choke him. He anathematized his luck in language he had not used since the days when he sailed before the mast. So forceful was his soliloquy that the dog, regarding him wistfully from a corner of the corridor, whined in sympathy.

Ungratefully the skipper turned on him. "You toggle-jointed, hook-and-thimble-eyed looking sausage meat!" he growled, returning to the vernacular, "what do you want, now? If you are the cause of all this, I'll sure keel haul you when I get out."

For answer, the dog reared up on his hind legs and licked the captain's hand that grasped the iron bar of his cell door.

"Clear out, you slobbering lubber! I don't know you from Adam!" The dog dropped to the floor and as if remembering a buried bone, ran out of the hall.

"What's the coyote up to now?" pondered the skipper, hearing a commotion at that end of the corridor. A few seconds later the corporal passed the cell door, blowing hard, as if from a long run. He held a small whip and a length of chain.

"Where's the dog?" queried the captain. "Has the chief witness for the prosecution bolted?"

The corporal shook his head with a short "Diki Ni," and related his troubles, a literal translation of which would not bear repetition in polite literature. But the captain gathered that the dog was gone, and taking it for a good omen spread the stray overcoat over the bed clothes of the prison cot, and lay down to continue his bitter meditations.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jones, though he had escaped, had not been happy, and was even less comfortable than the captain. The morning before the ship arrived at Kobe, when the mess boy brought Jones his breakfast, he passed the Oriental a five dollar gold piece silently, and with a great show of secrecy, for the mate was just outside the door.

Also he showed the boy another coin of like value, indicating by signs and

whispers, discreetly drowned by the rattle of dishes, that it, too, would change hands when he could get possession of the key to his door. The mess boy nodded. He comprehended.

At dinner, neatly embedded in his mashed potatoes, he found the object of his desires. Late that night, by further arrangement, he met the mess boy outside and on payment of more money, was piloted down into the stoke hole, where after a short parley, a sooty coal passer became master of ceremonies.

His new guide led the fugitive to a man hole eighteen inches in diameter, and invited him to enter. Jones demurred. He had other plans, but his confederate was taking no chances. The coal passers' remarks meant nothing to Jones, but when the begrimed one picked up a heavy coal scoop and made certain simple gestures, understanding became acute. To oblige the coal passer, and avoid the impact of the threatening scoop, Jones essayed the man hole.

Leaving a few patches of cuticle from his shins and other parts of his anatomy on the sharp edges of the man hole, Mr. Jones squirmed through, and found himself wallowing in a sea of fine coal, interspersed here and there, with lumps. He had no use whatever for his eyes. Only by the sense of feeling could he distinguish between space and coal.

In like manner he registered the heat, for a battery of sixteen fires were his near neighbors. Atmosphere, there was none, and in a remarkably short time, Jones, like the little chameleon, took on the color of his environment.

Gradually, as time passed, he felt his black world dissolve under him as it was run through a chute beneath, and fed to the furnaces. He found himself on a steel floor.

Time was the fourth dimension to Jones, but the moment of realization of the steel floor coincided with the dropping of the ship's anchor inside the breakwater at Yokohama.

Shortly afterward, his friend the coal passer stumbled over his prostrate and nearly insensible form, dragged him to the man hole and emptied him into the fire room. There, while his late haven was being filled with coal from a lighter alongside the "Mohawk," Jones was being resuscitated by a bucketful of hot water and much saki. Jones was tough.

A meal of salt fish and rice with an entree of dikon (an exaggerated radish with the odor of limburger cheese) enabled the fugitive to stand waveringly, like a bamboo stalk in a gentle breeze. After that he was made to climb a series of iron ladders till he reached a deck where his pilot halted him in front of an ash chute.

Here the guide left him for a few minutes, returning presently with a coil

of two inch rope and another coal passer. The line was fastened around Jones' body, and he was picked up by the two men and deposited, feet first, in the chute. One man held him from slipping through, while the other took a turn with the rope round a nearby stanchion.

When all was ready, the man with the rope uttered a gutteral "Urisee!" which must have meant "Let go!" for a human projectile, which was Jones, catapulted from the other end of the chute and stopped with a jerk.

Below him, looking like a minature, black Fujiyama, was one of several lighters that lined the ship's side with their small mountains of fine coal.

Judging by his language, Mr. Jones had no eye for the picturesque; nor did he appreciate highly, the continuity of rapid jerks that landed him knee deep in fuel. The Samaritans on deck, the benevolent coal passers, when the strain was off the rope let go of it altogether. Down it slithered through the chute, bringing with it all the ashes which Jones had failed to dislodge. But being heavier than the ashes, the rope landed first on Jones' head, and as he looked up to comment on the gift, a mouthful of ashes silenced his speech.

The rest of his descent, much accelerated, now, landed him between two cotton clad legs that stuck out of the coal. They were going like flails, and belonging to the commander of the lighter, an elderly person of pessimistic temperament who had been taking a nap when the landslide overwhelmed him.

Scrambling to his feet after receiving a few wild kicks, Jones pulled the elderly commander out of his cargo. The Oriental, after ridding himself of some surplus screenings that might have retarded digestion was able to talk. And again ignorance of Oriental language saved Occidental sensibilities.

Truce, however, was finally declared. Negotiations of a financial nature enabled Jones to become a hermit in the shallow hold of the scow. The coal being all on deck he had plenty of room longitudinally as he balanced on the vessel's keelson. A change of position from his knees to the flat of his back gave but slight relief while he meditated bitterly on the way of the transgressor and kept aloof from the twelve inches of bilge water on either side of his narrow perch.

There he clung, object of interest to many large, black rats, until the lighter was unloaded and poled back through the canal to the coal godowns in the European concessions. When the lighter was made fast, he crawled through the hatch to the deck, and weirdly disguised by a thick coating of ashes and coal dust, walked ashore, followed by the

ribald comments of the vessel's crew, and the curious gaze of such citizens as he encountered.

Moving along, close to walls and fences he made eager inquiries regarding a bath, but the only Japanes who did not give him a wide berth was a blind masseur blowing his plaintive wail on a bamboo flute.

Deeper into the native quarters the fugitive penetrated, looking everywhere for a sign whose characters might convey the meaning of a bath house. He had almost abandoned hope when a large dog ambled up and began sniffing him with an air of recognition. Jones kicked him to one side, but the dog came back and this time Jones hailed him.

"Hello old dear! Are you lost too? Go ahead! I'll follow, and maybe we'll both get somewhere."

The dog showed no sign of pleasure but trotted ahead as if in the performance of a disagreeable duty. Threading his way through the narrow crowded streets, frequently glancing back to see if his companion was still with him, the animal stopped before that pretentious bungalow that had swallowed Captain Murray. Jones saw a group of policemen hurry toward him and turned to run, but the dog was quicker. With one leap he landed on Jones' leg and held him fast.

They dragged him into the bungalow and along the corridor where Captain Murray stood at his barred door clamoring for a messenger to go to the agent of his steamship company.

He was in a bad humor. He had not rested well. The kodak in that overcoat pocket had rested heavily upon him. But the cursing and scuffling in the hall caught and held his attention.

He stared incredulously when the party—two policemen handing a grimy prisoner in true jiu jitsu fashion and the dog Togo barking and racing joyously around—halted in front of his barred door. A familiar look about the captive's dirty face made the captain rub his eyes.

"Bless me! If it isn't Jones! So, they got you, did they? Great Scott! where have you been to look like that?"

"What are you doing here?" parried the astonished Jones, staring at the captain.

"I was run in for stealing that darned dog, I guess." The skipper grinned. "I suppose you were caught with the goods, too. That's one remarkable pup, all right, but how did he force himself on you? He's right handy at getting himself stolen."

"Oh, he just followed me," answered Jones jauntily. Then as if seeing a way out of his difficulty he turned to one of his captors. "Officer, that man Jones in there," he pointed to the captain, "has

my overcoat there on the cot. I want it to cover my dirty clothes. I've been in a train wreck."

Captain Murray had been grinning over Jones' ludicrous appearance. But the grin faded. A gust of rage made him stutter excitedly, making him the target of four pairs of eyes. The dog scratched at the bars of the cell door wagging his tail, volatile of friendly interest.

Jones' accusation gave a new angle to the situation. The cell door was unlocked and all were hustled to the detention desk.

"Is that your overcoat?" asked a policeman of Captain Murray.

"No," snapped the captain. "But it's not his either. It belongs to one of my passengers. It has his camera and his business card in it. I was looking for him when I was arrested."

"Just a moment, Chief," said Jones with a supercilious smile that looked droll on his grimy face, "You are getting things mixed. I am John Murray, captain of the steamer 'Mohawk.' That man—" pointing to the captain—"was known aboard as Jones. There is a reward for his apprehension, and the return of some securities he got away with in the States. This is my overcoat, though, and my camera. The card, that of one of my passengers who scribbled an address on it for me." He took the coat from a policeman and put it on.

At last the captain got control of his voice. "You miserable, low down crook!" he exploded, "You like like—" A doubled up fist would have completed the sentence had not a policeman interfered.

"Easy, gentlemen, easy!" soothed the perplexed chief. "You are both identified by the dog as Henry Jones, but one Henry Jones is all I want." Turning to the skipper he asked. "Have you any more of that man's clothing on you?"

"No!" snapped the captain.

"Good!" continued the chief pleasantly. "You may both go, but the man the dog brings back is Henry Jones. Is that satisfactory?"

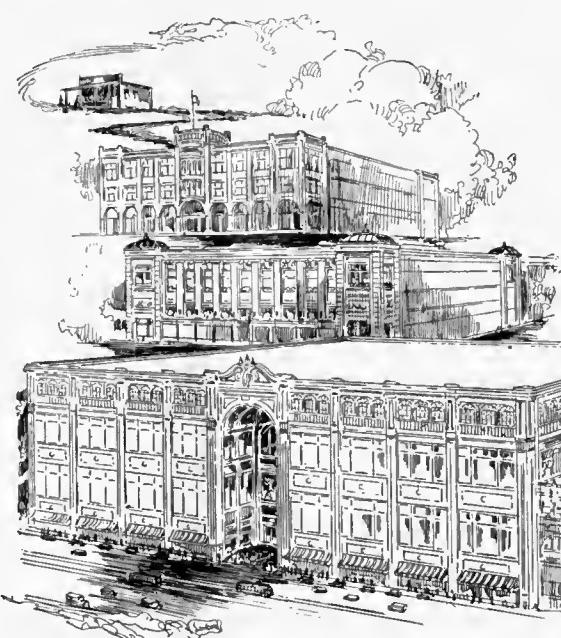
"Woof," barked Togo.

"Tomfoolery!" growled the captain.

"Quite so!" agreed Jones, starting for the door.

Instantly, with a low threatening growl Togo was upon him. Again the native police laid hands upon the culprit, and in the struggle that followed there was a tearing sound. The heavy kodak fell from the overcoat. The case broke apart, and a sheaf of papers slipping from their rubber band scattered over the floor.

Down the Years!



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Murray pounced on them with a joyous chuckle. "The securities." He flipped them through his fingers. Every last one of them. Officer, give me a receipt for these. And that box of candy if you please. If you want me I'll be at the nearest barber shop, after that at No. 214 on the Bluff."

AULD LANG SYNE

Dear Overland Monthly:

I address you personally because you are my very old and first love. I am so glad to see you back on the map in a style suited to your early conditions and a credit to that time and origin.

When I was a kid I worked in a bookbindery and I got the greatest kick out of life each month when the "Overland" had to be rushed out, over the head of every thing else, no matter how important.

How we sang and perspired and folded (by hand) and stitched and covered and read all the wonderful contents, and how appreciative Mr. Shinn was of our enthusiastic efforts to keep up with the mailing dates.

We worked piece-work those days and told stories and had watermelon feeds under the table when the "Old man" was out, and did a million things to make

From a shack at Fourth and K Streets, thru two beautiful store buildings, to the final achievement — a building eight blocks further up-town, at K and Twelfth to be completed early in 1924—so have we marched with Sacramento, down forty-nine eventful years.

a nine hour day chase itself along and feel like anything else than what it was. I was preparing to be a writer then, and made a solemn vow that some day those smooth pages would carry my message.

I am not emotional as a rule but I cried and kissed your beloved name on the cover the first time I saw you paraded in all your glad rags on the news stand even though I missed the little bear who had always kept guard in the old days, and your shape may be more convenient for some but I liked your other better.

The stories I could tell about your early life! The accidents we had, the fun, and quarrels we engaged in while preparing you for the eyes of the less blessed who only knew you after you were all dressed in your nice yellow cover with your little bear almost growling with pride and satisfaction.

How few of us are left! Even the old building on Clay and Sansome is only a memory, but you are back and I feel that there is still something to live for. I can read you while I consider the past and contemplate the wonderful future you must have while you carry on the old traditions of our dearest of cities and make new paths for our children to travel.—ELLEN H. STONE.

BOSS OF THE RIVER GANG

(Continued from Page 26)

doubled his fist and landed a blow on Rebman's anatomy that knocked the breath nearly out of him, and landed him astride another vine.

"What the devil ye whackin' me for?" he shouted, standing with muscles tense, eyes glaring. "Be ye drunk—or be ye crazy?"

Jake had added fuel to fire; it loosened Rebman's tongue. He extricated himself from the vine, mopped his forehead and again picked up his turkey.

"You bull-headed idiot, do you see a head on that bird?" he roared.

Jake went a step nearer to Rebman. Setting his arms akimbo and cocking his head, he eyed the bird critically.

"W-a-l-l, no," he drawled, "I don't see no sich appendage."

"Did you ever see its head?"

"Wouldn't swear to it—turkeys is common in these here parts. Don't generally reco'nize 'em by their heads."

"That's me bronze turkey-gobbler—"

"Gobbler, alright; gobbled everything in sight."

"Came home with his head off—"

"So? Most uncommon smart turkey—"

"Uncommon fine bird. Weighed—"

Rebman was choking with fury; he would have enjoyed choking Jake.

"Where did you find him—since he lost his head?"

"In my barnyard—"

"Wall, Wa-l-l; I see. Hain't none o' us been in your barnyard a huntin' turkey heads, nor mutton heads, neither." Jake took up his pruning shears.

"That turkey was murdered—fouly murdered—on this place. I'll prove me assertion." Rebman was white with rage that nearly consumed him. He lifted the turkey with a gesture of belligerency and bellowed: "You, you damned cuss, you hurled that gobblor over my fence. You infernal scoundrel, I'll—I'll—"

Rebman neglected to inform Jake of the drastic measure intended: Jake had assumed a threatening attitude, and had raised the pruning shears.

"That there turkey had better be roastin' in an oven 'stead o' bakin' out here in the sun," he asserted, "an' you better go home and set in the ice house a spell."

Rebman's face purpled with anger, but he dared not renew hostilities; but he meant to have the last word.

"It was you folks filled my hogs with lead—or something; had to kill two—"

"I see. Came trapsin' over here, hogs—went home salt pork," remarked Jake, nonchalantly plying his shears. "Wa-l-l—we ain't gon' to charge nothin' for the salt. Better git to fixin' yer fence, mister."

"I'll have satisfaction for this outrage." And puffing and panting, Rebman strode toward Toddler's house, as Jake fired a parting shot:

"Say, old Vesuvius, a turkey that looked like yours ran against my axe a while back, an' left his head on my woodpile. You might stop an' see if it fits your gobblor, as you pass."

CHAPTER VIII

"I'd like to get the brute who did this business up a narrow lane on a dark night." I'd plunge a knife into him, cuss him. I'd pack his carcass four miles—yes, fourteen miles, to feed it to wolves.

"Whoa! Gentle, now, Beauty; stand still."

Reuben Toddler's usually placid face was almost demonical in intensity of grief and indignation. Words of condemnation passed his lips with a choking, hissing sound.

"Thunder," Jake ejaculated. "Wisht I'd a shot his hide full of salt, 'stid o' those pigs."

"Wa-l-l! I'll be goldurned, if Beauty ain't done for; no help so far as I kin see. Bad as hamstrung—the Vet can't do no good."

The two men were critically examining a yearling colt that, probably trespassing on neighboring property, had been shot in a leg.

Rebman, naturally, was the person suspected of the outrage.

"Of course! How did them bars git down?" Jake's voice was accusatory.

"They was up good and tight: I seen to it myself; so did you."

"There is no shadow of doubt in my mind that this is the work of that accursed limb of Satan—damn him—and his viciousness."

"Gettin' even about them hogs o' his I s'spect. Got the reputashun o' bein' all-fired blazin' hot in his head. They do say as how his temper gets so het up the atmosphere sets fire to the hay. Give me the devil onct before when I hauled old Brady's wood through his pasture like we uster, 'stid o' goin' round. 'Cused me o' runnin' up his road. An' only t'other day he whacked me—Whoa, Beauty! Jake ain't goin' to hurt you, boy."

Reuben Toddler's mind was on the colt; he scarcely heard what Jake, almost bursting with wrath, himself, was saying.

"Woudn't wonder if that Rebman bully has been in the 'pen' before now; he looks it, somehow; with the devil o' temper he's got, he'd soon kill a man as a—"

"Here come one o' the Semilroths o' the Knolls an' Dr. Stillwell." The two men mentioned by Jake had opened the gate into the barnyard and were leading their horses.

"Hot enough for you, Reub?" called

the doctor as he stopped at the water trough and wiped his face.

"Hot," echoed Toddler, "I'm so damned hot internally I'm on the point of blowing up."

"See that colt? Ruined; ruined! That infernal Rebman—wish I could send him to— Butcher an animal like Beauty: the man deserves to be shot. Take a look at his leg, doctor."

Dr. Stillwell left his horse to refresh himself, and went to look at the colt.

"Pretty bad business, Reub: pretty bad. Viciously bad. How did it happen?"

"Don't know. Jake and I, when we came from town, found him standing here on three legs. Spite work: no doubt of it. Rebman's hogs were in my place day before yesterday raising particular tarnation. Everybody on the place spent hours making clowns of themselves while trying to drive the beasts out. My mental temperature rose to boiling point at their pig-headeness, and I peppered them with salt."

"An' Christmas clover! How they did squeal," exclaimed Jake. "Will Beauty have to be shot, think; have sent for veterinary."

"W-e-l-l—he'll always have a stiff leg: never will be of any use," the doctor told Toddler. "It's an outrage."

"I see your fence is not yet finished," remarked Mr. Semilroth.

"I've done my half; it's up to Rebman to finish. I tried to induce him to join in building the new fence but he got on a high horse and bucked."

"Old hog. Regular cuss," ejaculated Jake. "Guess he 'scaped from that herd as the devil chuck'd into 'em: pity he wan't drowned along with the rest of the beasts. Lor-a-mighty! when he shoots off his mouth, the air smells o' brimstone sulphur: Fact! Licked me onct—only yesterday."

"Guess, Toddler, you'll have to settle that fence questin'." Dr. Stillwell, smiling at Jake's earnestness, mounted his horse. "Bring him to terms; else there'll be no end to trouble."

CHAPTER IX

The bars of Reuben Toddler's pasture had been purposely let down; by whom was a mystery; although Toddler and Jake insisted that was spite work of their implacable neighbor, who had seen them drive away together, toward the village.

Reuben Toddler, most prominent and most popular man in the region, preferred charges against Rebman for injury inflicted with malicious intent on the valuable colt; and "Landsburghers" and farmers in the vicinity, in great excitement went to the county seat to witness proceedings. Nothing of the kind ever before had happened to disturb prevailing amity of ranchers.

Mr. Toddler, when the case was

called, took the stand to sustain the complaint; and Jake, later called as witness, was sworn, and testified in behalf of plaintiff.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Rebman?" asked defendant's counsel on cross-examination.

"I am, sir."

"You know the gentleman to be a man of honor and integrity?"

"Don't know 'bout 'tegrity. Have my doubts about honor; but I'll be galdurned if he's a gentleman."

The clerk rapped for order and counsel for plaintiff smiled.

Frowning ferociously, the opposing counsel asked, insinuatingly, "Are you quite sure you know a gentleman when you see one?"

"I am, sir."

Counsel straightened stiffly and expanded his chest; he stepped back and folded his arms.

"Now look at me. Look me straight in the eye. Do you consider *me* a gentleman?"

Although this was Jake's first court experience, he said:

"You might pass for a clever imitation, sir; that's more'n I kin say for your client, sir."

Again sounded the clerk's gavel.

Assuming a ferocious expression, the opposing counsel, his voice fraught with significance, hustled up to the witness. "You've had some difference with the defendant," he sneered. "Some dispute on your own account, have you not?"

"I have not, sir."

"You are hostile toward him—you do not like him."

"I do not love—hogs—sir."

"Your Honor," With a nod of conviction, counsel drew a deep breath, and folded his arms. "I intend to show this fellow's bias." Blustering up to Jake like a ruffled hen, he asserted:

"You have had some disagreement—some difficulty—"

"W-a-l-l, yes; he made me merry and I laughed. He objected. That was the diff—"

"Never mind explanations. Answer the question."

"To sustain his objection he lammed me over the—"

"Answer the question."

"back with a defunct gob—"

"Answer the question." Counsel roared.

Rebman was instantly on his feet.

"Your Honor," he fumed, "he killed me turk—"

"Sit down! Sit down, Mr. Rebman," cried his counsel, while the Court regarded him in astonishment.

"And killed my hogs," Rebman roared, shaking his fist at Jake.

Counsel grabbed his irate client's coattails and hauled him down to his seat. "Mr. Rebman," said he severely, "I'll attend to that matter."

Jake seized his opportunity. "I helped him to a seat in a pruned grapevine," he blurted, with keen enjoyment; and before he could be stopped, he announced: "That was the difficulty and—"

"That will do."

To Rebman's surprise, Joe Holoway, his own man, was called as witness for plaintiff.

"You are employed by defendant?" asked Toddler's attorney.

"Yes sir."

"You know the colt called Beauty?"

"Yes sir."

"Where did you see it last?"

"In the barn, sir."

"Whose barn?"

Witness hesitated, and slyly glanced at Rebman.

"Whose barn?" Answer the question.

Rebman was again on his feet. "Your Honor," he began.

His counsel again pulled him down and the clerk rapped for order.

"What was the colt doing in the barn?"

"Jest standin'"

"On three legs, or four?"

"I—don't—remem—"

"Whose barn?"

"Mr. Reb—I—mean—"

"Why didn't you drive it out?" Witness hesitated.

"Answer the question."

"It was tied, sir."

"Did you tie it in the barn?"

"No sir."

"D you know who did?" Again Joe hesitated and his face flushed.

"Answer the question."

"Your Honor," interrupted Rebman.

"Silence," thundered the Judge, "or you'll be excluded from this court. Witness, answer the question."

"I don't re-mem-ber—"

"Do you remember why you tied it?"

Joe, becoming decidedly uncomfortable under a new experience, began to lose reserve; anger was rising.

"I didn't tie it; jest saw it standing there an' the door shut an—"

"Did the animal walk into your place through a gateway? Jump the fence—or push it along before him?"

"They ain't no gate—no fence, nor nothin', on that side."

"Why didn't you fix it?"

"I jest told yuh they ain't nothin' to fix, didn't I?"

"Demolished by the colt's viciousness, eh?"

"Not much! I saw it demolished—that's what I was laughing at," Jake eagerly interrupted, and before he could be stopped, he pointed to Rebman. *He* done it."

Clerk rapped for order, and counsel laid a restraining hand on the arm of his client whose face was purple with rage.

"Why did you take Mr. Toddler's bars down? Did he instruct—"

"Didn't."

"Tell me who did."

"Damn it; I don't know, I tell yuh," snapped Joe as his eyes flashed fire. "Jest know they was down; s'pose Beauty jest nacherly walked out; ain't never happened before."

"Who did you tell me tied the colt?"

"Mr. Rebman—oh—"

"Was the colt injured then?"

"Don't know; didn't only jest kinder look at 'im; din'e wanter; Mr. Rebman told me not to know too much, cause it's better not to know nothin' 'cept my own business; an' that wa'n't my business. Said he'd attend to the damned beast."

"That will do."

"Mr. Rebman," the judge asked, "Why did you tie the colt?"

Rebman's face was turning from purple to red. "I was busy at the time, and meant to take it home, myself. It was perfectly sound, then."

"The fact of the colt being in Mr. Rebman's barn is suspicious. It has not been proved that he injured the animal, although appearances are against him."

The judge could arrive at no decision, so he said.

But he informed Rebman that he must complete the fence or hereafter be responsible for any damage resulting from his negligence; that half a fence could be considered no fence at all.

To be continued

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RESOURCES and INDUSTRIES



SAN FRANCISCO'S GROWING PAINS

By ROBERT NEWTON LYNCH

Vice President San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

IT HAS been said that every three hundred years in history there arises a great world city at some strategic point on the international highway. Such a city was Venice. Such cities are London, Paris, New York and Chicago. And such an inevitable city is San Francisco.

Something more than mere language can be advanced to sustain this fact. Around the shores of San Francisco Bay there has been from the beginning of the settlement of the Pacific Coast one-seventh of the population of the entire slope. It is remarkable how invariable that figure has been. When there were but a hundred thousand people on the Pacific Coast, one-seventh of them were around San Francisco Bay. And today, notwithstanding the development of great cities in other places, when there are some seven million people this side of the Rocky Mountains, one million are now residing around the shores of San Francisco Bay. Though not all are within the city's corporate limits, the entire population make a great commercial and industrial unit.

The city of San Francisco had everything its own way for forty or fifty years. The marvelous riches of this whole western territory focalized at San Francisco. Men of vision, accomplishment and achievement developed somewhat of these resources and built railroads, and established here a peerless and beautiful city by the Golden Gate.

In the development of time many things happened in San Francisco. The men who were so strong in their characters and their characteristics established their fortunes, but they had no realization of a future which not only baffled the imagination of the people who originally lived here, but which we have difficulty in realizing even today. We can not fully appreciate what a remarkable situation we find ourselves

in, and how essential it is that we should broaden our vision that we may get a firmer grasp upon the possibilities of San Francisco, a port of all flags on an ocean of world commerce. We should meet this situation not merely in a small or petty competition with other cities, but we should also realize the destiny of this great world center.

The very fact that San Francisco is built upon such beautiful hills has made it difficult for industrial and other development. If you will look around you will find development everywhere. Sections are built into pockets, requiring tunnels from one part to another, and up-grades scaled that would baffle any but the most patient engineering minds. If we are to prepare San Francisco for the great future that is before us it is essential that our hills be leveled, that physical handicaps be overcome, and that easier methods of egress and ingress be provided, especially up and down the Peninsula. Bridges must also be built across the Golden Gate, or across to Alameda, or farther down the bay, in order that we may have the proper ingress to our city for the development of our industrial areas.

When Colbert Coldwell, president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, assumed that office several months ago he made a public statement that aroused outstanding interest. Payroll population, he pointed out in this statement, was what San Francisco needed—and was going after. Cheap land for industrial sites—plus cheap power—plus cheap water—these make for payroll population.

To get this payroll population San Francisco must face its problems squarely. The city hasn't sufficient land with proper approaches for industrial purposes, or rather it hasn't the right land available at the right prices. Other communities have land for industrial purposes very much cheaper than San Francisco. For years the Chamber of Commerce has been telling our people this and urging physical development to rectify this situation. The work of the Chamber of Commerce is about to bear fruit in this connection. The regrading of Rincon Hill and the reclamation of

the Islais Creek district for industrial purposes will be two of the most significant advances of the immediate future for San Francisco.

Tideland reclamation should go down the Bay shore, with cheap and plentiful sites for busy plants and with the hills and open spaces back of them dotted with the homes of workers—real additions to payroll population—residents, as Mr. Coldwell has pointed out, who will patronize the stores of San Francisco merchants, increase the business of the restaurants and theatres, and keep the curve of bank clearings on the up-swing. It has been well said that a chart of a payroll dollar subdivided shows that there is hardly a single business activity in the city that does not come in for some share of it.

San Francisco is thinking in terms of residential development down the Peninsula, which offers most for its expanding needs. Happily the urge for consolidation has already come from the Peninsula itself. Initial steps looking to the consolidation of Burlingame, Hillsborough and San Mateo with San Francisco have been taken by the Three Cities Chamber of Commerce, which has named a committee to confer with a committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to formulate plans for realizing this project.

Transportation, highway and other development that will be given impetus by the proposed amalgamation will react directly to the benefit of the business and industrial interests of the Peninsula and of San Francisco. Problems dealing with police, health, fire protection and public utilities will all be expedited by this merger of interests. San Francisco and the Peninsula are in reality a geographical unit, and only artificial political demarcations separate them. The growth that will come with a consolidation of what are now separate municipal units into one dominant municipal unit will carry with it the opportunity for the development of every individual and every enterprise in it. The experience of Greater New York and other communities has proved it.

San Francisco, has experienced almost every setback that can confront a city,

and has surmounted each of them in turn. Her capacity to absorb difficulties makes any man who is acquainted with the city's history an optimist. The great catastrophe of 1906 destroyed hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property. This was followed by political and economic disturbances within the city. The graft prosecution divided various sections of the community into factions, all of which hampered our growth.

We were then caught in the grip of a serious industrial situation. Without arguing for or against, or taking sides in the movement in any way, except from the public standpoint, San Francisco suffered from a combination between labor and capital which practically put a cord of strangulation around our throats. We were in a situation where both labor and capital, ably led, were willing to enter into agreements which were very profitable doubtless for the people who entered into them, but which stigmatized us throughout the nation as a city which was tighter in its industrial situation than any other city in the country.

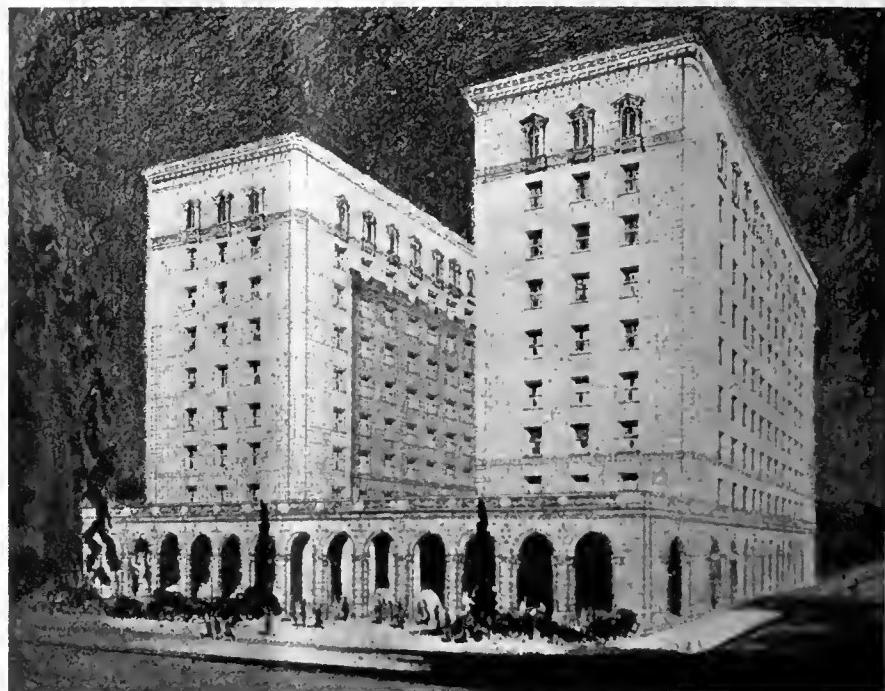
A city less favorably located would have succumbed under the assault of these and other difficulties. San Francisco, however, with its magnificent position, with its necessary location, has triumphed over most—if not all—of them.

San Francisco, among other things, has rectified its industrial situation. Without any objection to the existence of organized groups of labor or capital, a situation exists in San Francisco today where lawlessness or violence in factional disputes no longer prevails, where picketing is unlawful, and where any manufacturer may come and conduct his business in such a way that the constitutional rights of everybody concerned with the industry are protected. Due to the work of the Industrial Association, both master and man are under the law, and business and negotiations are conducted within the legal restrictions which we must all obey as vital to American civilization.

That satisfactory conditions has been responsible for a great deal of favorable comment among Eastern manufacturers. We have made distinct progress in the industrial situation in San Francisco, and physical improvements now projected will add to our advance in this respect.

San Francisco today stands at a most remarkable place, upon a great world port, seeking to deal with its own problems and to realize something of the influence of the power of the development of its interior territory.

Looking out also upon the vast development of commerce with hundreds of millions of people overseas, we are



Sacramento's two million dollar Hotel Senator now under construction opposite the Capitol grounds. There will be 375 rooms and 375 baths. The building will be air cooled and have all the latest improvements. It will be open July 1, 1924. Carl Sword will be the manager and the Board of Directors are: E. Tropp, Henry Mitau, J. L. Nagle, Scott F. Ennis, Edward S. Brown, F. W. Kiesel, William C. Crittenden

here determining what shall be the temper and the spirit and what shall be the realization of our great future upon the Pacific. We don't realize what will happen in the next fifty years! If we could put ourselves fifty years ahead, we would find that we have been petty in our thinking—that we have failed to grasp in terms of continents—in terms of the whole world—the remarkable place which this country sustains to the balance of the world and the remarkable strategic position which San Francisco has in the development of a great order. If this country fails at the present time, the present civilization may topple and we will have nothing but a mere coating over the present civilization, just some vague hope in regard to the future.

But the fact of the matter is that America stands with some realization of its advantages, and it is to be hoped that San Francisco, in no merely local sense, but with some vision of its remarkable situation, will make its contribution to the sum of things—that its men of business and science and education, cooperating with similar groups up and down the Pacific Coast for the development of a great empire, will look forward to the building up of a commerce upon the Pacific which will be named from the name of our ocean—that it shall be a peaceful commerce, with law and order, and working for the proper service of a great world metropolis.

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IDEAL INDUSTRIAL SITES



Cool shadows fall across the path and forest monarchs guard the silent day

A TALE OF CALAVERAS IN '58

(Continued from Page 22)

Again they broke out into wild chattering and began to scatter for the stairs, when they found the door to the stairway secured against them.

A grand crashing and clattering in the room below, accompanied by a succession of terrifying whoops told them the wild Irishman was there.

Amid the sound of breaking chinaware and resounding brass banged against walls and floor, the infuriated Chinese forced open the door to the stairway. But so tightly were they massed that only by ones and twos could

they squeeze through into the dining room.

Poor, luckless first arrivals, they became the target for big Mike Kalaher's sure aim, and flower bowls and nut dishes, candlesticks and tea cups pelted them unmercifully.

But as the throng of Chinese began to pour into the room, Kalaher decided it was time to quit his fun-making.

With a final prolonged roar, he galloped for the street door and the safety of the darkness beyond.

A mass of murderous Chinese met him outside the door and it was then that Michael Kalaher fought for his life.

Finger nails, long, tough, sharp, arm-

ing many pairs of vicious hands, soon made Kalaher's head, face, and body to his waist, a mass of bleeding, three-cornered wounds. His heavy blue flannel shirt was cut into shreds as those terrible nails, seeking his life blood, tweaked cloth and flesh together into deep nicks. It was a scene of bloody savagery accompanied by the hideous cries and shrieks of the attacking Chinese.

Beating all about him with his powerful fists, and kicking a pathway with his boots, Mike, inch by inch, fought his way through the compact mass of the enemy. He uttered no sound but heavy hard breathing. Life was dear and in great danger, and he needed all his strength to keep from going down to death.

The pistol and knife were not, in those days, the dependence of the Chinese, but rather the massed attack with nails and clubs. Tonight no clubs were at hand, so the long, strong nails were used with doubled viciousness.

Streaming with blood, panting and half naked, Kalaher at length broke from the Chinese and gathering his remaining strength, stumbled off toward a dark side street.

But he might not have reached this haven but for the appearance at the theater front of the town constable, who fired several shots over the crowd of still yelling Orientals, a signal that brought quiet, and the quick vanishing of as many of the Chinamen as could escape before the constable could cover the mob with his gun. Mike, having gotten away on the opposite side of the crowd, had escaped his eye.

A light tap at a curtained window of a little white cottage hidden among blossoming vines and fruit-laden trees.

"Who's that, now?" demanded a man's voice from within.

In the Irish tongue came the half-whispered response: "Tim, let me in at the kitchen door, quick, for the love o' God! And don't strike a light!"

"Kalaher, man!" already the heavy, hurrying tread of Rafferty toward the rear door accompanied Kalaher's labored step in the same direction. Safely within the silent home of the quiet, respected Rafferty family, Mike sank to the floor.

Battening a blanket over the window blind, Tim lighted a candle and beheld the spectacle of his best friend swooning in his blood-soaked, tattered garments.

An hour later Mike was seated in comparative ease of body, in Mrs. Tim's arm chair. He had been tenderly and copiously bathed to the waist, his many wounds carefully cleansed and all of the supply on hand of healing and soothing salves applied and bandaged on. Mrs. Tim fed and consoled him as her hus-

band settled him for a rest after his attentions.

"Now, I'll be afther takin' off them boots, Mike," said Tim. "An' when ye feels a little bether, tell us what for did ye go in among them murdherin' Chineemen, anyhow."

"Shure, yes, man dear," supplemented the solicitous little wife. "Such a set o' quare, turrible, crathers. 'Tis a won-dher they didn't ate ye alive, it is that."

Kalaher had hardly spoken till now, only telling his friends that he had gotten into a fight with a crowd of Chinese.

"All right, Tim, me boy, pull off the boots," the pale Michael said. There was a twitch of a smile about his mouth.

Rafferty laid hold of toe and heel and hauled off the right boot. A buckskin bag, lumpy and heavy, tumbled out upon the floor. "Me boy, yer sack come through all right, anyhow, an' 'tis the foine fat sack it is," said Tim. Mournfully he added: "To think, Mary, of what them devils o' Chinese sthole from us. 'Tis the bad luck they'll have with it, mark Tim Rafferty's word!" Mary's blue eyes filled. "Pull off the other boot Tim," said Mike.

In silence the left boot was loosened and dropped. A second lumpy buckskin sack rolled heavily into view.

"Kalaher, 'tis the grand sthrike ye're afther makin'" joyfully exclaimed Rafferty, dancing around the armchair. "Glory be to God! Now ye can have all that goold can buy! Man, but 'tis glad I am fer ye this night!"

"Mary," said Mike. "Mary, woman dear, turn the sacks over." Mary wiped the flowing tears away, and stooping, turned the sacks, one with either hand.

"Holy Mother!" She was down on her knees sobbing. "Oh, Tim—look!" catching at the corners marked "T. R."

In the deep dark before the dawn Kalaher moved with cautious steps away from the garden of the nestling Rafferty cottage and hastened by side streets out of the now still and sleeping mining town of San Andreas. As he walked on, the chill air braced his tired nerves and helped him endure the pain of his sores. Tim and Mary had begged him to stay with them let come what would. But he declared he would go back to his claim and face there the consequences of his acts. In sorrow and apprehension the couple saw him go, after attempting again, for the hundredth time, to express to him their gratitude for the recovery of the stolen gold at the risk of his life, and being told by him for the hundredth time that it was nothing and that no thanks could be listened to between friends.

Turning into the open road that led toward the "Garryowen" mine, Mike paused again to listen. A slight sound as of someone moving in the brush to his rear, where the roads forked,

reached him. Mike quickly removed his boots, clutching his teeth as his wounds hurt with his movements. Taking a boot in either hand he ran swiftly on, the deep dust rendering his footfalls almost soundless. But not entirely. Out of the thick darkness came the sharp command: "Halt!"

The order was followed by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. The constable had waited for hours to take Mike Kalaher, disturber of the peace of San Andreas, perpetrator of malicious mischief in the Chinese restaurant, when he should eventually come to the forks of the road on his way to his claim. That Kalaher should choose to enter the road some rods beyond the forks, had not occurred to the worthy constable.

The command to halt, and the footsteps in pursuit reacted on Mike's tense nerves and he laughed in gusty breaths as he ran.

"Halt, Mike Kalaher, or I'll shoot!" yelled the panting constable.

Mike knew the ground well. A deep ravine grown with brush and briars ran beside the road. There were plenty of large, loose rocks at hand. Taking up a rock, Mike gave it a toss into the brush.

"Crack!" went the officer's gun.

Mike felt his hat start on his head and for a second his brain swam with uncontrollable terror. But his next move for safety must follow like a flash—he heaved a larger rock into the brush and while it rolled and crashed down the side of the ravine, and the constable triumphantly gasped as he ran, "You would try to get away from Jim Blosser, you would, eh, and get killed, oh yes." Mike, not forgetting his boots, was gone around a rocky point and vanished from the scene, leaving the valiant and excited Blosser to clamber down the ravine in the darkness and look after the corpse of his supposed victim.

(Concluded in the October Number)



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Rest the Foot

THE NEW DAY

(Continued from Page 20)

lieve it. He experienced the feeling of someone who has come into miraculously good luck and cannot realize it.

Once more he looked into the clear eyes of the young preacher and again he heard the pleasant voice saying earnestly, "Men of God." He felt that he wanted to make some great sacrifice for the man who had said this to him.

Then he rode forward, relaxed, like a man in prayer. His hands ceased their trembling and his heart beat normally again as a strange peace filled him.

He was high in the hill country now amidst the short, scraggly shin oaks and cedars and the immense slabs of weather-stained limestone. The sun had gone down behind a purple barrier, and the twilight, sweetly fresh and still as night, softened the rough outlines. Several cotton-tail rabbits hopped timidly into the roadside, sitting suddenly like little statues to stare at him.

He dismounted, led the pony out of the road and dropped the reins over a fence post where the animal could graze. From one of the saddle bags he took a box of crackers. He sat down upon a limestone boulder to eat his supper.

The twilight deepened filling the air slowly like some magic powder until the high hill country seemed a land of immense enchanted shapes. He looked on curiously. During the last hour, he reflected, he had been in a strange kind of trance, for he never before had noticed beauty in this barren, lonely section. He finished the crackers, rose and mounted the pony. Ahead of him the thin road twisted away like a length of silver wire.

A few miles farther the hill gave way to a high cool country, broken occasionally by stony ridges. Sandy valleys hid tiny streams that danced along beneath the lush foliage, singing a monotonous little song. As he listened he half-closed his eyes. He leaned low over the pommel, musing, while the phrase, "Men of God" recurred again and again. For miles he rode on in this way, and when he opened his eyes and lifted his head he was in the center of a scene, the beauty of which almost robbed him of breath.

A golden mist of moonlight touched everything. The clumps of mossy oaks, the deep rambling meadows, the far-reaching fields, the bald cliffs with their still pools below—all had been transformed, bewitched. The sky, softly purple, seemed expanded to twice its size as if it were determined to embrace the earth below. High over the billowy horizon glided the moon, queen of enchantment. Below the cliffs, whose stern features were mellowed with the

moonlight, the round pools gleamed like dark jewels.

He had halted the pony and now he sat loosely in the saddle, watching, scarcely breathing for fear of breaking the spell.

After a few moments he dismounted, placed the reins over a mesquite branch and walked slowly to the edge of one of the pools. He had the feeling of a priest who has entered a holy place.

During the last few moments he had been carried up, up, up, filled with a high elation. The dreaming beauty of the night had transferred itself to his own emotions, and as he stood by the pool's brink looking down into the stillness, he realized that he had become another man. The words of the young preacher came back to him—"Men of God." And very suddenly he understood like someone who has gazed at the picture of a face for a long time and finally, in a flash, recognizes the features.

He was another man. He had had no courage, no hope; he had suffered in the deepest despondency from self-contempt; but one bit of "a real man's work", one honest fight in the open against unnecessary chances, had proven that he was a man, perhaps, after all, one of the "Men of God."

An hour later he went back to the pony, mounted and rode on with head bowed, scarcely aware of the route he followed. The little pony, as if he understood instinctively, seemed to pick the way. They passed a group of flimsy buildings, a blacksmith shop, a general store and two cottages; then the road swung out into the open country, broken by groves of huge oaks.

As the hours passed he rode forward with eyes, half-closed, thinking strangely of his old cynical, crude theories, now upset, and the new, bright vision of life that had opened before him. Already he was beginning to look back upon his former self curiously, as if it were something unfamiliar, entirely detached from his present personality.

It was daybreak when a twist in the road brought into view Jim Coltrane's cabin. The force of an old habit made him instantly alert; he dropped from the pony's back and led the animal behind a clump of cedars out of sight of the road and the cabin. He slipped his revolver from its holster and examined it carefully; then he climbed through the rails of the fence and walked slowly towards the cabin. He managed to keep a screen of shin oaks between himself and the building.

As he approached noiselessly he noticed the small door stood half-way open. He drew himself up on the top

step, his revolver before him, and peered inside.

He saw an untidy room, littered with clothes, scraps of leather and harness, pine boxes and several pieces of cheap furniture. On a rough table were the remnants of last night's supper in a few tin cups and plates. Beyond the table he saw a low canvas cot, holding the big frame of Coltrane, who lay on his back snoring, his thick mouth open.

Blind wrath swept through him as he gazed at the sleeping man. All the details of Coltrane's meanness and villainy flashed before him like a vivid picture. He remembered the circumstances of his father's death, his own flights from posses led by Coltrane, his two years in the Rockland penitentiary because of this man's perjury. His grip closed like steel around the stock of his revolver.

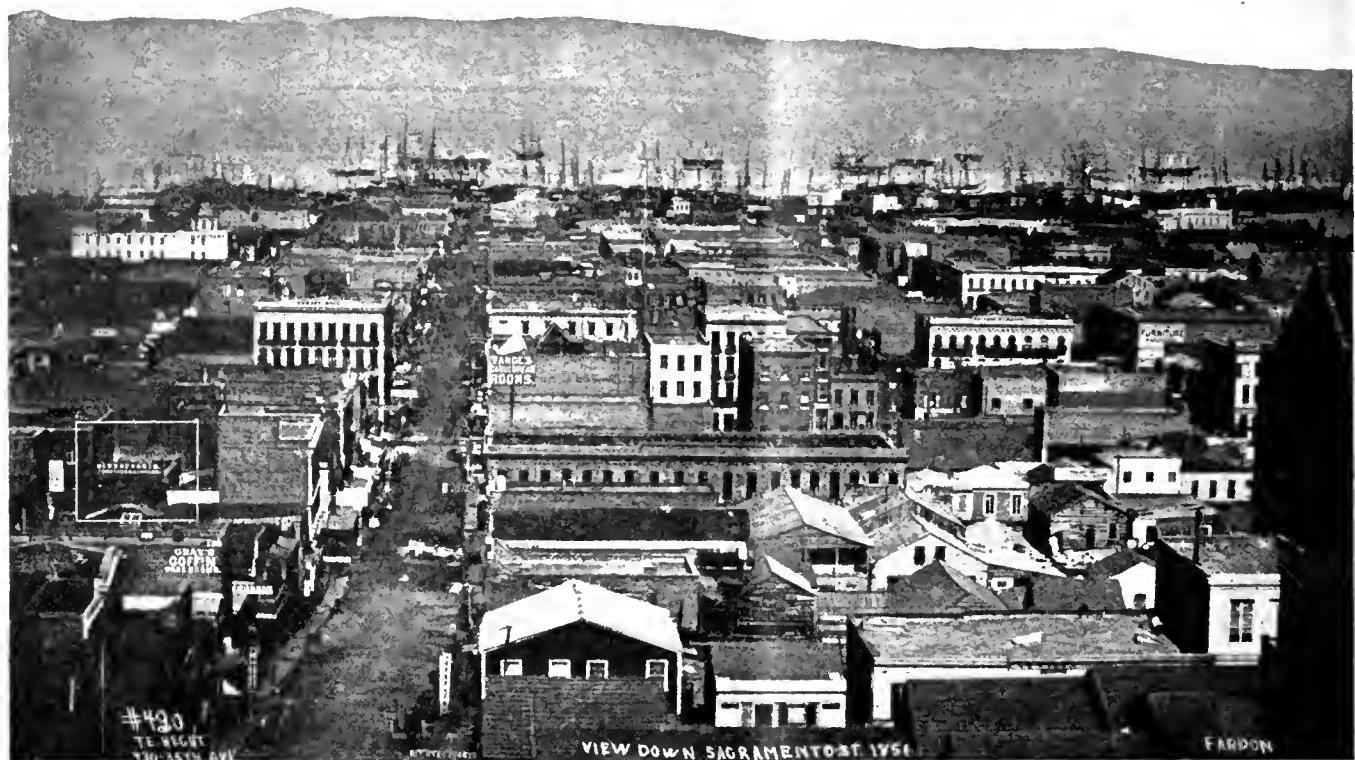
For five, ten, fifteen minutes he continued to stare at the ugly figure. When his gaze finally shifted, he saw in the east the first delicate flush of dawn, bright with the promise of a radiant day. The green valley below him was wreathed in pearl, which steadily grew more brilliant as the flush in the east deepened to crimson and the rounded summit of the hills were tinted with gold.

When he looked again at Coltrane his wrath ran out of him and a strange peace, leaving no room for bitterness, had filled his soul. He returned the revolver to its holster, stepped softly from the doorway and like a man in a dream walked back to the pony.

NORA B. KINSLEY HONORED

Miss Nora B. Kinsley, author of the interesting Story, "Frank Grouard—Government Scout," in August Overland Monthly, was honored recently with an unsolicited membership in the Women's Universal Alliance. This organization has under way a national headquarters building at Washington, D. C., in which will be a Hall of Fame with a marble column for each of the 48 states. Each column is to have engraved on it the names of twenty-five pioneer women together with short biographies setting forth why they are thus honored. It will be Miss Kinsley's duty to select the names and prepare the biographies for the Wyoming column.

Miss Kinsley, as State Historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Wyoming, has just completed a series of fifteen biographies of women who have served their state in some worthy capacity, to be embodied in a book entitled Women of History now being compiled by the historian general of the D. A. R.



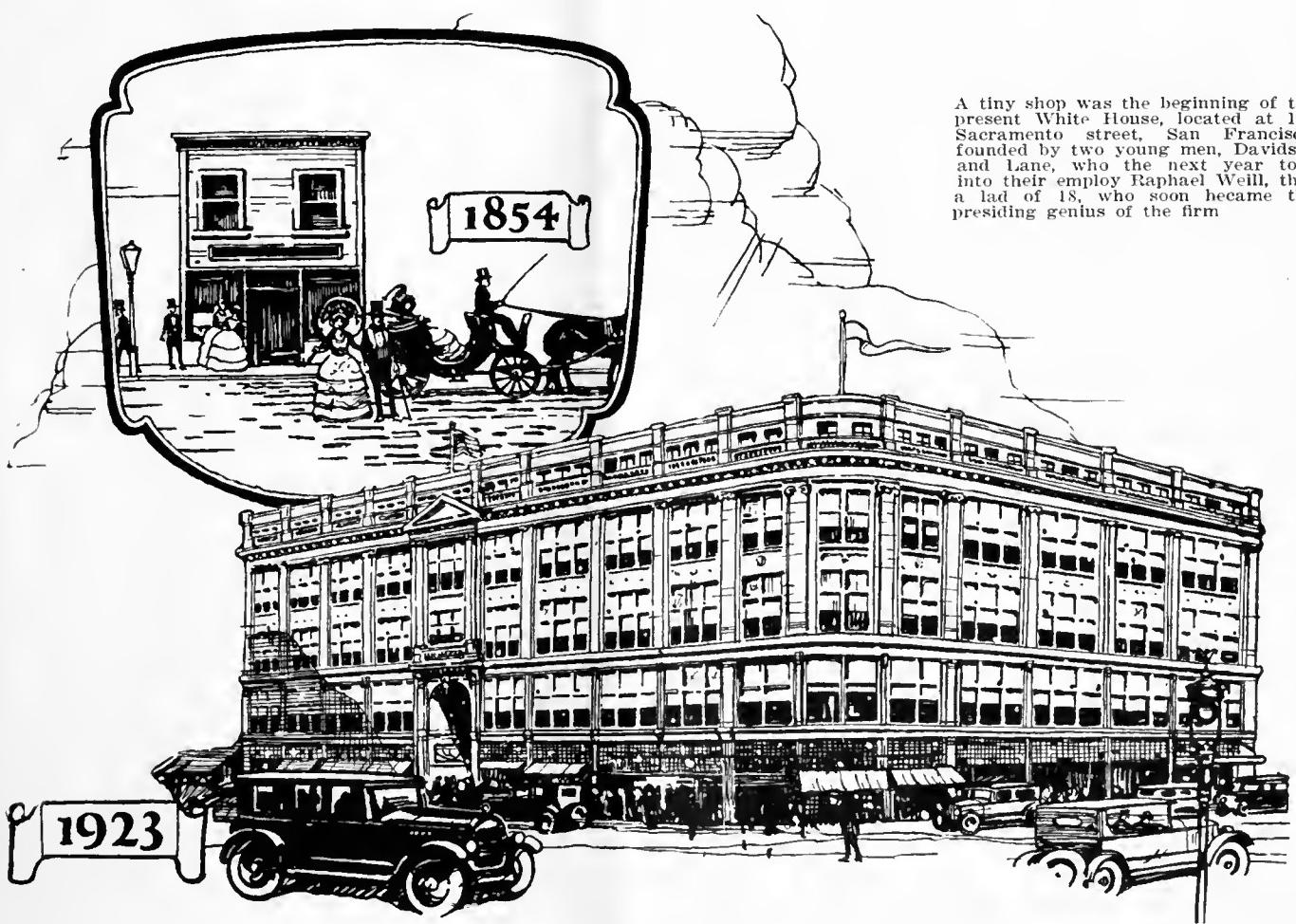
The small square at the left marks the site of the original City of Paris Dry Goods Co. store on Clay street, San Francisco. It was established in 1850 by the grandfather of Paul Verdier, the present president.



The City of Paris Dry Goods Co. store as it is today after 73 years of business integrity. The first stock of goods consisted of a few fine silks and real laces brought from France.



It is a far cry from old Pueblo days, the Pony Express, and a little shop at Second and Mission streets, San Francisco, to the great commercial institution of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., of San Francisco today! The present big store—pictured here—has entrances on both Post and Kearny streets. This store was established in 1866 by Bryan O'Connor. The present management is: R. W. Costello, president; J. V. Costello, vice president; F. J. Costello, treasurer.



Today the White House—Raphael Weill and Co.—is one of America's finest department stores. It occupies a location facing on three streets with almost 1,000 feet of frontage, employs an average of more than 1,000 people. It maintains buying organizations in New York, Paris, London, Berlin and other leading cities.

A tiny shop was the beginning of the present White House, located at 137 Sacramento street, San Francisco, founded by two young men, Davidson and Lane, who the next year took into their employ Raphael Weill, then a lad of 18, who soon became the presiding genius of the firm.



BOOKS and WRITERS



MEN LIKE GODS

Well's Utopian Novel of Earthlings Who Find a New World

MANY readers have thought sadly of the more than fifty books written by H. G. Wells and of the half a dozen that made the deepest impression upon us. We have realized that he wrote so many, just because he could not help it. Not one was a "pot-boiler." Nevertheless, even the most ardent admirer of the unresting energies of this prolific writer must feel at times like picking out twelve or fifteen of the best and calling them "Wellsian masterpieces." Among them one must now name this new story of Utopian life, here, or somewhere else, two thousand years hence.

There have been many Utopias in world-literature. They are the stumbling efforts of the optimists of many times and peoples to think out a better social order for human beings. Such books as Plato's "Republic," Hudson's "The Crystal Age," Morris's "News From Nowhere," More's "Utopia," Campanella's "City of the Sun," to which we must add "Men Like Gods," are dreams, hopes, prophecies, adventures into the Unknown. Men will read them as long as time endures. More and more they will shape human thoughts and change our institutions. Such a novel as "Men Like Gods," will strengthen the faith of idealists and storm the barbed-wire defenses of the pessimists.

The novel begins with Mr. Barnstaple, an English editorial writer on "The Liberal," described as "that well-known organ of the more depressing aspects of advanced thought," and "the unvarying pessimism of his chief, Mr. Peeve, was infecting him more and more everywhere there was conflict, everywhere unreason; seven-eighths of the world seemed to be sinking down towards chronic disorder and social dissolution. Even without Mr. Peeve it would have been difficult enough to have made headway against the facts."

So Barnstaple must take a vacation, must manage to escape from everyone and everything. Someone sees him in his little two-seater, "The Yellow

Peril," motoring along quiet English roads meeting other parties. "Simon Pure," who writes "The Londoner" gossip in "The Bookman," tells us that one of the most admirable things about "Men Like Gods" is the way in which, by using "easily recognizable real men and women . . . it has carried the Utopian novel to a point of verisimilitude not hitherto attained or even attempted." As a fact, the book has been hailed in England as one only Wells could have written, and one which demands the best thought of readers everywhere. The main reasons for this are that Wells loves truth, loves the human race, and has a sublime faith in progress. We may smile at some of the petulancies of Wells the reformer, but the book is full of first-hand knowledge and criticism of living men and of daily affairs, set forth with merciless energy, impossible to find elsewhere in print.

Here are a few sentences from "Men Like Gods" which tell something of the story of the growth of the Utopian social order as described to the earthlings: "The impression given Mr. Barnstaple was not of one of those violent changes which our world has learned to call revolutions but of an increase of light, a dawn of new ideas, in which the things of the old order went on for a time with diminishing vigor until people began as a matter of common sense to do the new things in the place of the old In a world ruled ostensibly by adventurer politicians, in a world where men came to power through floundering business enterprise and financial cunning, it was presently being taught and understood that extensive private property was socially a nuisance, and that the State could not do its work properly nor education produce its proper results, side by side with irresponsible rich people. For, by their very nature they assailed, they corrupted, they undermined every state undertaking; their flaunting existences distorted and disguised all the values of life But the service of the new idea that had been launched into the world never failed; it seized upon the men and women it needed with compelling power. Before the scientific state was established in

Utopia more than a million martyrs had been killed for it, and those who had suffered lesser wrongs were beyond all reckoning A time came when Utopia perceived that it was day and that a new order of things had replaced the old."

Then the earthlings are told, "Our education is our government" and this merely means that "Utopia has no parliament, no politics, no private wealth, no business competition, no police nor prisoners, no lunatics, no defectives nor cripples, and it has none of these things because it has schools and teachers who are all that schools and teachers can be."

There are no railways, no towns; "Nearly all the greater evils of human life had been conquered; war pestilence and malaise, famine and poverty had been swept out of human experience. The dreams of artists of perfected and lovely bodies and of a world transfigured to harmony and beauty had been realized. The spirits of order and organization ruled triumphant. Every aspect of human life had been changed by these achievements."

Mr. Barnstaple learns most from a thirteen-year-old boy named Crystal, and he tells this lad: "As night goes round the Earth, always there are hundreds of thousands of people who should be sleeping, lying awake, fearing a bully, fearing a cruel competition, dreading lest they cannot make good, ill of some illness they cannot comprehend, distressed by some thwarted instinct or some suppressed and perverted desire."

"But how about drudgery," you ask? There was none in Utopia. "Everyone was doing work that fitted natural aptitudes and appealed to the imagination of the worker. Everyone worked happily and eagerly—as those people we call geniuses do on our Earth."

At last we come to what the author calls "the five principles of liberty." The fourth one cuts deep—that "Lying is the blackest crime." And the fifth one is, "Free discussion and criticism."

But the book, while a social study, must also be considered as a novel. As such, it is full of power and originality. How the earthlings got to Utopia, the

sufferings, passions and idiocies of some of them, which culminated in a violent effort to conquer this new world (!), what the Utopians do to them, are exciting episodes; so is the tale of how the earthlings bring measles and influenza with them. For many readers the crisis of the whole book will seem to be in the return of Barnstaple to his own home, and his heroic effort to readjust himself to twentieth century confusion, and yet keep alive in his soul the fragrance and beauty of Utopia as he had come to understand its ideal during his month's visit to "the beautiful people" of that paradise. Perhaps the reader feels the pathos of the lack of deepest understanding between Barnstaple and his wife—in spite of the latter's "competent devotion."

The questions raised in this book can reasonably be expected to start much discussion in newspapers and on the platform, for they, as the author believes, are living problems which we must solve if we would salvage our civilization.

—CHARLES H. SHINN.

CANNIBAL LAND

Martin Johnson's "Adventures with a Camera in the New Hebrides"

If any reader still keeps an iota of lingering faith in the gentleness of primitive man as he exists in the South Seas, we advise a study of this astonishing narrative of adventure just published by Houghton Mifflin Company. It takes one's breath away to travel with Martin Johnson and his wife among the almost unknown and utterly untamed tribes of the Melanesian Islands—those "last outposts" of the old "Stone Age," where the worn-out old people are buried alive, where "long pig" is still the main item of a feast, where human heads are dried and kept in sacred collections, and where anything whatever may happen any minute.

This book about the South Seas strikes us as eminently worthwhile, and certain to cure an overdose of Melville O'Brien and the romanticists of recent years.

Consider for a moment this glimpse of Middleton Reef only three days out from Sydney, a "coral atoll five miles long," where Mr. and Mrs. Johnson saw the hull of a big schooner on the reef, and then were told by a trader: "She went ashore three years ago.... All hands stuck to the ship until she broke in two. Then they managed to reach land—captain and crew and the captains' wife and two children. They had some fresh water and a little food. They rationed the water carefully, and there was rain. But the food soon gave out. For days they had nothing. The crew went crazy with hunger and killed

one of the children and ate it. For two days, the mother held the other child in her arms. Then she threw it into the sea so that they could not eat it. Then three of the men took one of the ship's boats. They could not manage it in the rough sea, but by a lucky chance they were washed up on the beach. They were still alive, but the captain's wife had lost her mind."

In those plain words, the reader has the tragic side of South Sea adventure. It is not stressed, however—it just comes out now and then as in the sad glimpses of Jack Londons' old-time "Snark"—with its twenty-four pictures from the author's photographs and his marvelous experiences in getting successful Cannibal Island films, which have been shown to millions of people, the book seems to us one of the best travel stories of many a long year.

Here is a glimpse of the "Monkey People" of Malekula. A savage, Nella, is their guide. He disappears and soon returns "followed by three savages," and an old man, who was nearer to a monkey than any human being I have ever seen before or since—bright eyes peering out of a shock of woolly hair; an enormous mouth disclosing teeth as white and perfect as those of a dental advertisement; skin creased with deep wrinkles; an alert, nervous, monkey-like expression; quick, sure, monkey-like movements."

The chapter on "The Noble Savage" with its tales of the old, old man who was made to "stop along ground"—i. e., was buried alive, and of the young wife who was crippled by red-hot stones, ought to forever end the illusion that the South Seas are an earthly paradise.

Even in the village of the great chief of the New Hebrides, Nagapate, perhaps the most characteristic personage in the book, we have this terrible glimpse: "I have never seen human beings more wretched than those women. At first sight they looked like walking haystacks. They wore dresses of purple dyed grasses, consisting of a bushy skirt that hung from the waist to the knees, a sort of widow's veil that was thrown over the head and face so as to leave a tiny peep-hole for the wearer to look through, and a long train that hung down the back nearly to the ground.... Every one of the dresses was matted with filth. I did not see a single pig—and there were dozens of them rooting about inside and outside the houses—that was so dirty as the women of that village. I afterward found that for women to wash was strictly taboo. From birth to death water never touched their skins.... As we approached, the children, scrawny little wretches, big-bellied from malnutrition and many of them covered with sores, scurried off into the brush like frightened rabbits."

But after all else is said, two things about the book are memorable. One is the author's tireless enthusiasm for obtaining photographs, and miles of film used for showing them to the natives. The other is the charm of the author's very courageous wife of whom the reader would be glad to know more.

—GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

HISTORICAL SONOMA

A most interesting little volume, as an addition to the literature of the History of California, just from the press, is entitled "History of the Mission Presidio and Pueblo of Sonoma." The authors are Honoria Tuomey and Louisa Vallejo Emparan, both well known writers of California lore. The book is published by a local Santa Rosa printing house and is attractively issued and well illustrated. Miss Tuomey has given years of study to California history and especially to that part of California in the Sonoma region and to the section of our State originally settled by the Russians. This Russian settlement and occupation furnishes an interesting chapter in the development of the Commonwealth.

Louisa Vallejo Emparan, who collaborates with Miss Tuomey, is a daughter of M. G. Vallejo, the founder of Sonoma. All who are interested in the background of California history will find in the 104 pages of this little volume much material that before has not been brought to light or has not been made available to the average reader. The purpose of the authors is to revise and enlarge the work and already the

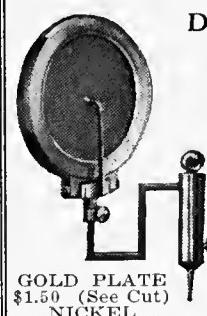
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first editions are exhausted. We shall hope later to give a review of the revised edition in these pages. The book was well received during the recent anniversary events of the founding of the old Mission at Sonoma.

TO MY DEAD MARE

So the mare lay weary and beaten and spent,
Down by the brook with her neck strangely bent....
Wet fetlocks that dribbled and dripped to the sand,
(From the sweat of her labor that held forth no demand)
Great nostrils that quivered and sobbed in her breath....
Big, husky bay body, so soon to know death.
The stag we'd been chasing (red blooded and hot)
Had vented his rage in a lunge that just caught
"Lady's" shoulder and ripped off a handful of hair....
Motion pending the horn slipt...then a swerve from the mare!
Baffled with rage, the stag closed in again;
Quickly, clear thinking, we turned...but in vain—
A half gurgled bellow...my shout and a sigh....
We rolled down the pathway ...just the Lady and I.
So the mare lay weary and beaten and spent,
Down by the brook with her neck strangely bent.
—Ruth Reed

THE PONY EXPRESS

There never sets the sun on rolling plains,
Nor evening shadows soothe the desert heat,
But ghostly riders flit on ghostly mounts
And skim the twilit ways with silent feet—
The men who brought the eager-waited mails,
Forgotten men who ride forgotten trails.

They come again to gallop sleeping roads,
These wraiths that race along the windy way;
They mark again the starlight on the sand
Until they see the streaks of coming day—
Then vanish like the dust of desert gales,
Forgotten men who ride forgotten trails.
—Charles Josef Carey

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We took up "Wintergreen" months ago in the English edition, read it at a sitting, wrote the author about it and received letters from her. It is a real pleasure to be able to recommend it to American readers as having its main scenes in a little Scotch village on the rocky seashore, old and clean and individual. The characters include two young couples and a marvelous cook—a

MR. PODD

the screamingly humorous satire by Freeman Tilden. Mr. Podd, a millionaire philanthropist and nozzle maker, charters a ship and takes a party of eight radicals interested in humanity on a sea voyage for the purpose of reforming the world. In midocean the crew forces the passengers to land on a desert island while they sail away, leaving Mr. Podd, his "modern" daughter, the doughnut king, the young lady who "was poor and alone and wanted a piano," the half witted boy and a few others to their destinies. The adventures and love affairs that develop are delightful comedy. If you want a good laugh, read Mr. Podd.

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at the end when "Wintergreen," whose other name is Miss Julia Glenferlie, uses an inheritance that has come to her for the creation of the "Order of the Martha Maries" ten thousand vacancies; initiative fee, "all unattached, unoccupied women" are invited to apply. "Rank and education no disqualification." Better than all, as Lawyer Carrick tells his wife, "they must have tact, sympathy and a sense of humor." It is not Utopian with "Wintergreen" behind the whole scheme.

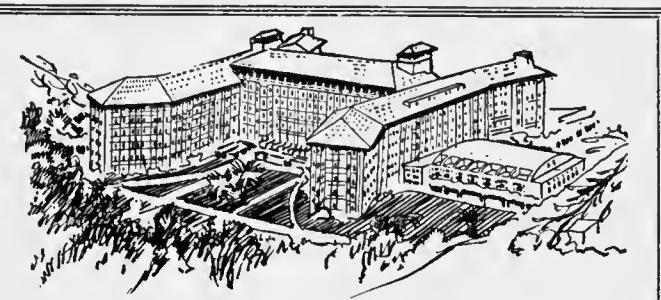
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PIONEER DAYS AT SACRAMENTO

The pictures in this issue pertaining to the Pony Express were supplied through the courtesy and cooperation of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce. The cover design was drawn by William Lenoir, of Sacramento, a descendant of one of the pioneers of Pony Express days.

The Pony Express riders will reach Sacramento at noon, September 9, where the Whiskerinos, the Pioneers of '49 organization, will welcome them in a manner like unto that described by Senator Cornelius Cole in his memoirs published in this number.

OUR POETS OF THIS MONTH

Grace Atherton Dennen, of Los Angeles, is a charter member and for several years president of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, and founder and editor of the pioneer poetry magazine of the Pacific coast, the Lyric West.

Mildred Fowler Field is of the middle western group of younger poets and her work is receiving increasing recognition.

Ethel Turner is from San Francisco. Her work appears in the leading poetry magazines and she has recently started a poetry magazine of her own—San Francisco's first—under the name of The Wanderer.

Ben Field is president of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California and one of the directors of that famous group of musicians, painters, actors and writers which holds forth under the name of the Gamut Club.

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OUR OCTOBER POETS

Mathurin Dondo, whose unusual "On the Dune" appears in this number is both artist and poet, author and teacher. In the intervals of his work connected with the University of California Mr. Dondo produces paintings of beauty and interest and at the moment is directing carpenters in the construction of a studio-home in Berkeley. He has given much time to the study of rhythm, his researches being published last year by Champion (Paris) under the title of "Vers Libre." He has also now in the press two French texts. Of himself Mr. Dondo says, "As a native of Brittany, France, I have always been led to the imaginative side of life—have seen elves and fairies in my childhood days, and in my later years have incorporated these fantasies into marionettes, which I not only created, but for which I wrote several plays as well."

Annice Calland is producing verse of remarkable beauty, which is commencing to find an outlet in the more discriminating of the poetry magazines. Her present address is Port au Prince, Haiti.

Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff appears this month for the first time in Overland. We think his touch is both strong and beautiful. Do you agree with us?

Ruth Harwood is one of that group of younger poets which finds inspiration in the hills of Berkeley where she makes her home. There is a freshness and charm about her lyrics which gives strong appeal.

W. H. Lench is the owner and editor of "Pegasus," that remarkably fine magazine of verse which is being issued in San Diego. His verse is clear-cut, strong, vivid; a fine example of modern poesy at its best. And "Pegasus" should appear on the reading table of every lover of poetry. A critic last month—writing in a rival poetry magazine, by the way—pronounced the August issue of "Pegasus" the only one of all the galaxy of magazines of verse to show any distinction in its contents.

John Brayton hails from Oakland. He is not a prolific writer, but the poetry he releases has beauty, serenity and dignity.

S. Omar Barker writes from Beulah, New Mexico, and naturally his poetry is full of the warm sun and vivid color of that southern land.

Oscar H. Roesner is another Californian, his home being up in the great interior valley, at Live Oak. You will see more of his work.

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POETRY EDITOR

Overland Monthly



and

Out West Magazine Consolidated

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXI

OCTOBER, 1923

NUMBER 6

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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Consolidated

VOLUME LXXXI

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 6

Mrs. Lovell White—As I Knew Her

ABIG drooping picture hat with a long plume would have made Mrs. Lovell White look like a twin sister of the Duchess of Devonshire of Gainsborough fame. She had the grand manner of a lady of quality, and was a gentlewoman to her finger tips, but thoroughly democratic in her ways of living. She loved humanity and she loved the great out-of-doors. She was an idealist with a practical turn of mind. She had a great conception of civic duty, but never lost touch with feminine refinement and gentleness. Mrs. Lovell White was in every sense a good citizen.

Born near French Lick, Indiana, April 12, 1839, Laura Lyon White was the eldest daughter of the prosperous owner of Lyon's Flour Mills, at French Lick. A predominance of Scotch in her ancestry gave those qualities of keen judgment and sane thinking which developed later into the sturdy character of a pioneer, not only in a new country, but in a new order of economics. Laura Lyon was an Oberlin College girl, but her sojourn in Ohio did not go beyond school days, for in March, 1858, at the age of eighteen, she married Mr. Lovell White, in Des Moines, where the young husband gained his first banking experience. The panic of that year closed Mr. White's bank, and in the fall of 1859 the young couple came to California by way of Panama.

The lure of the mining camps proved more attractive than banking, and for five years the newcomers kept a general merchandising store at French Corral near Downieville in the days when millions were being taken out of that section of the state.

It was here that the strong friendship of W. C. Ralston and Lovell White began. Upon invitation of the former the Whites returned to San Francisco in 1864, and Mr. White became the confidential outside man of the Bank of California, of which Wm. C. Ralston was then president. It was during this period that the only child, Ralston White, was born. In 1870, upon the advice of Mr. Ralston, Mr. Lovell

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

White accepted the position of cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, and for the remainder of his life was connected with the management of that institution.

In 1870 Mrs. Lovell White went to Honolulu, where she was warmly welcomed into the cosmopolitan social life surrounding King Kalakaua. While in Honolulu Mrs. White met the Frederick Thompsons, close friends of the royal set and leaders in all that was best in the Island society. Returning to San

millionaires who did so much for the general welfare of California. It was while in this many-sided company that Mrs. White began to think out a practical way to better conditions around her.

Although an ardent suffragist, Mrs. White was always a conventional society woman. It was her graciousness and breeding coupled with a quick wit which enabled her to carry to a successful conclusion many advanced plans for public service in the face of prejudice and selfish personal interests. In the midst of a heated argument a tense moment was relieved by an apt retort or a graceful compliment which disarmed or mollified a stiff opposition. This was notably the case in the famous Calaveras Big Tree fight with Robert B. Whitesides, of Duluth, Minnesota, who, despite the fact that Mrs. White beat him in a twelve years' contest, dubbed her "Mrs. Lovely White," and was a great admirer of her fairness and good fellowship.

Mrs. White often rallied me because I was against woman suffrage. "You are such a broad-minded, sane sort of person on everything except suffrage, and there you seem to have lost all sense of proportion. But then," she would add, with a winning smile, or an affectionate pressure of the hand, "most people are a little off on some subject." "All except thee and me," I agreed. I wonder what she would think of the reaction of women generally to a wider field of activity, not alone in politics, but in economics and industry. Would she approve the wholesale desertion of the home for the community idea of the improvement of the race? Mrs. White belonged to the first group of women who stepped outside the home circle, but she was too much a society woman to go in for any radical moves.

Truly a friend of woman, Mrs. Lovell White was always surrounded by a group of willing workers and she knew how to rouse them to a high pitch of enthusiasm. She was a born leader, executive and practical in methods and of a boundless energy. It was on December 27, 1897, that the twenty-seven founders



MRS. LOVELL WHITE

Francisco, Jimmie and Kittie Thompson claimed acquaintance with Mrs. White, and invited her small family to join them in a housekeeping venture, which soon turned a spacious mansion into a social center where the choice spirits of the old and true Bohemia were made welcome. Here in the late seventies and early eighties the brainy set foregathered, and did much to make the brilliant record achieved by the mining and railroad

of the California Club organized, and Mrs. Lovell White was the first president, serving two terms of two years each. It was during this period from 1898 to 1904 that the California Club reached its highest eminence, and undoubtedly under the inspiration of Mrs. White's leadership.

The first civic movement was directed toward securing and maintaining public playgrounds. The California Club opened at Bush and Hyde streets, the first public playground on the Pacific Coast, and paid the expenses of its upkeep for three years. In 1902, the club succeeded in having the Board of Supervisors appropriate \$12,000 to open and maintain a municipal playground at Seventh and Harrison streets, being the first of its kind in the state. Under the spur of Mrs. White's administration the California Club is credited with having secured the appointment of a woman on the Board of Education, and later Mrs. White personally helped stir public opinion to the point of having a woman physician in the female wards of the state hospitals for the insane and for the care of feeble-minded children.

But the greatest undertaking in Mrs. White's club career was the saving of the Calaveras big trees from the lumberman's axe. This fight began in 1900 when all California was stirred by the purchase of an option on the two stands of Sequoia Gigantea in Calaveras and Tuolumne counties by the Robert B. Whitesides interests of Duluth, Minnesota. The two groups, the Mammoth Grove of Calaveras County, and the South Park Grove of Tuolumne county are six miles apart, but are included in the 2300-acre tract involved in the transaction. The first attempt to induce Congress to act resulted in the passage of a joint resolution by both houses, which was signed by President McKinley on February 19, 1900. This was only the beginning of the trouble. Big lumber interests picked flaws in the action of Congress, and it looked as if nothing would save the big trees.

Investigation brought out the fact that James L. Sperry had owned these groves since 1852, and that he was well within his rights when he accepted an option to buy. Marion De Vries and Senator Perkins had labored in vain, and then Mrs. White showed her resourcefulness by securing 1,400,000 signatures to a petition which President Roosevelt promptly sent to Congress with a strong plea that something be done to save these world famous monarchs.

Mrs. White demonstrated her ability as an organizer when she enlisted the co-operation of the women's clubs throughout the United States in securing signatures for her mammoth petition to Congress. It was distinctly a woman's movement that saved the Big Trees in Cali-

fornia, but it included the best thought and effort of the women of the entire country. Congressmen from every district heard from home so that President Roosevelt's vigorous appeal met with a prompt response.

Twelve years of precious time had been anxiously passed by Mrs. White and her co-laborers. At last a compromise measure enabled the forestry commission to exchange lands elsewhere, for the precious grove, now made into a national forest reserve. Final disposition is still pending, although \$10,000 was appropriated to cover expense of cruising the timber to be exchanged.

It has been said of Mrs. White that when all others lost heart, she "single handed and alone" saved the Big Trees. Certain it is that she handled the first successful petition of women to the powers that be in Washington. It was while Uncle Joe Cannon was Speaker of the House, that the resourcefulness and tact of Mrs. White was brought into conspicuous play. Uncle Joe was opposed to the measure, not because he wanted to see the big trees destroyed, but because he thought a rich stake like California should purchase the groves for itself, and this thought was shared by Senator Hoar, a power in the Senate. Determined, skillful and courageous as she was, Mrs. White met foemen worthy of her steel, and there must have been rare moments when in committee Uncle Joe talked back. The outcome proved that it did him no good, and once more the theory of a woman always having the last word was conspicuously demonstrated. Being both reticent and modest, Mrs. White seldom referred to her experiences with Washington during the big tree episode.

From 1910 to 1912 Mrs. Lovell White again served the California Club as its president. By this time she had become a living embodiment of the club's motto: "Wisdom is knowing what should be done, virtue is doing it"—one of the epigrams that has made David Starr Jordan's writings modern classics.

On May 10, 1902, the Out Door Art League of Mill Valley was organized, with Mrs. White as its first president. She built "The Arches," her beautiful country home, in Mill Valley, in 1891, and it was here that she spent the summer vacations free of club worries and civic activities. The fire of 1906 swept away her town house on Clay street, and the family re-established themselves at 2344 California street where they remained three years, removing to a new home at 2245 Sacramento street, where both died—Mr. White on January 29, 1910, and Mrs. White on January 18, 1916. From 1912 to the time of her death Mrs. White was president emeritus of the California Club.

In memory of Mrs. White's great service in securing the conservation of the Calaveras Big Trees, the Out Door Art League planted a memorial grove of twelve California oaks in Golden Gate Park, and dedicated it to Mrs. White's birthday, April 12, 1917. This was a singularly appropriate tribute to the indefatigable labor and devotion of Mrs. White, especially after the fight to preserve the big trees shifted from the California Club to the Out Door Art League.

Another graceful tribute to the civic virtues of Mrs. Lovell White was the building and naming of a bungalow on Telegraph Hill, at the junction of Kearny and Lombard streets. It was called Laura Vista Bungalow, in honor of the work Mrs. White had done to beautify and rescue Telegraph Hill from its tin can and goat habitat condition to its proper place as a lookout and landmark worthy of the city. Unfortunately the bungalow burned on March 26, 1909, and a half humorous, half sorrowful wake was held over the charred remains. It is considered a good omen that the original flagstaff still clings to its eerie place—typical of the spirit of its honored guest. Sometime let us hope in the near future Mrs. Lovell White's dream of a City Beautiful, which includes Telegraph Hill, may be realized. It was she who selected the motto of the Out Door Art League from her favorite author, Emerson—"The beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary." Mrs. White often said: "Out door art is democratic and belongs to the people. When through education it finds a permanent home in our midst, civilization will have advanced another step out of the darkness of chaos."

Mrs. Lovell White was not a fluent speaker. She chose words carefully and spoke with deliberation, but she wrote gracefully. The following extract from an article in "Town Talk" on "The City Beautiful" is a fair sample of her style of writing:

"A city is in the hands of Destiny and its character is foreordained as is that of men. The topography of a locality draws to it the minds allied to its developmental possibilities. And those minds build and shape to suit the trend of their needs, and of their creative ability. But in the construction of all cities of whatever character the essentials must ever remain the same. Proportion, space, color, cleanliness—these are the fundamentals of the City Beautiful."

In addition to the preservation of Telegraph Hill, Mrs. White strongly advocated the making of Laurel Hill cemetery into a park, with a goodly

(Continued on page 41)

Old-Time Minstrels of San Francisco

Recollections of a Pioneer

By EUGENE T. SAWYER

MY RECOLLECTIONS of the old-time minstrels of San Francisco begin a few years before the advent of Billy Emerson and while Joe Murphy was coming into prominence. In those days the Olympic Theater on Kearny street, adjoining the old city hall, was given over entirely to minstrelsy, while Maguire's Opera House and the American and Metropolitan Theaters held occasional black-face entertainments. Later the Standard and Bush Street Theaters at intervals catered to the minstrel-loving public.

One of the prime favorites of those early days was Ben Cotton, comedian and dancer and the prince of jollity. Ben was a staunch supporter of Abraham Lincoln and during the strenuous days of the Civil War, when San Francisco was divided in sentiment, he sang union songs and easily danced his way into the hearts of the patriotic public. He had a strong competitor in Charley Backus, a star member of Birch, Bernard, Wambold and Backus' minstrels, as well balanced and capable a company of blackface performers as ever appeared in the Bay City. Birch was also a great favorite. He had a slow, drawling way of speaking, while his laugh, soft and rippling, was unctuous in the extreme. Backus, on the other hand, was filled with nervous energy. He had a wide mouth and when it opened for a chuckle or a laugh is spread from ear to ear. Full of ginger and with a rapid fire vocalization his stage work furnished a striking contrast to the work of Billy Birch. After many successful seasons in San Francisco the company left for the east to return in the seventies with new acts, jokes and dances.

The early professional life of Joe Murphy was spent in Sacramento, where as bone player and singer at auction and cheap entertainment he required a reputation that soon extended to San Francisco. In the late fifties he removed to the Bay City but did not long remain there. Australia called him and for some time he played and sang in the land of the bush and kangaroo. Shortly after his return to California he became the star performer at the Olympic Theater. He was accounted the champion bone player of the coast. On the other end with the tamborine was Johnny De Angeles, father of Jeff De Angeles, the comedian and comic opera favorite. Johnny was below the medium height, stocky and full of pep. He and tall Joe

Murphy evoked roars of laughter whenever they appeared in the burnt cork travesties which formed part of each olio. Burlesques of popular plays were then in vogue and one of the most mirth-provoking of them was The Stranger, Murphy playing Mrs. Haller and De Angeles Mr. Haller. The burlesque opens with the entrance of Haller, who starts business with the soliloquy: "It is 16,000 years since I have gazed upon the scenes of my boyhood's early days. Old rummynoosances creep upon me. Me wife, me long sufferin' wife—hark! I hear the sound of fairy footsteps. I will conceal myself behind yon sagebrush." (Disappears behind wing.) Now enters Joe Murphy as Mrs. Haller. Her shoes are number elevens and she clamps in with a noise that shakes the stage. Haller shows himself, whereupon Mrs. Haller rushes forward, lifts him up and gives him a bear-like hug. More hugs and then she clutches her long absent husband by the coat collar and swings him around as if he were a bag of feathers. Follows more hugging and more swinging until De Angeles, his tongue hanging out of his mouth and gasping like a fish out of water, piteously exclaims: "My God, Murphy, are you trying to kill me?"

After William Horace Lingard and Charles Vivian, the last named the founder of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, had departed for the East, having given San Francisco rare entertainment as quick-change performers and introducers of such English songs as "Ten Thousand Miles Away," "Champagne Charley" and "Captain Jinks," Joe Murphy, ever on the alert for something new, began to vary his minstrel work by copying the style and acting of the two English comedians and vocalists. In this new line he was quite successful so that it was not long before he bade an everlasting good bye to minstrels in order to try his luck on the legitimate stage. He had written for him a play called "Help," in which he impersonated a Chinaman, a negro, an Irishman and a German. Later he became a full fledged Irish comedian and for over twenty years toured the United States with Shaun Rue, Shamus O'Brien, Kerry Gow and other plays. One song he liked better than all others and he sang it at every performance. It was called "A Handful of Earth," and

no one could sing it as Joe Murphy sang it. He died in Oakland a few years ago.

In the late sixties Dan Bryant, an Eastern star, who had given up black-face for Irish comedy, played a profitable engagement at Maguire's Opera House. He was as successful with the brogue as he had been with the dialect of the negro. At the conclusion of his engagement he consented to appear with Joe Murphy at a minstrel entertainment at the American Theater. The place was packed to the doors and a finer burnt-cork show was never given in San Francisco. Bryant had the tamborine end, Murphy manipulated the bones, while Jake Wallace, the popular banjoist, was there "with the bells on."

Walter Bray was at one time a partner of Murphy. He had been an actor before he became a negro minstrel. In the early sixties he forsook the legitimate stage for black-face comedy. He had a large Roman nose and the voice of a tragedian and might readily have passed as a brother of Johnny De Angeles. As a minstrel he burlesqued Shakespearean characters and never failed to score a hit.

One of the popular songs of the early days was "Clar de Kitchen." The following verses will show the style:

"A jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him,
I picked up a stone and hit his shin,
Says he, 'you better not do dat agin.'

CHORUS

"Oh, clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Ole Virginny neber tire."

I hab a sweetheart in dis town
She wears a yellow-striped gown,
And when she walks de street around
De hollow ob her foot make a hole in de ground."

Lew Rattler took Murphy's place at the Olympic and was a San Francisco favorite for more than a quarter of a century. He was a tall, stoutly-built fellow with a heavy voice and remarkable facial expression. As an end man and singer he had few equals. His greatest talent lay in burlesque, and he and De Angeles furnished side-splitting entertainment in their Shakespearean and comic opera travesties. Romeo and Juliet would be converted into Roman Nose and Suet; Othello into Old Fellow, the Boor of Vengeance; Macbeth into Bad Breath, the Crane of Chowder; Camille in Clameel, or the Feet of a Go-Getter. Rattler shone in Clameel. His role was that of the frail Parisienne, while De An-

geles played "Armand Duval." Some of the lines have clung to my memory. When "Armand" comes in and says, "Oh, Clameel, Clameel, how sadly you have changed!" the reply came, falteringly: "Ah knows it, honey, ah knows it. Ah knows mah change am gittin' short, so if you hab a few spondulicks in yo' pants pocket, just poke 'em in mah stockin'. De doctah says dat if ah do not croak dis wintah ah shall lib till spring." Later "Armand" enters carrying a big cabbage. "I have brung you a rose, my dear," he says, "and I want you to wear it next to your heart." "Ah sho' will," Clameel responds, "but, Arr-mong, whar, oh whar, is de co'n beef dat goes wid it."

While Joe Murphy, Lew Rattler and Johnny De Angeles were playing at the Olympic many white-face farces were produced, generally under the stage management of John Woodard. At many of these wind-up performances Harry Courtaine and Harry Hawk appeared. Courtaine was one of the most talented and popular actors of the early days. He was an Englishman and could play well all sorts of parts. But his specialty was light comedy. He was tall, straight as an arrow, polished in manner and with the gifts of a man of education. He might have attained the highest position on the stage but for his insatiable craving for drink. He was not a steady drinker, but a periodic one, though, as a rule, his sober periods were short. A fortnight of abstention would generally mark the limit of his endurance. For two decades he was a familiar figure on Washington, Montgomery and Kearny streets. There seemed to be no hope for him. When sober he would swear never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, but when the craving came he would weakly give way to it. His wife had separated from him in the early stages of his downward career, but came back to him after many years spent in the East. Her influence was strong enough to keep him sober for a year, during which time he played a highly successful engagement at a New York theater. When everything seemed to be in his favor he fell, rose, then fell again. A year or so later he died a drunkard's death in the slums of London.

Harry Hawk was another stage dervish. He was the comedian ("Asa Trenchard") of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, Washington, on the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. In 1866 he came to California and his unsettled habits prevented an engagement at any of the legitimate theaters; he was compelled to play in the afterpieces at the Olympic. He was of medium height and anything but handsome. His stage work, however, was artistic. In the early seventies he dropped out of sight.

Among the Olympic performers there was no greater favorite than Maggie Moore. She could sing like a bird and dance like a fairy. It was while fortune was smiling upon her efforts that she became the wife of J. C. Williamson, comedian at the California Theater, who in later life blossomed into a prosperous theatrical manager in Australia.

A very popular end song at the Olympic was "Susan Jane." Here is the first verse:

I looked her in the face and said,
"I went to see my Susan,
She met me at the door
And told me that I needn't come
To see her any more.
Andrew Jackson Payne,
I looked her in the face and said,
'Good bye, Susan Jane.'"

CHORUS

"Oh, Susan Jane, oh, Susan Jane!
Susan quit your foolin',
And give my heart to me;
Oh, give me back my love again
And I will let you be.
I used to love you dearly,
I cannot love again,
I'm going away to leave you soon,
Good bye, Susan Jane."

Billy Emerson, the premier minstrel of the United States, came to San Francisco in the late sixties and as a member of the Budworth and Allen team, played a long engagement at Maguire's Opera House. As end man, dancer and all-around comedian he had no superior. As dancing songs he introduced "Love Among the Roses," "The Big Sunflower" and "The Pretty Octoroon," his rich, tenor voice and graceful dancing being assets that set him far apart from others in the same line, causing him to be spoken of as "the one and only Billy." His great versatility made him chief among burnt-cork comedians, and throughout all his stage years his popularity never waned, in spite of the fact that he never tried to keep up with the times by learning new songs, new jokes and new specialties. To the day of his retirement from the minstrel stage he clung to the acts and songs which had won him praise in the days of his youth. As end man, he sang negro songs, but when called upon, as he frequently was, to deliver "straight goods," he would sing "Molly Bawn" with a spirit and expression that delighted all lovers of good music.

From Maguire's Opera House Emerson went to the Standard Theater on Bush street, and for many years was San Francisco's greatest minstrel performer. Other black-face comedians who appeared at either the Standard or Bush Street Theaters, sometimes as opposites to Emerson, were Billy Manning, Billy Arlington, Charley Howard, Billy Courtright, Carroll Johnson and Charley Reed. Howard "caught the town" in his old darkey songs and impersonations. The crack in his voice when he sang the old-time melodies, "Go Down Moses," "In the Morning by the Bright Light," "Old Black Joe," and the like gave a delightful sparkle to his acts. Reed was

a San Franciscan and had a style all his own, though his voice was nothing to rave over. He was up to date in his methods and as the boys say, never failed to "put it across." Of Billy Manning in all truth it may be said that he was second only to Billy Emerson in all that pertained to black-face minstrelsy. He had a light voice, a seductive manner and a laugh so infectious that it was a delight to hear it. Johnny Allen, one of Emerson's partners at Maguire's Opera House, left minstrelsy to become a Dutch comedian, in which role he won success.

One of the Bush street favorites while minstrelsy was on the board was Sam Rickey, who sometimes was end man, but oftener an Irish comedian. He was, I think, the first to introduce the North of Ireland dialect to San Francisco. In one of his skits he appeared as an Irish policeman and he never failed to "bring down the house" when he made his descent from the second story of a stage house to the stage floor. As he placed a foot on the top steps of the stairs, the steps collapsed and shot him swiftly to the stage. His surprise and disgust at the unlooked-for and ridiculous occurrence was realistically pictured on a face which in its normal state was so ugly that it would have stopped a clock. Collapsible stairs was a new contrivance then. Since the seventies it has been worked to death. When the regular stage discarded it the motion picture people took it up, and even today it is used in many of the "slapstick" comedies. Rickey's favorite role was "Owen Connelly" in "Bad Whisky. Charles McCarthy was his partner. An overwhelming desire for liquor wrecked Rickey's life. In this respect he followed closely in the footsteps of the unfortunate Harry Courtaine. Once when he had resolved to cut out whisky for good and all, he went to Father Prendergast, took the oath and obtained a paper which was given into my hands for safekeeping. The oath was kept for two days. Then came a relapse and a steady travel on the road that leads to ruin. Rickey died in New York in 1885.

Scanlan and Cronin came after Rickey and McCarthy in a similar line of stage work. Scanlan was a fine singer and will be remembered as the author of those sweet songs, "Peek-a-boo," "Gathering the Myrtle for Mary," "Mollie O," etc.

Another Bush street favorite was Billy Courtright, now a very popular film comedian. Billy's great stunt was a unique song and dance, "Flewy-Flewy," and whenever he came on with his flimsily-constructed valise, into which he thrust a foot at the conclusion of a dance, the house rocked with laughter.

There were many sweet singers in the minstrel first parts of the early days,

prominent among them Dave Wambold, Henri Herbert, Tom Casselli, J. G. Russell and Tommy Bree. Russell's true name was Grant and he was a relative of Amelie Rives, the poet and novelist. In his youth he killed a man and though the deed was committed in self-defense, he was forced to flee and take a new name. He possessed a powerful, ringing baritone, and in such old-time songs as "You and I" and "We Parted by the Riverside" his splendid voice, rolling and quivering, filled with musical sound whatever theater he happened to be singing in. Casselli left minstrelsy for light opera. One of his favorite roles was "The Marquis" in "The Chimes of Normandy," in which, I think, Emelie Melville was the "Serpentine."

David Warfield, the eminent actor, was an usher at the Bush Theater while Courtright and other minstrels were playing there. His imitations, given both in public and in private, brought him to the notice of David Belasco, who soon had him launched as a comedy star. His great success during the past fifteen years is well known to the theater-going public. It was while the minstrels were playing at the Bush Street Theater and Warfield was acting as usher that Charles E. Bolles (Black Bart) became one of the sidewalk fixtures in front of the playhouse. He would stand for hours in one position watching the actors as they passed in and out of Chris Buckley's saloon. Billy Courtright was the only man who ever spoke to him and the action was due, not to acquaintanceship, but to Billy's innate courtesy. Frequently Bart would be missed for a week. These periods would be devoted to stage robberies, very risky proceedings, for at last they landed the highwayman in San Quentin.

The first clog dancers of note to shake their legs in San Francisco were Dick Sands and Billy Ashcroft. Sands was the champion clog dancer of America, but he was not a singer, while Ashcroft

both sang and danced. They made a strong team and were never equaled, though Primrose and West, who came after them, were very popular performers.

Other minstrels who made flying trips to San Francisco in the sixties and seventies were Lew Benedict, Sam Sharpley, Cool Burgess, A. D. Ryman, Harry Leslie, Milt Barlow, J. E. Green (the mocking bird singer), Haverley's company, J. Edward Taylor, George C. Thompson and Charley White. There were others, but I cannot bring them to memory.

A favorite "hangout" for white-face actors and black-face minstrels was the cigar shop of Dan Davis, adjoining Maguire's Opera House. The shop floor was about three feet below the sidewalk level and after the closing at night of the theaters, many of the performers would gather in front of Dan's place to shake dice and smoke cigars until money gave out or dawn came. When Maguire's closed its doors on account of the fierce opposition of the recently-built California Theater, Dan shut up shop to become proprietor of an underground coffee house midway between the California and the theaters on Bush street. Here he acquired the sobriquet of "Coffee Dan," and was shot squarely into the limelight by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin in their novel, "The Picaroons." Dan was an Englishman with a strong cockney accent and his speech and peculiarities were entertainingly set forth in the Burgess-Irwin story. He died about three years ago.

The champion flat-foot dancer of the Pacific Coast was Johnny Tuers. He generally appeared with Fred Sprung, Ned Buckley and Charles Rhoades, either at the Bella Union or the Metropolitan Theaters. In the late sixties he quarreled with a man on Washington street, pistols were drawn and an innocent bystander—James Dowling, a theatrical manager—stopped Tuers' bullet in

and ceased to live. Tuers was tried for murder and acquitted.

Fred Sprung, bass singer and interlocutor, was a Prussian and came to America when a boy. Before his arrival in California he had been a member of a band of minstrels organized to give performances on the Mississippi River boats. The band was a small one and each member was advertised as an artist in his line. On these boats the gamblers, always in force before the opening of the Civil War, would frequently postpone a game to listen to a minstrel performance. On these occasions they would pick favorites and the performers thus singled out would receive donations far in excess of the amount of their salaries. Sprung found it a happy, free and easy life and was sorry when the war put a stop to it. He died many years ago.

Charley Rhoades, who died forty years ago, was the pioneer banjo player of the coast. Not long after the discovery of gold his banjo was heard on the streets of San Francisco and in the northern and eastern mining camps. In the early sixties he joined a minstrel company and was before the public for over twenty years. He was the reputed author of that old-time popular song, "The Days of '49," and up to his retirement it was the favorite song of his repertory. The style of the song is shown in the following verses:

"There was Monte Pete, I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had;
He'd deal for you both night and day
Or as long as he had a scad.
One night a pistol laid him out,
Twas his last layout in fine;
It caught Pete sure right in the door
In the days of '49.

"There was Kentucky Bill, one of the boys,
Who was always in for a game.
No matter whether he lost or won,
To him 'twas all the same;
He'd ante a slug, he'd pass the buck,
He'd go a hatful blind;
In a game with death Bill lost his breath
In the days of '49.

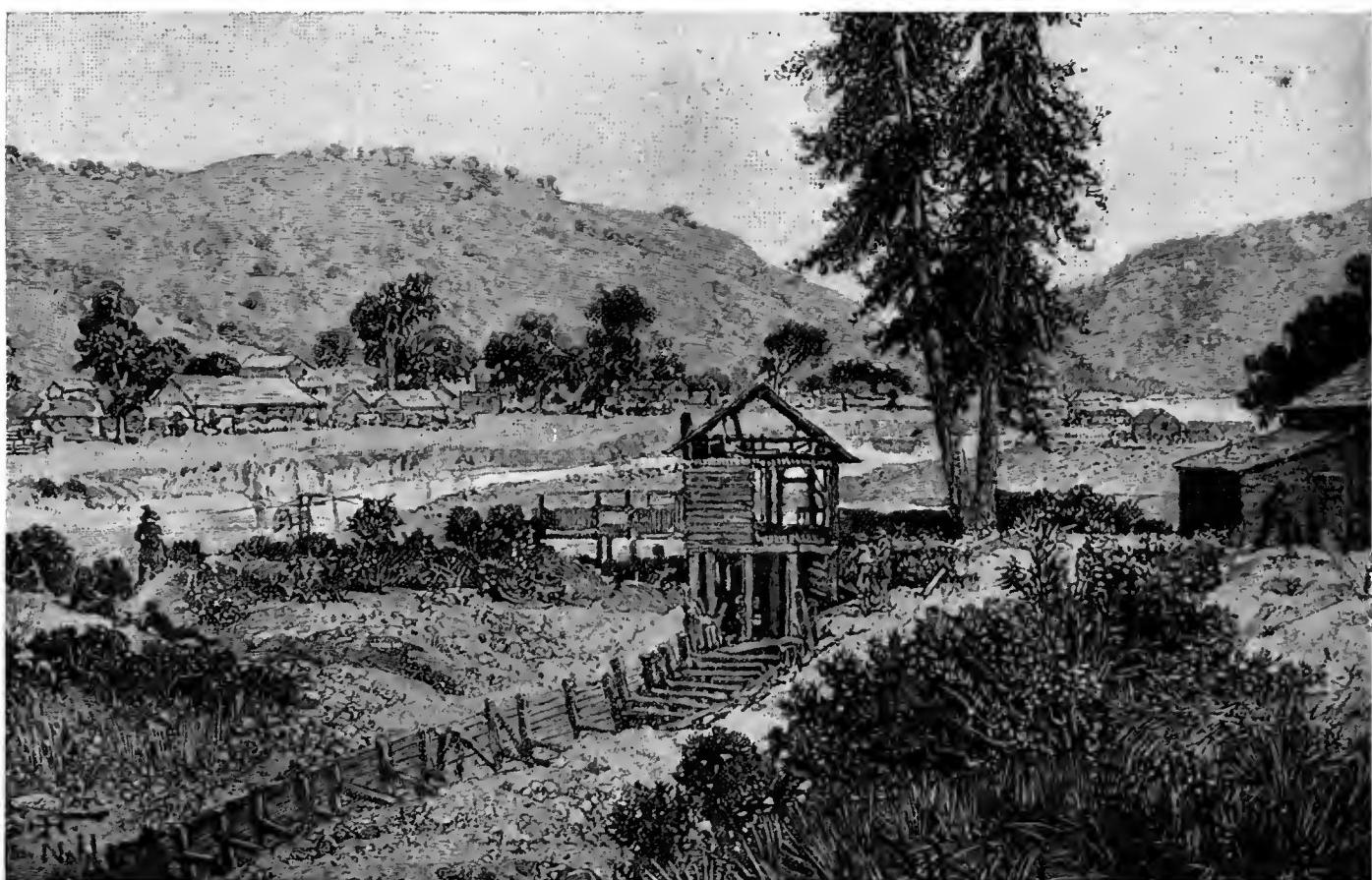
"There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight;
Whenever Jake got full of gin
He was looking for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we held a wake
in the days of '49."



The Lure of Gold

*Story of the Greatest Gold Rush in the Annals of History by the Argonauts of '49:
California Still a Leader in Production of the Precious Metal*

By JAMES FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN



Gold was first discovered at Sutter's Mill on the south fork of the American river at Coloma on January 24, 1848 by James W. Marshall

IT WAS apparently a matter of little moment when, on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1848, James Marshall discovered flakes of the yellow metal in the mill-race on the American River. Yet the cry which heralded this discovery was heard in every part of the United States and in many lands beyond the seas. Such was the magic of that cry that thousands turned their faces toward the setting sun, willing to endure toil, privation and danger for the sake of gold.

For how long previous to this date gold had been obtained from the sands in the southern part of the state, no one knows. Some historians believe that it was known throughout the days of the Spanish occupation. That gold was washed in the vicinity of San Fernando, near Los Angeles, as early as 1842, is certain, but the amounts secured were so small as to attract little attention. When, however, it became known that a man

with a pick, a shovel and a pan, or without implements of any kind, could gather a harvest of gold from the river channels, the excitement was intense.

The farmer left his crops and his cattle. The carpenter threw down his tools at the unfinished house. The clerk forsook the store. The lawyer abandoned his practice. Vessels floated idly

at anchor because their crews had deserted. Empty cabins and almost depopulated towns in the central part of the state told of man's feverish response to the lure of gold. In the latter part of June, 1848, Governor Mason, of California, who was making a tour of the diggings, found that practically all of the men had left San Francisco for the mines.

It is difficult to realize that in 1848 there was neither telephone nor automobile in the United States and that neither telegraph nor railroad had yet reached the Pacific Coast. Indeed, there was no overland mail service and the Pony Express was not established until 1860. Months rather than minutes were therefore required for the news of the gold discovery to reach the Atlantic seaboard.

In March the California Star, a San Francisco paper, gave an account of the discovery of gold. Letters telling



A typical outfit preparing to "pack in" to the mines

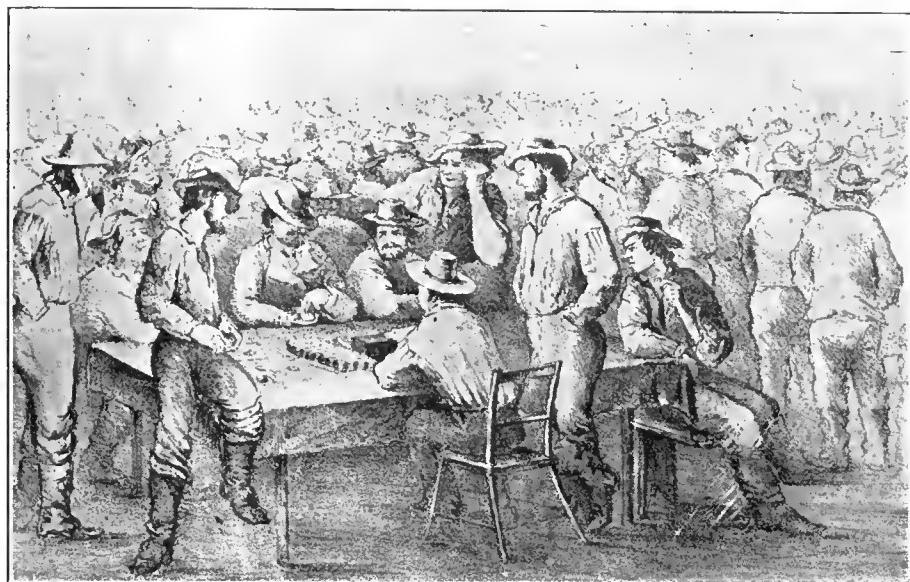
of it began to reach the Atlantic Coast in June of that year, and on September 16 appeared the first notice in a New York City newspaper. More substantial evidence in the form of a box of gold was received in Washington in November, and on December 5 President Polk, who had received a communication from Governor Mason, took up the matter in his message to Congress.

All was now excitement. The movement by water began at once, but land travel was delayed until the spring of 1849. As soon as stock could obtain pasture along the route, individuals and companies made their way to Independence or some other Missouri River point. There "trains" of prairie schooners were organized, each under the leadership of a captain. Slowly they traversed the prairies and the plains. Wearily they climbed the Rocky Mountains. With suffering and loss of life they toiled over the desert and up the Sierras. Thankfully the survivors looked down the seaward slope to the El Dorado of their dreams.

The loss of property and life was great. After crossing the Missouri River there were no towns from which supplies could be secured. The animals often lacked food and sometimes both humans and animals suffered because of lack of water. These conditions made it necessary for the Argonauts to leave behind them as they journeyed, day by day, many of their possessions. James Abbey a forty-niner, in writing of what he saw west of the Humboldt Sink, says: "Vast amounts of valuable property have been abandoned and thrown away in the desert—leather trunks, clothing, wagons, etc., to the value of at least \$100,000 in about twenty miles. I have counted in the last ten miles 362 wagons, which in the states cost about \$120 each."

Large numbers of persons made the overland trip in 1849. Many others went by way of the Isthmus of Panama and others took the much longer journey around Cape Horn. As it was practically impossible to cross the mountains during the winter, the number who traveled by water was at that season very great. According to Howe*, more than 4,000 persons left Massachusetts by ship for California in 1849. One of these ships, the "Acadian," was 267 days in making the voyage. Another was 248 days and several others were more than 200 days.

No other movement of population comparable to this has ever taken place in the United States and few in the history of the world. In 1849, fully 42,000 persons made the trip by land and 35,000 by sea. When, in 1848, Mexico ceded California to the United States, the esti-



Fortunes made in the diggings were frequently lost at the gambling table

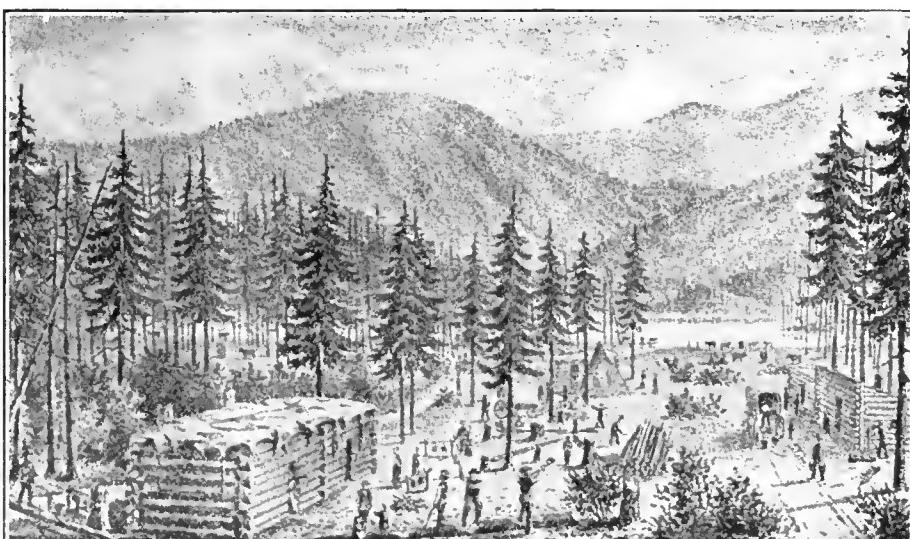
mated white population in the newly acquired territory was 12,000. In 1850 it had grown to 92,597.

The movement of this vast company created an unprecedented demand for supplies of various kinds. Mills were taxed to supply the necessary blankets. Great quantities of clothing and boots were required. Tents and cooking utensils were needed. Factories were crowded to provide knives, pistols, rifles, firearms of all kinds and ammunition. Wagons and harnesses were needed by those who made the overland trip and all required food of a character that could be most easily transported and that would not spoil.

The gold seekers journeyed from all parts of our country and from foreign lands as well. The urge back of this migration was tremendous. That fortunes could be secured by all at the mere

expense of physical labor was generally believed. Indeed, for a time, this was literally true. It is reported that two men took out \$17,000 worth of gold in seven days. A soldier cleaned up \$1,500 in ten days. One man in three weeks earned \$2,000. Another secured two pounds of gold in fifteen minutes. The editor of the Californian, who was making a tour of some of the diggings, used a pick, shovel and pan to such advantage that his average earnings were \$100 per day. To earn from \$10 to \$50 daily attracted no particular attention.

On the other hand, large expense attached to the journey to California and to living after reaching the land of gold. Some paid as high as \$1,000 for passage from Panama to San Francisco. Room rent was, in some cases, \$100 per month. On page 156 Howe gives a menu of the El Dorado Hotel



Goldseekers on the way to California camped in the Sierra Nevada mountains

in Hangtown, from which the following is taken: "bean soup, \$1.00; roast beef, \$1.50; fried bacon, \$1.00; rice pudding, 75c."*

At first the gold was washed from the sands and gravels of the streams, or picked from the crevices of the rocks by means of knives or even the fingers. In 1852 hydraulic mining was commenced at American Hill, in Nevada County. Streams of water, under high pressure, were turned against the hill sides, cutting them down and covering the adjacent lowlands with the wreckage. An uncle of the writer owned a farm which was buried beneath sand and gravel to such an extent that it was never reclaimed. So destructive was this method that it was after a time restricted by law.

Usually the gold was obtained in the form of flakes and small nuggets, but occasionally a large nugget was found. In some cases these were worth thousands of dollars. A soldier, while drinking from the Mokelumne River, discovered a nugget that weighed more than twenty pounds. Governor Mason sent this to Washington. †Hittell reports that at Carson Hill, in Calaveras County, in November, 1854, a nugget weighing 195 pounds and worth \$43,000 was found.

In time deep mining was resorted to and this method now yields approximately one-half of the total output of gold. In 1898 dredging for gold began. Up to the close of 1921, \$124,992,984 worth of gold had been secured through this process. The Feather, Yuba and American Rivers yield the largest amounts.

In the early days an unusually rich strike led to a stampede for the new diggings, resulting in the depopulating of some camps and the rapid growth of others. Some of the mining camps had most unusual names as witness: Poker Flat, Dutch Flat, Poverty Flat, Roaring Camp, You Bet, Red Dog, Murderer's Bar and Hangtown, now Placerville. Bret Harte has given us a vivid touch of life in the gold diggings in his "Luck of Roaring Camp." We can see the red-shirted miners seated or lying about the campfire after the feverish work of the day. We hear their conversation, stories and laughter. We listen to their songs, some frivolous but others filled with pathos as they turn the thoughts of the men to home and loved ones.

The magnitude of the gold industry

in California may be grasped by studying the following figures:

TABLE SHOWING YIELD OF GOLD PER YEAR, 1848 to 1922, Inclusive*

Year	Value	Year	Value
1848.....	\$ 245,301	1886.....	\$14,716,506
1849.....	10,151,360	1887.....	13,588,614
1850.....	41,273,106	1888.....	12,750,000
1851.....	75,938,232	1889.....	11,212,913
1852.....	81,294,700	1890.....	12,309,793
1853.....	67,613,487	1891.....	12,728,869
1854.....	69,433,931	1892.....	12,571,900
1855.....	51,485,395	1893.....	12,422,811
1856.....	57,509,411	1894.....	13,923,281
1857.....	43,628,170	1895.....	15,334,317
1858.....	46,591,140	1896.....	17,181,562
1859.....	45,846,599	1897.....	15,871,401
1860.....	44,095,163	1898.....	15,906,478
1861.....	41,884,995	1899.....	15,336,031
1862.....	38,854,668	1900.....	15,863,355
1863.....	23,501,736	1901.....	16,989,044
1864.....	24,071,423	1902.....	16,910,320
1865.....	17,930,858	1903.....	16,471,264
1866.....	17,123,867	1904.....	19,109,600
1867.....	18,265,452	1905.....	19,197,043
1868.....	17,555,867	1906.....	18,732,452
1869.....	18,229,044	1907.....	16,727,928
1870.....	17,458,133	1908.....	18,761,559
1871.....	17,477,885	1909.....	20,237,870
1872.....	15,482,194	1910.....	19,715,440
1873.....	15,019,210	1911.....	19,738,908
1874.....	17,264,836	1912.....	19,713,478
1875.....	16,876,009	1913.....	20,406,958
1876.....	15,610,723	1914.....	20,653,496
1877.....	16,501,268	1915.....	22,442,296
1878.....	18,839,141	1916.....	21,410,741
1879.....	19,626,654	1917.....	20,087,504
1880.....	20,030,761	1918.....	16,529,162
1881.....	19,223,155	1919.....	16,695,955
1882.....	17,146,416	1920.....	14,311,043
1883.....	24,316,873	1921.....	15,704,822
1884.....	13,600,000	*1922.....	14,670,346
1885.....	12,661,044		
	Total, \$1,750,593,269.		

It will be observed that the maximum output was reached in the year 1852 and the minimum in 1889. From 1865 to 1921, inclusive, the average annual production in round numbers was \$16,000,000. For the ten-year period ending with 1922, the average annual yield in round numbers was \$18,000,000.

*Reports of the State Mineralogist with the exception of the figures for 1922, which are furnished by the Department of the Interior.



*Howe, Octavius T. Argonauts of '49, Harvard University Press, 1923.

†Hittell, History of California, Vol. 3, p. 142.

Although the value of the gold produced during the decade closing with 1859 far exceeded that of any other ten-year period, California still ranks first among the states of the Union, including Alaska. About one-half of the counties of the state are gold producers, but Yuba, Nevada, Amador, Sacramento and Calaveras produce a large part of the total.

Gold is no longer the chief magnet that draws people to California, yet—"this branch of the mining industry will play an important part for many years to come, because, aside from partly developed mines which are known to contain immense ore reserves, it is a well known fact that thousands of square miles of possible mineral-bearing land remain practically unexplored."†

Although, as has been stated, a large quantity of gold has been obtained by dredging, much more probably remains to be won. As a result of the hydraulic mining of early days, immense quantities of silt were deposited in the streams. Only the richest of the gold was saved. In the beds of the Feather, Yuba and American Rivers much remains for the miner of today and the future.

But for gold, California's story would be quite different than it is. No other equal area in the world has experienced such a growth in population in three years as did California from 1848 to 1850, inclusive. The rapid growth led to the early admission of the state into the Union and resulted in the building of the Union Pacific Railroad sooner than it would otherwise have been built.

Although the Argonauts were for the most part men of good character, there were among the number many who were a menace to society. The temptations to commit crime were upon every hand and the restraining arm of the law had not yet been raised. To such an extent did crime spread in San Francisco, that the best citizens of the city, led by William T. Coleman, organized the Vigilantes in 1851. This company of 700 men took the law into their own hands and after hanging several of the worst criminals, a large number of others left. In 1856 this had to be repeated.

Although there are few remaining who participated in the early life of California, the memory of their deeds remains, and one of the most interesting chapters in California's history will always be that of "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

†—Report of the State Mineralogist, Vol. 18, No. 11, p. 620.

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Chamberlain on the industrial development of the West. The third article will appear in an early issue.

Brothers In Battle

THIS is a tale they tell in the west when the sun is down and the lights are low. It is a story of the prize ring, and a fight that ended—but that is miles ahead of the story.

The Adams brothers were twins. They acted the same, they looked the same, they fought the same.

George was seven pounds heavier than his brother, Bennie. And never was seven pounds used to better advantage. If George had to make the welterweight limit at three o'clock, and he found he could not do it, he merely sent his lighter brother to weigh in for him. Then George would get into the ring with a fine advantage in weight over his opponent.

Often, when Bennie had a tough customer to fight in some small town, he would have his heavier brother do the fighting. A seven-pound weight advantage is a great deal, as any old-time pugilist will tell you.

The Adams brothers were tall, raw-boned, and pigeon-toed. Their shoulders were heavy and muscular. They had learned how to throw their punches with the same force that a shot-putter learns to throw a heavy weight. Fighting was an unemotional business with them, at which they had earned thousands of dollars.

They practised every trick known to the shady side of pugilism. They knew the prize ring as few knew it, for they had grown up with boxing gloves on their hands. But to see them out of the ring one would pick them for tired clerks, their manner was so peaceful.

They were seated now in the lobby of a Cleveland hotel, each bitter with the regrets over well laid plans that had miscarried the night before.

George had used his seven pounds advantage to fight Jack Brennan in Alliance. George was a shade slower than his brother as a boxer—and Jack Brennan was lightning fast. As a result, George's advantage in weight had only earned him an audience-disputed draw.

"Well, George," said Bennie, "I'll call you 'End o' the world' after this."

"Why so, Bennie, why so?"

"Because you're as slow winnin' as the end of the world is comin'."

"Gosh, didn't I take the beatin'? What more do you want?"

"To win, to win; we had a t'ousand dollars bet you'd win."

"Well, I got a draw, an' you didn't lose it," returned George.

"That ain't the point, George. We didn't win it."

By JIM TULLY, Author of "Emmett Lawler,"
"Battle Galore"

"Well, I was talking to Manny Williams yesterday, an' we got something up our sleeves that'll get the jack," went on Bennie.

"What you got up your sleeves, your elbows?" asked George.

"Nope, we're goin' out west."

"Not for me, Bennie. I was out west that time to Chicago."

"Chicago ain't west. It takes four days to get to the real west," said Bennie.

"That's too far," returned George. "I get seasick; 'member that time we went to Buffalo?"

"I know George, but you don't take a boat all the way. You only go on the boat's as far as Denver."

"Well, I may go then," assented George.

"All right then," said Bennie, "we'll go over'n see Manny Williams."

It was a warm June day and a soft breeze traveled over the smooth water of Lake Erie and blew gently through the streets of Cleveland. The two fighters walked across the Public Square, unconscious of the green trees and the flowers, and the great monument in the center of it. "Now listen, George," said Bennie, "you gotta watch Manny Williams; he's crooked as a barrel o' snakes. I like guys that shoot square."

Manny Williams had been the manager of Billy Ames when that pugilist was on the crest of the wave. As such, he had traveled through California, with Billy.

Manny had a big body, a small head, a big nose, and small eyes. He walked slowly, and grunted as he walked. He had two hobbies: buying jewelry, and managing pugilists.

For over twenty years he had operated his little jewelry store, and Manny had only one real conviction—that there was no honesty in the world. Like people with small imaginations, he saw all worlds from the narrow rim of his own.

He was polishing watches with a chamois skin when the Adam brothers entered the store.

"Hello, Manny t'ink you'll go west with us?" asked Bennie.

Manny pondered the question for a moment.

"Sure, I'll take a chance. As I was tellin' you yesterday, Bennie, the two of you kin lick Fatty Logan. I'm goin' out to manage him tomorrow, an' my

brother runs the store here. I want a third of all the money bet, an' that you guys make. I gotta get a match for Fatty at the Needles for the Fourt' of July. Is it a go?"

"Sure," said the brothers, "we'll take a chance."

They threshed out all details, and that night Manny wired Fatty that he had matched him for twenty rounds with Ed Harvan, of Tulsa. The promoter, Gronan, an old friend of Manny's, was also wired.

Fatty Logan was the local pride of the Needles. The town had rejoiced when it heard the news that Manny was to manage him. For Manny's success with Billy Ames was well known in the world of pugilism.

Manny traveled over the seemingly never-ending stretches of desert and mountain, until he reached his destination.

The Adams brothers were to follow him in two days, and wait at a hotel in Kansas City for further instructions.

Manny had written confidential letters to Lucky Brown and other gambler friends in Los Angeles. He had asked them to meet him in the Needles within four days.

Arriving in the Needles, he registered at a hotel and after the boy had gone, Manny sat in a heavy chair and stared at the wall with a satisfied expression on his face. He would clean up this time. Who told these natives that Fatty Logan could fight? He would bet twenty thousand and the Adams brothers would bet ten thousand each on themselves. And then—they'd get all the purse. The match was "winner take all."

Tired from the long ride, Manny rolled into bed. All that night he dreamed of money. He had a string of jewelry stores across the country. He saw headlines in the papers calling him the Jewelry King.

Toward morning he dreamed that he and Lucky Brown had each won twenty thousand dollars on the fight.

The next morning he found Fatty Logan, and Gronan, the promoter. The reporter for the local "Needle's Point" interviewed him about economic conditions in the east, and placed his picture on the first page. Above it was the caption—"Leading Eastern Merchant Becomes Manager of Local Boy." There were pictures of boxing gloves in each corner of Manny's photograph.

The Adams brothers were instructed by Manny to travel west. Bennie was to arrive in the Needles under the name

of Ed Harvan, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, the Fighting Oil Driller. George was to go on to Los Angeles until the day before the fight.

Gentlemen, apparently from Oklahoma, who had been spending the summer in Los Angeles, came down to witness the fight and place their money on Harvan. The natives rose to the occasion in true California spirit, and covered all money bet at odds of two to one. The gentlemen from Oklahoma were pleased at the odds.

When the day of the fight arrived, Lucky Brown rode to the Needles with George Adams.

Lucky was a gambler. He was a weird blending of all that once made western gamblers so picturesque. He talked a great deal, but never about himself. No one had ever heard him mention a thing about his boyhood. He had a strong personality, around which, legend is always quick to grow. He had once bet twenty thousand dollars, all he had in the world on the turn of a pair of dice. He had won, and had ever afterward been called "Lucky." He never made friends of other gamblers.

Lucky Brown was unusual. He did not dress like a moving picture gambler at all. Instead, an exclusive Los Angeles tailor had made his clothes for years.

He was a massive, square-jawed man, with a scar below his right eye which looked as though it had been made by a razor.

Lucky now looked out on the yellow country beyond Barstow, and thought of many things.

He recalled the time that Manny Williams had made Bud Riley, an overgrown boy, sweat in a Turkish bath in order to lose six pounds that he might fight Ames. The lad, really a welterweight, had sweated and worked himself down to the lightweight limit. He faced Ames with all the strength sweated out of him, and as a result was slowly cut to pieces and later knocked out by the merciless Champion. It was all in the game, and Brown knew, but there was something sinister about it that he never forgot.

Riley never recovered from the beating. He soon passed out of sight, and his name faded from the record books.

Manny had craftily made the match at catchweights. Then two days before the fight he told Riley that he would have to make the lightweight limit at three o'clock, or Ames would refuse to fight him. Riley, desperate for the one big chance, agreed to make the weight. Brown thought of Bud Ridley for a long time. He wondered where Riley was. He remembered that thousands of dol-

lars had been lost because Manny had insisted that Riley make the lightweight limit.

When Brown and George arrived at the Needles, they went to a hotel where George donned his fighting togs, and wore them under his suit to the arena. Brown went with him, carrying a pair of boxing gloves and George's fighting shoes in a small handbag.

The sun had gone down and all nature was still.

They reached the arena at dark. It was pitched in the center of the building, and elevated about five feet from the ground. There was an enclosure under it which had been boarded up all around. An open space was at one corner where two boards had been removed.

Brown helped George adjust his shoes and gloves. This done, George crawled into the open space under the ring with the aid of a flashlight which Brown held.

"Now, George," said Brown, "when the lights go out during the fight that'll be a signal for you to crawl out and jump in the ring. An' when the lights go on, you battle Fatty just as though you were Bennie. Holt's a wise old second, and he'll fix you up in the dark so's you'll look like you been fightin' a dozen rounds. Do you get me?"

"Sure I git you. Anything for the old mazuma," answered George as he lay on a piece of canvas under the ring. Brown resumed:

"If Bennie gets tired, or is knocked down, so's it looks like he'll take the count, out goes the glims. If you hear a bump on the floor and the lights stay on, that means Fatty's takin' the count, so you can rest easy. Are you on?"

"Sure, Lucky, I'm on like a stickin' plaster. Leave it to me, old boy," answered George.

"Now be danged sure you're on," said Brown, "we don't want to get this thing all balled up. They'd pinch the whole caboodle and throw away the key if they caught us in a frameup. There's a barrel of dough on this fight, and the natives hate to lose money like a baby hates to lose its mother in a crowd."

"That's all right, I'm on," replied George.

When Brown walked away, George sat silent for some time, and then stretched out on the canvas and used one of his gloved hands as a pillow. The crowd soon began to enter the building.

Thousands of people surged through the streets of the Needles. Many bets were made in the pool rooms of the town. Gentlemen apparently from Oklahoma and Los Angeles covered all bets made by the natives. They still insisted on odds of two to one and received them. For Fatty, the Fighting Brakeman, had never lost a fight.

As the first preliminary started George could hear the many voices of the spectators near the ringside. As usual, men who had never worn a boxing glove were excitedly telling the pugilists how to win the fight. George could hear the quick shuffling of feet above him, and then he heard the gong ring, which ended in the first round. In another minute the gong rang again, and as the fighters rushed out of their corners, George could feel the floor shake above him.

Then the heavy thump of a falling body was heard by the listening pugilist. The voice of the referee could be heard counting—One—two—three—and slowly until the count of ten. A cheer came from the audience, then more shuffling of feet as the ring was cleared. Then silence again.

"Another prelim kid got his," thought George, as he shifted position. He wondered what became of all the preliminary fighters he had seen in his years of fighting. Some had yellow streaks, others had glass jaws, others couldn't think quick enough. He moistened his lips. His mouth ached for a cigarette. Then his mind returned to the preliminary fighters. "Say what you please about this game," he thought, "it does take a lot o' guts."

More noise was heard above, as the semi-windup fighters climbed into the ring. The announcer introduced Johnny Werty, the Arizona mauler, and Bill Slocum, the Death Valley slugger, who challenged the winner of the main bout. George tried to picture the Death Valley Slugger in his mind. The gong sounded.

The ring above George shook like a raft in a storm. Shouts came from the audience. A heavy shuffling of fast moving feet sounded above him. A body fell suddenly on the canvas floor. There was a hurried patter of feet, then another thump of a body on the canvas floor and George listened for the count. He could not hear it distinctly. He counted eight with the referee. For five rounds more the fight lasted, and then one of the pugilists were knocked out. George wondered which one it was. He heard a man yell, "Oh you peaceful valley slugger."

George waited a longer time than before. At last he heard footsteps above him. Finally he heard the names of the principals being announced to the audience. "Ladies an' gentlemen—Fatty Logan of the Needles—an' Ed Harvan of Tulsa, Oklahoma. They'll fight twenty rounds for the Champeenship of the West." He raised his hand to still the noise—"The wi-n-ner takes a-l-l," he bellowed.

A tense quiet rolled through the building, and touched George under the ring. He forgot his desire for a cigarette, as he listened to the heavy sound of feet

above him. Now and then there was a quick shuffle, and then a heavy lunge. George pictured in his mind the lithe body of his brother, gliding around the ring. But there was always the heavy steps of a man going forward. Steady, determined steps they were, that moved cautiously and heavily. George moved as close as he dared to where the light streamed through the boardless opening. He heard the two fighters grunt furiously like wild animals in pain.

Manny Williams watched the men in the ring and wished that the night was over. Fatty could fight. He had improved. Well, anyhow, no man on the earth could lick the two Adams brothers in one night. Hadn't George fought a draw with Jack Briton in Akron? And he'd seen Bennie hold his own with George in a gym. "Well, there was no use to worry," he thought.

There was a frightful lunge, and Bennie retreated with gloves flying in front of him. But Fatty's gloves also flew. There was a tangled mixup in one corner, and Bennie, still retreating, caught Fatty a blow on the ear that turned it as red as beet. Bennie danced awkwardly out of harm's way. His toes turned in, and his knees knocked together. His hands moved quickly and his shoulders moved freely.

Lucky Brown stood back near the switches that controlled the lights.

The gong ended the first three minutes. The audience sat back, forgetful of all but the anticipated thrill of the coming rounds. Bennie did about as he pleased for the first half of the second. Every blow and rush that Fatty made was neatly blocked. Then Fatty became ever more determined and rushed Bennie into a corner. His muscular arms blazed away at close quarters, and Bennie worked fast to get away from the vicious onslaughts.

When the men returned to their corners each of their chief seconds talked earnestly to them. Fatty's second said, "You got him goin' now Fatty. Fight him in close, under the eaves, old boy—under the eaves. He's too gangly, and when he rains them blows they won't fall on you when you're under the eaves." Manny Williams frowned.

Bennie panted freely, while a wise old second talked to him. "Just watch your face, don't git battered up too much, and for Pete's sake don't let him hang a shiner on you. Long's your mug ain't battered I can fix George up in the dark. Tell me if you start to slip, and I'll give the high sign to switch the lights." The gong.

Fatty Logan was known as a slow starter in the ring.

His nature was not vicious, and it seemed to require a certain amount of

beating to arouse all the sleeping beast in him.

His body was pudgy, but beneath the seemingly fat exterior was immense lung power and iron muscles, well concealed by apparent flabbiness. His eyes were deep in his head, the high cheek bones below them, and the projecting forehead above, had protected them from being pounded by the gloves of his antagonists.

His nose was small and flat, and his ears had been hammered by visiting members of his profession till they were lumps of distorted gristle. There was no flabbiness around his waistline. It was trim like a woman's. He was possibly the strongest man of his weight the modern ring had developed. Fighters had been known to squirm with pain when in the embrace of one of his powerful clinches.

When the gong sounded he rushed out of his corner and worked his iron body inside Bennie's guard. He whaled away with his heavy arms until Bennie broke ground, and dropped to his knees. He took the count of six while the audience screamed lustily. But during those six seconds he tried to map out a plan of battle against his opponent. He rose, and stood rigid. Then his long left arm struck straight out like a battering ram.

Time and again during the round Fatty rushed against it, and always it battered against his face, and jaw with thudding precision. Fatty tried to duck low and rush, but Bennie's terrible left worked lower, and his right crushed upward again and again. There was confusion in the Logan camp. The pigeon-toed bruiser was mapping out a fight against a bear. He made no move until Fatty moved. The audience screamed at him revilingly. But Bennie was wise, and warily old in the ways of the ring. He thought not of the audience but of the bruiser in front of him. Fatty rushed again with a fearful grunt. He jumped over a foot from the floor, and throwing his gloves in front of him, aimed directly at Bennie's jaw. Bennie stepped back quickly and timed a one-two punch at Fatty's jaw. The blows caught Fatty while he was still in the air. He was knocked upward, and fell backward, in a heap.

Bennie stood over him, his left rigid as ever, while his black eyes watched the movements of his fallen man, as a snake watches a bird. Fatty rose unsteadily to his knees as the gong rang. Men near the ringside, from Los Angeles, yelled "Harvan! Harvan! that's a boy, Harvan!" But Bennie paid no attention. He sank wearily into his chair.

George had heard the heavy thump of the falling body, and watched the open space with rapidly beating heart. But the lights did not go out. Manny

Williams moved uneasily. Lucky Brown stood, his eyes looking straight into the ring.

Manny made a show of interest and said to Fatty's second, "Advise him, advise him." The chief second was already advising him. "Go in your shell, Fatty, don't let him outsmart you. Don't make a move till you get inside his guard. Battle him when you're under the eaves, as I tells you before!"

The gong sounded clearly. There was no murmur to break the silence. For Fatty, the home boy, the local unbeatable, had just weathered a hard round. He now walked to the center of the ring, almost doubled up. Every part of his anatomy protected. His little eyes shone brightly in his head. There was no rush this time. Both men walked cautiously about the ring. Fatty was feinted by Bennie into an unintentional opening. Then Bennie shot a right through his open guard that sounded like the crack of a gun. Fatty weathered the blow and "went under the eaves." He shook his head violently as if to clear it of the stunning effect of the jaw-crashing blow. And then his heavy hands began to work. They crashed against Bennie's body and left red marks upon it. Bennie wriggled away from the vicious infighter, and tried to measure him for another one-two punch. But Fatty's jaws were buried on his chest, and his little eyes looked upward, while his fists whaled away with every ounce of strength he could whirl behind them. Then Fatty rested, by clinching.

Bennie Adams, alias Ed Harvan, was a game man, and a great fighter. There was no doubt about that. He tried to squirm out of the death-like clinch in which he was held. He found that he could not do it. He quickly decided to fight his way out. The local referee was kindly disposed toward Fatty. Bennie allowed him that. He expected no more than he gave in the fight game. And now for a minute and a half the audience stood on its feet. Bennie was fighting his way out. He turned his toes more inward, and seemed to fasten them in the canvas. His body leaned forward, as Fatty's gloves slammed against it.

He traded blow for blow with the relentless Fatty. Once he was knocked backward against the ropes, and before he could recover his upright position, Fatty was upon him. The ropes swayed under the impact of their two hurtling bodies. With an intense effort of strength Bennie leaned low and caught the onrushing Fatty above the heart with a six-inch right that carried the weight of his body behind it. It shook the redoubtable Fatty down to his toes. But he rushed in with more viciousness. Bennie ripped

(Continued on page 43)

A Tale of Calaveras in '58

(Continued from September)

"THE devil be from me!"

A noise as of someone tampering with the fastening of his cabin door, and a subdued babble of lingo he recognized only too surely as Chinese, roused Mike Kalaher from a snatch of merciful sleep.

Opening his weary eyes upon the pale dawn, and keeping his body, with its mass of sore and stiffened wounds, as still as he could to avoid suffering, he cried out the familiar Kerry phrase of exorcism in a loud, howling tone, calculated to put renewed terror of him into the yellow enemy, now attacking a man down and alone.

"The devil be from me!"

Silence without the cabin. Silence within, likewise. But Mike was preparing. In fact, before easing his tortured body onto its bed an hour earlier, he had taken precautions, as one must who is hunted by the officers of the law, and sought by a horde of infuriated Mongolians whose gold offering to their joss he had snatched and made away with in the darkness of the night. Especially did the Chinese want to reach him, since they well knew the gold they had lost to him was not theirs of right, but that they had stolen it from the Rafferty claim. They were the real thieves, and had rushed up and down and about the narrow, dark streets of San Andreas for hours, after Mike's desperate escape, to find him again, recover the buckskin sacks, and leave him to live or die as their treatment of him might chance to result. Apprehension of the guilty ones would be impossible.

"'Tis now that one o' them pistols would be comin' in handy," he thought, as he rose painfully and took up the crowbar he had placed close beside his bed.

Moving softly to the door, he deliberately removed the heavy oaken bar and drew the door open till it set tightly against the obstacle he had placed to keep it from opening farther—a wide axe head whose thin blade fitted under the door at a distance of about nine inches from the door jamb. He had driven two spikes into the floor to fix the axe head firmly in position. All this an hour back, in anticipation.

"Shure, 'tis fine to have the wits," the irrepressible Mike told himself, even while his wounds were reopening with his movements. "Now let them pigtails thry me wid a bit more than me bar-r-re hands to whip a whole band o' the on-Christians devils!" He raised the crowbar and held it poised.

Opening the door was a move that

By HONORIA TUOMEY

made the attacking Chinese pause. The complete silence within nonplussed them. What could that mysteriously possessed "Ilish" person mean? Mike sensed the enemy's difficulty, and was much inclined to mirth.

"Helloo-oo! Allee same you likee see me? Allee same me planty likee you. No hap—" it was the voice and the pidgin of Ah You, his last night's convoy to the quarters of the joss.

Silence still within that tantalizing open door.

"No hap—" here Ah You, little cat's paw now, put his head into the opening. His compatriots were compelling him to serve them, to put himself in the forefront of danger, as a well-merited return for his having, in his unwarranted zeal, last night, allowed this wild Irishman to be closeted with the joss and its offering of Rafferty's gold.

Down came the crowbar upon the braid-drapped head the instant it came in sight within the room. It was a light rap, as crowbar raps go: Mike did not want to kill Ah You or anyone else, even if his own life were being sought. He was sanguine of a better way out of his situation than by the murder route.

Ah You dropped unconscious, half in, half out of the cabin, his face down.

An angry uproar broke loose outside. The plan of the terrible devil-man was revealed now. There followed a war council, Mike could gather. He raised the crowbar, ready for the onset.

Like a human battering ram came the rush of infuriated Chinese.

The stout door and its axe wedge held. Mike worked with lightning quickness. The first to follow Ah You was a big Celestial. One crack on his skull and he fell upon the figure of the cat's paw. Another crack laid a third low, another did the same for a fourth, and when Mike came down with vim on the fifth head, his doorway was blocked solidly with limp "pigtailed," while the remaining attackers held off, yelling and chattering.

Not a sound, all this while, from the man with the crowbar, neither shout of rage, nor groan of pain, nor cry of exultation. Kalaher was still the self-contained philosopher, who made an uproar only when that particular sort of performance was necessary to serve his purposes, as, last night on the stage of the Chinese theatre, and while playing havoc in the restaurant below it. But he was in a just rage, he was exultant, he was in an agony of pain.

As the one-sided warfare halted, there came a pistol report, and another, squeals of fright from the Chinese outside, and the voice of Jim Blosser, constable, ordering a general surrender.

Mike, leaning heavily with both hands on the head of the crowbar for support, while blood from his wounds of last night, and sweat from his hard pain while defending himself, soaked and stained his clothing, lifted his voice:

"Jim Blosser! Come on in an' take yer prisoners, be the law! Take the complainin' par-r-ties, an' the par-r-ty on the defense, an' don't be schar-r-r-ed—come on in!"

"Kalaher, man!" cried now the anxious voice of Tim Rafferty, "Yer not dead, then, Kalaher?"

"Read! Shure what sense would there be in me bein' dead?" Mike returned in as lusty tones as he could command. "What would I be dead for, an' life gettin' more inter-r-r-estin' right along, Tim, ye omadhaun?"

"You just come out here an' surrender, Mike Kalaher," ordered Blosser, "I ain't takin' no chances a-goin' in there. What's all these yellah fellahs lying round here for, anyway? You hain't killed 'em, have you?" He was still invisible to Mike.

"If ye'll have the gr-r-reat kindness to be afther removin' that same mess o' yellah par-r-ties from me door, Blosser, I'll do me best to accommodate ye, an' come for-r-r-th an' be ar-r-rested, me wor-r-r-d on that!"

"Here, you fellahs get them stiffs outa that doorway," the constable directed the dozen or more Chinese standing by, covered by Jim's weapon.

"Shure, Mike, 'tis killed entirely Jim thought ye was, back there in the gulch, whin he shot—"

"Never mind about that, Rafferty," gruffly interrupted Jim, "he'll pay for that trick when he gets into court. Resistin' an officer's a serious offense agin the law."

"It wasn't resistin' I was, Jim, it was just me caper-r-r to see how good yer aim was. An' wil ye look at this, an' have the laugh on Mike Kalaher, or maybe on yerself, man?"

The mellow Irish voice sounded weak and failing as a low-crowned black hat of the style commonly worn then, came sailing out of the window in the rosy early morning light. Mike had pulled open his window for air.

"Let's see that hat, Tim," said the constable, and the two stood together and examined the head covering of Kalaher.

Two bullet holes were in the low crown, one in the back, and the other in the front.

"God save us! Jim, you shot through it! You might a'killed Mike!"

"An' him aimin' at a noise five paces away!" It was a shaky and gurgling sort of laugh that came from within.

"You came near gettin' it, Mike. Glad you didn't, though. I hated to shoot at you last night, but you know you had ought to have stopped when you heerd me order you to."

"The woman never went to bed after ye left, Mike, but walked an' sat, an' cried, an' worried about ye. She sint ye this basket o' things fer yer breakfast, an' I'll be givin' it to ye meself, an' makin' ye some coffee, an' stayin' wid ye till yer well, so I will. An' I've sint wor-r-d to Tommy an' Pether an' Andy, an' Con an' the other lads to come," Tim said, going up to the open window.

"Mike! Ye are dead! Ye are dead! Jim, look at him! He's dead!"

Blosser jumped to the window. He beheld Mike lying prone on the floor, looking, indeed, corpslike enough.

"Here, get them Chinese outa that doorway quick, you darned setta low down pests," grated Jim, flourishing his pistol at the sullen Chinese.

Five minutes later, the five stunned victims of the crowbar were being dabbed with water at the river's brink, and given other first aid attentions which soon revived them sufficiently to enable them to sit up and express their feelings in undertones to their fellow Celestials.

It took longer than five minutes to bring Mike out of his swoon. Jim and Tim worked over the exhausted and weakened man till finally he was able to open his eyes and recognize them again.

As soon as he could speak, he asked Blosser to step outside and see if the Chinese prisoners, which Jim was still herding from the range of the cabin door and window, might possibly be meddling with his mining tools, stored in a little shed.

"Tim," he whispered, the moment Jim was gone, "Did ye hide yer sacks all right?"

"Shure, yes, in the cradle, undher the babby's pillow," was the whispered answer.

"Then, quick as the rest," glancing toward the out-of-doors, "are away to town, go an' fetch me sacks, an' put them in the cradle, too, till I can handle them meself."

"Ye're talkin' sense, Michael, boy, or dreamin', is it?" soothing the hot forehead with a cloth wet with cold water.

Mike exerted himself to reveal the news of yesterday's great strike in the "Garryowen."

"'Twas potholes—ye niver saw the like—an' there's more. It's cached be-

yant the tool-shed. Ye'll get it easy, an' take it back in Mary's basket, Tim. Watch, now, an'see that Jim an' them Chinee devils vamos for town."

Here Blosser appeared at the door. "Well, Kalaher, I have to tell you, you're under arrest, an' will be duly notified when your trial will take place. I hope you will get all right. I'll tell the boys, an' see you get the doctor if you want him."

"Sind the docther down, then, Jim, an' thank ye for it," Tim called, "an' tell him give the rein to the ould nag."

"An' keep them pigtauls corraled till me gang o' lads gets here, or till Mike Kalaher can lift a crowbar again," added the prostrate Michael.

There were many high lights on human nature in general and the elements of a California mining town in particular, in evidence on the day that Michael Kalaher stood his trial in the courtroom in San Andreas for his unlawful actions on the premises of the Chinese three weeks before. The big Irishman had quite recovered from the severe treatment he had undergone at the hands—nails, to be exact—of the enraged mob, and had become the hero and the lion of Calaveras country, for his fighting prowess as well as for his high purpose in bearding the joss in his den, so to say, and bearing off the stolen gold of his friend. It was an age of fighting with bare hands, of shedding blood in the dust of the street, of throwing the antagonist bodily into the Other World, of going down to a gory death for love of a friend, or in defense of his rights or his property.

Tim and his chum, Con, and Mike's other cronies, Tommy, Peter and Andy, and their several friends besides, had told the story freely and fully to all listeners, and that included everybody in the place outside the Oriental element. But some of the whites took up the matter on their own account with the more prominent Chinese, who in turn, repeated to their compatriots the weighty revelations abroad concerning the robbing of Rafferty's sluice boxes, and the recovery of the sacks from under the nose of their joss. The Chinese had never been more than barely tolerated in the mines, and had received ample evidence before of their presence being heartily unwelcome. Now with this new count against them, they began to fear worse than abusive endurance at the hands of the whites.

The hall of Justice in the crude little Sierran mining town was a bare, plain room of some size. There was a pine arm-chair for the Justice, a plain pine table before it. Some rawhide-bottom chairs stood about for the officers and counsel, the parties to the suit, the jury, the witness. Benches in rows provided seating for the spectators.

It is quite safe to say that a less regular and formal trial of disturbing the peace and perpetrating malicious mischief never took place anywhere else. Everybody, of the sterner sex, that is, was on hand, including Chinese, till the room was crowded to capacity, and the street beyond was blocked.

"This court will please come to order!" spoke up the justice from his pine seat. He was a small man, sandy of hair and whisker, which he wore parted from chin to nape of neck—beard, mustache, and thatch—and combed, wet, out over both ears, the mustache ends streaming into the side whiskers.

Sounds of shuffling feet and talking still be heard, the important voice of the constable was raised:

"Quit yer talkin' an' walkin'! Gotta keep still in court!" he bellowed.

"Lissen to Jim, boys, an' shut up!" somebody urged from the rear. "All right,, we'll keep order, Judge, but it's a blamed hot day, an' we'll be gettin' dry. So jest go ahead with the fun," a wag in another quarter called out.

At this, the judge rapped on the table. The crowd quieted down, and the trial began.

"Case of Quong Sing Lung, et al. against Michael Kalaher," called out His Honor. "Are the parties to this action in court?" he inquired, looking from the well "slicked-up" Mike, sitting two yards from him, to the crowd of seemingly unidentifiable Chinamen in the rear half of the hall.

Up rose a pale, smug-looking young man at a counsel table. With a melodramatic bow to the court, he began in oily, insinuating tones that carried to the back of the place: "Your Honor, I represent the plaintiffs in this case, and I have to inform you that the said plaintiffs are NOT in court."

"Not in court? What is the reason they are not here?" the court demanded to know.

"Force of circumstances has impelled them to depart from this community," announced the smug young lawyer, turning round and throwing a look of opprobrium upon the assembled whites. He was a stranger, a new-comer in Angel's Camp, New England his native habitat, California his recently chosen field for displaying his knowledge, and impressing his ideas, of law and just at the bar.

The objects of his accusing regard looked back hard at this stranger. It was the first time they had laid eyes on him, and after this minute, they would remember his aspect forevermore, with a vengeance, from his offensively natty attire to the large, red wart that sat like a half-grown wild strawberry on the very tip of his long, turned-up nose.

"Force of circumstances, Your Honor," sarcastically spoke the lawyer beside Kalaher. "They ran away."

"Faith, yes, sorr, Yer Honor," from the midst of the group of Irish partisans. "An' they bate the lightnin' at the runnin', on me wor-r-nd, they did!" a burst of laughter from the white element followed this.

"Your Honor sees now what I meant to convey—these Chinese residents have been forced to leave here. The learned counsel for the defense tells us they ran away, and a friend of the defendant states that he saw them running away—Your Honor can put that and that together and it will make something," triumphantly declared the legal light of Angel's Camp. As he finished, he showed his satisfaction with the point he had made by tenderly touching the red wart on his nose-end.

"Are there no complaining witnesses to be examined in this case," the court inquired, turning to right and left and the spectators at large. "None for the plaintiffs, I mean."

"None, to my knowledge, Your Honor," from the plaintiff's attorney, with voice and manner that hardly concealed his desire that there be none.

"Then there can be no trial," declared the Justice. "There must be a complaint sustained, or there is nothing to defend."

"Just so, Your Honor," said Mike's lawyer, rising. "But since we are all here—with the exception of the decamped plaintiffs—will Your Honor not question the defendant, and any others Your Honor may see fit to call to the stand, and clear up some aspects of this case that should be given an airing for the benefit of this community?"

Pick-hardened hands and cowhide boots began what would have become a thunderous round of approval, but the raised hand of the little Justice stopped it.

"I object, Your Honor! I decidedly object," exclaimed the zealous advocate for the defaulting plaintiffs, jumping to the front. "This is of a piece with the forced absence today of my unfortunate clients. No plaintiffs, no testimony for them, but this defendant and his forces want to make out a case for themselves. It's not law or equity, Your Honor, and I object!"

The sandy-haired Justice of the Peace was actuated by more than a proper desire to be informed on the case; he also wanted to keep on good terms with the voting element in his township, and the Chinese were not, and could not become electors. Accordingly, he put on his best judicial air and said: "I think it is my duty to examine some of those here present—the defendant and some others, if necessary, to, as counsl for the defendant suggests, clear up this trouble that has disturbed the town for several weeks. Mr. Kalaher take the stand."

Michael, being duly sworn, sat down and looked respectfully at the Justice.

He then turned his eye on the ambitious stranger lawyer, to the instant nettling of that sensitive person.

After a few preliminary questions, His Honor put this: "You went into the Chinese building that night in search of the sacks of gold that Mr. Rafferty had lost?"

"Yes, Yer Honor."

"Why did you go there alone?"

"Shure, I flather-r-red meself that I had the wits to go on."

"Tell the court how you got possession of the gold."

Mike made a short and direct story of his actions till he came to the point where he left the room where the joss was and sat down in the theater. Then, "I hadn't the gold yet. I coulda held the little Chinese be the neck, an' slid the goold into me boots easy enough. But after him being fair to me, I wouldn't do that. So, Yer Honor, I sthar-r-ted the row on the stage to get 'em all up there in front. I dar-r-ted down behind the stage—I saw the openin' from the back sthreet before I wint in—an' ran through the side room back to the joss, grabbed the sacks an' jumped over the balcony into the sthreet." He was at his old habit of laughing to himself.

"But when you got to the street, why didn't you get away from there—you went back and deliberately wrecked the restaurant, and nearly got killed trying to get away."

"Well, Yer Honor, 'tis threue fer you to say that. But, shure, I felt so gay I had to do that to finish off—an' it was owin' to thim thievin', murdherin' Chinees a-robin' Rafferty's sluices, an' him with the wife an' the babbies to keep." There was a loud murmur of sympathy from the whites.

"Your Honor!" exclaimed the Angel's Camp luminary, "I contend that this defendant committed his malicious mischief without proof that the Chinese had robbed the sluices of this Rafferty, and therefore he was wrong in taking revenge—he is guilty in any case, for even if——"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tompkins," to the objector; "Mr. Kalaher, how did you come to think the sacks were those of Mr. Rafferty?"

Mike turned to Tim, who came forward and handed him the two buckskin sacks.

"These be the same, Yer Honor, as I saw in the bowl in front of the ould joss." He displayed the "T. R." worked in a corner of each. "Ye can call Mrs. Rafferty, Yer Honor, an' she will testify she made them letters in them sacks last Christmas, fer Tim."

"Mr. Tompkins' point as to Mr. Kalaher's breach of law in wrecking the restaurant for revenge is well offset by the murderous assault of the whole Chinese population, as far as it could

get at him, on Mr. Kalaher after the wrecking," calmly affirmed Mike's lawyer, and the white men beyond the bar broke into a shout that it took minutes to stop.

"This trial is all one-sided, I submit, Your Honor," cried out Tompkins. "In fact, as Your Honor said before beginning this examination, there can be no trial where the plaintiffs have been forced to be absent——"

"Why didn't you see to it that they stayde for the trial?" demanded Mike's attorney.

"Yes, Yer Honor, an' demand a jury thrial fer the yellah gintlemin from Asia," came from the defendant on the stand. More shouts of laughter.

"This is in no sense a proper trial—a proper court proceeding, Your Honor, I submit," vociferated Tompkins. "It is all irregular—there is no head or tail to it——"

"Be careful, Mr. Tompkins, not to be guilty of contempt of court," gently advised the little presiding figure.

Tompkins choked, pulled at his collar, and once again caressed the strawberry wart on his nose, while the hilarity broke out afresh.

Suddenly he jerked up his head and exclaimed with a new note of triumph in his nasal voice: "Your Honor has just now heard the defendant suggest with levity of manner, a jury trial for the Chinese plaintiffs, and the element of eligible jurors laugh. If Your Honor will put that and that together, it will make something!"

"What will it make?" mildly asked the little Justice.

"Disregard of the Constitutional rights of men, no matter what their race, in America—and—contempt of this court!"

The outburst of laughter that followed this charge was riotous. The Chinese spectators, becoming apprehensive, began to move away toward the door. A smile crept to the corners of the Justice's mustache.

"Your examination is finished, Mr. Kalaher. Will the constable please take the stand?"

"Mr. Blosser, when you reached Mr. Kalaher's cabin to arrest him, what did you find going on there?"

"Your Honor, Mike—I mean Mr. Kalaher—had knocked five Chinamen senseless with his crowbar. Just after I got there, he fell in a faint, an' if I hadn't come, they coulda killed him in a minute."

"Do you know why they followed him to his cabin?"

"Well, Your Honor, I reckon it musta been to get back them sacks of gold." Jim was excused, and neither then nor at any other time was he made tell that Mike had refused to stop, that

(Continued on page 44)

A Page of Verse

THE CYCLE OF LIFE

Daybreak—a birth—
All darkness is thrust aside;
Sunrise—the light—
A ship rides in on the tide.

Mid-morn and youth—
An earnest of strength to be,
Contest—Striving—
Dead hopes—or a revelry.

Noontime and power—
The world and its conquering;
Love dreams mating,
New joys—new hopes on the wing.

Labor—then rest;
Strength and desire receding,
Late afternoon—
Harvest or want exceeding.

Sunset and night—
A boat swings out from the shore;
Near-tide; then full—
The mystery begins once more.

—William Nauns Ricks

THE MIDWATCH

Tall restless masts poke in among the stars.
From some ship in the stream,
Four bells falls drowsily across the water.
Along the bulkhead
A reeling straggler stumbles, muttering.
Across from the bulkhead—
Across from the wharves—
Grogshops
Dark, silent, sinister—
Breathing stale beer and rotten whisky—
Stand shoulder to shoulder,
Waiting for the dawn—
Staring fish-eyed out on the bay—
Out on the ships—
Waiting—
Watching—
For their prey.

—Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff

MIRROR LAKE

You are the great cliff, dearest,
And I, the lake,
And in my clearest
Depths you make
A vibrant image-self awake.

O tremulous!
O beautiful!
I hold your height,
I hold your length,
I hold your might,
I hold your strength
Enmirrored in my soul!

You are the mountain, lover,
And I the glass,
Quick to discover
Moods that pass
Over your strong and lofty mass.

O tremulous!
O beautiful!
Each morning hue,
Each sunset glow,
Each touch of you
I love to know
Is mirrored in my soul!

—Ruth Harwood

ON THE DUNE



*I saw a world naked and grey,
Bereft of life, ashen, dreary
Without landmark, without skyline,
Not a shadow from brush or pine,
Not a hilltop to rest the eye
From its vacant gazing into infinity—
A world so wan and grey
Which slopes in soft undulations
From the mainland into infinity.*

*I saw the dune
Naked and pale under the moon,
Gliding, waving, fading away
Into a sea of mystery.*

*After a day empty and vain
Wandering I came and saw the dune,
Silent under the moon,
The grey and pallid dune
That slopes and waves and fades away
Into a sea of mystery.*

*And I said to my soul:
This bleak region
Must be the barren land of slumbrous
oblivion,
Which I have sought since hope has
gone.*

*The sand alone forgets.
The sand is clean and soft and deep.
And whatever comes here with broken
wing or weary steps,
All things wandering, derelict and stray
Lie deep asleep
Under smooth folds and shadows grey,
Where no flower blooms with insolent
mirth,
Where no foolish bird will sing of hope
and love rebirth.*

*I said to my soul: this is the border land
Between the earth and mystery.
The world where all things strand,
All things that err in vain
Over the roads of sea and main,
Baffled by the winds of destiny,
And here they strand and find a bed
Under the grey and sterile sands,
Which soon forget.*

—Mathurin Dondo

CHERRY BLOSSOMS IN THE DESERT

In our little 'dobe hut
Where shines the sun,
We have love and laughter and
—Our little one.

Cherry blossom fragrance fills
Our patio,
Symbol of the happiness
We know.

Mocking birds are whistling there
In the night.
Stars in skies metallic blue,
Are fiery white.

We within our 'dobe hut
Wake and kiss;
Who could ask of life and love
More than this.

—Annice Calland

NEW MEXICO SIESTA

A turtle dove is crooning from the hill,
The drone of honey bees comes from
below,
Blue window blinds and friendly doors
are still,
And life no longer throngs the patio.

Brown 'dobe huts grow browner in the
sun,
In cooling walls heat glimmers disappar;
Within gray rooms brown farmers every-one
Are half asleep; siesta time is here.

Tired bodies rest awhile from daily toil,
And yet the hour plays still a sweeter
part;
In sunny climes far from the world's
turmoil,
It is the symbol of a peaceful heart.

S. Omar Barker

EVENING FOG

The Grey Sisters of the sea
Shoreward on gentle mercies bent
Come trooping, their long veils
Floating around their faces calm.
A heated, fretful world at balm
Of their cool touch exhales
A quiet sight of deep, renewed content
While they pass on in graceful dignity.

—John Brayton.

RAIN-SOAKED PALMS

They stand in the storm . . . shivering.
The palms,
Their feet deep in the muddy ground,
Clutch a shawl of dried leaves
About their shoulders.
Like old witches.

—W. H. Lench

WHEN WINDS ACROSS THE WILD OATS BLOW

When winds across the wild oats blow
And silver heads are bending,
What magic pictures come and go,
What fairy dreams unending!

—Oscar H. Roesner

A Charge to Keep I Have

CHAPTER I

ABSOLUTELY wearied with life, tired of the past, bored with the present and without the slightest ray of hope for the future, six rebellious, combustible boys were trying desperately to hurry away the hours of a rainy Sunday afternoon.

"Gee, Sunday's a long day," said Pussyfoot Tobbs, swinging his legs up on the windowseat and poking Scotty Dernson in the small of the back. "Sunday's an *awful* long day."

"Ah, cut it out, can't you?" Scotty turned round without even attempting to return the punch.

"Gosh, we'll be religious when we get out of this school," piped Panny Parson, "prayers every day and twice on Sunday."

"I'm tired of praying," said Pussyfoot bringing up his two feet and landing them in Scotty's lap.

"Ouch!" Scotty looked up with surprised indignation. "I've got a good mind to roughhouse you."

Happy Fitch stuck his head out like a bull-frog. "Why don't you, why don't you? Anything for excitement!"

Such was the condition of things. The "gang" of the Allow House had gathered, after dinner, in the "Rat's Rough House". The R. R. H., as it was called, had, at the beginning of the school year been assigned by the Head Master to Scotty Dernson and Panny Parson as "Study-room 5, Allow House" but with the change of name it had become a store-room for pennants, base-ball gloves golf-sticks, tennis rackets, study-tables (used principally as foot rests) neck-ties and old shoes. It also served, during free periods, as a meeting place for the "gang". It was from the R. R. H. that mischief hatched in the fertile imagination of young minds, spread, like an infectious, though more or less harmless, disease, over the campus.

"Aw, it ain't the prayers, it's the long winded sermons I get tired of," said Mouse Morgan. "You can put your head down and sleep through the prayers—"

"But ya got to keep it up during the preaching," ventured Pussyfoot.

"And Dr. Cotton sure is long-winded," groaned Panny from the cot where he lay sprawled out on Happy's long lanky legs.

"But he can *holler!*" Happy opened his eyes twice, closed them again and drawled, "Say, move over will you, my leg's gone to sleep."

"I've got an idea." Bull Turges

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS
Author of "Pirates" and "Yesterday"

looked up, from the almost completed symbols of his "Soc" which he was carving in the mahogany arm of his Morris chair.

Bull's ideas, various and numerous, were usually put into action. He wore his daring deeds, strung to his reputation, like the scalps which dangle from an Indian's belt. Bull's secret ambition in life was to be the most admired boy in the Fourth Form. By untiring industry he had won the reputation, among the lower formers, of being a dare-devil. He had the coveted but unattainable position of having been called into the Head Master's study more often than any other boy in the school; before the first bi-weeklies he had six blacks to his credit and had made a touchdown, thereby bringing the score up to 6-6, during the last three minutes of the second game of the year. He had won a first in debate and an A in Latin. He was what his friends called an "all around man".

"I have an idea," the Bull repeated. There was a mild commotion from the cot where three forms lay curled like soft-shell crabs sunning themselves on a sandy shore.

"An idea?"

"Yes."

"Well—"

"A good one?"

"Yea."

"Spiel it."

The Bull leaned back in his chair, nonchalantly folded his arms and crossed his willow like legs. "I was just wondering," he began, "I was just wondering if we couldn't do something to cut this evening's service short."

Five interested boys sat bolt upright; ten startled eyes peered over at the Bull.

"You mean—you mean make the Head Master stop talking?" asked Pussyfoot incredulously.

"Yea."

"And dismiss chapel?"

"Yea."

Happy shook his head. "It can't be done."

"Gloom spreader." Panny, with a sudden kick, sent Happy Fitch flying from the cot to the floor.

"Say, how do you get that way?" Happy sat up and nursed a skinned elbow.

"Go on, Bull, give us your idea."

"Let us hear what you got to say."

"I got the hunch yesterday when I

saw Red Fergeson buying a Big Ben alarm clock in the Jigger shop."

"Is that part of your idea?" inquired the Mouse.

"Yea."

"Aw, shut up and let him tell what he's got on his mind, will you?"

"Go on, Bull."

"Well, an alarm clock ought to be good for something," said Bull. "They sure can make an awful noise."

"Yea, like an anvil chorus."

"Worse than that."

"They can make more noise than a boiler shop."

"That's the whole idea," drawled the Bull. "That's the whole idea—more noise than a boiler shop."

"How come?"

"But what has a boiler shop got to do with chapel?"

"You poor bonehead, don't you see—"

"Let go o' my hair!" yelled Panny.

"Shut up!"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," the Bull reached over and tapped the study-table with his knife.

"Tell us your plan."

"First we've got to get the clock, I'll explain the big idea afterward."

Scotty Dernson leaned back against the wall and scratched his head. "Yea, but how are you going to get Red's clock?"

The Bull rose, stretched himself and yawned. "You leave that to me and the Mouse," he said, with an air of assurance.

CHAPTER II

BULL TURGES, with the Mouse, like a shadow following behind him, went quietly along the corridor toward Red Fergeson's room.

"Wait a minute." The Mouse showed signs of weakening. "S'pposin' Red's in his room? He always studies Ancient History and Caesar on Sunday afternoons. He's sure to be in now."

"If he is I'll get him out—and you swipe the machinery. It's as easy as falling off a log," the Bull whispered reassuringly, "as easy as taking a tennis court away from a first former."

"Why don't you lift it yourself?"

"Shut up, somebody'll hear us!" He turned and eyed the Mouse. "I let you in on this idea didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you didn't want to go through with it what did you want to come along with me for?"

"But you know the way Dr. Cotton feels about comedy in the chapel. Why, if he ever found out—"

"He'll never find out."

"But if he should," the Mouse persisted.

"Gettin' yellow, eh?" The Bull's lip curled. "What do you suppose Pussyfoot and Happy'll think of us? What do you think Panny and Scotty'll say if we don't go through with it now? Come on, don't be a quitter."

Mouse Morgan stuck his hands deep into the pockets of his white flannels. "All right," he said, "All right, I'll do it."

He walked over to the balcony window and stood there looking out from behind the heavy draperies until he saw Bull and Red Fergeson disappear down the corridor. Then he quickly slipped across the hall and into the abandoned room, walked to the chiffonier, quietly took down the clock, stuck it under his coat and hurried from the room.

Halfway up the hall a door suddenly opened and "Old Potato Face," the assistant house master, came stalking toward the petrified Mouse, against whose breast the clock was beating like a sledge hammer on a tin roof! Self preservation is one of the first instincts and all of the Mouse's were in good working order. Letting out a whoop, he suddenly, very suddenly, doubled up with a violent fit of coughing. Old Potato Face stopped, looked over his glasses and said something about a bad cold.

"Y-e-s, sir," lied the purple faced Mouse, "it's the damp weather, sir."

"Ought to do something for it," said the house master gravely.

"Y-e-s, sir, I'm just g-o-i-n-g for s-o-m-thing now, sir," coughed the Mouse and he hurried along to the R. R. H. and safety.

CHAPTER III.

HALF an hour before the first bell for evening prayers two figures, clad in rainproof coats and with hats well pulled down over their faces were seen to emerge from the Allow House and hurry through the thick fog across the Circle toward the chapel. The Head Master, who happened to be standing at his study window just at that moment remarked something about the "irrepressible energy of that young Dernson." The doctor's knowledge of the whereabouts of any one of his charges at almost any hour of the day or night was uncanny.

The two raincoated figures had reached the gravel path. The Bull was the first to speak.

"Are you sure it's wound up tight, Mouse?"

"Yes, tight as she'd go." The fog had evidently got into Mouse's lungs for his voice quivered and was a little faint.

"Are you sure you've got the alarm

set for seven fifteen?"

"Um."

The Bull began to quicken his pace; Mouse had to trot to keep up with his companion. Again the silence was broken.

"Are you sure you've got it set for repeat, Mouse?"

"Um."

They had almost reached the chapel. "We ought to go round the back way," the Mouse ventured.

"Sure, that's the way I'd planned."

"S'pposin' Jim's dusting off the seats or something."

"He won't be," snapped the Bull.

"But just supposing he is," Mouse persisted.

"That guy never works on Sunday—or any other day, if he can get out of it."

"Maybe the doors'll be locked."

"I'm not counting on doors." The Bull raised his head. "I'm not counting on doors. There's a little round window at the back, a little round window over the organ."

"But we can't reach that—"

"Oh, yes we can—I'll boost you up by the feet."

"S'pposin' it's nailed shut."

"Break the glass," said the Bull in what he considered a desperate and pirate-like voice, "break the glass."

"Oh."

"When you get inside you can crawl up the moulding to the organ and put the clock between the pipes. Maybe you'll have to tie it on, I don't know."

"Haven't got anything to tie it on with."

"Oh, I brought along a piece of string." Whatever the Bull did he did thoroughly.

"You mean I've got to climb clear up to the pipes?"

"Yea. You're not afraid are you, Mouse?"

But the Mouse had become taciturn. He trotted along silently. He had learned from bitter experience, in English III, that silence is sometimes golden.

CHAPTER IV.

BY SEVEN ten the school, five hundred boys, forty-five masters and half as many house-mothers had assembled in the chapel. The opening prayer had been said and the first hymn was being sung by five hundred boyish voices, voices that broke at the most inopportune moments and slipped from bass to high soprano and back to bass again. Down in the front row Mouse Morgan, with his quivering, uncertain legs braced against the seat, was nervously scratching the big gold H off the back of his hymn book. Just in front of him the Bull, with the face of a cherub and the voice of a hyena was

singing with all his might, "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes."

Almost before the last strains of a long drawn out amen, had died away the Head Master stepped forward, arranged his glasses and in a solemn voice announced, "We shall read the Seventeenth Psalm, responsively."

There was the bustle and stir of five hundred noisy boys turning the pages of as many prayer books. The Head Master waited until the noise had subsided and all was again quiet then, lifting his eyes, he began in a monotonous voice.

"I hear—"

He got no farther. From some mysterious region high above, like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, came a strange sound, a loud Buz-r-r-r-r-r-r! Through the vaulted roof of the chapel it echoed and reechoed. Five hundred and forty-five (some of the masters had dozed off) five hundred and forty five back bones suddenly stiffened; five hundred and forty five faces, with startled eyes and gaping mouths, turned heavenward. Then the tin-pan clatter stopped, stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Over in the side seats Happy Fitch pinched Panny Parson's leg and Pussyfoot Tobbs winked at Scotty Dernson.

The Head Master coughed, ran his fingers down the row of buttons on his waistcoat and then, as if nothing had happened began again:

"Attend unto—"

"Buz-r-r-r-r-r-r! Buz-r-r-r-r-r-r! Buz-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

The school was on the edge of a stampede. The situation was desperate. Something had to be done and done at once. The Head Master knew that to lose his temper would be fatal and that to smile would mean catastrophe. With enigmatical eyes he looked down at the boys in front of him. The Bull's cherub-like face was now changing alternately from red to white and from white back to red. The Head Master gave one piercing, analytical look at the boy's face.

"Hymn number 509," he announced triumphantly. His eyes looked down into those of the Bull. "Number 509, 'A Charge to Keep I Have'—all six verses."

"It's the closing hymn!" whispered Happy Fisk.

"The closing hymn," echoed Scotty Dernson.

"Have we lived to see it done?" whispered Panny Parson.

From high overhead Red Fergeson's Big Ben was screaming forth it's swan-song, but the swell of the big organ drowned its voice. The Head Master, with an air of self-satisfaction, stood toying the Phi Beta Kappa key which hung from his watch chain.

The Governor's Ball

A Romance of Old Manila

By HENRY WALKER NOYES

GORDON neither appreciated the honor nor responded with grace when Chance, in the guise of a Lance-Corporal, counted him off as "Number two" of the "second Relief. It was the night of the Inaugural Ball in the old Walled City, and as he paced to and fro with machine-like precision beneath the oriental lanterns, hung in endless festoons around the stately portals and along the Moorish balconies of the Governor's Palace, he mentally reviled himself for yielding to the quixotic whim that had led him to such ends.

Of all places, why had he chosen the Army as sanctuary after the storm, where his assumed name and garb were of so little avail? Had not the very Recruiting Officer where he enlisted eyed him keenly, and asked embarrassing questions? (for had not that same veteran in the years gone by buckled on his sabre as the band swung out onto the parade-ground to the lilt of a stirring march, caught up the laughing child of a brother officer and perched him on his shoulder as he marched down the line to mount Guard?) Had the man forgotten—or the boy?

And now, as Gordon's pace trod the invisible line of demarcation between his world of today and his world of yesterday, with never the turn of a glance, the utter futility of it all came home to him in cold, dispassionate brutality when he heard his father's name spoken, and his glance lifted involuntarily to the balcony above, where fair dancers and their escorts crossed the swords of badinage or rested between dances.

A commanding figure in the vivid trappings of the Cavalry Staff, gray veteran of the civil war, stood by the flag-draped railing of the balcony above him, a comely matron on his arm and an aide by his side.

"Poor devil!" The words escaped him involuntarily as his eyes rested in mute recognition on the sentry below. "It is hard. What did it avail that his family and we of the Army held to him long after he let himself go."

"Perhaps we erred, sir," suggested the aide. "Had we dropped him before his regard for the ordinary conventions became deadened the shock might have saved him. We held him until it was too late."

"Ordinary conventions do not affect the morale of such men," the Colonel replied. "It acts only in negation. His senses are far more acute at this moment

than ever before. With all that assumed unconsciousness he is suffering keenly tonight." Turning to his wife—"Come, my dear—the night air, you know—"

The music ceased, and the dancers surged out onto the cool balconies overhanging the moonlit street, along the paved margin of which Gordon paced measuredly. The elder woman turned her face from the scene below and said softly: "His mother was a woman of beautiful character and splendid attainments and his father—one of the proudest gentlemen and strictest disciplinarians of the old Army."

"He was no less proud nor more of a gentleman than his son before he was—cut adrift," said a voice behind them.

"Eh, Edgerton—what Chesterfield do you discuss?" asked Lemly, the Governor's Secretary, as he joined them to await the advent of his chief, and The Man of the Hour, who had come from Moroland with his bride to be the Governor's guests of honor.

"No Chesterfield, Lemly; only a man you never met; responded the Colonel, as he glanced once more at the motley assemblage in the moonlit plaza and street below—Tagalos and Viscayans, Negritos and Moros side by side—and then at the sentry who stood guard between.

The Secretary frowned and turned away and then the equipage of the Man of the Hour, escorted by a glittering detachment of Cavalry turned into the Calle Palacio and drew up before the wide portals. The Man's laurel wreath was green, and his welcome demonstrative. Unseen orchestras became patriotic, while from the balcony across the plaza children shouted "vivas," men cheered and women laughed to conceal tears of emotion. And then—of a sudden the ponies that drew the victoria of state bearing the Governor and his wife, the Man of the Hour and his bride, reared and plunged frantically to the curb, overturning the carriage with a crash.

From curious, chattering expectancy the native throng became a panic stricken, surging mob as Gordon cleared a path through the rabble and reached the wreckage. Others came quickly to his aid, the wreck was lifted and the Man of the Hour and the Governor emerged from beneath, dazed and disheveled, leaving others to assist Madame the

Governor to the curb, where she adjusted her emotions and costly ball costume.

Then Gordon turned to the other woman, who seemed forgotten in the confusion of the moment. She lay quiet and white where she had been thrown by the curb, and as he knelt over her and drew aside the mantilla from her face he went as white as she. Raising the senseless form lightly in his arms he carried her into the light before the portals, where he paused once more to look on the beautiful pallid face—then up, up the wide marble stairway, past the great statue of Columbus at the turning and on into the ballroom above, where he laid his still senseless burden on a low couch by a window.

As his glance swept the room and its startled occupants, the memory of a half forgotten scene in a dream he could never wholly forget—nor yet understand, in all its pregnant prophecy—was pictured before him. Here was the old Moorish Palace at midnight, the bright lights, the throbbing music, the throng of brilliant equipages coming and going, the accident, the very room he had carried her into and the low, oriental divan by the pink shelled window that opened to the moonlit balcony without: and again—the hushed music, the courtly unmasked dancers thronging about with anxious, startled queries; the gleam of jewels and the scent of delicate intoxicating perfumes that came to him as he leaned above the beautiful form on the divan in mute ministrations. Wonderingly, he compared the dream and the scene before him in every vivid detail, and then—the closed eyes in the face he bent over opened, in response to his own.

"Oh, Rex—Rex!" she half whispered, trying to rise but falling backward, her wondering eyes searching his own for some mute sign of assurance, her hands blindly reaching to him. "When did you return?"

The man in khaki stood up quickly, under perfect command, and moved back from the divan without response, though the woman's wistful, wondering eyes followed him.

"Don't you hear me, Rex? You cannot have forgotten. It is not kind of you to hurt me so. Come here to me, please."

The Governor's wife wrinkled her little gossip-scenting nose with the delicacy of a thoroughbred social setter: the Governor's diplomatic countenance be-

(Continued on page 26)

A serial story with a well woven plot. A mystery of tangled lives, the outcome of a past love affair and machinations of

The Boss of the River Gang

(Continued from September)

CHAPTER X

SPENCER REBMAN, from Maine, debating with himself, was taciturn on the way from the county seat. In Landsburgh, he clambered into his buggy, and Joe took up the lines and started the horses toward the hills. Suddenly, Rebman's wrath broke forth. He gave Joe a scorching look that plainly said: "I'd like to annihilate you; would, if I dared." Then he flared, and bawled:

"You; you infernal damned idiot, you've been on me place long enough. You may consider your services dispensed with." His face, lowering, he relapsed into silence, and the horses jogged along until they reached the top of the hill and came in sight from Rebman's place.

The Mexican, Garkey, who evidently was watching for his employer, rushed into the road, gesticulating wildly as they approached, and in a frenzy of excitement shrieked:

"Hesa gone—shesa gone! Canta find heem - heem - oh-oh-h, hesa, shesa, gone - gone - gone! Diablo knowsa where!"

Joe believed that a lunatic confronted them, and stopped the horses; Rebman, face bloodless, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets, his jaws drooped and trembling, stared stupidly at Garkey as though he, himself, had suddenly been bereft of his senses.

"Oh, you no hear a me? Gone, me say—gone! Hesa—shesa—gone!"

The blood suddenly surged back into Rebman's face; fierce anger, and also fear, leaped in his eyes—the eyes of a demon. He clambered out of the buggy, clutched Garkey's arm in a vise-like grip, and puffing and panting in effort at haste, hurried him toward the house. Suddenly he stopped.

"You accursed idiot," he shouted as he dealt the Mexican a terrific blow, "Damn' you—what have you done? What have you done?"

Garkey, like a coward, cringed. His voice, like the croaking of a bullfrog, came hoarsely.

"You see," he tried to explain, "Meesa Reb—"

"Where is Miss Rebman? Tell me before I choke the life out of you, you cur."

"Runa way."

"Where? Where? Speak, you——"

"Alle cow busta thesa fence, thera,

By FRANCES HANFORD DELANOY

an' mek for Meester Tod——"

"Damn Toddler. Oh, you dog——"

"Me thinka more troubles coome—mans alla go. Me try驱a alla cow——"

"Never mind cows. Miss Rebman? Speak!" thundered Rebman, with arm uplifted. "Speak, you wretch; or I'll—

You left Miss Rebman—Oh, you vil——"

"Shesa—all—a—sleepa fas——"

The earth seemed to be slipping from beneath Rebman's feet; he could control himself no longer. In a frenzy he grasped the collar of Garkey's coat, and shook him savagely.

Garkey's blood began to boil—even a worm will turn, and the worm in him began to raise its head.

"You bulle me, no? You damme foola! Me mek damme hotta, you, by-by," he yelled, as jerking himself away, he delivered a blow on Rebman's face that made him see a myriad of shooting stars.

Rebman staggered, and recoiled. The worm seemed suddenly to have become a rattlesnake. But his wits did not desert him. He was keenly alive to the fact that ominous clouds were gathering, and before a storm broke something must be done.

"Quick! Call everybody on the place," he yelled.

He caught sight of Joe who had stopped on the road, and understanding nothing, had witnessed every act and word.

"Joe," he called, waving his arms frantically, "drive to the barn—quick—on your horse—no delay. Quick; I tell you. Search near and far for—Miss Rebman. Everywhere; everywhere."

Joe Cooley stared back at him, the lines slack in his hands.

"I consider my services dispensed with," he drawled. With a slight pull on the lines and a tame "Giddap," he drove leisurely to the barnyard, leaving Rebman to rage in utter helplessness. He unharnessed the horses, and springing on a fresh one, sneaked out, bareback, on a quiet hunt.

The ranch hands who had gone to the county seat to the trial, had stopped in the village to discuss the affair, and exchange opinions concerning the probability of Rebman obeying the order of the court in the completion of the fence; and it was late before any of them returned to their quarters.

Night was falling, and an attempt to make search without hounds, before daybreak, would be useless. To hounds, Rebman vociferously objected. "They would frighten her to death," he insisted.

During the night a heavy rain fell and further contributed to Rebman's discomfiture.

He paced the floor all night and until his joints were stiff and his legs nearly out of action. Distracting thoughts crowded his mind and it seemed to him as though all the demons from below were leagued against him. He recalled with a groan, as his teeth rattled like castanets with chills of terror that ran up and down his spine, that he had antagonized Garkey with a blow, and he had retaliated with another; and also had declared: "Me mek damme hotta, you."

Rebman was a bully; like all bullies, he was a coward. His room seemed peopled with gibing demons that hedged him in, and the night seemed never ending.

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Semilroth who had been subpoenaed in the case: Toddler versus Rebman, returned from the county seat with a party of friends, all on horseback.

They crossed the bridge that spanned the river that flowed through the "Knolls." A nude figure sitting on the bank in plain view, attracted attention; and calling to the person, Semilroth ordered him off the place. The figure neither changed position nor looked up.

"That beats the devil," Semilroth declared, after repeatedly calling. "That fellow must be deaf—perhaps dead."

"Hallo, there! Get out of that! Can't you read that sign: 'No bathing allowed on these premises'?"

Semilroth might as well have called to a stone image. Exasperated, he sprang from his horse and strode to the river's edge.

The figure remained motionless with hands clasped about its drawn up knees on which its chin rested.

Semilroth took a good look at the face and saw that the gaze was fixed on the shimmering water, and the figure was utterly unaware of his presence.

"Out of this, you rascal; do you hear?" he called again, cracking his riding whip.

The figure raised a wan, startled face and with a wild hunted look, swept Semilroth's countenance. And, slowly

extending an emaciated arm, pointed to the waves.

"Tony; Tony Esteban." The moan was feeble, and pathetic in its despair.

"Esteban?"—"Esteban?" Semilroth echoed, as though his mind were struggling through a haze, while he gazed at the creature before him whose eyes, mirroring the depth of suffering, rested a moment on his.

"Tony; Tony Esteban." The cry, ineffably thrilling, seemed to rend a tortured heart. And as the stranger cast swift, searching glances up and down the river, the heart-broken wail, was again and again, repeated.

The heart-pulling tone and the wild eyes appealed to Semilroth, who understood that something was wrong with the stranger. He stepped nearer to get a better view of the face and in gentler tones, asked:

"What are you doing here, my friend?"

The stranger cringed as though anticipating a blow.

"Tony; Tony Esteban," he moaned; and shivering as with an ague chill he fell forward and slid into the river.

"Help; here' boys," called Semilroth now thoroughly alarmed, "the fellow is daft. Some great mystery is here."

As his companions hurried to his assistance, he slipped off his coat and plunged into the water.

The stranger already benumbed and unconscious, was rescued with little difficulty. The party wrapped him in their coats and took him to Semilroth's house and summoned Dr. Stillwell.

"That man is enough like an old Sebastian Esteban to be he, reincarnated," exclaimed the doctor in surprise as he looked into the white face. "Where did he come from? What has happened to him? Where are his clothes?"

"We can answer none of your questions, doctor. There is something mystifying here; this is a peculiar circumstance," Semilroth emphasized. "The man had no clothing that we could find. There was none on the river bank."

Dr. Stillwell had not taken his eyes from the patient, and watched him closely, as he became conscious. He noticed that often, he feebly passed his hand over his head in a dazed, peculiar way, as though suffering physical pain.

Careful examination of his head, showed that he had not been seriously injured. The doctor also expressed opinion that recently, the stranger had been under the influence of a powerful drug; and from his emaciated condition; the man was young; he surmised that it had been regularly administered.

"He must be sent immediately to a hospital. Sorry we can not find a way to identify him."

No one could be found who had ever seen him before. Although search of the river bank brought no clothing to light. It was believed that Tony, so-called by his rescuers, had cast it into the river and drifting away until water soaked it had sunk.

Semilroth and the doctor sensing foul play, decided to keep the affair as quiet as possible, and therefore hurried the young man away.

CHAPTER XII

Antonio was humiliated in spirit after he had overcome his agitation in a measure, as there was nothing to hold him in Northhaven, he decided on a prospecting tour. He was convinced that Denby was no other than the boss of the river gang, Donivan, who as an interested third party in the exchange of confidences between him and Bernardo, had familiarized himself with his family affairs and was enabled to practice deception on his mother.

Shame swept like a torrent over him at thought of his mother's blindness—lack of intuition, in being cajoled into marriage with a man whose personal appearance was so much against him; a man whose eyes were shifty, and his mouth cruel.

"Perhaps she was lonely; perhaps she married hastily—just as you had left her—through a spirit of defiance," came unwelcome thoughts, and his face tingled as it crimsoned. He knew that she had passed from mortal life and he could not recall her, or undo what he had done.

Bitter as his thoughts were under existing circumstances, he decided to weigh matters well before taking any action, in an effort to locate, and bring to justice, the man who had defrauded him.

He went to Montana and reaching O-ville found the place in great excitement over a rich find in "Scully Gulch," some miles away. A miner who had washed from his mine, nuggets varying in value from five dollars upward, had brought a handful into the settlement.

Esteban and a companion who had joined him on the road, were it time to see them; and, tired and hungry though they were, they wasted no time in O-ville. They went immediately to "Scully Gulch" and just before speculators in droves, wild with excitement, rushed in and took up all unlocated territory, they staked out their claims, working together.

During some months, Esteban and his companion panned and washed. Then came a day when they abandoned this method; Esteban had unexpectedly opened up a fine body of ore.

At about this time Pedro Esteban, grandson of Juan Esteban, the early owner of the Rebman ranch, heard of the wonderful finds in Jimville region,

and of the fortunate young man who bore his family name.

This scion of the Esteban family was of roving disposition and fond of adventure. He had no ties to bind him, and actuated by strong impulse to try his luck in mining venture, he set out for "Scully Gulch." Fate directed him to Jimville where he learned that capital was needed to better develop the mines. Curiosity concerning his unknown kinsman dominated him, and finding that the gulch was a few miles from Jimville, he started out on a hike to the Esteban claim where he was cordially welcomed. The result of his visit was a co-partnership between them; Pedro, furnishing capital at his command, they were enabled to employ a gang of men.

Among the many who flocked to Montana, attracted by newspaper accounts of the wonderful finds in Jimville region, was Joe Holway, who had left the Rebman ranch within twenty-four hours after he accepted his dismissal.

During his wanderings, he had drifted into Montana and had tramped to the camp, Jimville, where he heard that men were wanted by the Good Luck Mining Company in "Scully Gulch," and he decided to apply for employment.

He set out with misgivings; he was no longer young. But an uncontrollable impulse urged him on.

"Gosh-all-hemlock! if this don't beat me holler," Joe exclaimed in surprise when he suddenly found himself in the presence of Pedro Esteban.

He caught Pedro's hand in a grasp that nearly crushed it and a tear rolled down the bridge of his nose, as he quavered:

"Many an' many's the post holes as I dug for yer father and yer grandfather, in Californy, but I'm blest if ever I 'lowed for to be askin' to dig gold fer young Pedro, in Montana."

"Well—well—well!" cried Pedro. "Joe Holway! Sure's I'm alive. Glad to see your face again, old boy." Pedro cordially shook Joe's hand, and asked: "How are you? How's all the folks? You look hale and hearty. How's the old home? How's Toddler, and everybody? Here is another Esteban, Joe; Antonio, from Texas. We're cousins—our great grandfathers were brothers."

During the long winter evenings that soon came, both Estebans were deeply interested by tales told by Joe Holway, of Landsburg folk in general, and of "Bully Rebman" in particular; but through widely diverging reasons. Events lately transpiring on the old Juan Esteban ranch had great interest for Tony and he decided to visit Landsburg, California, as soon as he could, conveniently.

CHAPTER XIII

At dawn on the day after Miss Reb-

man disappeared, Rebman sent his men in all directions over the ranch, hoping to find at least, her body. Several weeks passed before the search was abandoned.

Mr. Rebman believed that she had become prey of some animal. He fastened a band of crepe on his sleeve, put a funeral expression on his face, and ordered a costly monument as a memorial, to be set up just inside the gate at the entrance to the place.

Gradually he regained his usual state of mind—and temper. And much to Toddler's surprise, set about completing the fence as though nothing out of ordinary had happened.

He had heard nothing about the stranger that in any way excited him, as those concerned in the affair had kept it hushed up.

Rebman was becoming superstitious and nervous. He imbibed more freely than usual and was a bit more wobbly on his legs than his weight would account for.

The strange young man had been a month in a hospital at S—, when one day, Semilroth with his retriever, went hunting quail. His dog darted into the undergrowth to find a bird and, to Semilroth's surprise, returned dragging a muddy, water-soaked bundle that proved to be a woman's outfit, complete, even to shoes.

Semilroth's mind began to work rapidly. His day's sport was spoiled, and, shouldering his shot gun, he bade the dog carry the bundle, and went home. His wits arranged themselves in order and he reviewed the former mystery and began to think logically:

Miss Rebman had disappeared on the day of the trial. A strange man had appeared on the day of the trial. The man was nude when discovered, and no men's clothing had been found. Miss Rebman was *clothed* when she disappeared and her discarded clothing had been found—it had not been stripped from her by wild animals—but she had not been found.

Semilroth concluded that a mystery was involved in the co-incidence that required investigation. He consulted with Dr. Stillwell and they decided to try a game of bluff in an interview with Rebman.

Taking the clothes in a suitcase, they one day rode out to Rebman's ranch and after discussing weather, crops and kindred matters, socially, Dr. Stillman abruptly put the question:

"How is your sister getting along? I suppose you go often to see her."

Mr. Rebman was dazed, and also startled. He stared stupidly, from one to the other, then his eyes became shifty, and he stammered, incoherently.

"Did you not understand me?" asked the doctor with severity. "Your sister;

Miss Rebman—in the hospital at St. R—. Certainly you have been to see her?"

"Of course you are overjoyed that she is now in full possession of her faculty of thought and speech," Semilroth added, holding Rebman's eyes with steady gaze. "She is perfectly normal."

"And soon will be able to give some account, we hope, of her strange experience." Dr. Stillwell kept his eyes on Rebman's face and saw it flush, then pale, and take on a horrible expression.

Rebman vainly tried to read his visitors' faces that were immobile as stone. He controlled himself and essayed to speak.

"It—it—There's some mistake. It—isn't possi—"

Suddenly he flared. Folding his arms, he roared like a mad bull;

"What do you mean by your insolence? How dare you come into my—"

"Sometimes, for various reasons, it is found convenient to clothe the feeble-minded, masculine as well as feminine, in petticoats," Dr. Stillwell asserted, holding Rebman's eye in a hypnotic gaze. "You, without doubt had an object—quite evidently sinister—"

Rebman shivered as though he had suddenly reached the brink of a precipice. His face was livid and his eyes blazed like living coals; but like a condemned man he struggled to protect himself.

"What do you mean, sir, by your base insinuations?" He had instantly assumed a belligerent attitude, but his voice was hoarse and trembling. "Your impertinence—insult to a respectable—Me poor sister is dead; me heart is broken; she was dashed to pieces on the rocks in the canyon—devoured by—"

"Would it not strike you as peculiar that she should have removed—"

"She didn't remove; she was—blind and—crazy."

"her clothing before she was dashed on the rocks? Or would you believe that animals, before they devoured her, carefully hid them in a—"

"I defy you to prove—I defy— Is your object blackmail?"

"Do you identify these, Mr. Rebman?" asked Dr. Stillwell as Semilroth produced the garments found by the dog. "Your servants, Garkey and his wife, have already identified them as those worn by the young man who was supposed to be Miss Rebman and—"

"Garkey? Damned traitor; villainous traitor. I'll—I'll—"

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Rebman, or threaten. Quite likely he is, Mr. Rebman; as your accomplice as he probably has been," continued Dr. Stillwell; surprise and fear might master him so well as you."

Rebman, terrorized, stared helplessly

at his tormentors as he reeled to a seat. He well knew that his tongue had run away with his caution.

Semilroth returned the garments to the suitcase, and both men turned to the door.

"When Tony Esteban returns from the hospital to my home that will be open to him, we shall prod, and solve this mystery. Good day, Mr. Rebman." Mounting their horses, his inquisitors rode away.

* * *

Jake had just begun his work on Toddler's ranch the next morning, when a horrible cry of distress coming from direction of Rebman's place, startled him, and he leaned on his hoe handle and listened.

The cry came nearer and became articulate:

"Hesa deed eet—hesa deed eet!"

Garkey, beating the air with his arms and running as though a life were at stake, leaped over the fence and bounded across Toddler's barnyard. His face was ghastly, and veins on his temples, like heavy cords, seemed bursting, while his eyes were glassy with terror.

"Virgin Santa!" he screamed, "Hesa deed eet—hesa—d-ee-d eet, heem-sel-fa!"

At sight of Jake he stopped short and began to mumble incoherently in his native tongue.

Jake, who had been transfixed by the horribly distorted face, suddenly assumed a defensive attitude and holding the hoe in threatening position, cried:

"What's up now; you lunatic? What has he 'deed' this time?"

"He hafa keela heemselfa—he isa deed—vera mouch. You sal coom helpa—queek—ver queek—helpa! Diablo esa loosa, thees time—Queek! Helpa!"

Garkey's arms were working like the sails of a windmill. Jake's eyes dilated while he listened, and his own face went white as he comprehended; and chills crept over him.

"Go to Mr. Toddler at once; go; I tell you!" he cried as in a measure he recovered from the shock and realized necessity for immediate action.

He dropped the hoe and leaping toward the barn, dashed in and slipped a bridle on a horse; without waiting to gird on a saddle, he sprang on its back and galloped as though followed by Rebman's spirit, to summon the doctor.

Rebman was dead; a stroke of apoplexy had carried him off before he could carry out his intention of suicide. He lay on the floor, near a table on which a loaded revolver lay among a number of documents that he evidently had been looking over while preparing for death that unexpected, overtook him.

An unsigned letter addressed to an attorney he had retained in the case,

(Continued on page 45)

Economic Growth of the West

Factors of Significance in Production, Manufacture and Transportation

FEW people realize the importance of industrial development in its relation to the stability and permanency of a community's growth. It is the foundation upon which any lasting economic structure must be built. The first real development in the West centered about its mining resources, but today there may be found scattered throughout the territory dead cities giving mute testimony to the transitory characteristics of the mining business. Development of the mining resources was trailed by agricultural activities and while such development provides a variety of essential raw materials it can only prosper where markets are afforded and these in turn must be built up by industry.

For every 750 people placed on a production payroll, the income to the community in the pay envelope alone is approximately \$1,000,000 a year. Of this sum \$380,000 goes to the butcher, the baker and other foodstuff vendors, \$220,000 lodges in the cash registers of the department stores and similar institutions. The real estate men receive an average of \$120,000, the bank time deposits are swelled by \$60,000, public utilities receive \$55,000 and so it goes.

All of the territory lying west of the Rocky Mountains is experiencing the growth naturally attendant upon the greater changes in the economic structures of the world. The West is becoming a self sustaining empire with San Francisco and the Bay Region as the center of gravity.

From 1910 to 1920 the population of the United States as a whole increased 18.4 per cent while that of California swelled 44 per cent and the rest of the Pacific Coast accordingly. Since the last census period this rate of increase has accelerated very materially. The result is that saturation is many years ahead and a real ground floor opportunity awaits those that have the foresight and courage to capitalize the resources existing here today.

Presupposing sufficient capital and proper management, any industry will prosper where there is an ample market, an adequate supply of the necessary raw materials and economic labor. The question of market involves not only the purchasing power of the community reached, but also the problem of transportation facilities and competition. In other words the market for any product is determined by the purchasing power of the population to which that product can be delivered in competition with other

By F. T. LETCHFIELD
Director Industrial Department San Francisco
Chamber of Commerce

manufacturing centers. In this respect San Francisco occupies a strong strategic position. This has become particularly true of recent years, due to the accumulative increase of transcontinental freight rates and the effective operation of the Panama Canal to say nothing of the for-

With the beginning of the upward trend of business in the spring of 1922, the eyes of the manufacturing world turned to the Pacific Coast, for the handwriting is on the wall to those who wish to hold and compete in this territory that there is but one solution; namely, the production at the centroid of distribution. The factors which have made for the economic growth of the West have also created the necessity for decentralization. It is not so many years ago that the great bulk of purchases made in the Western states came from the Mississippi Valley. Today, however, the cheap inter-coastal water rates together with the high cost of trans-continental rail freight have made it economically impossible for the Middlewestern producer to compete with the Atlantic Seaboard. The corollary is also true that the Pacific Coast producer can market his merchandise in the East at a lower cost than that of his competitors in the Middlewest. In other words, the present transportation situation, has, to all practical intents and purposes, moved the Pacific Coast eastward to a line running from Cleveland south through Cincinnati.

sign markets tapped by the steamship lines plying out of the San Francisco Harbor.

As to the quality of labor available to this section. Extensive experiments conducted in one of the great Eastern universities revealed the fact that a temperature of 60 degrees produces the greatest physical efficiency and that a temperature of 40 degrees results in a maximum of mental efficiency. The mean for both mental and physical is 50 degrees. The

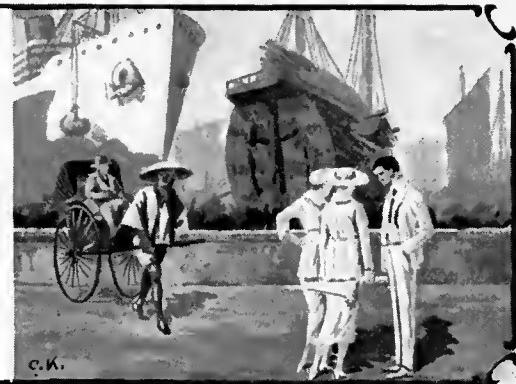
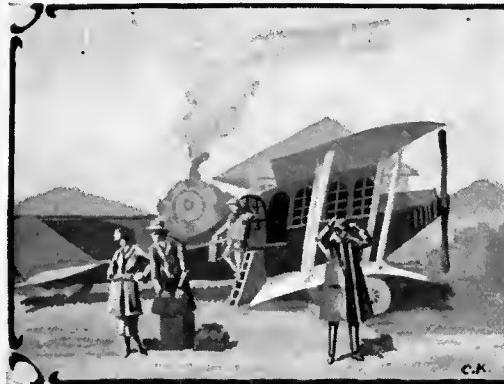
average temperature range for San Francisco remains practically constant between 50 degrees and 60 degrees throughout the year. The labor efficiency displayed by the factory workers of the San Francisco Bay Region, as compared with similar plants in other parts of the country, averages 33 per cent greater.

There are two classes of labor—those occupied in the building trades and those working on production. Too often, conditions in one are confused with those of the other. The greatest labor troubles throughout the country have come in the building trades, which is natural, as the latter are usually limited to seasonal work where conditions are either those of feasts or famine. Conditions obtaining in the building trades usually have no connection with those in the production fields. The latter is usually of a much steadier character and the majority of labor will be found in the home owners and home makers.

For many years San Francisco suffered from undue influences of labor factions and as a result accrued a reputation throughout the country as being a "closed shop" district. Fortunately, however, this state of affairs does not exist today. Due to the efforts of the Industrial Association and the community behind it, the relations of employee to employer here in the San Francisco Bay are on an especially sound and permanent basis for they are predicated upon the great American principle of fair play—upon the inalienable right of anyone to work for whom he pleases so long as such relations are satisfactory to himself and to his employer and so long as the fundamental ethics of society are observed. It is true that there have been even since the establishment of the American Plan, sporadic disturbances in the building trades and in the industrial field within the San Francisco Bay Region, but these, however, were but temporary disturbances, the settlement of which has more closely cemented co-operation between employee and labor.

The people of San Francisco have in their grasp a potential growth which has perhaps never before been equaled in any community. If, however, full advantage is to be taken of the present situation, every assistance must be rendered incoming capital; local patronage of home products must be stimulated and every facility such as sites, terminals, transportation systems and power resources developed to as great an extent as possible.

TRAVEL STORIES



MY STAY IN BERMUDA

By MARY EMILIE OLDER

WE SAILED from New York at ten on the steamer, "Fort Victoria." The harbor was glorious in the spring sunshine. We were comfortable on board, the steamer a miniature liner, perfect in service. We had one whole day at sea, spent as I love to spend it all tucked up in a steamer chair. Then the afternoon tea on deck. Early next morning we sighted the Island. The water had changed to a wonderful blue, almost as brilliant as jade and clear as crystal, due to the coral formation of the island. The pilot came on board in a heavy rain storm. It takes two hours to sail into Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda, a harbor, beautiful beyond description, filled with small islands through which you wind your way, close often enough to touch the ferns and flowers that grow in profusion at the water's edge. The clear blue water reflects this woodland beauty, at the same time retains its marvelous depth, so the steamer sails right into the town. All things seem at the water's edge. There are many fine piers and handsome stone steps to accommodate all the varied ferries and yachts that all day long and half the moonlight night come into shore.

The houses are all built of native stone and finished entirely in cedar, so as you enter there is a sweet coolness about them, restful after the white coral roads and bright sunshine and everywhere you turn the azure blue waters of ocean or harbor.

The Cathedral is a splendid type of Gothic architecture. Its great tower creates a sky line, unique, and retained in the memory, silhouetted against the blue sky over the islands. Most of the interior finish, the marvelous columns of granite, came from Scotland. The electric lighting—each chandelier a chain of swing lights and over each a golden crucifix. They had a large mixed vested choir and grand organ. The devoutness of the people is noticeable. As many colored as white worshipped there, the men in colonial garb (by that I mean

as the British colonist), dressed in linen, white or brown with white helmets lined with green. Then the regiments—"soldiers of the King" worshiping as they had been taught to worship at their mother's knee. This is the secret of happy Bermuda. Without supreme faith you might visit, but never live on that island isolated in the Atlantic Ocean.

The actual area is $19\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, interlaced by the most perfect roads for travel one could find in the world. Based by solid rock, softened by crushed stone, they are clean, smooth, exceptionally pleasant to travel over, either on foot, bicycle or carriage. In many places the road have been cut right through solid rock, which forms on either side of the roadway a solid wall, through which ferns and vines struggle to reach the sunlight, softening the bareness and making a unique picturesqueness. This is perhaps the only country one can visit without the honk, noise and dirt of the automobile. There are no motor vehicles of any kind, no railroads, or factories or electric cars. Man made noises are therefore absent in this earthly Eden, a fact, which inspired beloved Mark Twain to exclaim: "At last here is a spot where one may truly rest." The effect on tired nerves and brains is like the balm of Gilead. Yet life is far from dull. There are all sorts of sports, fine tennis courts, golf links, the course laid out by two of the best known men in the world, Seth Raynor and Charles Blair Macdonald, who are responsible for the wonders of the National Course at Long Island, New York.

Every householder has his flower garden; his lawns are shaded by the lovely graceful palms, cedars and India rubber trees, making a general landscape garden of rare beauty. Great fields of Easter lilies impart a fragrance to the air that will never be forgotten once one has smelled it. It is almost like entering a celestial region to walk through a lily field. A great contrast is offered to with the pure white lilies and the negro workers. Just a word about this unusual negro population. The last census gives a population of 20,000, 7,000

white and 13,000 colored. The negroes are descendants of the old slaves, intermarried with Pequod Indians; the white people, mostly of English stock, can trace their ancestors back to early settlers, whose names still live in the families scattered over the island. The people love to say, "I am a Bermudian," although they hold allegiance to England with an English governor and staff. The negroes have beautiful cottage homes with every comfort. They are well and stylishly dressed. The children are well brought up. They speak pure English with soft voices, and the air is filled with their laughter. Never have I seen so happy a race. Of the Bermudians I would say that life was a round of pleasure. The merchants are wealthy, with beautiful homes. There are negro servants galore. They ride horseback in the morning, in the late afternoon, bridge and garden parties every day. They never hurry.

Many steamers arrive daily bringing provision and merchandise, from New York, Paris and London. As to style it is a little New York. They have their gown studios run by smart New York modistes. They are kept busy in the winter season making up the wonderful imported goods arriving on every steamer.

I was told that Bermudians lived on the tourist. That is not true. There is great inherited wealth there. The tourist brings much to Bermuda and gets much in return. Things are expensive. How can they be otherwise? Everything has to be brought to the island excepting farm product and when the large hotels are open the island cannot supply sufficient of this.

During the weeks I spent there, each day we drove to different points of interest. I always had the same carriage with colored coachman. It was a two seated victoria, such as in my girlhood days they drove in London. Your feet rest on small cushions and there is a place for the arm. You wear a summery gown, a big flopping hat and a sunshade and feel like a first class antique. I never feel anything in particular riding in a Ford or Franklin, but believe

me the carriage has to it an old time splendor. It is an interesting drive to the crystal Caves on the way to St. Georges. They are important enough to devote special space to them, for nowhere, not excepting the caves of France or the famous cave of the Winds in Colorado, has one ever beheld such under-earth marvels as are to be found in this island. This cave reminds one of a great temple; here a bust of Shakespeare, set as though a carved cameo in the rocky formation. Along a path we come to the "Garden of the Gods," where can be seen various figures of familiar tradition. Santa Claus is one. Crystal Cave is remarkable in that it has at the bottom an under earth lake fed by the tides, but so clear and deep it is like looking into a morror, in which are reflected the beautiful stalactites from above and showing clearly on the bottom the up-growing stalagmites. The cave is electrically lighted to bring out in relief the pure colors of the stactites that form different figures as though carved from Italian marble. This cave is a scene in Annette Kellerman's great motion picture "Neptune's Daughter." St. Georges is over 100 feet above sea level, southern exposure, this being one of the largest hotels over-looking this quaint little town from which the hotel takes its name. I was so glad to dine and rest awhile before the homeward drive. The view from the piazza takes in the entire islands, the harbor and the broad Atlantic surrounding it.

After a day of driving we would plan the next for sailing. One of great interest was to The Coral Reefs that lie far below the surface of the lovely blue waters of Bermuda. A large steamer takes you outside of the islands, one enters a glass bottom boat through which the eye can vision the loveliness below easier than from the steamer. There are corals, pink and white, wonderful shells and fish of all kinds, especially the angel fish that show to great advantage in these beautiful surroundings; marvelously formed red sponges that sway gracefully with the waves and reefs which form a natural break-water. It is this God-given protection that gives to Bermuda this grand harbor, truly an Inland Sea. Never any debris or seaweed is seen floating in the harbor. The Island law rules; that all waste matter is taken miles out to sea. The reefs protect against an inwash.

Just across from Hamilton is the Parish of Paget. You hail your boat boy and are rowed cross in five minutes. There are the most beautiful homes; gardens running to the water's edge. There are splendid hotels—the "Inverurie," and the "Belmont," which faces the harbor and has a grand view of Elba Beach on the south shore, a long stretch of pure white sand without rock or

small stones, so smooth and hard one can ride horseback or bicycle as though on a boulevard. The great rollers come into the shore in lazy languor, its waters glassy, clear and clean. The temperature of about 60 degrees makes winter bathing sublime. Off shore are a group of circular rocks of coral formation called boilers and are still in a stage of formation and afford a natural diving platform for swimmers.

Another steamer took us to Somerset Parish. The island is divided into nine parishes, each having a beautiful Episcopal church, of which the Cathedral is the head. We visited at Ireland Island, the Dock Yards, where England has built the largest floating docks in the world. This sounds like a large order for so small a port, but it is true nevertheless. This dock can take one of the great warships as easily as it can an island steamer. There are hundreds of men employed there and with its arsenal, floating dock and workers presents an aspect of general activity. There are always a number of warships in port, some torpedoes and tramp steamers that ply between Nova Scotia and the West Indies, making these islands their stopping place. It was at Somerset that we attended one of many garden parties. There is much to enjoy in the beautiful grounds of these delightful homes—the small tables set under the wonderful flowering shrubs, the swift and dainty services, the military band; the coming of the Governor and Lady Grey always gives a touch of gracious dignity to these hospitable gatherings.

The flower show held in the Rectory Grounds of Pembroke Parish was the most gorgeous social affair I attended, the rectory beautiful, the flowers beyond description.

Another morning drive comes to me as I write, a visit to Southampton Parish, where is situated the famous Gibbs Hill Lighthouse. Southampton is for the most part, a farming district, but in the center on a great hill stands the lighthouse, reached by a splendidly built road up the hill to a height of 380 feet above sea level. The light shines 30 miles out to sea and from the top of the lighthouse can be seen the entire panorama of islands, harbor and great stretch of ocean on all sides.

Bermuda is absolutely dependent on the rain from Heaven for all its fresh water. Each house has a large stone covered cistern which catches all the rain running from the roofs. They are kept whitewashed with a solution containing lime. Then the water is pumped electrically into the houses.

Bermuda has an opera house and a theatre, just as crude as all else is beautiful, but they have the pictures just the same. I don't think they are censored. They give the entire reel in one evening.

You go at seven P. M. and get out about one A. M., but time means nothing, there is nothing to catch—but water.

When the morning to sail for home arrived I felt it was the closing scene of one of my life's happiest journeys. The sail down the harbor was beautiful. Every steamer is escorted out by a veritable fleet of yachts and there is forever music.

In the land of the sky blue water,
A spot where God's own hand
Is revealed in the flowers and sunshine, of
this,
"This garden land."
From the little isle of romance,
Where the skies are azure blue,
Accept this rambling story,
With Bermuda's love to you.

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL

(Continued from page 20)

trayed for a moment both curiosity and alarm as The Man of the Hour pressed through the circle and knelt in perplexity by his bride. The old General alone understood—and he could not explain. The very silence was pregnant with unspoken possibilities when the Man of the Hour said quietly:

"Are you not mistaken, Grace? This man who has so kindly assisted us is not known to you, I am sure."

The man in khaki who had assisted took his cue, and the center of the stage in the spotlight.

"It is the shock, Sir," he explained with gentle brevity. Her mind is hardly clear yet. If I can be of no further service, Sir—" and his hand raised in salute as he withdrew. Halfway down the broad marble stairs the old General overtook him, ignoring all conventions, and laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Gordon, how could you do it," he said.

The other halted, and stood at attention, with an ashen face that tried to wring itself into a mask of indifference. The result was ghastly.

"I gave her up, years ago," his lips avered, "when I fully realized how little I was worthy, and—before it was too late. It is not so hard now, and I try to—forget."

"But—good God, Rex!" said the elder man, brushing aside for a moment the barrier between them—"did you see her eyes?"

"Stop!" commanded the man in khaki. "What you have seen, and know, you must forget. What I know and feel I can but remember—to my eternal shame and bitterness." His hand went up in salute just as the General stretched out his own. Perhaps he did not see it.

A moment later he was pacing his post below, guarding the eternal barrier between his world and the world he had once known.

The Dawn of Emancipation

By JAMES HAVELOCK CAMPBELL

MANY years before the induction of Abraham Lincoln into the first magistracy of the nation, the power of the general government to bring slavery to an end was widely discussed. And as he was always deeply immersed in politics, the future author of the proclamation of emancipation found it necessary to take a clear and definite stand upon the question. Especially was this the case in his earnest struggle with Stephen A. Douglas for the United States senatorship in 1858.

As a lawyer he had no doubt that the right of every state to control its domestic affairs was impregnable; that there could be no hope of a successful attack upon it, and in the debates held during that campaign he repeatedly and strongly expressed his convictions accordingly. In this light the end of slavery was indeed far off. In one of the debates he said: "I do not suppose that in the most peaceful way ultimate extinction would occur in less than a hundred years at least." His aim at that time was not to attempt to disturb it in the states where it was already established, but "to prevent its extension, to keep it out of the new territories, to restrict it forever to the old states where it then existed, that the public mind might rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction."

At Chicago on July 10, 1858, Mr. Lincoln made this interesting statement: "I have said a hundred times, and I have now no inclination to take it back, that I believe there is no right and ought to be no inclination in the people of the free states to enter into the slave states and interfere with the question of slavery at all. I have said that always. Judge Douglas has heard me say it if not quite a hundred times, at least as good as a hundred times, and when it is said that I am in favor of interfering with slavery where it exists, I know it is unwarranted by anything I ever intended and as I believe by anything I ever said. If by any means I have ever used language which could fairly be so construed (as, however, I believe I never have), I now correct it." In his speech against Douglas at Ottawa on August 21, 1858, we find these words: "If all earthly power were given me I should not know what to do, as to the existing institution; and again I will say here while upon this subject, that I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

At Freeport, on August 27, 1858, Mr. Lincoln on opening his debate there with Douglas, said in regard to the abolition of the slave trade between the states and the power of Congress over it as to which he was in doubt: "If I should be of opinion that Congress does possess the constitutional power to abolish the slave trade among the different states, I should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power unless upon some conservative principle as I conceive it, akin to what I have said in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia." These conditions were: First, that the abolition should be gradual; second, that it should be on a vote of the majority of the qualified voters in the District, and third, that compensation should be made to unwilling owners.

At Jonesboro, on September 15, 1858, in the third joint debate with Mr. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln stated his points of concurrence with his antagonist and political rival with luminous clearness, saying: "There is much in the principles that Judge Douglas has here enunciated that I most cordially approve and over which I shall have no controversy with him. In so far as he has insisted that all the states have the right to do exactly as they please about all their domestic relations, including that of slavery, I agree entirely with him. I have made a great many speeches, some of which have been printed, and it will be utterly impossible for him to find anything that I have ever put in print contrary to what I now say upon this subject. I hold myself under constitutional obligations to allow the people in all the states to do exactly as they please and I deny that I have any inclination to interfere with them even if there were no such constitutional obligation."

In his Columbus speech on September 16, 1859, occurs this paragraph: "I say we must not interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists, because the Constitution forbids it and the general welfare does not require us to do so. We must not withhold an efficient fugitive slave law because the Constitution requires us, as I understand it, not to withhold such a law, but we must prevent the spreading of the institution, because neither the Constitution nor the general welfare requires us to extend it."

In his first inaugural address, the President was equally clear and em-

phatic: "Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern states that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the public speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so and I have no inclination to do so.'

On August 30, 1861, General Fremont issued a proclamation confiscating all property used in aid of the rebellion, including slaves, who were declared when so used to become forever free. In a letter to the General, dated September 2, 1861, the President writes: "Two points in your proclamation of August 30 give me some anxiety * * * Second, I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating of slaves of traitorous owners will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky." Accordingly, the proclamation so far as it related to slaves was countermanded on September 11.

On September 22, 1861, the President defends his action in a letter to O. H. Browning, an intimate friend, after reverting to the confiscation of property in general, as follows: And the same is true of slaves. If the general needs them he can seize them and use them, but when the need is past, it is not for him to fix their permanent future condition. ..That must be settled according to laws made by law makers, not by military proclamations.

This was the President's first impression when the question arose through the action of General Fremont and yet when analyzed it will be seen on its face that the Proclamation of Emancipation is essentially a military proclamation, not issued by the President in his general civil capacity as the first magistrate of the nation, but in his military capacity as ex-officio Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States.

It will be noted also in the President's letter to General Fremont how eager he was to hold the border states in the

union, especially his beloved native state of Kentucky; and how fully he recognized the fact that there were many loyal hearts in the South, and how sensitively cautious he was not to estrange them by any harsh or rash action.

It is an astonishing and highly creditable fact that throughout all the heat and bitterness of the Civil war, there remained unobligated and unmarried in the largest city of the South this inscription on a statue of General Jackson: "The Union must and shall be preserved," and in the same city of the South, cut deep into the stone of the statue of Henry Clay, that other beloved son of the South, and of the President's own native soil of the State of Kentucky, this splendid and heroic declaration, "I would rather strike the shackles from a single slave than wear the laurels of the proudest conqueror." Referring to the 13th of July, 1862, Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, tells us that until this time the President had been prompt and emphatic, whenever the question of emancipation or the mitigation of slavery had been in any way alluded to, in denouncing any interference with the subject by the general government. This, Mr. Welles adds, was the sentiment of every member of the Cabinet, "all of whom, including the President, considered it a local domestic question, appertaining to the states respectively, who had never parted with their authority over it."

On the 4th day of July, 1862, the President had been in office for sixteen months. He had been placed in that high station by the votes of the Abolition party, the determined foes of slavery, and all the members of that party looked to him and confidently expected him to swiftly root out that reproach upon the nation's honor and wash away that foul blot from her otherwise spotless escutcheon. When he was installed in office and that which they expected to be done was not done, they were sorely and grievously disappointed and dissatisfied and brought every form of pressure that was at their command to bear upon the President to enforce compliance with their wishes.

That the President longed to comply is beyond all doubt. No one could be more eager than he if he could lawfully and justly reach the end desired. His correspondence and the well authenticated course and incidents of his life make it certain that he was pre-eminently an honest man and the general knowledge of this trait in him had gained for him the sobriquet of "Honest Abe." Honesty as the President viewed the matter, demanded that what had been treated by the law and taxed by the law as property, should not be taken away without compensation, from

those who had held it for generations with the full sanction of the state and nation. This was the only point of divergence, so far as inclination was concerned, between the President and his supporters. To hold men in bondage was an iniquity in their eyes for which there was no sanction in human or divine law and compensation for the cessation of such an iniquity, was to them like paying a criminal to forego his lawless activities.

But there was in fact a practical cost in the destruction of slavery which had to be met and could not possibly be eluded, for men do not readily yield up that which is very valuable and which the law has allowed them to regard from earliest infancy as legitimate property. So the Southern people would not give up and did not give up their slaves save by the terrible stress, and irresistible coercion of war and the vast cost of that war was the price of its result. This embraced the money spent and debt incurred by the North and by the South to carry on that war; (an expense which in the North alone approached three billions of dollars) the vast amount of property destroyed, the loss forever of the productive industry of the aggregate of 650,000 or 700,000 men killed on both sides, the withdrawal of the creative labor of thrice that number during the four years' struggle. Outside of all these factors, the degree of paralysis of all activities not in aid of the war, and the scant yield of the neglected soil from lack of experienced and robust labor. All these factors made up the stupendous price paid for the freedom of every negro in the South. It would have been a bargain counter purchase in comparison to have paid the most extortionate value which any Southern jury would have put upon the slaves; but after all we have the consolation of reflecting that these are only idle speculations and that in truth there was no swift, feasible way of putting an end to slavery and that the most intense abolitionist of New England was not more averse to the idea of a commercial close of the era of bondage than was the South itself. Regardless of any protest from the North against it, however, slavery would gradually have disappeared, for in spite of the blatant voices which defended it and championed it with many specious arguments drawn even from the Bible, there was an increasingly regretful feeling in the South that such a condition should exist and this feeling was illustrated and emphasized by the testamentary manumission of slaves to such an extent that the number of free negroes in the South at the outset of the Civil war is amazing to any one not thoroughly informed upon the subject. All the more for this the New England agitation for an im-

mediate and arbitrary abolition of slavery free of expense and without the slightest consideration for the hardships which would result was regarded by the South as a fanatical and Puritanic display of impudent interference with a matter as to which the legal luminaries of the nation, including the President, were almost a unit in the belief that each state had absolute and exclusive control and fixed the minds of the planters of the South at last determinedly against abolition, even if fair and ample compensation were a part of the proposal. The view of the best people of the South and the view of the President as above given was the same view, namely: that by the policy of restriction to the original slave states, slavery would ultimately be extinguished.

The intense and unremitting pressure bearing upon the President as soon as he was installed into office and during the sixteen months of his incumbency, had forced the question of the extinction of slavery by direct and decisive governmental action, not only upon his own attention, but also upon the attention of every member of his cabinet for frequent and exhaustive discussion and consideration, and many of these men like the President himself and Stanton and Seward were lawyers of rare ability and eminence. But his administrative advisers discovered no way to get around the seemingly impassable barrier which state sovereignty interposed to the desires of the anti-slavery section of the nation, and the legal talent of the Abolitionists brought no aid to the President.

This was the status of matters on the 4th of July, 1862. The President had been put into office on the 4th day of March, 1861, for a definite purpose, with the highest jubilation of the foes of slavery, and now he had held the office for sixteen months and seemed impotent to advance that purpose a single inch; and yet in the mind of the All-Wise that fiat for the annihilation of slavery was in effect already issued and the document, which unwittingly to the writer was to bring on the dawn of emancipation, was already prepared.

On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1862, the President attended the funeral of a child of Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War. In his carriage were two of his cabinet, Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy. During that ride an incident occurred which was of the most amazing character in view of what has been already set forth. Never up to that time had the President ever intimated the slightest change or modification of his oft expressed views as to state control of slavery. So it was indeed "a new departure" for the President, as Mr. Welles puts it, when Mr. Lincoln announced that he had

about made up his mind to issue a proclamation of emancipation. This was the first intimation of such a resolution, the first time, as the President then stated, that he had ever mentioned the subject to anyone.

This announcement was the initial step towards the fruition of the greatest event in the life of the President and beyond doubt the most glorious event of the nineteenth century. Yet, although there are pyramids of volumes devoted to the life of the President and to the history of the United States during his incumbency, no one but Mr. Welles alludes to that wonderful and startling declaration, and no one of all the writers dealing with that time makes the slightest attempt to explain why the President ever changed his mind as to the status of slavery and his power to abolish it; and above all, in what manner a change of mind so astonishing in its swiftness was to be accounted for.

In view of the prior history of the subject, no conceivable announcement could be more astounding or could more urgently and peremptorily exact the fullest and most carefully analyzed explanation. Yet not even Mr. Welles offers any explanation, and no one else in any way indicates any knowledge of the declaration, or regardless of the declaration, of any change of the President's view at or about this time; nor does any writer explain how the President at any time arrived at the conclusion, despite the very positive letter to Mr. Browning, as shown above, to put an end to slavery by a military proclamation. Indeed the unenlightening and unsatisfactory course is generally pursued of treating emancipation as if the President had never seen any serious obstacle in the way of destroying it, ignoring his statement about this time to a Chicago delegation that a proclamation would be as futile "as the Pope's bull against the comet." Such a course is in direct contradiction and defiance of the incontrovertible evidence given above as to his attitude to slavery up to July, 1862, which he himself was anxious to put beyond all question, and all misunderstanding.

The actual facts are much more interesting and creditable to the President than any such baselessly assumed theory. The declaration of the 13th of July shows not only a change, but a swift change of mind. The President was, as he said, revealing it for the first time, so it is reasonable to infer that it had been brought about since he had last met any of his cabinet, as no reason can be imagined for concealing it from any of them. So as this was Sunday, it must have happened in all probability within the preceding week.

This consideration fills the mind with intense eagerness to discover if any-

thing had happened during that week which might account for the epoch-making declaration of the 13th, and our investigation is rewarded by finding that on Tuesday, the 8th day of July, 1862, the President was on a steamer returning to Washington from the camp of the Army of the Potomac, near Richmond, and that on that trip came the dawn of emancipation. For during the journey the President drafted the preliminary proclamation of emancipation, which without material change was issued on the 22nd day of September, 1862, and followed by the final decree, for which it paved the way, on January 1, 1863.

What could have inspired him and spurred him on to action so suddenly in a matter of such momentous consequence? It could have been no trivial, commonplace occurrence which affected so glorious a result. It must have been a cause in some degree commensurate with its fruitage. Fortunately we are left in no doubt and have not far to seek. Never was the adage more splendidly illustrated of an artisan building better than he knew and producing consequences of the greatest magnitude and grandeur when no such consequences or anything approaching them ever entered his mind. For, as the President journeyed back by water on his way to the National Capital, he had in his possession, and from all the facts and events of that day we may confidently surmise, on the table or desk where he was writing, a letter dated July 7, 1862, but handed to him on the morning of the fateful 8th of July, as he was about to start away, by the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

In that letter are to be found these words in the midst of many comments on the war: "The right of the government to appropriate permanently to its own service claims to slave labor should be asserted, and the right of the owner to compensation therefor should be recognized. "This principle might be extended upon grounds of military necessity and security to all the slaves within a particular state, thus working manumission in such state, and in Missouri, perhaps in Western Virginia also and possibly even in Maryland, the expediency of such a measure is only a question of time. A system of policy thus constitutional and conservative and pervaded by the influences of Christianity and freedom, would receive the support of all truly loyal men, would deeply impress the rebel masses and all foreign nations, and it might be humbly hoped that it would commend itself to the favor of the Almighty."

What must have affected the mind of the President most strongly in the reading of this portion of the letter was this: that the writer was presenting a question of the most vital and intense

importance in an entirely new light. He was no lawyer and was not assuming the function of offering suggestions on a legal question; but he had graduated with the highest honors at West Point; he was known to be an assiduous and brilliant student of military science; he had passed through the Mexican war and the West Virginia campaign with the highest commendations of his superiors and he had been thought worthy of being sent to Russia during the Crimean war as a national envoy to observe and report on the equipment and operations of the forces engaged.

On military questions he was beyond all doubt an expert and a specialist and as he was passing, not upon a constitutional question but upon a purely military matter, namely, the nature, extent and possible results of military necessity, his education, experience and standing enabled him to speak with authority. This view must have operated most convincingly upon the President's mind. Here was a highly conservative and cultured man, an adept in military science, not an Abolitionist nor in any sense a partisan supporter of the President, deciding that a state of military necessity existed which warranted at the pleasure of the President the emancipation of all the slaves within any state and if so, the same situation existed in every rebel state and warranted the emancipation of all the slaves in every such state on the same ground and at the same moment, in a single proclamation.

Here was the key to all the President's difficulties; here was the rational solution of the vexed problem which had troubled him so long, and we can easily conjecture that the President, delighted and stimulated by this transference of the basis of action from a constitutional or legal one to a purely military one, at once set about the preparation of the warning proclamation of September 22, which was to culminate in the *manga charta* of the children of bondage on January 1, 1863.

To this document we hasten for the demonstration of our theorem. An examination of it shows that it is avowedly and beyond any question a military proclamation, the promulgation of a military fiat.

After alluding to the preliminary warning of September 22, the decree proceeds:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion," etc., etc.

Here is a war measure taken by the

military head of the nation and based expressly and solely on the adamantine basis of military necessity.

The President then names the states and parts of states which had failed to submit to the national authority, and further on comes this paragraph: "*And by virtue of the power* (that is, the power of the Commander-in-Chief to do whatever the military necessity of the situation might demand) *and for the purpose aforesaid*, (that is, of suppressing the rebellion) I order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said states and parts of states are and henceforth shall be free—." And the great decree concludes with this invocation: "And upon this act sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The concurrence of time, the unity of view, the relation of all the facts and the harmony of the tenor of the decree with the expressions of the letter, link these two writings indissolubly together. Both shift the ground of consideration from that of a constitutional or legal question to that of a purely military question, namely, the degree and extent of the nation's military exigency. Both view the action involved as the authorized action of a military leader irresistibly impelled to it by a necessity clearly rising above all other considerations; a necessity to which no constitutional or other legal obstacle could conceivably exist. This military exigency did not destroy the constitution, but the instant

that the military exigency was obvious, the Constitution ceased to be a factor in the consideration of the subject.

Decisions, statutes and constitutions have no relevancy to a question of military necessity. Otherwise it would be ineffective and futile even when the existence of a nation hangs quivering in the balance. Military necessity brooks no opposition. From its very nature it is dominant and supreme. It must be indisputably paramount to all other considerations of whatever nature.

The grand merit of the President's action lies in the swift sureness with which he grasped and acted upon this principle when it was clearly presented to his mind, but the soldier's eagerness and the President's eagerness led them to widely divergent roads.

The President longed to end the bondage of every slave in the nation by mighty blow was not for an instant in the mind of the soldier, nor as the excerpts from the letter reveal, was he in favor of any measure of manumission unless accompanied by compensation, but the basis of the soldier's suggestion being recognized and conceded, the President, shrewd and experienced lawyer as he was, saw as a certainty, that compensation or want of compensation were negligible factors, and bore no relation to military necessity. And this train of reasoning assured the President that the key to the problem of emancipation was now securely in his hands.

In the heat and fervor of this conviction we may well surmise that the President put his thought at once into action by hastening to draft the initial document. Upon conference with his Cabi-

net after the memorable Sunday of the 13th of July, it was thought wise to await some success of the Union forces before taking the decisive step indicated by the proclamation prepared on the 8th of July.

The question of opportuneness of time for the initial proclamation immediately came up for consideration and it was concluded that a break in the heavy clouds which overcast the national firmament should be waited for. For a time fate scowled, for not many weeks later came the dispiriting rout of the finest army of the Union under Pope, throwing doubt and fear into the hearts of all. But soon fortune smiled again, and on the 17th of September the Southern army, flushed with its victory at Bull Run, had its hopes of a conquering march through the North blasted upon the bloody field of Antietam. And so it chanced that the same soldier who supplied the key which opened the gateway to emancipation, also by putting an end to the projected invasion of the North, supplied the fitting occasion for the issuance of the proclamation which came five days later, by his victory at Antietam, which for many reasons was the most fruitful victory of the war, and under more favorable conditions would have been the final battle of the war. But the lesson of the stringent and inexorable requirement of war deeply implanted, a year and a half later when General Grant became Commander-in-Chief, had not yet been learned, that for the safety of a nation the military control of a military situation must be absolute.



Clarence King

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WHILE it is possible that more copies of John Muir's "Mountains of California" have been sold than of Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," I much question whether the general influence of the first-named book has been greater than that of the latter. Clarence King was one of the precocious knights of science and literature, especially beloved of the gods. He was born at Newport, R. I., January 6, 1842. When he was but six years of age his father died in China, and upon his young widowed mother devolved his early care and education. She was a woman of great natural ability and studied both modern and classical languages that she might teach them to her young son. Quite early he displayed a love for nature in all its manifestations, and his vacations were spent in hunting, fishing, botanizing and the like in the Green Mountains. After attending the endowed high school at Hartford, became in 1859 a student at the Sheffield Scientific School, where for two years he received careful and thorough instruction in geology and mineralogy from James D. Dana and George J. Brush, two of the ablest scientists and teachers of that day. He graduated in 1862, receiving the degree of B. S. from Yale. The following winter he studied glaciology under Agassiz, and later became a devotee of the Ruskinian Schools of Art Study, under the leadership of the eminent authority, Russell Sturgis.

In May, 1863, he and a life-long friend, James T. Gardner* started on a horse-back trip across the continent. This trip was to have a memorable effect upon his after life, for he made the journey slowly enough to enable him to study the general geological formations of the continent from one side to the other. Being gifted with vivid imagination and having received a scientific training, he was able to perceive what a wonderful field was here afforded for a nation's scientific studies.

In the meantime, he and his companion, after crossing the deserts of Nevada, were lured to the world-famous Comstock mine at Virginia City. The very night of their arrival the house in which they were staying caught fire and all their belongings were burned. Laughing at their misfortune, King went to work as a day laborer on a quartz-mill and in a few weeks earned enough money

to enable them to continue their journey.

This apparent misfortune became the means of a speedy windfall of good fortune. As they journeyed to San Francisco, it happened that on board the steamer Sacramento was Professor William H. Brewer, chief assistant to Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, who, in December, 1860, had taken charge of the office of State Geologist of California, under instructions from the Legislature to conduct a geological survey of the state. In a private letter, Brewer thus tells of the meeting and its consequences:

"I first met Clarence King and his intimate friend, James T. Gardner, on August 30, 1863. I had been making, that summer, a reconnaissance in the Sierra Nevada, beginning in the extreme southern part, at Tejon, and zigzagging six or eight times across the Divide, my last crossing having been from the northern end of Lake Tahoe to Forest Hill. My party had been reduced by sickness and other causes until, during the last four crossings, I had with me my packer only. It was my desire to continue the reconnaissance northward as far as the Lassen peak, but another man, at least, was needed—especially as the Indians were reported to have broken out from Lassen peak to the Shasta Valley. So I had left my animals with my packer at Forest Hill and started for San Francisco to see my chief, Professor J. D. Whitney, with regard to the necessary assistance and to interview the Indian agent and the military authorities concerning the reported Indian war.

"On the Sacramento River steamer I noticed two young men conversing together in low tones, and curiously glancing from time to time at me, attracted, no doubt, by my costume and appearance, which indicated that I was engaged in rough mountain—or forest—work of some kind, yet not that of the hunter or miner. Presently they drew near, and the younger one (King) asked, 'Is your name Brewer?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Belong to the California Geological Survey?' 'Yes!' 'Well; I had a letter of introduction to you from Professor Brush, but it was burned up the other day!' He went on to say that he had been for three years at the Yale Scientific School (as it was called when he entered it), and that he and his friend

had crossed the plains, the interior basin of the Sierra, since leaving New Haven. Of course we began at once an acquaintance which soon became, and always remained a cordial friendship. Many years after he wrote on the fly-leaf of the second edition of his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (the most brilliant and fascinating of books on mountain-climbing) these words, which I treasure with affectionate pride: 'To Professor W. H. Brewer, my earliest and kindest Sierra friend, to whose friendly guidance I owe my first and my most charming mountaineering, with the unchanging regard of the author.'

Brewer then goes on to relate how that a letter he had written to Professor George J. Brush, giving an enthusiastic account of a climb he and Professor Whitney had made of Mt. Shasta had been read to King, which had so enthused him that he had then and there resolved to come to California and make the ascent of Mt. Shasta. He joined the Survey and his first experiences were on Lassen Peak, which was ascended twice, viz: 26th and 29th of September, 1863. Now let Brewer resume:

"On the way back he wanted to try a *glissade* down one of the snow-slopes. I objected strongly, being uncertain whether it would be practicable for him to stop before reaching the rocks at the bottom. But he had read Tyndall; and what was a mountain climb without a *glissade*? So he had his way, and came out of the adventure with only a few unimportant bruises."

Remember that at this time King was only in his twenty-second year and "looked much younger," and those who have *glissaded* on a real mountain snow-field know the temptation. The following year Brewer and King passed around the Eastern base of Mt. Shasta, and the former told of the work done on it by the Survey in 1862. He also asserted there were no glaciers on Shasta, and yet shortly afterwards they forded a small stream, turbid with ash-colored mud which came from a snow-field far above. Brewer acknowledged that, if he were in Switzerland, he should consider it a typical glacier-fed stream. King could not accept Brewer's assertion that it was not, and six years later, in 1870, he discovered actual glaciers on

*King in his "Mountaineering" always spells this Gardner, without the "l." Most later writers spell it incorrectly, though on the U. S. Geological Survey maps it is given "Gardiner."

Mt. Shasta and described them in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *American Journal of Science*.

How exactly like the experience of his great successor, John Muir! One cannot refrain from quoting. In the OVERLAND MONTHLY for December, 1872, Muir writes:

"On one of the yellow days of October, 1871, when I was among the mountains of the "Merced Group," following the footprints of the ancient glaciers that once flowed grandly from their ample fountains, reading what I could of their history as written in moraines, canyons, lakes and carved rocks, I came upon a small stream that was carrying mud of a kind I had never seen. In a calm place, where the stream widened, I collected some of this mud, and observed that it was entirely mineral in composition, and fine as flour, like the mud from a fine grit grindstone. Before I had time to reason, I said, 'Glacier mud—mountain meal!'"

This led Muir to immediate and further examination, and he was soon able to shout with exultation, "A living glacier!" Thus both men, by their swift observation were led to the same results. It is possible that there was a modicum of jealousy and envy—not in a small or contemptible sense—in John Muir's heart, in that Fate had given King the privilege of pioneering in these mountains he so much loved, and especially in the department to which his very inmost soul seemed wedded—the glaciers. We who come after are thankful for both men, for each had his own work to do.

To return to King. It was at this time, 1863, that he began his work in the region covered by his book, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." He was but a youth, full of life and vigor, ready for any adventure and gifted with those wonderful powers of keen observation, retentive memory, comprehensive grasp of the most intricate subjects and love for his chosen work that made him almost immediately an adept. Then, possessing in addition that blessed gift of literary expression that is conferred upon but few in a generation, he was able to tell of his adventures and experiences, his observations and reflections in words and phrases that men call "literature." For two more gloriously happy years he climbed the Sierra, assisting at the naming of several of the most important peaks of the range, and himself conferring some of them. A few of the results of these four years of work in California are told in his "Mountaineering," the chapters of which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This book immediately established his reputation both as a scientist and author. And I might add a genuine humorist,

for who can read "The Newbys of Pike" and not feel the keen irony, the delicate satire, the full flood of exuberant yet perfectly controlled humor that bubbles and sparkles on every page of it. Then, too, had Robert Browning read his chapter on "Kaweah's Run" he would have had a horseman's suggestions which might have added to the poet's graphic, "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent." It is not only the record of a thrilling experience where brains and blood told against two eager bandits, but is as fine a piece of description of a gallant horse's noblest endeavors as can be found in the language.

But, naturally, the real reputation of the book rests upon its avowed contents—"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." I would not like to assert how many times I have read it—enough to lead me fully to understand Gertrude Atherton's statement that it is the only book she deems worthy of being re-read once a year. No one can be said to be conversant with the Sierra and their history who has not carefully read this fascinating book. The pictures it gives are—in the main—faithfully and truthfully drawn, and while King's greatest successor, John Muir, used to poke fun at the number of pages the author required to tell how he and Cotter climbed Mt. Tyndall, the story is inherently true, exceedingly thrilling, and gives a real idea of the dangerously exciting but seductively alluring job of climbing high mountains.

Before leaving this portion of King's work, it is proper to tell of his strange and disappointing experience in the climbing of Mt. Whitney. This name was conferred by Brewer, King and other members of the California Geological Survey, in 1864, to the highest of a noble cluster of peaks at the headwaters of the Kern and Kings rivers.

After climbing Mt. Tyndall, King received permission to attempt the summit of Mt. Whitney, and it was in entering the mountains from Visalia that he had the amusing experiences related in his chapter, "The Newbys of Pike." He attacked the mountain from the south side, and after a hard climb, full of adventure, which brought him, as he then estimated, to within 300 or 400 feet of the crest, he was compelled to abandon the hope of reaching the summit, on account of its inaccessibility from the side he had chosen. He then returned to Visalia, where the exciting adventure related in "Kaweah's Run" for the time being obliterated the regret he felt at his failure.

But King was not of those who fail. Seven years later, though he was no longer connected with the California Survey, he determined to try again. He

came down by stage from Carson, Nevada, to Lone Pine, and from that point, with a French mountaineer named Paul Pinson as companion, started for the summit. It was cloudy weather and as they neared the base of the range, "the summits were lost in a cloud of almost indigo hue." The following day, as they climbed, "mist floated around the brow of Mt. Whitney, forming a gray helmet, from which, now and then, the wind blew out long waving plumes." Finally they reached the summit, where they found piled up doubtlessly by Indians, a small mound of rock, and which was solidly built an Indian arrow-shaft, pointing due west. King engraved the names of himself and Pinson on a half-dollar and securely placed it in a hollow of the crest. There was no sight-seeing, for dense, impenetrable clouds had closed them in. As they came down the clouds were so dense that they "could not see a hundred feet." Hence it need not have occasioned great surprise to discover that they had climbed the wrong peak. This was discovered on July 27, 1873, by W. A. Goodyear, formerly a member of the Geological Survey, and M. W. Belshaw, of Cerro Gordo, who succeeded without much difficulty in riding their mules to the summit reached two years before by King. To their great surprise they then discovered a peak, bearing north 67 degrees west, and distant about five or six miles, which was unquestionably several hundred feet higher than the one upon which they stood. This they knew to be the true Mt. Whitney, owing to circumstances easily grasped by a topographer. Mr. C. F. Hoffman, the chief topographer, after correctly naming the proper peak, Mt. Whitney, had been led to the error of stating that the peak which King ascended was Mt. Whitney. This fact, and the further fact of the dense clouds hiding the real mountain from King's sight, led to the mistake which Mr. Goodyear rather too gleefully exposed. King's disappointment can well be understood. Yet the spirit of the man is shown by his immediate action in coming to California, ascending the east wall of Kern Canyon by the Hochett Trail, accompanied by two settlers of Tule River, Seaman and Knowles, and ascended the real Mt. Whitney. Here he found the record of the two parties which had preceded him, the first Messrs Hunter and Crapo, and afterward that of Rabe, of the Geological Survey. He says of it: "This is the true Mt. Whitney, the one we named in 1864, and upon which the name of our chief is for ever to rest. It stands, not like white Shasta, in a grandeur of solitude, but about it gather companies of crag and spire, piercing the blue or wrapped in monkish raiment of snow-storm and mist."

In 1866 his connection with the California Survey came to an end. Though a young man, he was already accepted as a natural geologist of keen discernment, of extraordinary ability and power, and valuable experience. For not only had he been engaged in the Sierra. He had been loaned for a time to do special work for the Mariposa Mining Company, and in the winter of 1865-6 to be the assistant of General McDowell in a desert reconnaissance of Southern California and part of Arizona. An interesting and exciting episode occurred on this trip, as follows:

One day, on the road to Prescott, King and Gardner, absorbed in their work, had ridden ahead beyond sight of their cavalry escort, when suddenly a couple of Apaches sprang from the bushes, under the very noses of their horses, with arrows aimed at their breasts, drawn to the head, and each held from fatal flight by a single hand. Gardner's first impulse was to draw his revolver, but King restrained him, divining instantly that the two visible assailants were not alone, and that resistance would be useless. Sure enough, at a signal given, some fifty Apaches emerged from the chapparal and surrounded them. They were ordered by signs to dismount and disrobe. Intent on saving precious time, during which the cavalry might come to their rescue, King distracted the attention of the savages for several minutes by exhibiting to them his cistern-barometer, and explained, in Spanish and by signs, that it was a new-fangled gun of very long range. The delay thus gained, however, did not prevent their captors from preparing thongs for their captives, and lighting a fire to be placed upon their breasts, Apache fashion, after they should have been laid, naked and bound upon the earth. Indeed, they were already half-stripped when the cavalry became visible and, perceiving the situation at a glance, charged the Indians with such vigor and speed as to capture two of them and scatter the rest. There is no doubt but that King's presence of mind, coolness and ingenuity saved their lives.

The new work that King had planned for himself and Gardner was no less an undertaking than the making of a geological survey completely across the continent, on the fortieth parallel of latitude. Gardner had discovered new and easier methods of triangulation and together they had discussed plans until they were perfectly clear in King's mind. With the sublime audacity of youthful genius he undertook to obtain from Congress and the President of the U. S., the authority and funds for carrying out his ambitious schemes. He was but twenty-five years of age, and yet such was the

clarity of his own thought as to the work to be done and the benefits to be derived therefrom that the necessary authority was speedily gained with, a little later, a generous provision for the conducting of a geological survey of a strip one hundred miles on each side of the 40th parallel. The work was authorized for three years and was placed expressly under the charge of Clarence King, subject only to the administrative control of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers of the U. S. Army. No further proof is needed of his native ability and power to convince others of it than this appointment. For a mere youth to be placed in so responsible a position by cool-headed politicians was no less remarkable than the way the responsibilities of the position were met. He organized the survey and directed the work with such brilliant success that the period was extended from three to seven years by the unsolicited action of Congress.

That he was no mere kid-gloved drawing-room pet as some imagined because of his great social qualities and popularity is fully demonstrated not only by his own prodigious labors in the field but by his method of handling his men. An interesting incident is reported by Professor Emmons, the geologist, who, on several occasions, was out in the wilds with him:

"In 1868, during the field-work in Nevada, annoyed by frequent desertions from his cavalry escort—a small detail, under the charge of a sergeant—King resolved to make an example of the next case of the kind. The occasion was provided by a specially 'bad man,' who, while the party, engaged in their day's work, were absent from the camp, fitted himself out with equipments belonging to the Survey and 'struck' for the Pacific Coast, nearly twelve hours before he was missed. King and the sergeant started at once in pursuit. At about sunset of the next day the trail was seen to be heading for a natural pass in the next range (one of the short meridional ranges characteristic of Nevada). Leaving the trail, King and his companion by a hard night-ride made a detour over the mountain, and reached at sunrise the western outlet of the pass. Here he saw the fugitive's horse picketed near a willow thicket, which surrounded a spring, and in the middle of which the man himself was preparing his breakfast. King left his horse in the sergeant's charge and entered the thicket alone, with his 'hair-trigger' Colt revolver. He afterwards confessed that the situation required all his 'nerve.' The man, who was known as a desperate character, might have heard him coming and made preparation to shoot him at sight. But after a minute of suspense the climax

was tame enough. The deserter, taken by surprise, was marched at the muzzle of King's pistol back to camp and thence sent under guard to the military prison at Alcatraz, and there were no more desertions from that party. So for King's 'nerve,' it must have been little, if at all disturbed; for a man cannot keep his agitated."

finger still on a hair-trigger, if he is

Professor Emmons tells another story of an adventure with a bear in which he as well as King was a participant. The latter had joined Emmons' party, in 1871, which had been doing work in the Uinta Mountains. A grizzly bear was seen and all hands at once gave chase. The region was in an unknown "bad land" country, composed of narrow gullies with perpendicular walls where it was impossible to use horses. Each had a rifle in his hand—King in the lead—as they proceeded on foot. Finally they ran the animal into a cave, which had a hole at each end. They could hear the animal's labored breathing. "The cave was unusually long—perhaps 30 or 40 feet. Its upper end, by which the bear had entered, was barely large enough for him to have crawled in; the other opening was high enough to be entered on hands and knees. The grizzly could only be heard, not seen; but the sound indicated that he was near the upper end. Various attempts at dislodgement, smoking, etc., were unsuccessful, and finally King, who had poked his head far enough in at the upper end to see in the dark, said he could distinguish the animal's eyes and would go in and shoot him. I was stationed at the lower opening in case the bear should come out that way, and King wriggled himself into the little hole at the upper end, until he was far enough in to raise his body on one elbow and put his rifle to the shoulder. Even then he could not distinguish the form of the bear in the darkness, but he could see the gleam of its two eyes and feel its hot breath. Nor could he, at first, distinguish the sights of his rifle; but, after accustoming himself somewhat to the darkness, he aimed as best he could between the eyes, and fired. The big soldier who had been stationed for that purpose behind him, at once dragged him out by the heels, and in his excitement kept on dragging long after he had got his man out. As a result King's face was badly scratched in the sand. We were not absolutely sure that the bear was dead; but, as there was no sound, I went into my end of the cave, and succeeded in getting a strap around its neck, by means of which and the combined slow tugging of all hands we succeeded in dragging it into daylight. We then saw that King's ball had struck true and penetrated the brain.

Many anecdotes similar to the above

are told of him, all revealing the same qualities of daring, of inexhaustible energy and relentlessness of purpose, in carrying out the work he had undertaken. No task was too arduous, no hours too long, no place too dirty, no climbing too hard or dangerous to hold him back for one moment. Anywhere, everywhere, where duty called he was on hand, jolly, debonair, full of fun and merry quip at his own or a comrade's appearance, yet never allowing a thing, however unimportant to escape his watchful eyes. Yet in his personal habits he was fastidious to a degree. He always took a man along to look after his food and clothing. Of one of these a funny incident is related. He was a true specimen of his type, perfectly happy in a gentleman's country seat, with good servant's accommodations and ample facilities for brushing shoes and clothes, and things of that kind, but absolutely out of place and semi-paralyzed when his master took him into the rude life of the field geologist. On one occasion King's work took him to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and as he stood there, looking into the vast abyss and overwhelmed by the stupendous glory of the scene, his eye caught his attendant's face: "Well, Joe, how does it strike you?" he asked, and his feelings can better be imagined than described as he heard the reply, given in a seriously lugubrious voice: "It's no place for a gentleman, sir!"

King's idea was that men too easily set aside the refinements of life when they get away from associating with women and the requirements of cultured society, so, even in the wildest of wild places, he often dressed for dinner and played the host to friends, whose work had led them into the same wild country, with all the grace, courtesy and exquisite culture that made him so welcome in the homes of the elite wherever he chose to go.

At the close of the seven-year work allotted to him a great change was made by Congress in regard to geological work. Prior to 1867, "Geology was made to act as a kind of a camp-follower to expeditions whose main object was topographical reconnaissance. Charged with definite objects and missions, the leaders of these corps have tolerated geology rather as a hindrance than a benefit." So wrote King. In that year, however, (1867) King's Survey of the 40th Parallel was authorized, together with Dr. Hayden's "Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories," and Major J. W. Powell's "Geological and Geographical Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region," which for a dozen years functioned and did excellent work.

But there remained one more step necessary to give the highest efficiency

and most harmonious balance to the national geological work. It was the discontinuance of the several geological surveys under personal leadership, and the foundation of a permanent bureau charged with the investigation and elucidation of the geological structure and mineral resources and productions of the United States."

This legislation was enacted and approved March 3, 1879, and on the 21st the President, R. B. Hayes, nominated Clarence King the first director of the U. S. Geological Survey. The Senate confirmed his action April 3, and on May 24 King took the prescribed oath of office and entered upon his duties. I have before me now, as I write, the first report of the survey, with King as director. In it he outlines his extended plans for the future, the rearrangement of the work of the present. His staff of geologists contains some of the earlier of the master names in American geological science—Emmons, Hague, Gilbert, Hayden, Pumelly, Becker. Eliot Lord, who wrote that fascinating and graphic piece of literature on the Comstock Mines, is put down as a clerk, at \$1800 a year, while Charles D. Walcott, the present secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is down as an assistant geologist at \$600 a year.

On the 11th of March, 1881, King retired from the directorship, on the plea that he desired to give his time to personal geological labors rather than the administration work of a government bureau, and Major J. W. Powell was nominated and confirmed in his stead. The new director at once announced there would be no change in the plans formulated by King, and the work was carried on for years as he had outlined.

For three years King now studied the geology of Scotland, Switzerland and Central Europe, occasionally visiting a noted mining district and studying everything connected with its operation. On his return to this country he engaged constantly in the exercise of his profession, was the president of several mining companies, and was often called upon as an expert in court cases dealing with mines. During the Klondike excitement he visited that region and made a careful study of mining conditions. It is possible, from severe exposure here, that he sowed the seeds of pneumonia and tuberculosis which eventually carried him off. He sought relief in the climatic conditions of Prescott, Arizona, and Los Angeles and finally passed away at Phoenix, December 24, 1901. While in Los Angeles at this time he called at my residence, and it is one of my constant regrets that I was not at home to greet him. To my wife he was the same courteous, happy, debonair gentleman in spite of the fact that he must have known

he was leaving that night for Phoenix, where he had no expectation of living much longer. Superb courage, perfect calmness, open-hearted readiness to accept whatever came was his attitude. He had no fear of death, for it was simply another adventure which his adventurous soul was ready gladly to welcome. Thus he passed on, mourned by a vast acquaintance East and West, North and South, and across all the seas of the earth, for his friends literally were broadcast all over the world.

In looking over his life-work one almost regrets that he gave up the great work of directing the U. S. Geological Survey. His reports on the 40th Parallel are wonders of clear, concise geological reasoning. They are not—except in a few special pages—works of dry, cold, formally stated facts, but full of an illuminating spirit that enables the reader to see what the geologist has imagined must have been the age-long history of the region—and the whole told with that vivid, graphic, flowing, expressive English that we call literature. And this leads to the expression of a universally held regret, viz., that Clarence King's excursions into general literature were so brief. "Why, oh why, didn't he write more?" is a question heard for the past forty years, and especially in the last twenty or more since his death. He was so eminently qualified to shine in this regard that it will ever be a deep grief to the student of American literature that save for *Mountaineering in Sierra Nevada*, Clarence King's name is almost unknown. Independent of his scientific writings the following articles from his pen should be better known: "Active Glaciers Within the United States," *Atlantic Monthly*, March 1871; "On the Discovery of Actual Glaciers On the Mountains of the Pacific Slope," *Am. Journal of Science*, 3rd Series, Vol. 1; "Style and the Monument," *North American Review*, Nov., 1885, an article on the proposed Grant monument, which appeared anonymously; "The Age of the Earth," *Am. Journal of Science*, Jan'y, 1893, "The Biographers of Lincoln," *Century*, Oct., 1886; "The Education of the Future," *Forum*, March, 1892, and two articles on Cuba in the *Forum* for Sept., 1895 and Sept., 1896.

I have purposely left for the last his article on "The Helmet of Mambrino," which appeared in *The Century* for May, 1886. This is particularly of interest to California readers for it was written as a personal letter to his friend, Horace F. Cutler of San Francisco. Cutler was a remarkable character in a city distinguished for remarkable characters. Born in Boston, July 4, 1821, he came to California early in the gold excitement, with happy memories of a youthful companionship with Edward

Everett Hale. His business affairs for many years were chiefly speculative ventures, oftentimes "corners" in the various commodities that the people of the Pacific Coast traded in. Again and again fortune seemed in sight, but invariably the fickle jade passed him by and finally left him, getting along in years, without income, had it not been that old friends, knowing his sterling worth, engaged him in their office and thus made it possible for them to sustain him somewhat in the style he had been used to. Such friends are rare but such men as Cutler are rare. Though his "quarters" was a bare and scantily furnished upper room in an office building, he spent all his spare time at his club, where he was ever a cherished and welcomed companion for upwards of forty years. He was an unsatiable reader. Nothing came amiss to him, from science of the purest kind to the deepest and most strange metaphysical speculation. As one of his friends said of him: "Cutler was a phenomenal American, a composite, in characteristic qualities, of Confucius, Socrates, Don Quixote, Mr. Micawber and Colonel Sellars. He delighted in schemes, projects and enterprises of every sort, financial, industrial, scientific, romantic and sentimental, and was never without something in hand for promotion. Many of his undertakings were short-lived and quickly came to grief, but his hopeful spirit never knew the pang of failure, and none of his most visionary projects ever wholly vanished before he had conceived some new and better thing. If an unwilling capitalist positively, and, perhaps, rudely refused to engage in some proposed enterprise today, Cutler always knew a much richer and every way better man to whom, confident of success, he would unfold his enterprises tomorrow."

It was such schemes as the following, however, the real Quixotic tilting at well-established international windmills that endeared him to all who knew. Mr. James D. Hogue tells the story:

"His favorite enterprises were worldwide in their range, sometimes involving important international relations. One of his proudest achievements he accomplished nearly twenty-five years ago, having been deeply moved thereto by reading, at his club in San Francisco, in a current number of the London *Times*, (Sept. 19, 1879) a stirring letter from that paper's correspondent at Pekin, reporting recent events in China and relating a most pathetic story of the wretched fate of certain youthful captives, the children of Yakoob Beg, a famous chieftain and ruler of Eastern Turkistan, Amir of Kashgar, who, in 1877, was defeated in war with China and ignominiously put to death, and whose three young sons, with one little

grandson, all innocent victims of their father's misfortune, had been condemned to imprisonment, with abominable maltreatment and, upon reaching the age of eleven years to be given over as slaves to the soldiery in Turkistan or in the Amoor region.

When Mr. Cutler read with unspeakable indignation of these distressful events he immediately resolved to devote all his energies and resources to the rescue of the innocent sufferers, in whose behalf he promptly took the first initiative steps to engage public attention and sympathy in this country. One of those whose interest he engaged was Elbridge T. Gerry, president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who wrote an urgent letter to the President of the United States upon the subject. The result of Mr. Cutler's persistent and untiring efforts was congressional action, successful intercession by the United States in concert, it is said, with England, France and, perhaps, other governments of Europe, for the justification and liberation of the unfortunate children, with suitable provision by the Chinese government for their subsequent welfare."

This is but one of many such "interventions" in which he was engaged, all of which were far-reaching in their beneficial effects, but matters that few "practical" men would ever have dreamed of touching. With it all he was a thorough American and engaged earnestly in bringing about what was needed in his own country, state and city.

"One object of his constant attention at home was the Golden Gate Park, or, more particularly the aviary there, which was created and maintained by the park commissioners mainly by Mr. Cutler's persuasive influence and action. It was his habit to visit the aviary almost every day. He knew all the birds in it and many more outside. He was a sort of bird-charmer in a way, and he liked to tell of friendly humming birds that would sometimes alight upon his hand or head."

This in brief helps to suggest the kind of man who was Clarence King's intimate friend, one whom the great scientist and literateur loved with devotion. Undoubtedly he was moved towards him by the same spirit that led the *Times* correspondent—William Donald Spence—to write him: "You might send me your photograph. I confess to a curiosity to see the features of a phenomenal American who can find time in the midst of bustling Frisco to take an interest in the fate of two young barbarians in Central Asia. If there is much of this pure philanthropy in California there is hope for you yet." For more than thirty years King and Cutler corresponded. In Cut-

ler's eyes, King was, beyond compare, a man after his own heart, and King saw in Cutler a living though modern Don Quixote. He dubbed him Don Horacio. I always wrote to him under that cognomen. In one letter he wrote: "Men are such undemonstrative creatures that I do not know if I ever said in words how greatly I value our friendship. If I have not, no matter, you have felt my meaning. . . . Ever yours, Clarence." Two characteristic letters from King were found in Cutler's papers after his death. One was to John Hay, the other to W. D. Howells, giving them introductions to his friend. It was for love of him that King went, in 1882, while he was in Spain, to seek the Helmet of Mambrino, in the province of La Mancha. In 1885 he sent to Mr. Cutler the barber's basin he found there, together with the formal letter accompanying his gift. This letter, not originally intended for publication, was printed in the *Century Magazine* the following year, in May, 1886, addressed to "Don Horacio." The originally finished manuscript, engrossed on large paper and bound in silk which was cut from a robe of the period of Cervantes, was kept as a precious treasure by Don Horacio during his lifetime, and was found by friends after his death among his most valued effects in the barely furnished upper room in which he lodged.

But the most precious thing he displayed was the barber's basin itself—the veritable helmet of Mambrino—though it was only to earnest choice spirits that it was shown. Occasionally he put it on his head to show how it might have appeared to Don Quixote and to that "eternal misbeliever," Sancho Panza, when worn by the approaching barber. To those who have forgotten the incident it will be well to re-read Cervantes' immortal work, and then the full significance will be understood.

It was the gentle play of fancy that shone through every page of his letter on the "Helmet of Mambrino," combined with the keen observations, the deep sympathy expressed and the absolute power of putting himself into rapport with the life of Cervantes' time that made the story so popular when it first appeared, and that deepened the regret that so little of such writings had come from the distinguished and rarely gifted author's pen.

We are fortunate in having an excellent picture of King drawn by a noted Californian, Herbert Howe Bancroft, the historian. Bancroft was in the East, in 1874, seeking to arouse interest in the great work on Western History that he had projected and already begun. In September of that year he was at Yale and thus writes: "While wandering

among these classic halls I encountered Clarence King, who, young as he was, had acquired a reputation and a position second to no scientist in America. He was a man of much genius and rare cultivation. In him were united in an eminent degree the knowledge acquired from books and that which comes from contact with men. His shrewd common-sense was only surpassed by his high literary and scientific attainments, and his broad learning was so seasoned with unaffected kindness of heart and fresh buoyant good humor as to command the profound admiration of all who knew him.

"He was my ideal of a scholar. There was an originality and dash about him which fascinated me. He could do so easily what I could not do at all; he was so young, with such an elastic athletic brain, trained to do his most ambitious bidding, with such a well-employed past, a proud present and a brilliant future, and withal such a modest bearing and genial kind-heartedness, that I could not but envy him. His descriptions of scenery are as fine as Ruskin's and far more original."

In seeking to account for King's instantaneous success in the literary field one naturally looks for the distinctive qualities of his writing. At first reading one is impressed with his remarkable use of words, his instinctive choice of the correct word, and his inimitable power of phrase. With a freedom as great as that of Ruskin in his ability to express sights and emotions there is an evident abandon, a naturalness, a spontaneity that Ruskin never possessed. In the great

English writer's most polished and rounded sentences one can feel that "marching up and down," seeking to find the most perfect form for his words—care, study, effort, are all apparent. But there is nothing of the kind in King's writing. His is a natural perception of the nicety of shades of meaning in certain words, and a felicitous readiness to link properly selected words together in pregnant, forceful and extraordinarily pleasing sentences.

Take for instance:

"Over to Eastward a fervid crimson light smote the vapor-bank and cleared a bright pathway through to the peaks, and on to a pale sea-green sky. Through this gateway of rolling gold and red cloud the summits seemed infinitely high and far, their stone and snow hung in the sky with lucent delicacy of hue, brilliant as gems, yet soft as air,—a mosaic of amethyst and opal transfigured with passionate light."

Here are two descriptions of horses:

"Old Hum, a dignified roan mustang of a certain age, with the decorum of years and a conspicuous economy of force retained not a few of the affectations of youth, such as snorting theatrically and shying, though with absolute safety to the rider."

"My buckskin was incorrigibly bad. To begin with, his anatomy was desultory and incoherent, the maximum of physical effort bringing about a slow, rambling gait quite unendurable. He was further cursed with a brain wanting the elements of logic, as evidenced by such *non sequitur*s as shying insanely at wisps of hay, and stampeding beyond

control when I tried to tie him to a load of grain. My sole amusement with Buckskin grew out of a psychological peculiarity of his, namely, the unusual slowness with which waves of sensation were propelled inward toward the brain from remote parts of his periphery. A dig of the spurs administered in the flank passed unnoticed for a period of time varying from twelve to thirteen seconds, till the protoplasm of the brain received the percussion wave; then, with a suddenness which I never wholly got over, he would dash into a trot, nearly tripping himself up with his own astonishment."

In concluding this necessarily imperfect sketch I do not have space to quote it, but I must refer to the delicious piece of fooling with which he opens his chapter on "Merced Ramblings." He was forgetting his great and chosen science and degenerating into a mere nature lover. Stirred by the remorseful words of his chief he earnestly goes to work to seek a fossil, and all the way through the story, poking fun at the big-wigs and himself, tells of one of his discoveries that, to the scientist, was indeed a memorable event. And he winds up thus: "Down the perspective of years I could see before me spectacled wise men of some scientific society and one who pronounced my obituary, ending thus: 'In summing up the character and labors of this fallen follower of science, let it never be forgotten that he discovered the belemnites'; and perhaps, I mused, they will put over me a slab of fossil raindrops, those eternally embalmed tears of nature."



Portion of the business section of Tokio which was destroyed in the recent earthquake



BOOKS and WRITERS



FATHOMS DEEP

ANNOUNCED by the publishers as "Probably not the greatest story ever written. Possibly it may not even be found among the list of 'best sellers.'" It is neither intriguing nor gripping, nor is it designed especially for red-blooded people. It is just an entertaining house-boat story with a wholesome love element, written by one who knows boats and loves the water, and can spin a yarn that will give the reader two dollars' worth of as good entertainment as is likely to be found anywhere."

To this I can conscientiously add that it is a far better story in plot, character-drawing, real interest and good writing than many that are much-heralded in the advertising columns. The reader soon identifies himself with the characters, deeply sympathises with some of them and is really surprised when the concluding chapters are reached. "Fathoms Deep," by Elizabeth Nancy Payne, The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

WORKS OF JOAQUIN MILLER

SINCE the fire there has been no available one-volume edition of Joaquin Miller's Poems. That published by Whitaker and Ray was an entire loss except for the few hundred of copies that were distributed before the disaster came. Hence it is with pleasure we received a new and authoritative edition, "undertaken," says its editor, "with the full approval of Mrs. Miller," and it being issued after the poet's death it "exhibits the full range of Joaquin Miller's poetical works in a single volume."

There has been much discussion, not carried on without acrimony, as to whether Joaquin Miller was a true poet, and whether he was entitled to rank with the masters, such as Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Saxe, Sill, etc. And as a contribution to this discussion, showing far more potently than words the judgment of the editor and publisher of the Riverside edition of American poets, let me state that they were once asked to incorporate Miller's

poems in this series and that, after full time for consideration, they declined, though the offer was accompanied with the pledge of the purchase of one thousand copies of the work when completed.

But evidently neither the author nor the publishers of the present edition have had any question as to Miller's place in American poetry. The former, Stuart P. Sherman, is Professor of English in the University of Illinois, and brings to his work, a deep and technical knowledge of his subject. He is a critic and teacher of repute and experience, and many thousands of students and readers have been, and doubtless more will be, influenced by his judgments and decisions. He writes an interesting Introduction of 36 pages, and at the end thus swiftly summarizes Miller's claims to position:

"When Miller finally reviewed his own work and prepared his collective edition, he saw that much of his verse had been hastily written, journalistic, prolix, lacking in form and concentration; and he manfully discarded many long passages of it. At the same time he felt as never before the importance of his own position in American poetry. He had not really achieved a distinctive poetic style. He had not been a thinker. He had been a pathfinder of the imagination; like Whitman, he had blazed a way into new territories. He had brought something of beauty and splendor into American literature. He exulted in the wide lands and seas which he first had annexed to the provinces of song. He had sung the Exodus across the plains. He had pictured the great American desert. He had celebrated the forested Mariposa Grove, and the falls of the heights of the Sierras, the giant trees of Yosemite. He had been a myth-maker and had sown with poetic legends all his western land from the Yukon and the snowy peaks of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Shasta through the golden poppy fields of the central valleys to San Diego Bay, Nicaragua, and the Amazon River. He had made captive for romance the outlaws of old Spanish California, the priests and bandits of Mexico, the Scouts of Fremont, dusky Indian heroines, and the motley multitude of the gold-seekers."

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He had been the champion of oppressed peoples—the Southern Confederacy, the native American tribes, the Jews of Russia and Palestine, the Cubans, the Boers, the Yellow men and the Mexicans in California. And then, to widen his horizon at sunset, he had threaded the golden straits and had sailed "on and on" to the Arctic Seas, to Hawaii, to the Orient; chanting as he sailed, ever ready for fresh adventure, ever in love with light, color, and movement, ever himself the romantic troubadour, the picturesque incarnation of the spirit which prevades his poems."

Dr. Sherman's Introduction gives by far the best and most authentic account of Miller's life yet written, yet it seems to me there is little of the warmth of human sympathy in it. It is coldly critical, just as far as its author can make it, but utterly fails to take into account Joaquin's peculiar temperament.

The addition of the poetic headings from "The Building of the City Beautiful" is welcome, as well as the presentation of Joaquin's first poems as published in Portland, Oregon in 1869.

On the whole the volume will be a pleasure to lovers of Miller and the West and it is to be hoped it will soon be followed by a comprehensive and complete life of the poet.

"The Practical Works of Joaquin Miller," Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. Stuart P. Sherman, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MAN'S PREHISTORIC PAST

AMOST excellent introduction to "Man's Prehistoric Past," is found in the volume under that title just published by the Macmillan's. Its author, H. H. Wilder, is Professor of Zoology in Smith College, but the book has far more than the ordinary text book appeal. It is such a book as a student of Wells' "Outline" will welcome, supplementing that admirable volume with a wealth of detail and illustration that are "illuminative." "Man's Prehistoric Past," by H. Wilder, with 111 illustrations, \$5.00 net, The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE TENTH MOON

THE element of mystery seldom fails to appeal to the human mind. We want to know, and hate to feel that any set of circumstances can baffle our intelligence. Sidney Williams has used these basic principles of human nature to build up his story "In the Tenth Moon." A man is murdered in his own house and his wife is charged with the crime. The revolver that was used in the murder is found in his wife's dresser. A jury finds her guilty, and yet it is evident this verdict is an error. One of the jurymen is induced by the brother of the murdered man to aid him in his investigations and one is hurried through pages of exciting incidents and mystery, where policemen and detectives add crime upon crime in their endeavors to hide their participation in other crimes. The denouement is quite unexpected for the author succeeds perfectly in hiding the identity of the murderer until the last chapter is reached. Just the story for vacation reading. "In the Tenth Moon," by Sidney Williams, The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

"UNDER THE LAW"

The Penn Co. send us the first book of Miss Edwina Stanton Babcock, who leading magazines for several years, has been a contributor to the pages of "Under the Law" deals with large human issues. Here is one of the best recent expressions of a revolt—often wise, but at times unwise—the revolt of the younger generation against existing social customs, conventions, usages and laws. The author's presentation of the case arouses a reader's interest from the start.

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and her nineteen-year-old brother, Dunstan. Our author cleverly enlists every reader on their side long before the third chapter ends, by her relentless portrayal of that law-made old terror, Judge Bogart. One is able to comprehend, if not to sympathize with Dunstan's out-break to his sister (after the smug Judge is gone): "Law? Law?—A lot of stuff in books brought from the funny old bigwigs in England . . . all hanging onto rotten things they called 'precedents.' " He concludes with "drat law, drat the system!"

Nevertheless, even these violent young rebels know, and that, too, with secret feelings of awe, not quite acknowledged and wholly unspoken, that "for every life that counts there must be laws—not mere man-made formulas but those eternal, unchanging laws which we strive to express in such words as love, truth, justice, duty, self-sacrifice.

In the end, through all the mysteries and romances of the book (these being of but secondary importance), the reader discovers that these young iconoclasts, who are so ready to defy courts, juries, sheriffs and prisons, are no different at bottom from the rest of us. They are finding themselves—exactly as we elders once did. Sard, Dunstan, Minga, begin to discover some of the fundamental laws, the first of which for all would-be reformers is just this: Recreate, humanize and make over an outworn institution from the ground up; be wisely radical, and tackle the whole thing—the convict system, for instance, not Regulation forty-three.

Even the hard old machine of a Judge discovers at last that he is a human being and a parent. And so, in the story of Miss Babcock's, Sard and Martin Ledyard, the "man of mystery," finding themselves, and each other, are going to try to "take care of all the underdogs in the world." The reader knows they will do the best they can to live up to that ideal.

WESTERN BIRDS

The interest in all nature is growing. Especially do intelligent people want to know more about the birds that sing and live their active lives on their lawns and in their shade trees. So it is an eminently useful and satisfactory service that Mrs. Harriet Williams Myers, for years the Vice-President of the California Audubon Society, has done in writing "Western Birds." The volume is a practical manual of the major part of the birds found in the West, and is popular though scientific in its arrangement. It is fully illustrated by many excellent photographs, and is especially adapted to enable the tyro to place whatever strange bird he may happen to run across. Personally I have

just had the best of opportunity of testing its value. For six weeks I have been in the High Sierras and this book was my daily companion. It helped me identify many birds and gave me information about them that I was exceeding glad to have. It is a book that should be in every library in the West, especially if it is that of a bird-lover. "Western Birds" by Harriett Williams Myers, fully illustrated, \$4.00. The Macmillan Company.

—GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Interest never flags in hundreds of thousands of American and other minds as to that great country that we used to speak of as "The Frozen North." Hence we are peculiarly pleased to get such books as Fullerton Waldo's "Down the Mackenzie," which, on the face of it, seems to be a real and truthful narrative. It reads true, for he gives us good, bad and indifferent in the whole of what he saw. We are presented with fine pictures of Edmonton, with its pushing pioneer people and their unbounded faith; and then day by day we journey to the end of the railway, and down the streams that lead to the great river of the north, the Mackenzie, and thence to its very head. One gains a vivid realization of what the country is from Mr. Waldo's descriptions and the book is worthy a large circulation.

"Down the Mackenzie River," by Fullerton Waldo, \$3.00. The Macmillan Company.

—GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

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Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

(Consolidated)

825 Phelan Bidg., San Francisco

SONGS OF THE AIR

A LITTLE book of 55 pages of melodious verse by a Californian, Louis Leon De Jean, has been issued by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, and requires from every thoughtful critic more attention than is usually given to a first volume of youthful poetry. It has already been carefully reviewed in eight or ten of the leading dailies and weeklies of the Pacific Coast, and some of the main facts of the author's life have been given to the public.

These facts, reduced to their simplest form are: Louis, as every reader of his poems will call him, was born in Buffalo, New York, thirty years ago. When five years old, he came to Berkeley to live with his Aunt Miss Cora Williams of the Williams Institute. The boy was well and carefully educated, entered the University of California when sixteen, studied too hard, broke down, tried outdoor life in Nevada, entered Nevada University, broke down again, and, as Wilbur Hall said in the *Chronicle*, "turned to life for his education."

In 1913 he enlisted in the Marine Corps of the U. S. Navy. Then the war came, and after enough adventures to enliven the pages of a romance by Victor Hugo, he reached Canada for the second time; he became a student aviator and finally was commissioned as a flying officer. His training included three months at the famous Taliaferro Flying Field, in Texas. Then in May, 1918, he was sent across, ready for work and all on fire to take his part in actual warfare. When he reached England, Louis volunteered to take a small swift pursuit plane called a "salamander," built for work when the danger was greatest. He was stationed at Eastbourne, waiting the construction of his machine. He even made one trip to France, but in August, taking a practice flight, his motor stopped and he crashed down, receiving seven major fractures. No one thought he could possibly live more than a few hours, but his invincible courage and hope pulled him through. He spent eleven months in the hospital, however, and is on the permanently disabled list for the rest of his life.

All this, which deserves to be told in much greater detail, puts our young poet in the group of fine and fearless persons who "carry on" in defiance of any and all handicaps. We could this minute write down the names of fifty men and women, many of them Californians, who make the best of every physical weakness, scorn both self-pity and the pity of others, and stay in the game while life lasts. Nurses and physicians can tell hundreds of stories of the simple faith and smiling courage of people who never knew how to whine or whimper. There are great compensations, as well as great abnegations in such lives.

"Songs of the Air" is plainly the effort of a young, earnest poet-in-the-making to deal with aviation as it was, is, and may yet become. The poems, as in all first volumes even of such singers as Byron, Shelley and Rossetti, are of unequal merit, but all have the quality of saying just what the author means.

In "The Mail Pilot's Dream," he tells how he goes to sleep, and suddenly waking discovers that:

'Just ahead and above was a nerve-racking sight:

A snow-covered peak towered high;
And there I'd have crashed if I hadn't
gained height;

I'll remember that climb till I die.

My dreams for the future from now on I'll
keep

For my bed, 'cause I don't think it's wise
To fly over the Rockies when I am asleep,
No matter how roomy the skies."

In another poem he pokes fun at Einstein and the other theorists. He wants to borrow one of them, in fact, and says:

"Pick one out and let me take him for a
flight

In my little stunting plane—I'll treat him
right!

We will roll and spin and loop
And we'll twist and turn and swoop—

Ten dimensions will I show him at a height."

"Our Next War" is a tremendous plea for national preparedness. Here is the stanza which drives the thought home:

"When our undefended cities are destroyed
by unsee[n] force,

Like an ant-hill being crushed by giant
foot,

Then we'll realize the blindness and the
folly of our course,

In disarming when we haven't killed
war's root."

The group of eight poems which close the volume and are called "Anthology of Benbrook Field"—down in Texas—was written in memory of scores of young aviators known to our author who met their deaths there while training to go abroad. One of these was Vernon Castle. These poems belong together; they are full of the pain and tragedy of the aviator life. Read them, and then turn back to the dedication which is "to the unsung dead of the Air Service." It belongs with the Benbrook Field group of poems.

Louis Leon De Jean has lived much in a few years. We hope that he will not confine himself to verse forms, but will give us a romance of aviation written in prose—not personal reminiscences but a real story with a real plot with characters that live and move against the background he knows so well. It would be eminently worth while to devote several years to this. He is likely to write more and better poems, "when the spirit moves," for the reception given to "Songs of the Air" is very encouraging. But if he means to succeed greatly in literature, he must not neglect plain prose.

—Charles H. Shinn.



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THE LEADERSHIP OF CONGRESS

George Rothwell Brown's account of radical party changes

This most attractive book comes from the press of the Bobbs Merrill Company. Its author is evidently a careful student of affairs political and national. He has described and made plain to the average reader a great deal which is going on and has been finding definite expression in the past twenty years. This gives the book a value for all students, particularly for young citizens, because the same matter cannot be had elsewhere in a single volume, and also because the outlook is so full of hope—not of despair. There is radical reform in the destruction of the once so autocratic powers of the Speaker of the House, in the direct election of United States senators, in the primaries as now carried on, and in the citizenship of women. Summed up, those things mean, our author believes, a vast but peaceful revolution in America—a revolution whose far-reaching results are only beginning to be recognized by public men, or indeed by the community at large.

The fifteen chapter-heads of this useful book are these: Congressional Powers; The Supremacy of the Speakership; Government by Party; The Inevitable Conflict; The Rise of the Speakership; The Speakership of Reed; Discipline and Despotism; Roosevelt and the Congress; The Senate on the Defensive; The Revolution of 1910; The Destruction of the Speakership; Invisible Government in Washington; Harding and the New House; the Senate in Evolution; The House and the People.

The central idea of the book is its exposition of the decline of the Senate and the new growth in power of the House of Representatives. Mr. Brown tells us that the House was the greater in the beginning. "Clay," he says, "had found there a more splendid opportunity than the Senate had afforded him during the two short terms which he had served before he was Speaker...At the origin of the Government", said Vice-President Breckenridge, in an address preceding the removal of the Senate from the old to its new chamber, 'the Senate seemed to be regarded chiefly as an executive council. The President often visited the chamber and conferred personally with this body; most of its business was transacted with closed doors, and it took comparatively little part in the legislative debates. The rising and vigorous intellects of the country sought the arena of the House of Representatives as the appropriate theatre for the display of their powers.'

In closing his discussion, Mr. Brown says that at the present time the Executive is "measurably weaker" and the

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House "immensely stronger than had been true at the beginning....Its independence of spirit under the new system had been the vindication of the House as Congress responded, not without making mistakes, to the hopes and aspirations of the masses of the people whose servant it recognized itself to be....The American people were demanding of their leaders in Congress high principles, unbending courage and fidelity. As the Senate lost the aristocratic character it had maintained for a

century, the new House sought to conserve those splendid institutions of the people which may be preserved only in the temple of the people."

By this time our readers will ask: "Who is this new author?"

Mr. George Rothwell Brown has been on the staff of the Washington Post for years; his signed, first-page articles receive wide attention and are the fruits of his more than twenty years of active newspaper service and of studies of public affairs.

MRS. LOVELL WHITE

(Continued from page 4)

portion reserved for recreation purposes, and the remainder to a restricted residence section which should conform to the general beautification scheme.

The Rev. Caleb S. Dutton in eulogizing Mrs. Lovell White said: "To be absolutely real and at the same time an idealist; to cast oneself in large mold and still keep in the way of life; to be free and fearless and direct and at the same time generous, appreciative and patient; to be an ardent lover of beauty and yet not to despise men and women who have not gained the vision; to have a heritage of culture and yet have that kindness and charm which makes one at home with all sorts and conditions of men; to have deep spiritual insight with keen practical wisdom—to achieve this in life is to achieve greatly. Mrs. Lovell White was a great citizen, a great woman—a rare soul—a friend of her kind."

Courage and a working optimism were the outstanding characteristics of Mrs. Lovell White. Those who knew her best and loved her for her sublime faith in mankind, are glad that she has been spared the knowledge of the generally lowered tone of life since the Great War furnished an excuse for a relapse to primitive instincts long held in leash by conventionality. Mrs. Lovell White lived and labored in a world controlled by Christian ideals. She would have wept bitter tears to see her belief in the superior spiritual qualities of woman so woefully absent under the stress and strain of actual conditions. Many of the original advocates of suffrage honestly thought that uplift and reform only waited upon the advent of women into the realm of politics. Now everybody knows better. And it is also clear that honesty in business, in service, in fulfilling obligations, have not been improved by the scores of women flocking into the places long held by men. A woman of Mrs. Lovell White's unerring instincts, sterling integrity, and upstanding ideas of a square deal, would be keenly disappointed in the results achieved by women in their effort at self-expression.

A timely death is often the kindest thing Fate has in store for us. Of the four greatest women it has been my privilege to write about, Mrs. Lovell White stood closets to the boundary line which divides a woman's and a man's world. She, at least, had a glimpse of realities as men know them, but she did not live long enough to see how miserably women have failed to measure up to her ideal standards of them.

OVERLAND POETRY

A Note From the Poetry Editor

OVERLAND has always given more space to verse than have the great majority of the magazines. In its pages have appeared most of the Western writers of promise. Many of them have had from Overland their first encouragement; their first audience from Overland's readers. The new Overland is continuing so far as it may in giving generous space not only to recognized writers but also to the younger, the unrecognized writers of promise. It is, however, changing the policy of its more recent years in that a more severe censorship is being exercised as regards the quality of verse accepted. While no payment is at this time made for verse other than a year's subscription and extra copies of the magazine, it is intended to hold the quality of Overland's verse so high that acceptance and publication will in itself be an honor worth while.

A departure from Overland's traditional policy is made in this also, that instead of featuring Western verse it is now desired to have verse representative of the entire country. And we want stronger verse. I think that perhaps ninety-nine verse-writers out of every hundred—and I might make the percentage even larger!—hold that beauty lies only in sweetness and light, forgetting that sweetness as a diet may become not only monotonous but nauseating. There is a splendid beauty in ruggedness. There is sometimes a sublime beauty in the seemingly sordid. Overland desires a more balanced quality in its verse.

There is no prejudice against any form of verse. Vers libre, if it have beauty of thought and diction and rhythm, is as welcome as the older, the longer accepted, forms. But let it not be forgotten that vers libre is as much subject to law as verse which conforms to rhyme and meter. It is a law which is felt rather than understood, perhaps; I doubt if anyone could lay down definite rules for the guidance of would-be writers of free verse. But then, feeling for poetry must guide those who write in the older forms as well. Not every verse which scans as to rhyme and meter is poetry—not one in ten thousand.

Briefly, Overland desires in its submitted verse this: brief, clean-cut pictures of life which possess beauty or sublimity of thought, which have a definite rhythmic pattern. A lesser number of nature lyrics, likewise brief, which shall be as expressive as an etching. Verse which is universal rather than local. And while I cannot engage to give to the younger writers any criticism on submitted manuscript, I can promise them a careful and a sympathetic reading.

Each issue of Overland is fully copyrighted and to those contributors of verse

who so advise us an assignment of copyright for their published verse will be freely given.

In spite of the many-times-repeated instructions which various publications have given as to preparation of manuscript it seems necessary to again say:

Type your manuscript on one side only, double spacing, and with only one poem on a page.

Type your name and address in the upper left hand corner of the first page of each poem.

Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope—not postage merely—for the return of manuscript.

If it seems necessary to send a letter with your manuscript—and usually it isn't—let it be brief and to the point. No editor is interested in your own estimate of your product. However mistaken he may be in his judgment of your verse, he is after all the final judge so far as his publication is concerned, and all your self-praise will not alter his opinion. It may, unfortunately, arouse his prejudice, for editors are, after all, only human.

It is my desire that Overland's poetry shall be not only interesting to the readers—that must be the first consideration—but also acceptable to the writers in general. Perhaps I am attempting the impossible. Let's see what the next few months bring forth.

—Harry Noyes Pratt.

PINIONS

A Notable Book of Verse by One of the Younger Poets

READERS of magazine verse have noted with increasing frequency the name of Jay G. Sigmund, and those who read with understanding have found in the poems bearing his signature an increasing strength. He is not one of those who sing merely for the music of the song. Tucked away among the lines of his verse is many a homely bit of philosophy which it itself would make the verse worth reading, and he is finding increasing facility in putting his thought into form.

Now that latter phrase may be a bit misleading to those who are not well acquainted with the work of this Middle-Western bard, for by "form" I do not mean those old accepted patterns of meter and rhyme which have withstood the trial of the years. Form is a more inclusive term nowadays, for vers libre is in its developed creating a real form or pattern of its own and thus justifying those who have seen in its crude expressions the germ of beauty. Sigmund can use and does use the older patterns and uses them well, but his greater strength lies in the newer field. Here is a picture as clean-cut as an etcher's plate:

Nancy Buckley

A New California Poet

"*L*AUGHTER and Longing" and "*Wings of Youth*," the two little volumes of verse now before the public from Miss Buckley, do not sound like the "Collected Poems" of a writer of long standing. Each of them reads like a volume thrown forth without change of mood—the expression of a winsome personality forming the motive. And the charm, the winsomeness of this personality is not art, intensity, depth of passion, variety of experience, or ripe wisdom, but the simpler things of Faith, Hope, Love, which mean lasting youthfulness. Sorrow for a lost love and a broken dream is sweetened and tuned to melody by faith—a faith which has achieved the soul's triumph and given expression to the good which has been awaiting development in happiness. Grief, loss, misfortune often change the character, warping, souring, and thwarting growth. Yet the soul may then strike the notes of song and achieve the expression of pain, passion and unique experience. In triumph over adversity, it is natural and fitting that a soul should pour forth its grace and sweetness in song. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Few poets of today have revealed their own story, dreams, hopes and disappointments, as simply as does Nancy Buckley in a number of these little poems, such as *A Friend*, *At Shut of Evening Flowers*, *The House of Dreams* and *The Haven*:

Oh! for the peace of a tiny farm,
And a path that climbs a hill;
And your dear voice, potent charm,
Singing the love-songs still.

Oh! for a home, sweetheart o' mine,
By meadow and winding lane,
And sweet wet violets that shine
With glint of April rain.

Today I glimpse through a door of dreams
This haven of the heart;
E'en fancied joy has power, it seems,
To heal the bitter smart.

Take with this poem the several addressed to friends—*To Jean*, *To My Friend*, and others showing the power of friendship—take with them such poems as *Immolation*, and we have the full expression, simple as it is, of the bright way a poet should walk.

By CATHERINE McPARTLIN

Not for the martyr's crown
I pray, dear Lord,
Not for the quick fierce death
By heathen sword.
Not for the battle's cease,
The victory won,
Not for the long cool rest
At set of sun.
But still the lonely life
From all apart,
But still the gnawing pain
Of bruised heart.
But still upon the cross
For Love of Thee,
Until at last, at last
Thy Face I see!



NANCY BUCKLEY

Poems to Mary Elizabeth, a child, poems picturing memories of tender human relations, poems to the young, indicate outlets by which Nancy Buckley pours the vital stream of human affection upon her world. Poems describing her own "little room" where fancies and dreams and prayers revisit her—these indicate time lived alone, solitude and loneliness. Then there are poems such as *The Tryst* revealing her religious life. These show us that nothing sublime or labored is necessary in verse in order that it may fulfill its mission to teach from the poet's experience. In the poems there is nothing intricate or extraordinary in form or thought. The charm is in the sincerity, simplicity and

purity of the emotion, fancy, or tenet of faith. There is not in the two little volumes a contradictory or inharmonious note. There is not a line which can be marked as affectation, as conscious striving for artistic distinction. There is in the second volume a crystallization of the simple style, but nothing of what is usually called "growth," "development" and the like in a poet. There could hardly appear such growth or development in the space of the year between the two volumes. Many readers will hope and pray that such inevitable development will banish nothing of the charm of those early verses. Miss Buckley seems to be blessed with a natural endowment of the popular style, tone and expression.

In the second volume are poems which show that the poet is turning from the more direct personal expression of experience to impersonal expression, as in *The Interpreter* and *The Easter Bell*. One of the most promising of these poems is to *Our Lady of The Flowers*:

The glory of the Spring is falling o'er
The year. The silver-throated songsters
pour
Their bursting hearts in sweetest melody
That thrills the raptured air to ecstasy.
And at Our Lady's shrine, the lily fair
Lifts her pure face, a gentle nun at
prayer;
And near here is the rose in glad array
Of splendid scarlet satin, bright and
gay.
Wee violets, the blue of summer skies,
Their loving hearts atremble in their
eyes.
Look up at Mary and with smiles so
sweet,
They lay their lives as offerings at her
feet.

The longest of Miss Buckley's poems contains thirty-six lines; the shortest four. The most ambitious in theme is *The Martyr*, which describes the martyrdom of St. Pancratius in the arena. The binding of both little books is simple and beautiful, fitting the content exactly. In the foreword to each volume, W. C. Morrow gives a brief critical and appreciative comment on the poet, introducing her as a young Californian who added to the poetic laurels of her state, and informs us that she has also essayed the short story art. Her verse has already made her name familiar to most readers of poetry. What trend her future work will take is interesting conjecture.

BROTHERS IN BATTLE

(Continued from page 13)

a left upward, that missed Fatty's chin and tore the flesh above his right eye. A part of the eyebrow hung loose and bloody. "You'll rush, will you? take that!" grunted Bennie. But Fatty grunted something that was inarticulate and kept on rushing.

George watched the open space under the ring. But the lights did not go out. The twelfth round came and went. The lights burned brightly as the men lurched upon the canvas floor above. George wondered what round it was. "It must be near the tenth," he thought.

A peculiar and blessed oblivion came to the two battlers in the ring. They were not conscious of time, or punishment. Neither were they conscious of the audience that gloried in gore. The fury of the battle left their minds no room for anything else. Bennie thought nothing of his brother, George, but much of the man in the ring with him. Manny thought of the money he had bet, and wondered about the lights. George squatted on his haunches near the open space under the ring and wished for darkness. A body thumped on the floor above. He waited. He could hear a voice counting. The lights burned on. The body rose.

It was the seventeenth round. The men faced each other with water-glistening bodies. The perspiration mixed with the water and rolled into their shoes. They squished as they walked. The gong ended the round. It found the two bruisers in the middle of the ring. Bennie was taunting the blood-sprinkled Fatty with his rapier left.

When the eighteenth started Bennie jumped from his corner and forced Fatty around the ring with lefts and rights to the head and body. Fatty covered. Bennie feinted him, and Fatty rushed in. But a rigid left stood in his way. It jabbed Fatty's sore eye four times without a return. They clinched. Again Bennie fought his way out of the clinch, with wet gloves that swished like projectiles hurtling through the air. They stood toe to toe and slugged. Fatty shot a right to the body that nearly doubled Bennie up. The latter crouched low and lifted Fatty from the floor with a left uppercut. Like a flash of lightning Bennie saw the opening he had made with his left. His right went through the air like a streak and knocked Fatty across the ring as the bell rang.

The ring creaked and swayed above George. His body was cramped from his enforced position. He recalled Brown's instructions.

The gong seemed to clang louder for the nineteenth round. The men rushed to the center of the ring and missed terrific right and left smashes. Fatty

worked his way in close to Bennie as his second yelled "Under the eaves!" Bennie twitched with pain as Fatty drove three pile-driving blows to his stomach and clinched. He fought his way out of the tangle of arms like a madman. Fatty was after him again. Bennie, in sheer desperation at the memory of his bear-like hugs, shot his leathered hands in mad fury in front of him. The left sank into Fatty's wounded eye, and he dodged low, as Bennie braced himself to follow up the lead. He shot two more blows at Bennie which missed their mark. Bennie laid his body open to the pile-driving blows of Fatty again. Rapidly he worked his long arms in front of him, and desperately squirmed his way out of another clinch. The indomitable Fatty leered at him as he leaned forward. Bennie feinted with his left at Fatty's sore eye. The latter's glove went up as if to block the intended blow. Bennie's right then shifted through Fatty's guard, and dropped him to his knees. The gong ended the nineteenth. Fatty's second said, "Don't clinch this round. You're losing time."

The audience stood the minute preceding the twentieth round. George tried to stand erect under the ring and bumped his head on the floor above him. The gong clanged. The men rushed out of their corners as if life depended on the issue of the round. A right cross straightened Fatty and he fell like a tree. A left hook whizzed past his jaw as he fell. Fatty rolled over, and rose at the count of seven. The audience screamed "Fatty, Fatty!!" And then a terrible silence came. Bennie rushed in; a left caught him in the solar plexus and he doubled up like a knife. He rose at the count of eight and blocked the rushes of Fatty, while the crowd yelled hoarsely. The bruisers worked their way into a corner. Bennie fought madly, and his soggy gloves flattened on Fatty's steel-rigid body. Finally a right caught Fatty

and drove him backward. The punch threw Bennie off his balance for a second. Fatty rushed in again, both hands swinging from his hips. Bennie stood petrified for a second, dazed at the mad fury of Fatty's rush. He recovered and fought wildly. A right knocked his front teeth out. His jaw went crooked with pain. He staggered back, Fatty after him. More blows caught him squarely and he swayed for a second or two, then clasped his arms about Fatty's shoulders and slid face forward on the floor. The audience went from loud madness to tense stillness in a second. The referee's arm went up and down, and Bennie sat up at the count of four. Blurred figures danced before his eyes. Something black floated before him, and he rolled back on the canvas floor in a convulsive heap; his muscles relaxed and the tired battler slept. The referee counted ten.

The immense audience sat numb. Then a wild madness seized it. The lights went out. A California moon glimmered its way through the cracks in the wooden building. A boy shot a toy pistol into the air. In the stillness it sounded like the boom of a howitzer. The place became as suddenly quiet as if an enemy had started to bombard it. Then the lights went on again.

George was in the ring. He glanced at his brother lying prostrate on the canvas. Manny rushed out with Fatty as the crowd surged into the square circle. A man glanced at George and then at Bennie, who was by this time sitting brokenly in his corner. "My God, am I seein' things?" he shouted.

Lucky Brown threw his gabardine coat toward George. "Throw this over your head and beat it," he commanded.

"What went wrong wit' the lights?" asked George before he left.

"Nothin' went wrong with the lights," replied Brown. "I wouldn't ask an ape to fight more than one of you guys in a night, that's all."

George hurried through the crowd. Brown leaned over the beaten Bennie. "Better luck next time, Harvan."

"What went wrong wit' the lights?" asked Bennie.

"Nothin'—they went out, in the twentieth round; you didn't see 'em."

Manny Williams hurried to Brown.

"What went wrong wit' the lights, Lucky?"

"Nothin'—I got thinkin' of Bud Riley and I forgot to turn 'em out."

"Well, you lose your money, too," groaned Manny.

"Nope, I lost on Bud that day; but I bet on Fatty Logan this time. I'm even now."

LOW TIDE

Sprawling beneath old sagging wharves,
That stand knee-deep on tottering legs,
The vagrant tide
Serves sustenance to dipping gulls,
And toys lazily with driftwood,
And a battered broken spar,
That's had its day, perhaps
On some fast scallywagging pirate,
Ravaging southern seas.
A prince of vagabonds, the indolent low
tide—
Indifferent to clamorous commerce and
its gold—
Indifferent to waiting ships—
Yet serving sustenance to hungry gulls,
And taking knowledge of the driftwood—
And a battered broken spar.

—Henry Fitzgerald Ruthrauff.

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A TALE OF CALAVERAS IN '58

(Continued from page 16)

night, when ordered to halt. Jim, too, could be politic. Also, he had a heart and a sense of humor.

The bleak situation of Tompkins drove that gentleman to making a final attempt at establishing himself in the eyes of these people as a lawyer of ability and address.

"Your Honor, I beg to call your attention to the fact that the first cause of all this trouble was a wilful and malicious act of this man Rafferty, who invaded the chamber where the joss of these Chinese was set up, and deliberately knocked the joss to the floor. It was to avenge this insult that the Chinese—the—the—" He clutched at his mouth while pandemonium swept the room. Above the uproar of laughter and wild jeering, rose the roar of Mike Kalaher:

"Be the law, go on ye dommed amadhaun, an' tell the judge the Chinee divils sthole Tim's gold—tell it, or it's Mike Kalaher ye'll be answerin', outside this house. There's a war-r-t on me right knuckles an' another on the end o' yer schrub nose, an' ye can put that an' that together, an' 'twill make somethin'!"

The Justice's hand shot up.

"Order in the court! For want of

sufficient direct evidence, and in view of the failure of the plaintiffs to appear, the case of Quong Sing Lung et al versus Michael Kalaher, is hereby dismissed."

Rising, the sandy-haired smile widened, and the judge of a moment ago shook hands with Tompkins as with a new acquaintance, and said for all to hear:

"Glad to welcome you to San Andreas, Mr. Tompkins. You'll soon get to know us. Come home with me and have dinner."

At the side of his sociably chatting host, the unhappy Tompkins found safe convoy and grateful protection to the street. He was a sadder and wiser young man; but he also felt that there was a place for him among these seeming rough and rude people of the mining regions of young California, and a resolve was born within him to labor to fill that place. And it is of record that he succeeded well in his worthy ambition.

* * *

Within a month's time the Rafferty family, tucked into a wagon, bag and baggage, including the famous buckskin sacks, migrated down to the coast and Tim bought a rich half section of land for the contents of one sack. The other sack was carefully secreted, to be drawn on when necessary. The family settled



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down and prospered, happy and contented, and more little Raffertys came to fill again and again the cradle that, once upon a time in San Andreas, held, under its soft pillows, tens of thousands of dollars in shining virgin gold.

Within the same month that saw his particular friend, Rafferty, located on his fine property, Mike Kalaher, working like three men, completed investigating the potholes in his river mine. The results made him one of the rich men of California. He bought, near Tim's new location, a large rancho that its Spanish grantee had to sell because of his inability to succeed at ranching under the changed conditions in the new state. Leaving a good manager in charge, and burying his surplus gold beside Tim's cache, on the Rafferty land, with Tim and Mrs. Tim at hand to mark the spot with him, Mike said good-bye to his friends and left for San Francisco.

The green hills and dales of Old Kerry once more met the loving gaze of Mike, the neighbors of his childhood greeted him with joy. And as for the sweet maid, Tessie, she was the happiest bride that ever hung upon the arm of a handsome young husband, and the most blithesome that ever embarked upon the wide ocean to make her home in the fair land of California.

THE END

BOSS OF THE RIVER GANG

(Continued from page 23)

Toddler versus Rebman, was clutched in his hand, and its addressed envelope lay on the table.

The letter referred to disposal of property and settling of his estate which he declared belonged absolutely to Antonio Jose Esteban—rightful, and only heir—son of the late Celestine Esteban-Denby of Northhaven, Texas.

CHAPTER XIV

The young man who had been rescued from the river and sent to the hospital at St. R——, many weeks later, awakened one morning and suddenly sat up in bed, staring about in bewilderment. The nurse went quickly to his side.

"Where am I?" The same question, Ben Esteban had put to Jim, in the cabin, years before.

The nurse called the physician.

"I think I'm alright, now," the patient told him. "Only tired. I think I must have fainted." He spoke lucidly and intelligence shone in his eyes.

"So you did," answered the surgeon, "but you must lie still and rest; you are quite weak, yet, and must not exert yourself."

"I was impatient and under-rated my strength," he replied with a sigh, "but I was impelled to go to Mrs. Esteban and tell her how I saw her son perish in the flood."

He seemed lost in thought, some time; "I wanted to die—I was desperately unhappy. But he perished—I am to blame; I was saved, and he who——"

Sadness shadowed his face and he wearily closed his eyes.

"You must forget; sleep, Tony——" The nurse spoke soothingly.

"I am not Tony," came in quick reply as the young man opened his eyes, betraying surprise. "No; I am not Tony, I am Ben, Tony's cousin."

"Will you not send for Mrs. Celestine Esteban—two miles out on the country road—everybody knows her."

"We'll attend to the matter, later," the surgeon assured him, "but now you must be quiet; don't talk or even think. You must be made well and strong."

"Let her know that Bernardo Esteban, her late husband's great-nephew, brings news of her son Antonio."

The patient's mind was troubled, and relief was worth as much if not more, than physical rest. The surgeon, perplexed, knitted his brows.

"Does she live near—Landsburg?" he asked.

"Why, no! Here, Northhaven; everybody knows her," the patient answered in surprise.

"Northhaven?—in California?"

The young man shot a keen, puzzled and anxious look at the surgeon and

answered his question with another.

"Am I in Texas?"

"You are not strong enough to see, and talk to, anyone, at present; forget everything and sleep, now. All will be right, presently."

"The operation was successful," the presiding surgeon told Dr. Stillwell, when later, he called to see "Tony." But there is a baffling mystery, here. The young man declares he is not Tony, but is some other Esteban.

"Good morning, Tony," Dr. Stillwell greeted him, "I hear that you'll soon be leaving us."

"I cannot understand why you insist in calling me Tony," he replied somewhat impatiently. "I am Ben; Bernardo."

"Where is your home?"

"I was born in Tularosa, New Mexico."

"Do you know that Rebman is dead?"

"Rebman? Rebman? Who was Rebman?"

"Is not your home in California?"

"I have never been in California. My great grandfather, Sebastian, third son of Don Pedro, was born on a California ranch; years ago he went to New Mexico where my father, Alphonso second, was born."

"Did you ever hear of Reuben Toddler?"

"A cousin of my father married Abner Toddler and lived on a ranch called Vine Hill, in S—— county, California."

"Who is the heir to the Rebman estate?" Dr. Stillwell asked Semilroth, later. "The mystery deepens. The young man declares positively he is not Antonio Jose Esteban and that Antonio is dead. That he saw him go under in the river of doom. Are we, or are we not, laboring under a mistake concerning Rebman. Was, or was not, this person, masqueraded as Miss Rebman? And the greatest mystery of all: Why did Rebman write such a statement concerning his property?"

"Too deep for me—I give it up. It would make a good detective story," Semilroth answered, with a shrug.

Relationship of the stranger to the Don Pedro Estebans of California while undoubtedly — family resemblance so marked, was proof sufficient—all else concerning his presence in California, was shrouded in mystery.

Reuben Toddler had become interested in his now celebrated kinsman. When the young man left the hospital, he went as Reuben's guest; and the guest was as mystified as his host, concerning recent happenings to himself, and on the old Juan Esteban ranch.

The stranger soon began to believe that his arrival in Northhaven was an hallucination: that he really, never went there; but, suffering mental aberration,

had wandered to California, instead.

Rebman, Garkey and his wife who had taken full charge of Miss Rebman, had no place in his memory. He was nonplussed by recounts of events transpiring subsequent to his supposed arrival in Northhaven, and it seemed only yesterday he had clung to a drift in the river, and saw the white face of his cousin sink from sight. Calculating from the time of the flood he had lost many years from his life for which he could not account.

Then, in reply to a letter he had written to his parents, not knowing whether they were alive or dead, came an answer.

His mother had written: "Can you prove identity as Bernardo, in face of fact that Bernardo is dead, and buried, you will prove yourself a most remarkable man."

"It is Tony who lies in my grave in Tularosa," came the intrusive thought. "I will go to my old home." And when he was well enough to undertake a journey, Reub Toddler outfitted him and sent him on his way, to New Mexico.

* * *

A sad-eyed old woman who Ben knew instantly was his mother, opened the door to him; her sombre garment denoted widowhood and Ben experienced a sudden and sharp pang of remorse. His heart too full for speech, son and mother gazed silently at each other.

"What may be your wish?" Mrs. Esteban presently asked.

"You seem not to know me, mother," said Ben; she had not asked him in. "I have come to Tularosa to explain my long absence and to relate a strange story. Also to establish identity, if necessary."

A peculiar smile flitted into Mrs. Esteban's sad face and lurked about her lips—a smile of incredulity. Her eyes never roved from his face but there was no light of recognition in them.

She began to speak, speaking slowly, and there was a touch of irony in her voice.

"Some years ago, you came here to inform me that my son was dead; have you forgotten? Did I not tell you then, that his body, bruised and broken, had been recovered? Did you not then tell me that your name was Antonio?"

"'Antonio'? Tony?" he gasped in bewilderment, "Tony is dead—drowned; long ago, in the river's flood he met his doom. I saw his face when his body floated by, borne on the torrent in that awful flood in which nothing could survive. You surely, have buried—poor—Tony." His voice broke and he paused a moment. "I am Bernardo, mother; I am your son."

Ben, as he must be called, now, noticed the silvery hair—the tracings on her once comely face, that only grief and

care can make, and his eyes grew misty.

"Believe me, mother; Bernardo stands before you; he comes to comfort you and—"

"My son, doubly dead, rests beside his father in Fair Mountain."

Looking afar, her eyes dulled.

Momentarily Ben's mind was shocked into abeyance. Sadness in his mother's eyes deepened as they turned upon him and held his gaze. Suddenly his mind began to work and his face brightened as a thought whirled into his brain.

"Antonio, a cousin of some degrees removed, and I, were companions as close as twin brothers; both looked like Don Pedro. Cousin Tony it must be—"

"All that, you explained before," she replied, shaking her head, sadly. "I see the resemblance—the Esteban features; I saw it then with eyes less dim. Bernardo, my own boy, lies in Fair Mountain."

"Another mystery, dense as the others, now confronts me." Ben spoke abstractedly, and scarcely above a whisper, while he studied the face before him. When Mrs. Esteban, with a prolonged sigh, glanced away toward Fair Mountain cemetery—he knew of what she was thinking. He knew that she was broken, and that life meant nothing to her, now.

A thought leaped from his sub-consciousness and pounding away in his mind sprang to his lips to find expression:

"Bernardo had a love affair." There was a note of sadness in his trembling voice. "It drove him from home. Almost to death's door; to a fate a thousand-fold worse than any death, that endured for years. It whirled him through the river of doom and plunged him into the demon's lair. He loved Lola Lorenza; she loved him and they were cruelly parted. Their living, pulsing hearts were tortured. Why? Because of the wicked dead. Because of their legacy of hatred to the wicked living."

Emotion that now mastered Ben rose in his voice and its pathos touched a hidden chord in his mother's nature. She pressed a hand over her eyes now flooding with tears, and raised the other appealingly.

"Don't! Don't taunt me. I have suffered, too. I told him she was dead: I deceived him and—and—"

She could say no more; her body, shaken by sobs was swaying.

Horror was gripping Ben. His eyes, fastened on her face grew wide as his face went death-like and became distorted with pain. He leaned against a pillar to steady himself as a battalion of thoughts dashed at full speed into his mind where chaos reigned until one thought, separated from others, put them all to rout.

"Are you quite positive that he ever received such—information?" Ben's voice was hoarse and restrained. "Did he ever answer that letter—if you sent one?"

"I thought it would bring him home. I knew he could not see her again; she had gone to her aunt in San Francisco. Her mother died of fever after Ben went away; her father soon after, was thrown from a horse he was breaking to the saddle, and killed."

"And Lola, now an orphan, is living with her father's sister?" suggested Ben, his nerves taut as he breathlessly awaited reply.

"Her mother's sister—Mrs. Josephine Pietree," she corrected, suspecting no ruse.

Ben turned his face away that she might not see the exultant light that flashed in his eyes as she continued:

"The last, now, of the Lorenzas is dead. The name, even, with her marriage dies out."

Ben's face registered conflicting emotions that stirred his heart until it throbbed painfully at a sudden intrusive thought:

"When I find her, shall I find her free?" It eliminated all others.

He forgot that he had not convinced Mrs. Esteban that he was her son. He spoke again, bitterly.

"I am Bernardo Esteban. I return to my friends, in need, who know my story; friends instrumental in restoring me to normal condition after many years of—what? Who shall say? Through them I shall prove to you that I am your son, Bernardo.

"Over the heart that you did your best to break, is an indelible brand of loyalty—and identity. Good by."

"Josephine Pietree, San Francisco," rang musically in Ben's ears as he turned away from his mother's door. He was going to another home—that sheltered Lola, hoping and believing that she was yet Lola Lorenza.

CHAPTER XV

A young man in robust health and apparently well to do, one afternoon after Ben's departure, swung himself from a platform of a car when the train pulled in at Landsburg station, and with easy air and buoyant step, went down the street toward the hotel.

Semilroth, coming on horseback from the opposite direction, drew his reins and stared.

"Hello! Back again so quick? Didn't make a long stay. Glad to see you," he called.

The young man glanced about, and at him, and passed on.

Semilroth was momentarily nonplussed. He touched his whip to his horse urging him forward, and reined in beside him.

"It seems that in the course of a month or so, you forget your friends," he called. "Don't you remember me, Bernardo?"

The young man stopped and stared at him.

"You mistake your man," he laughed. "It seems the Estebans must all look alike, and I'm on Esteban's territory. I'm Antonio Esteban. Blessed if I ever saw you, before. However, if you were a friend of Cousin Bernardo, or any Bernardo Esteban, I'm a friend of yourself." Speaking, he stepped to the edge of the sidewalk.

Semilroth was taken aback with surprise.

"Antonio Esteban—alive? I mean he was drowned—"

"Not a bit of it—if you mean me; I'm not drowned. Cousin Ben was drowned. I am here on a visit to such kindred of any degree, of an Esteban family tree, that I can find. And incidentally, to ferret out that deep-dyed scoundrel, Donivan-Denby-Rebman. Know him?"

"Daft again," Semilroth had spoken sotto voce, but Tony had sharp ears.

"Daft again,'?" he repeated. "Who are you, anyway? What do you know about me? or about Ben who was drowned?" he asked abruptly.

"Were'n't you my guest a month or more ago—before you went to the hospital St. R—?" A peculiar smile played around Semilroth's lips.

"Before I went to—the—hospital?" Tony gasped in repetition. "Where? In New Mexico?"

"In California."

"I've never been in California—"

"Never mind. You would better go home with me, now," Semilroth dismount, and laying a hand on Tony's shoulder, coaxed: "You would better come with me and see your friend Dr. Stillwell."

Tony shook off his hand and stepped back.

"What the devil—" He broke off suddenly as a thought that he was talking to a lunatic flashed on his mind; and he glanced about uneasily.

A team was approaching, and he and the man on the high seat caught each other's eyes. A light of recognition flashed over the driver's face.

"Christmas! Hello there, Ben," he called, flourishing his whip. "Right glad to see you back again. Jump right up and go to Vine Hill!"

"Vine Hill?" Tony repeated abstractedly; "that must be the home of the Toddlers."

"Of course," replied Reub, in surprise.

"And who are you? For whom do you take me?"

Reub laughed boisterously. "That's rich! You can't play me; you're too

sane now, to be insane. Who under the canopy could you be if not Cousin Bernardo Esteban, son of Alphonso—second son of——”

“You mistake; I am not he.” Tony knitted his brows as he stared at Reub and then again at Semilroth. “This is darned funny business,” he ejaculated.

“When did you see Bernardo—last? A long time ago?” he suddenly asked.

“Oh, only about a month or less, ago. The day he left here to go to Tularosa.”

“And the Bernardo, son of Alphonso second—Ben of my generation and my counterpart, was drowned years ago in a flood. His home was in Tularosa, New Mexico. I know of no other Ben—I, I assure you, am Antonio, son of Sebastian second, deceased, and the late Celestine Esteban of Northhaven where I was born, in Texas, who was imposed upon by that wretch—Donivan-Denby-Rebman. I am in a quandary.”

Reub and Semilroth exchanged quick glances and Tony showed distress. “Bernardo and I met and became inseparable companions in a logging camp in Oregon where we both were employed. Both were washed away by a sudden rising of the river.

“Quite a complicated puzzle,” Semilroth soliloquized. Ben insisted that Tony was drowned, and Tony is equally insistant that Ben was drowned. Rebman declared that his property belongs to Antonio, and neglected to tell who Miss Rebman was. Bernardo declared he was not Tony, and now Tony declares as emphatically, that he is not Ben. How are we to find out which one was drowned?”

“Come along, Tony, jump up and go home with me; what's in a name, anyway? You're an Esteban, all right, and I'm your forty-eleventh cousin, Reuben Toddler.

“That's right; climb up, and we'll go to Vine Hill and talk affairs over.”

Tony, glad to comply, seated himself beside Reub.

“I went to Tularosa before I returned to Northhaven, to see Ben's parents,” Tony explained. “They told me that Ben's body had been recovered almost miraculously, and sent home to be buried. I visited his grave. Afterward, I went to a hospital. My head was hurt while climbing on to a God-sent raft in the river, that, driven by the flood, into a cove, as it struck the bank, threw me far in on the debris, washed ashore, where my call for help was heard by woodcutter folk.

“With Pedro Esteban, son of Bernardo first and grandson of Juan I own the Good Luck mine in Scully Gulch, Montana.”

Reub listened while Tony explained that from Joe Holway he had learned of

Rebman, his personality and affairs, and believed him to be no other than an adventurer who had imposed himself on his mother, and had obtained her entire estate by an illegal marriage.

Suddenly Tony broke silence. He had recalled all that he had heard about his supposed sojourn with his mother in Northhaven, and of his supposed death. His thoughts began to take a new hold on affairs, and untangle.

“Ben had an emblem of love and loyalty—a dove and a name: Lola tattooed on his breast.”

“I have seen them,” emphasized Reub, breaking into Tony's train of thought, less than a month ago. If you and Ben are not one, except in your own mind Ben is not dead; he too, must have been rescued. Then how can he be buried?”

Reub was lost in a wilderness of thought and his face was enigmatic in its expression.

“But years have passed. Why did he not—It seems *impossible* he could have survived.”

Tony tore open his shirt. “Look,” he cried, as he bared his breast.

“Strange things happen in this old world,” Reub soliloquized; “can anything be stranger that this mystery involving as it does, two young men supposed to be dead, one known to have been buried, beyond reasonable doubt? Rebman, his estate and his supposed sister? Where is the solution?”

During the evening Reub went into detail in relating the Rebman mystery.

“That man! That monster of iniquity! That man who deceived my mother! I understand it, now. The young man who went to Northhaven and that my mother mistook for me, was spirited away and hidden, until the brute could dispose of her property; and then, brought to California to be held in terrible bondage because the monster dared not kill him. I could have torn him into shreds,” cried Tony, his soul wrenching by fierce resentment that sometimes leads men to desperate deeds.

Tony could not sleep; he tossed restlessly through the night. In early morning he insisted on visiting the Rebman place, and Reub went with him. Suddenly confronted by Garkey, as he went toward the house, Tony offered his hand.

“Garcia! Do I really see *you*, or am I facing a ghost? You, in California—here?” he exclaimed.

Garkey had remained motionless and speechless. He started as though an apparition had suddenly risen from the earth and, trembling in every limb, his terror was pitiable to behold. When presently he attempted to speak he could hardly articulate.

“Tony—Ben—Mees Reb——” he

stammered through chattering teeth. “Some more you back—Whata—what—you——” He gave up the struggle with a gasp.

“I'm not Ben,” declared Tony, testily. Why do you change from Tony to Ben? Did you know Bernardo? You surely remember Tony; Tony of Northhaven —when I was little? What is the matter with you? Are you afraid of me?”

“You have meestak—these time; me—meestak yourselfa. He mek me—He gif me de plenty de mon—tak cara Mees —Tony—ah-h-h.”

“That will do, Garcia. You, I understand, were bribed by money to——”

“The story unravels at last,” interrupted Reub. “I begin to understand. This Denby-Rebman, Garcia-Garkey combination came from Texas instead of from Maine. In some way yet unexplained, they trapped the man they believed to be Tony into their toils and brought the poor fellow, Bernardo——”

“Halloo, there, Reub; I hear your voice. The lost sheep—unidentified, returns,” shouted some one who, not yet in view, was approaching. “Thought I'd find you here.”

Ben turned a bend in the driveway and suddenly came into sight. He noticed a stranger whose back was turned, with Reub, his glance took in the terror on Garkey's face, and he stopped short.

“Come along,” shouted Reub, “you're just the right man at the right time. Here is our cousin, Tony. Now we'll get at the bottom of this mystery.”

The meetings of the cousins whose lives had become so fatefully interwoven, can better be left to imagination, than be described.

But later, Reub, in Bernardo's behalf, went to Tularosa and furnished sufficient proof to convince Mrs. Alphonso Esteban that her son lived. That he had miraculously escaped death in the flood, to fall, while in a condition of mental suspension, into the toils of an adventurer, who, mistaking him for the son of the wealthy Mrs. Celestine Esteban, had held him in a condition of living death.

Tony remained at Vine Hill.

When Bernardo went again to Tularosa, he took a photograph of Lola Lorenza, and a letter to his mother from the girl she had frowned upon, that opened her heart; later, she welcomed her as a daughter.

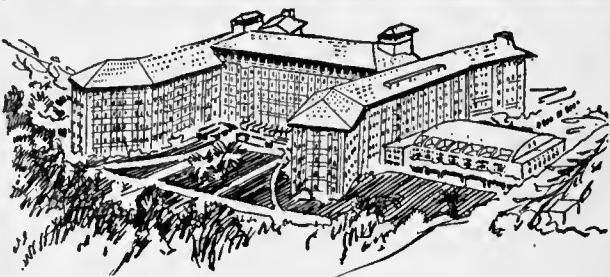
Later still, the Tularosa family went to Landsburg, California, to be present at the marriage of Antonio Jose Esteban and Linda Stillwell, whose future home was to be the house built by “Bully Rebman” on the old Juan Esteban estate.

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OUR NOVEMBER POETS

CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN is a new contributor to Overland and a welcome one. Long ago, back in the heyday of B. L. T.'s famous column, there were found occasional lyrics inserted in the midst of the humorist's comment. Dainty, singing things they were, breathing of the open; never a sordid note among them. They were signed "Laura Blackburn," but who the lady was no one seemed to know.

Secrets are never sacredly kept, and it finally became known that "Laura Blackburn" was a Chicago business man, Charles G. Blanden. And now Mr. Blanden is to become a Californian, with his residence in San Diego. Because of his attainments, and because of his deep and sincere interest in poets and their work, Mr. Blanden will be a distinct acquisition to the poetry circles of the West.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH is a name not unknown to Overland readers. It is, in fact, a name which has become very widely known during the last few years with his appearance in many periodicals.

REGINA KAUFMAN is the daughter of a western pioneer, born on the wind-swept prairies of South Dakota but adopting California at the age of two, as soon as she could make herself understood. She has homesteaded in northern California and—perhaps because she is by vocation an entomologist—claims as her favorite pursuits trout fishing and the killing of rattlesnakes. She says if she can capture a moth or butterfly new to science she will be perfectly happy. She lives in Berkeley.

PEARL FISHER HART. We can't tell you a thing about this new writer except that she hails from Beulah, New Mexico, and that her verse has the swing the rhythm of the wide-spaced West. This is what the editor calls "real Western stuff!"

JAY G. SIGMUND is one of the Middle Western poets who is speedily outgrowing the bounds of Iowa—he is a Cedar Rapids business man—and becoming a national figure in the poetry world. Overland attempted to review Sigmund's new volume of verse, "Pinions" in the October issue, but the make-up man thought the review too long—it really wasn't—and cut it to fit his page. Anyway, you should read "Pinions" for yourself.

(Continued on page 48)

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Overland Monthly



and

Out West Magazine

Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXI

NOVEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 7

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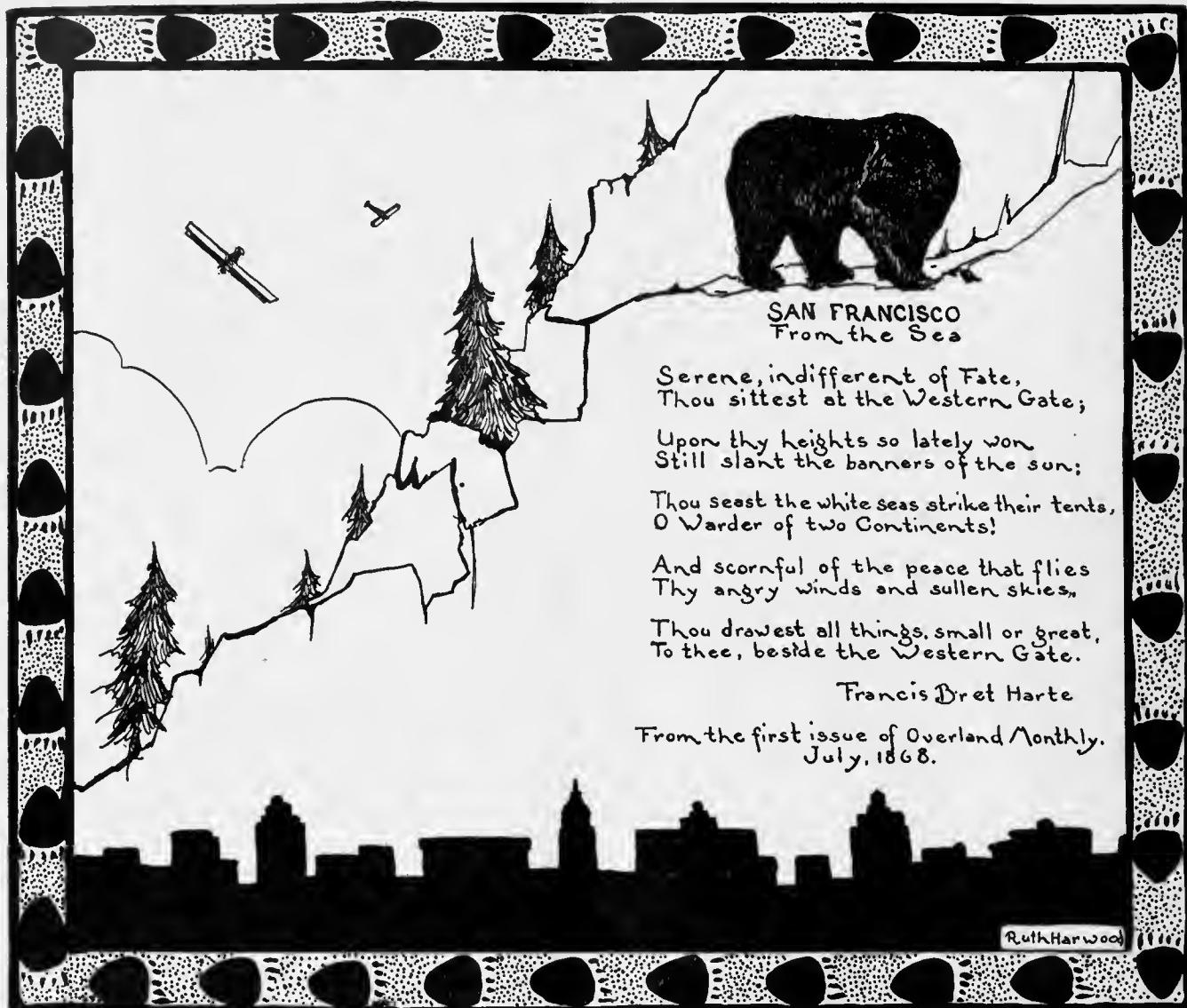
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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under
the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR 25 CENTS PER COPY
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A Wreath of Laurel

For him I pluck the laurel crown:
It ripened in the western breeze,
Where hills throw giant shadows down
Upon the golden seas.

And sunlight lingered in its leaves
From dawn to darkness—till the sky
Grew white with sudden stars; and waves
Sang to it constantly.

I weave, and strive to weave a tone,
A touch—that, somehow, when it lies
Upon this sacred dust, alone,
Beneath the English skies.

The sunlight of the arch it knew,
The calm that wrapt its native hill,
The love that wreathed its glossy hue,
May breath around it still.

*Extract from "With a Wreath of Laurel" by Ina Coolbirth,
first published in Overland Monthly for September, 1870*

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXI

NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 7

Getting On the Staff

IT HAS been, I think, truthfully said that a women who tells her age will tell anything else she knows. So for obvious reasons I shall refuse to give dates. I agree with the late Elbert Hubbard, that next in value to a good memory is a good forgettery. I have both. My first salary was \$1.75 a week—the only time in my life I was ever overpaid. Eighteen years later when I quit the newspaper game, I was earning \$300 a month.

Meaning to be thorough and fully intending to demand a man's salary, I learned to set type, and worked two years at the case. After that I went to the Bancroft Company and learned the mechanics of book-making. I also learned the division of words, capitalization, punctuation and the other niceties of composition. I handled a great deal of manuscript and noted the style of well known writers. I actually learned more from an old printer who used to swear at me than from any other source whatsoever. Later when I arrived I met him in the Mechanics Library, and took occasion to thank him for swearing at me. His eyes filled as he said, "Well, Frona Wait, you were worth it."

With all this preliminary training it is not surprising that the first article I submitted was accepted. It was an account of a love affair I had witnessed among the Nez Perce Indians. The story appeared in a Sunday issue of the Morning Call, and I was paid \$25 for it. But don't imagine I had the courage to go and collect the bill. I would have starved rather than go into the same building.

At a much later period I finally ap-

plied for work to the Managing Editor of the "Examiner," who proved to be the man who had accepted my Indian story. He offered me \$5 a week; maybe, if I could do a certain kind of special writing. I was to be paid space and the

for such an emergency. A couple of double eagles held the wires for me, until I said good night. The greased palms of the special police at the door got me the names of all the guests. A diplomatic use of inside information secured full cooperation of the committees, and at midnight my task was finished.

The next morning I had the satisfaction of seeing my report extensively copied all over the state. Congratulations and praise on all sides brought me an offer from both the "Chronicle" and "Call" before the end of the week.

Then my troubles began. I asked to be put on the local staff of the "Examiner," at a greatly enhanced salary. I was told that the local room did not want women as reporters, but that I could have a regular salary for special work. This I refused and was finally sent to the local room. For the first ten days not a man in the place would speak to me. It was plain that I was not wanted.

For weeks I was made to come to the office at 12 o'clock at night. The location was on Sacramento below Montgomery, and the cobble-stone streets were dark and smelly from close-by fish and poultry markets. I used to gather up my skirts, take the middle of the street and run as fast as I could. The editorial rooms were up two steep flights of stairs. I always stopped outside the room until I could breathe normally and then go in with an exaggerated bravado, as if prowling around that locality at midnight was a habit of mine.

One of the admirable traits of a man is that when he is beaten he quits clean. He does not sulk. So the city editor de-



MRS. COLBURN

third week I earned \$45.

For a year I held on. Sometimes I had only the \$5 originally agreed upon—sometimes very much more. Then my chance came. I asked to be allowed to go to Sacramento to cover the inaugural ball of Governor Bartlett. The man sent to assist me got gloriously drunk, and I had to depend upon my wits and the proper use of \$100 I had brought

cided that I could not be bluffed out. After that he detailed someone to go home with me. It was funny to see the men hang around until one had been told to go with me. It would have been all my job was worth to have shown any interest in the matter myself. Once accepted the entire staff played the role of big brother. It behooved me to be exact in speech, dress, manner and deportment. Behind my back and well out of my hearing the boys called me by my first name, and told wondrous stories of my ability as a news gatherer.

Came from college with young Mr. Hearst a fat, good-natured cherub of an artist named Briggs. By this time I was entrusted with big assignments and was often allotted an artist as well as other assistants. Once I stopped in a hallway to exchange a word with Briggs after several of us had covered a notable event. That night, about eleven o'clock when everybody was busy, one of the men said to me:

"You like that fellow, Briggs, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I think he is rather nice."

"Well, I guess you are the only respectable woman he knows."

Men have a way of talking at each other, but they are not supposed to be catty. Over in the amen corner a voice piped up—

"Say, did any of you see Briggs last night?"

"No; what was the matter?" came in chorus.

"Oh, nothing much. He was drunk again. It's awful how that fellow lishes." Silence for a few minutes, then—

"Well, I'm glad tomorrow is pay day. I'm going to be at the window when Briggs gets his money."

"Why? Does he owe you anything?"

"Yep; ten bucks."

"You're easy," said several.

"No. I'm not, but you've seen that poor old hump-backed Chinaman hanging around here, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"That's Briggs' laundry man. I don't think he's been paid since Briggs came here."

"I don't think he pays his tailor, either."

"Tailor! Huh! You mean the Misfit Clothing Parlor—Poor Briggs."

It was an unwritten rule that I should wait for the red-headed, freckled face office boy to open the outer door for me. Then dear old Mr. Croyland, with his long white beard, opened the inner door and ushered me into the local room. Here I was expected to accept a seat. If I hesitated, every one of the forty would in turn offer his chair. One day I decided to break through this cut and dried

ceremony. Without pausing I opened the outer door, nodded to Mr. Croyland, and went directly to the desk, took my assignment, and left the room. Mr. Croyland, who stuttered, followed me into the hall—

"Ex-cu-se me, Ma'am," bowing and stroking his beard, "don't you feel well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Croyland, why do you ask?"

"We'll you see, Ma'am, you didn't say anything, and I thought may-be you were offended—M-a-y be you heard the boys sw-e-ar-ing?" As if I never did.

Each man, conscious of his own rectitude turned sleuth and for several days suspicion ran high. I found it was no use. I was expected to be helpless and dependent. Long after I left off newspaper work I have found myself standing in front of my own door waiting for someone to open it.

In all my varied experience I never got rattled but once, and that was the night a crank threw a bomb at Patti, in the old Grand Opera House. Never have I seen a more representative or gorgeously dressed audience. The house was packed. Arditti was conducting. Patti had just finished singing the mad scene from Lucia. As she ran off the stage a loud report added to the crescendo of cymbals and drums. A second of dead silence as the smoke from the infernal machine rose slowly. Arditti motioned Patti back. She came to the center of the stage, put up her hands in prayerful appeal and sang "Home, Sweet Home." Her flowing hair and white robe made the picture complete. In the paralyzed audience some woman fainted. I can still see John W. Mackay, standing up in the Flood box, waving a handkerchief as big as a dinner napkin and telling everybody to sit down and keep quiet.

My news instinct hurried me from out of the upper boxes. Outside I fairly pulled a dozing driver from his coupe seat, and ordered him to take me to the Examiner office quick. There I fell upstairs, and burst into the local room with "Oh, Mr. Ward, the Opera House is blown up and everybody killed!"

"What are you saying?" cried the city editor, shaking me vigorously.

"I don't know! I'm hurt." Then I wept hysterically.

"She's hurt," said a voice, "Get some water." I tried to drink out of the old battered tin cup with a hole in it. Most of the water went into my lap. The office towel, almost stiff enough to stand alone, mopped up the water, but ruined my white satin gown. At this juncture one of our men bolted into the room, hatless, clutching a portion of the exploded bomb.

"Gee! Fellows, get a move on. There's a panic at the Opera House."

Shortly after I arrived, the telephone began ringing. In a newspaper office this is a continuous performance until heeded. Our man at police headquarters said:

"Send someone to the Opera House. The police have just brought in an old man badly hurt by the premature explosion of a bomb he threw at Patti."

We had barely quieted down to work when a big fire broke out in a lumber pile on the water front. It was past midnight, the wind was high and the details hard to cover with the depleted office force. To make matters worse, a telephone message from the Cliff House told of a ship on the rocks. Another scramble upset us all completely. It was a wild night outside—no street cars running—and no one on duty anywhere near the disaster.

The paper went to press so late all trains were missed and the whole town spluttered because there was no paper with their morning coffee.

The most impressive interview I ever conducted was with Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii. She was en route to Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Unlike her royal husband, Kalakaua, she had a pale yellow skin, and was rather good looking. Of the two, I think she was more embarrassed than I when I stooped and kissed her little, pudgy, fat hand. She was modest to the point of timidity, and contented herself with a few polite phrases expressing pleasure at being in California, etc. She dismissed me with a promise of her photograph, and I backed out of her presence.

Years afterward, I danced with King Kalakaua, at the last function he attended prior to his death. He died in San Francisco, and was given by our Government the military funeral that he had always hoped to have. It was my duty to write of it. I have never seen anything more touching than the royal honors paid his orchid covered coffin as it swung aboard the U. S. Cruiser "San Francisco." A flag-draped gun caisson with a military escort of cavalry and infantry bore the King's body to the water's edge. Here a handful of his people sobbed piteously while another race paid full homage to their dead.

Another member of royalty I interviewed was the Princess Louise, daughter of Victoria, and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada. They were going to Del Monte. As I came into their room at the Palace Hotel the Princess offered me a cigarette. In declining I said:

"Please excuse me, Madam, I chew."

"Oh, you Americans!" laughed the Princess. "It is quite impossible to get a rise out of you."

The Marquis Pallucci, Chamberlain of the Czar, was an interesting trans-

planted Italian long in Russian foreign service. A true diplomat he conversed freely on all irrelevant subjects. In declining to answer my questions he said: "Really, Madam, we Russians are like the sheep on the Siberian steppes, which yield neither milk nor wool."

President Harrison declared he was afraid to go back to Washington. "If I tell the truth about California my associates will say I am as big a liar as any other Eastern tourist."

It was my good fortune to interview many stage celebrities. I shall never forget taking Madame Bernhardt through Chinatown. Whenever we found a Chinaman stupefied by opium she would fall on her knees and peer into the face, turning it from side to side—"I am in love with death," she said in explanation. I asked her, as I did many others, "To what do you attribute your success?"

"Bones, Madam, bones! My portrait with a greyhound at my feet was hanging in the salon. Dumas, peering at it through glasses, exclaimed, 'I see a dog and a bone!' And all Paris laughed. It is cruel when Paris laughs. Now all the world of fashion wears the long wrinkled glove, a la Bernhardt. In all my photographs you see the gown four inches on the floor in front, Madam, four inches. Ah, bones, I make them fine art."

Whatever Bernhardt's faults were, surely no one could have wished her such a vile minded spiteful biographer as her alleged life friend, Madame Berton. The husband in the case fills an equally contemptible role.

An unusual experience was the interview with Nellie Bly, the winner of the

race around the world to prove Jules Verne's theory, undertaken against Miss Elizabeth Bisland. Nelly Bly represented the New York World, Miss Bisland the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Miss Bisland sailed from San Francisco; Nellie Bly returned by way of this port. Acting on a tip, I boarded a tug at four in the morning and went out to meet Nellie Bly. She was a little mite, suggestive of the Bowery, but inclined to be friendly. As she came over the side of the ship and was lowered into the tug, she gave me a hearty hand-clasp as she said:

"I wish I could talk to you, but I dare not." She was taken straight to Oakland where she boarded a special car and was whisked away in the gray dawn. Her's was a game of hide and seek across the continent, but I have often wondered who wrote her story for her. She was not a literary person.

Everybody in the writing profession knows that there is an imp in type. Else how could such outrageous mistakes occur? At the first Baby Show held in San Francisco I was told to play up the winner of the first prize and to quote the mother exactly. This I did. She told me that her baby boy was called pansey-eyed. Imagine my feelings when I read the next morning that the child was parsley-eyed and that its mother had said so!

It sometimes happens that a perfectly good reporter fakes a little. I did this once when a pet charity of the smart set was giving a big society Kermess for a benefit. I took the program and wrote a glowing account of the dance figures, described the costumes worn, the music,

decorations, and notables in attendance. Next day Mr. Hearst questioned me about the affair, going into details of special features and attendance. When I had enlarged upon it all I could he remarked dryly: "The only thing the matter with your story is, it never happened. The president has just informed us that the Kermess has been postponed for a couple of weeks."

One reason for a raise in salary was my habit of keeping in close touch with foreign affairs. The Pendje incident, out in the Merv Oasis, near the gates of Herat, seemed about to plunge Great Britain into war with Russia. The managing editor sent our best special writer to interview the Russian Consul-General. That worthy referred him to me. I was called into the private office. The managing editor explained the situation, and asked me if I knew anything about it. My yes, sir, caused him to fold his hands helplessly and gaze at me as if I were some new species of freak, as he said slowly:

"Well, bless my soul! Could you write me an editorial on it?"

"How much do you want?"

"Three-quarters of a column. When it is finished bring it in here, and don't say anything about it."

That was the beginning of work which carried through a Presidential campaign. If the great unwashed had known the sources of some of the comments on foreign affairs they would have gone up in the air, every prejudiced man among them. It will take a long time to make the public understand that a woman can think in terms of world consciousness.

The Desert Rat

You who have smelt the purple sage, mescal and pinon,
Heard the singing of the wind along the heights;
You who have known the grandeur, loneliness and beauty
Of the towering skies when you slept out of nights.

You who have heard the creaking of sun-dried saddle leather,
Felt your mustang single-footing 'long the trail;
You who have seen the canons dusky dark veils lighten,
Seen blue mountain shadows grow rosy, pink, then pale.

You who have learned to love wild uplands, crags and colors,
Sea-green mists of sunset, golden shafts of morning light,
The majesty of mountains, the desert's open spaces—
Have lost the world and gained it, finding strength to fight.

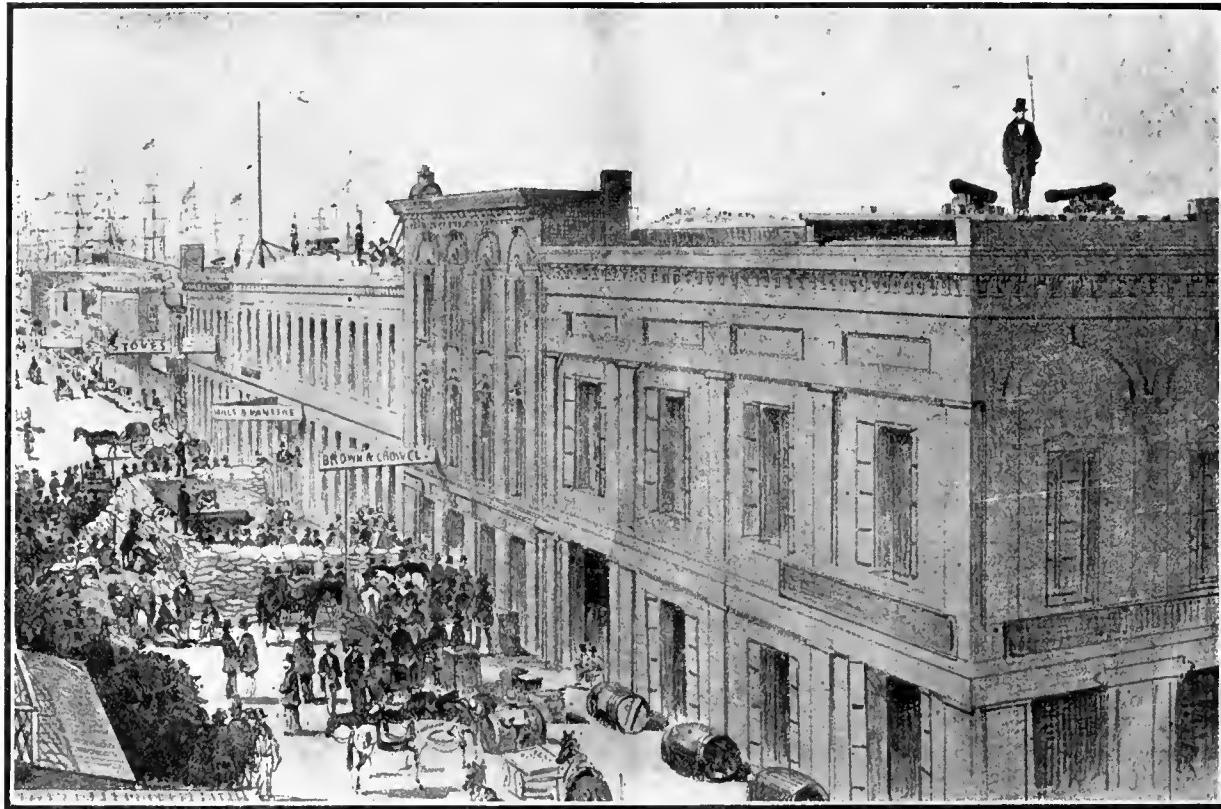
You who have learned to love all of the earth's high beauty,
Freedom, silence, wildness, the flowers in the nooks.
You who have come to find that the desert is your mother,
And have learned to read her as scholars read their books.

Oh, you shall hear the singing of white stars in blue ether,
Finding in their music the desert's ancient peace,
A peace that stills forever the world's alarms and sorrows.
And goes breathing through vast spaces until time shall cease.

—Annice Calland

San Francisco Then and Now

By PAUL T. VICKERS



Booming Guns Announced the Entry at the Golden Gate of the Mail Steamer

SAN FRANCISCO was inhabited long before King Tut was a puling infant in his swaddling clothes of long staple Egyptian cotton.

Scientists agree that San Francisco peninsula is older than most of the California Pacific shore line.

Dr. G. D. Hanna, in charge of the fossil department of the Academy of Sciences, says it is certain the peninsula was inhabited as long as 5000 years ago.

What the earliest forms of life were is unknown, but it is generally agreed that the peninsula was early inhabited by Indians who were very inferior to the aborigines of the Atlantic coast, their intelligence, according to Soule, being about like that of the Hottentots. These early human inhabitants were not, however, progenitors of the present San Franciscans.

Frank Soule, quoting Venegas in his quaint and voluminous "Annals of San Francisco," says of these first peninsula folk: "Their characteristics are stupidity, insensibility, inconstancy, impetuosity, and blindness of appetite, and excessive sloth and abhorrence of all fatigue of every kind." But before these Indians of 5000 years ago, came the

simplest form of life. One-celled animals which sprang spontaneously from the slime of the tidal beaches, to borrow H. G. Wells' account of the origin of life, used to swim up and down what is now Market Street. Jellyfish, many centuries ago, traveled up and down thoroughfares, though submarine then, where "Jelly-beans" now lounge.

No extinct fossil remains have ever been found, which proves, according to Dr. Hanna, that the land has been above the bed of the sea for many centuries.

"The first historical knowledge of these Indians began in 1769 with the discovery of San Francisco bay by Father Junipero Serra. When the Spanish missionaries held their first religious celebration, the "Te Deums" and salvos of musketry frightened the Indians into the woods, but they later quit the call of the wild things in their native woods and heard only the "Te Deums" in the missions of the early fathers.

It is a far cry to the earliest forms of life on San Francisco peninsula and a far cry to Indian life on the peninsula prior to the founding of San Francisco by the missionaries, too far to bridge. But life from 1769 to 1854 is vividly

portrayed by Soule. His chronicles and current history form interesting comparisons.

The original name of the city that is now San Francisco was *Yerba Buena*, good herb. The town became so tough, however, this frank historian says, that apparently there was not even a good herb left, so the name was changed to San Francisco.

When historical light first falls on Yerba Buena or San Francisco, it was a village of perhaps a dozen houses and 50 inhabitants. The first house was built by Jacob Leese on the site where the old St. Francis Hotel stood. Soule says of this first frame house: "A mansion which seems to have been rather a grand structure, being made of frame 60 feet long and 25 broad." People from adjoining counties as well as Yerba Buena people were invited to the house warming. The house was "tricked out in all the magnificence of an heir's baby clothes." The "most stylish orchestra ever before heard in California" furnished music. This orchestra consisted of a clarinet, flute, violin, drum, fife and bugle.

"The abundance and variety of the

liquors served at the table seemed to please the Californians immensely." One of the guests drank so much lemon syrup that he was sent away with the colic. The celebration was held on July 4. It was such a merry affair that Leese himself said of it: "Our fourth ended on the evening of the fifth."

Indians and poor whites who were not invited to the house warming, but who stood off at a distance and looked on are said by Soule to have exclaimed: "What capital fellows these Americans are!" The historian naively adds: "And doubtless the white gentry thought and often said the same."

If Soule could see the new Standard Oil Building and other skyscrapers in San Francisco, he would probably keel over with heart failure. Writing in 1852 of the amazing progress of the city, he speaks of the "huge granite and brick palaces of four, five and even six stories in height." He thought the \$17,000 loss suffered by owners of the St. Francis Hotel, when that structure burned to the ground in 1853, was stupendous.

The sinking of street car tracks on lower Market Street authenticates what Soule says about the beach once extending almost to Montgomery Street. This land was filled in with refuse and the beach continued retreating till deep water was reached. Stranded ships were sometimes bodily engulfed by buildings. In the early 50's there could be witnessed the strange sight of an abandoned ship with its spars still reaching high into the air, on one side of First Street, with buildings on all sides of it.

Winds that brought shivers then as they do now swept across San Francisco, but they were necessary then. The bay front was made a dumping ground and was a foul muck that might have harbored a dreadful epidemic had summer weather here been hot as it is most other places in the United States.

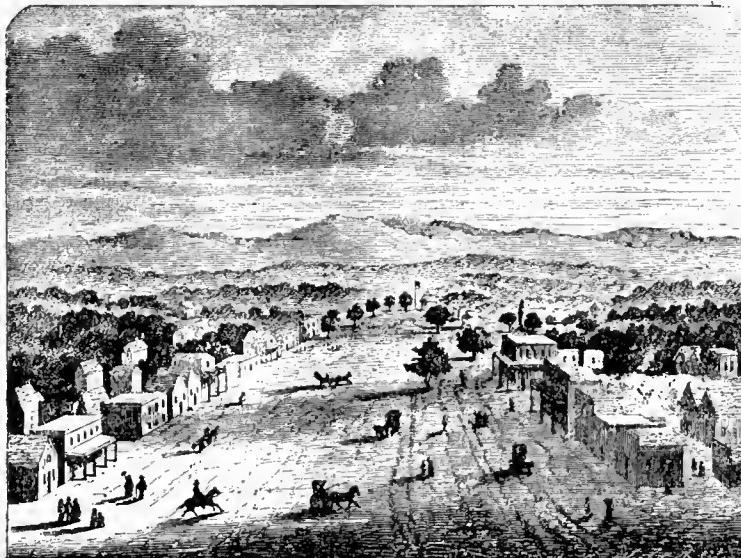
Soule loved his San Francisco, but he wrote about things as he saw them, not as he wished them to be. The immorality of the people from 1849 to 1854 weighed on him heavily. They must have reached the high tide of gay times in 1852, for he calls them in that year: "Excitement-craving, money-seeking, luxurious-living, reckless, heaven-earth-and-hell-daring citizens of San Francisco."

He says that he "may be harsh and that when the "ebullition ceases, the natural qualities of the clever and adventurous folk will be developed." And

again, "San Francisco people have at least one virtue, "they are not hypocrites who pretend to high qualities which they do not possess."

In 1851 Soule's San Franciscans were a "wild-perverse race who enjoyed anything from a fall in the mud to kissing a pretty girl." During the day and particularly Sundays, "swells" of both the high and low orders of society cantered to the Presidio or the Mission, or scampered among the foothills back of the town, or crossed the bay in small schooners to Contra Costa.

The Mission was the scene of much reveling. Two plank roads led from San Francisco to the race courses, gambling halls and saloons which made that place so popular. Bull fights and bear fights were also frequently held in this place. Gambling became so bad, the historian says, the city passed an ordinance authorizing officers to seize all money



Traffic Cops Were Not Needed in the Early Days of San Francisco

found on gambling tables and turn it into the city treasury.

An organization arose, avowedly to combat lawlessness, but in reality to rob and plunder, according to Soule. These bands called themselves the "Hounds." Their depredations finally became so serious that the famous "Vigilantes," comprising the most prominent citizens of the city, were organized to fight the desperadoes.

Soule gives interesting accounts of summary executions by these Vigilantes and concludes the story of James Stuart in a humorously sarcastic way. This James Stuart barely escaped the noose twice at the hands of the Vigilantes. The last time they came near hanging him, and found he was innocent, they made up a large purse for him. Shortly afterward Stuart was seen on the wharf shooting "craps" with the money collected for him.

Chinese gambling saloons were especially annoying to the author of the *Annals*. He describes the bedlam in these places on Sacramento and Dupont Streets thus: "The wailings of 10,000 love-lorn cats, the screams, gobblings, brayings, and barkings of as many peacocks, turkeys, donkeys and dogs, the ear-piercing noises of hundreds of botching cork-cutters, knife-grinders, file makers and the like would not make a more discordant and agonizing concert than these Chinese musical performers."

The polyglot population of San Francisco in the early 50's was a constant source of wonderment to Soule. The Yankees from beyond the Sierras he describes as "tall, goat-chinned, smooth-cheeked, oily-locked, lank-visaged, tobacco-chewing, large limbed and featured, rough, care-worn, careless Americans."

His notions of what constitutes art appear odd. "The 5000 French," he writes, "have monopolized the semi-artistic professions of boot-black, cook, wine importer, and professional gambler."

His descriptions of the large German population might have cast some light on happenings in 1917 and other years of the World War, if such a conflict could have been foreseen: "Though comparatively few Germans (in San Francisco) intend to return to the Fatherland, they all bear a strong feeling toward it, and when the opportunity serves are always ready to celebrate their nationality and praise the old country customs." He specially praises the law-abiding industrious ways of the Germans.

Preachers in those merry days had a lot of souls to save. But they got paid for it. In the gold rush days, one Protestant minister was paid \$10,000 a year. Before sin-killing became such a vital need in the community with the coming of the gold seekers, a town chaplain was employed at \$2500 a year, and his services were so popular that people crowded the doors and windows. Sunday movies were not running then.

This frank chronicler of early San Francisco saw both sides of the gold diggers' character. "All honor to the sturdy and independent digger whose labors are peopling the country, cultivating the fields, building cities, making roads, covering the oceans and the bays and the rivers of the land with steamers and conferring riches and happiness not only on the growing joy of California itself that hereafter shall be numbered

by millions instead of hundreds of thousands, but also millions of industrious workmen in every quarter of the world."

On January 7, 1847, appeared the first San Francisco newspaper, the California Star. This was a four-page paper 15 by 12 inches. On May 22, 1847, The Californian was brought here from Monterey. A short time before this paper was moved to San Francisco the following appeared on its front page:

"Our Alphabet—Our type is a Spanish font picked up here in a cloister and has no VV's (W's) in it and as there is none in the Spanish alphabet, I have sent to the Sandwich Islands for this letter. In the meantime we must use two V's. Our paper at present is that used for wrapping cigars; in due time we will have something better. Our object is to establish a press in California and that we shall in all probability be able to accomplish. The absence of my partner for the last three months and my duties as Alcalde here have deprived our little paper of those attentions which I hope it will hereafter receive.

"Walter Colton."

Both of these papers ceased publication during the gold rush. The editors said everyone from the head printer to the devil had gone off to seek gold. It is also true that the town was so depopulated the papers probably had no subscribers left to read what they might have published.

San Francisco would have been a paradise for old maids in the palmy days of the gold rush and even prior to that time. One of the 1847 newspapers found in a census of the city that there were 247 males and only 128 females. The difference was still greater in '49. Among these 247 men was one minister, one school teacher, eleven farmers, one ocean navigator and six blacksmiths. No garage owners are mentioned.

People who were so outraged by profiteering during and following the war might have been mollified had they known what amateur modern profiteers are compared with those of '49.

Eggs sold at \$3 each, turnips \$1 a dozen, butter \$1 a pound, flour \$40 a barrel, laundry work \$20 a dozen pieces of whatever size; poor board was \$55 a week. One purgative pill without advice cost \$10; with advice \$25. Box seats in a tent circus were \$55. Money loaned drew as high as 15 per cent a month. Postage on letters to Independence, Mo., was 50 cents.

Wages were correspondingly high even

when a worker could be had at any price. Carpenters struck for a raise from \$12 to \$16 a day. Taxes for the fiscal year 1851-1852 were \$769,887; for the past fiscal year taxes were about \$22,000,000. Officials of the tax collector's office say the collector in 1851 was paid as much for collecting less than a million as he is now paid for collecting 22 million.

Soule not only believed in the summary executions of what he considered justice by the Vigilantes, but he believed in rushing cases through the courts. He says of lawyers who seek new trials, postponements and other methods of thwarting justice: "To these the opportunity of making a speech, the tendency of which is usually to render a clear case obscure, though it doubtless serves to display the extent of their intelligence and wisdom is of quite as

Half the town would flock to the scene of the duel; sometimes several schooners would carry the people across the bay to witness a conflict on "the field of honor." Of these duels, Soule writes, "The public looked wise, savage and virtuous, and talked and drank; then it looked wiser and so on, and talked and drank again."

San Francisco was never a dull city, but the crisis of excitement was reached once every two weeks when the mail steamer arrived. Booming guns would announce its entry at the Golden Gate, and the populace would flock to the harbor. In 1853, only 18 ocean steamers made this port.

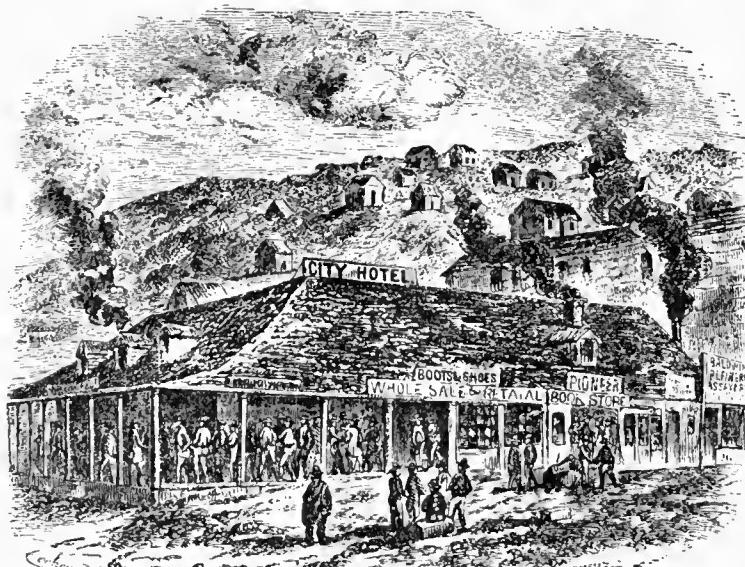
The author of the Annals was proud of his city's reputation for good things to eat. He says in 1854: "The epicure might traverse the globe and find no finer living than what this city yielded.

Quail, bear, deer, elk and antelope were as plentiful as beef is now. But only five years before, Soule wrote, "The announcement of a real cabbage dinner would set half the population frantic with strangely stirred appetites." And that was before "Bringing Up Father" made corned beef and cabbage so popular.

The much maligned San Francisco weather was delightful to this quaint historian. New Year's Day was the best of all the year to him. "God made this day. There can be no dispute upon this head. You might submit it to the city council and they would not smother the remnant of their religion by a denial.

The legislature at Benicia would be truthful for once and answer 'yes'."

Soule's sarcasm, minute description and peculiar views interest the modern San Franciscan in making comparisons of now and then. But even the pessimistic Soule was hopeful when he dipped into the future. In 1854 he prophesied: "There need not be the slightest doubt but that the empire or rather the great union of peoples and nations in the Pacific will soon, perhaps in 50 years, perhaps in a century, rival if not surpass the magnificent states of the Atlantic."



Quail, Deer, Bear and Antelope Were Daily Features on the San Francisco Hotel Bill of Fare

much consequence as meat and drink to other people. They could not live without it."

One of these judges of '49 sat in a rickety chair with his feet propped high above his head, paring his nails while listening to the charges against the prisoner. When testimony against the prisoner was concluded, the judge pronounced sentence. The defense attorney protested that he had not been given a chance to say anything for his client. The judge replied that it would not make any difference what else was said; that he had already made up his mind. The defense attorney defying the judge began reading a conclusion from Blackstone. The irate judge yelled to him that the case was concluded. "I know that, your honor," replied the lawyer, "but I wished to show you what an old fool Blackstone was."

The law never attempted to interfere with the frequent duels of those days.

"Yesterday," by Colin Campbell Clement, first published in Overland as a short story has been dramatized by the author and has just been published in "Ten Minute Plays," edited by Pierre Loving, and published by Brentano.

A Bill of Sale

By MILTON R. RUTHERFORD

"But look at this," Eggleston said, pulling from his pocket a rough piece of coarse rock.

"Oh, I've seen pieces like that all over the mountain," she answered, playfully pushing away his arm. "You haven't told me how you liked the piece of cake I put in your lunch to-day. I made it from a new recipe. It is so easy to make. Just take a little of this and a little of that and throw them all together into a bowl. Well, why can't you say you thought it was good?" she added teasingly.

"I'll say it was good. Could have eaten two pieces like the one I had," answered Eggleston, smiling.

"You big pig," Nance replied. "But why don't you put that rock on the table, or here give it to me and I will throw it outside," she added, reaching for the piece of quartz.

"Just hold on there," John exclaimed with a grin, catching the offending hand and holding it tight. "Now look closely, girl," he added earnestly, "see that streak of yellow across the side where it is freshly broken. That is gold, Nance," he cried joyfully, tracing with a pin, the narrow seam across the face of the quartz. "It is a very rich specimen, and if there is enough of it," Eggleston continued, "it will be a cinch to interest Burns and his associates. Which means that they will put in a twenty-stamp mill, and we will get a royalty on the total output. I tell you, Nance, it sure will be velvet for us then."

Eggleston was about to put the quartz back into his pocket, when looking over his wife's shoulder, his eyes came in range with the small window across the room. A startled expression came into his eyes, and the pleasant curve of his lips dropped into severe lines.

"Why, John, what is the matter?" exclaimed Nance.

"Nothing at all, dear," he replied, forcing a smile. Lifting her in his arms, he arose and placed her in the chair he just vacated. "Sit here for a few minutes. I had forgotten that I left my pick out there by the cedar snag. It needs sharpening badly, and I am anxious to get an early start in the morning," he added, jerking open the door. He reached behind it and took his gun from the holster hanging on a nail, placing it in his pocket.

Eggleston closed the door tightly after him, as he warily stepped forward into the shadowy darkness. He searched carefully around the house and out-

buildings and the neighboring pines in the vicinity, but found no one.

"That face at the window was his, there could be no mistake," he argued. "If he had waited just one more year or even six months," muttered Eggleston, apprehensively.

"I shall have to find the pick in the morning after all," John remarked to his wife as he returned to the house. He hung up his hat, but kept the gun in his pocket. "I must have left it at the mine. Well, Nance," he yawned, glancing furtively at the window, "I am tired and sleepy, worked too hard at the mine to-day I guess."

Eggleston barred the door that night, and took special precautions to see that everything was tight and safe. But he could not sleep. He lay awake until nearly daylight stubbornly fighting off his nervous fear.

The following morning he tried to make himself believe it was the result of his imagination, but without avail, and he was secretly pleased when his wife agreed to accompany him to the mine where they were to have a picnic lunch.

John could not tell her of his fears without explanations that were impossible, and it was with anxiety that he left each morning only to hurry back before his day's work was done with the fear of something, he knew not what.

Every evening as it grew dark he closed the long unused blinds at the one window, and kept his gun with him both night and day. The changes in their ordinary routine caused some questioning from Nance, but his evasive answers satisfied her.

Nearly a week had elapsed since the night he saw the face at the window. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, Eggleston was preparing to leave the tunnel. He had been burrowing with pick and shovel for months till he struck the lead that was now continually growing richer. The results were more than gratifying, and he smiled as he planned that night to write to Burns.

He had attended to all details of the legal part. The claim was carefully staked, and his location had been filed at San Andreas, the county seat. There was not a single flaw in his holdings and the thought of his prospects took precedence over his anxiety of the past few days.

The last few months had been filled with back-breaking toil. The tunnel had run through valueless ore and country rock nearly two hundred feet before the true fissure was reached. Eggleston thought of his past work as he followed

THE SLIGHTLY bent figure of a man slouched stealthily along the heavily timbered slope of the Calaveras. The soft crunching of pine needles under his feet was the only manifestation of his otherwise noiseless movements. He walked with a certainty of purpose that implied the country was familiar to him.

About five hundred yards distant, across a narrow canyon, could be seen the dull glow of a light, hardly larger than the burning tip of a cigar.

A crafty smile crossed the fellow's hardened features as he veered to the left and headed for the light.

He stopped abruptly in the semi-darkness and jumped backward as the slithering outline of a snake, crossing his path, crawled into the denser shadows. He hesitated for a moment, shaking with startled fear. Then muttered a curse, he went on.

John Eggleston looked up from the chair where he sat reading a magazine.

His wife, scarcely more than a girl, glanced at him every now and then from where she stood washing dishes at the kitchen sink. Her eyes, clear and brown, seemed continually filled with laughter. For a woman, she was tall, nearly as tall as he. Her age was twenty-two, nearly six years his junior.

"Do you know, Nance," spoke up Eggleston suddenly. "I was taking a pretty long chance when I brought you in these hills. Your willingness to come was encouraging, but I must confess I felt rather shaky just the same. After the excitement of a city like Oakland and the social life you were used to there, it was really a big risk, don't you think?"

"You didn't understand, Johnny Boy, that I have you," his wife answered, as she finished wiping the last dish, and, pushing aside his book, sat upon his lap.

"I am keen for it all here, everything, yet I could not presume that this life would appeal to you in the same way," continued Eggleston.

"It is all just because it's you, dear, that's the reason. Of course I get a little lonesome now and then, but you haven't seen me have a real homesick cry since we came have you?" she asked with a smile.

"That's right, I've never seen you cry, have I. But I never saw a robin cry either. Really, you are a whole lot like a bird, Honey, just as cheerful and happy all the time. "Gee, I'd hate to lose you, girlie," he added, holding her tight.

the light of his candle towards the tunnel's entrance. His step quickened, he was anxious to share the good news with Nance. With the sudden changing of light as he reached the outside, his eyes blinked nervously. He turned quickly at the sound of a step behind him, and reached for his gun, only to have both hands seized from behind. Then a voice, slow and sneering spoke in his ear.

"Hold steady, Egge, old boy."

Eggleston tried hard to free himself from the man's grip, when he was suddenly tripped and thrown heavily to the ground. Stunned by the fall, he was unable to make further resistance. He returned to consciousness only to find himself sitting with his back against a boulder and his hands securely tied behind him. Before him stood Bruce Burdell with an evil look in his eyes and a leering twist to his lips.

"Now for a visit with Nance, and a little talk over old times," he said meaningly. "She might be interested to know what became of Bob Crandall."

At mention of the name, John Eggleston's face turned white. He strained to loosen his bound wrists till the cords bit into his flesh and the white color in his face gave way to a quickened red with the violent exertion.

"No, Egge," Burdell rolled the nickname over his tongue with subtle pleasure. "Don't get all fussed up." Then his mood quickly changed. "You won her from me," he hissed. "You,—you—" In his sudden passion, he left the sentence unfinished and reached for his gun.

"Hold your hand, Burdell," Eggleston said quietly, "You know I am not afraid of you, even if I haven't the use of my hands."

"I'll tell her," Burdell snarled, "that the man she married is a murderer."

Eggleston flushed hotly. The bald accusation struck harshly upon his nerves. He could not prove that it was in self defense. Only the man who accused him knew that, and he could expect nothing from him.

"If it hadn't been for you," Burdell continued, "I would have married Nance. But with your high-toned ways she learned to think I was not good enough for her."

"You weren't," angrily interrupted Eggleston. His thoughts flashed back to the time before he married Nance. At first his only interest was to exert his influence to save her from the kind of man he knew Burdell to be. Then the unexpected happened. He realized that he had grown to love her.

A few months later came the night before the day of their wedding, when early in the evening he bade Nance good night and started for home. The sky was darkened by a heavy fog and the street

lights helped but little. He had walked but a few blocks when a machine drew up beside the curb and two men, springing from it, rushed upon him. He threw off his first assailant, and as the other came near struck him a heavy blow with his fist that dropped him to the pavement. He had already guessed his other assailant was Burdell and was sure of it when the man, afraid to fight him alone, hurried over to the fallen figure of his companion.

"You have killed Bob Crandall. You've broken his neck," cried out Burdell, dragging Crandall to the machine.

Eggleston had stood bewildered, unable to realize the import of the man's words. He called to Burdell as the car started away. "You know it was an accident and purely in self defence."

That night to Eggleston was a night of conflict. His future was before him and to share it with Nance meant happiness. He felt honor bound to keep nothing from her, but he was afraid to tell her of what had happened.

According to the civil law, he knew he was innocent. But he realized that to Nance the moral law would be the stronger of the two. If he told this girl whom he had grown to love so dearly, he would lose her.

So he and Nance were married, and left immediately for Calaveras, where his mine was located.

"Take your choice," came the threatening words from Burdell, "give me a bill-of-sale for your mine or I'll tell her."

Eggleston looked up into the hardened features of the man before him. He realized that it was a choice of losing either the mine or Nance. He could not escape the issue, he would lose the mine of course. She must never know. He was concerned with a fear that was paramount to all else as he asked.

"How am I to trust you, Burdell? How am I to know that you will not cause me further trouble if I give you this bill-of-sale?"

"When I give you my word, you can bank on it. Come through, and you will never hear from me again," answered Burdell. "But you will have to hurry, someone might accidentally happen around this way. Will you sign or shall I tell Nance?"

"I'll sign," Eggleston answered shortly.

"Here it is," Burdell said, taking a bill-of-sale from his pocket, together with the stub of an indelible pencil. He stepped over to Eggleston and cut the cords that bound his wrists.

"You didn't know that I spent a couple of winters up here prospecting about six years ago," remarked Burdell, carefully putting the signed paper away into his pocket. "I prospected all these hills and in this very vicinity too, but it was left to your devilish luck to fall upon

this rich lead. I know what you've got here," he added. "I looked it all over the other day after you left. But it doesn't matter now," he added with a laugh, as he started down the trail, "it's mine anyway."

Eggleston stood motionless, his heart filled with rage and disappointment. The late sun shone upon the hillside and cast oblique rays of light into the entrance of the mine he had lost. With a shrug of his shoulders he grimly turned his back upon the tunnel. He was about to start for home when a terrified cry from further down the trail reached his ears. He recognized the voice of Burdell, and forgetting everything else but that a human being was in danger, rushed headlong down the slope. About two hundred yards along the trail he found Burdell, standing with a horrified stare in his frightened eyes. His right trouser leg was rolled up to the knee where his already swollen flesh bore the purple marks of the poisonous fangs of a rattlesnake.

"Oh, Egge," cried Burdell in terror. "I've been afraid of snakes all my life and now this one has got me."

Eggleston suddenly noticed the direction Burdell had taken, and furiously demanded. "Why were you following my home trail instead of taking the one that forked off just above here? Tell me, were you going to doublecross me?"

"I loved Nance before you did, John," fluttered Burdell. "I just wanted to get a glimpse of her before I left. That was all, so help me."

"Recognizing the truth in the man's words, Eggleston started at once to give first aid to the sufferer. With the keen blade of his pocket knife, he made several slashes across the wound causing the blood to flow freely and carry away some of the poison. But with the continued swelling and Burdell's hysterical condition, he knew that if he could not get further help the man would die.

Half dragging, half carrying the helpless man down the trail, he reached the cabin where he was met by his wife, who hurriedly opened the door and assisted him in getting his charge onto a couch at one side of the room.

Fortunately he found a flask of whiskey which he poured through the closed teeth of Burdell who had now grown delirious. Came an hour when all had been done that could be done, an hour when every minute seemed hopeless. Then the patient was released from the coma into which he had fallen and a change for the better was evident.

Not till then did Nance ask the question that Eggleston had been waiting for since she recognized Burdell at the door.

"How did all this happen, John," she questioned in a whisper, "what is he doing here?"

(Continued on page 41)

An Inch in the Glass

By BERTRAM S. BOOTH

TO THE casual reader of the daily papers, the new palatial liner, *Corsair*, of the P & O line was merely an object of passing interest. The accounts in the big city dailies, describing the elegant appointments of the huge steamer, her florist shop, swimming tank, gymnasium, as well as the startling pictures of her standing on end and towering over the Woolworth building, were indeed calculated to arouse interest. Later some even paused in their perusal of the latest divorce or murder story long enough to read of her record runs and the subsequent rivalry with the railroads to make the fastest time between San Francisco and Puget Sound, and capture the bulk of the coastal passenger traffic.

To that old fox of imperturbable unemotional countenance, of slit-like eyes under pouchy lids, eyes that told nothing and scrutinized everything—Old Poker Face—they called him—to him she was principally a point, a moving point that traced and retraced those broken, red line-segments that marked her course on the chart. And they were all straight lines too, for, as everybody knows, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and time and miles count, count immeasurably. Straight from Bonita to Point Reyes, on to Point Arena then to Mendocino, they were traced, skirting dangerously close to those out-jutting reefs and capes.

To me, water tender, in the forward boiler room on the twelve to four watch—the grave yard watch, it is commonly called—she was primarily a double row of white glaring furnaces, an inferno of stifling heat and choking fumes, of roaring blowers and throbbing pumps, of sweating firemen and domineering officers. And then there were the gauge glasses, long thin tubes of glass, that showed the waterlevel in the boilers. A mere cup-like line, it showed, reassuring, as it gently bobbed in the glass, but changeable as any fickle maiden. It no sooner had won your confidence in its constancy, than away it went up or down.

I had been called from my bunk at nine that night, and for three hours, in the torrid sodden atmosphere of a freshly drained steam drum I had striven to calk some leaky tubes. At twelve, I went to stand my watch. The burly second engineer, calling me aside admonished me. "The old man's after a record again. We want steam, lots of steam, and dry steam. Keep the water down, an inch in the glass, no more."

It was with a feeling of trepidation that I walked forward to my post. The recollection of an old navy man's yarn came vividly to my memory. A yarn of battle practice, battened battle hatches, low water, a bursted steam tube, two scalded corpses with battered knuckles and torn hair, clutching the barred exit.

The hours of the watch seemed endless as I paced the steel floor plates from boiler to boiler, my eyes ever on the fluctuating glasses. It was not a question of keeping the water down, but of keeping it up. In some of the glasses it merely bobbed up with the roll of the ship. I had signaled twice in desperation, to the engine room for "more feed" and twice the hand on the indicator had swung reassuringly in answer to "more feed," but the straining pumps could hardly keep pace with the ever consuming furnaces. Finally, in number one port boiler the water ceased to bob up at all. We were sixteen hours out of San Francisco and should have been almost abreast of Cape Blanco. I could feel the big ship gently dip to the long swells of the North Pacific. A big one suddenly rolled her down, and she momentarily seemed to hang at that precarious angle. But my eye was eagerly on the glass waiting for the water to bob up. My ear was tuned to catch the slow click-click-click of the lifting check valve. Yes, the water was coming, but oh, how slowly. The ship had started to roll back and no water had appeared.

A crazy notion that the glass was flooded to the top seized me. A frenzied opening of the drain cock showed me my folly. Somewhere down the line, a furnace started to back fire, setting the air ducts to a vibrant rumbling. It seemed to me like a harsh jeering laugh. The down pouring draught of damp salt air through the ventilators, told of thick weather above, and the incessant hooting of the siren seemed to be directed at me. As I stood gripping the wide open valve, staring at the empty glass, under the glare of its electric globe, the heat devils dancing before my eyes, wrought up a strange optical illusion. The glass seemed to swell at the top and bottom. An hour glass was printed on my distraught vision, and there, in all apparent clearness a small remaining apex of sand was fast slipping away—just an inch in the glass.

I could stand it no longer. I rushed to the fuel pumps and in an instant, had shut off the flow of oil. The fires glim-

mered a moment and died. The hand on the steam gauge began its slow descent from its proud red marker. Through the dead light in the engine room door, I could see the second assistant bending over the log desk. His trained ear had detected something amiss, and he turned quickly to the gauge board. One look sufficed. He bellowed a few hurried orders, and started for the boiler room, his grim visage red with pent up wrath. What a fool I had been. The water was already slowly mounting in the gauge glasses. The firemen were hurriedly relighting their fires. The big ocean liner, her engines stopped, lay wallowing in the trough. The pulsing life throb stilled, she seemed strangely, uncannily quiet, a dead thing. Appalled at the result of my hasty action, I waited the onset of that hard veteran of the sea, but it never came. The harsh, imperious jangle of the engine room telegraph turned him back. I could see the pointer swing in desperate repeated appeal to "Full Speed Astern." I could feel the hull shake and shiver, as the whirling screws caught the water in response. I set myself for an impact, but whatever had called forth the alarming signal apparently had been avoided, and we were soon under way again.

A moment later I was surprised to find the four-to-eight man already below. "The second told me to relieve you," he said, I'll tend your checks the rest of the watch." I turned and mounted the steel ladder, and was soon out under the stars on the ship's fantail. Directly astern, lay the low grey bank of fog, from which we had just emerged. To the right, loomed the dark outline of a promontory. In the dark stretch of water that intervened, distinguishable only by the foamy ring that encircled them, were the myriad rocks and reefs of Cape Blanco. About a mile away and off our port bow lay the light ship, the bright intermittent gleam flashing vividly across the water. At the stern the quartermaster and the mate were busy securing the sounding machine. In the gloom I heard a voice speak:

"The lead showed thirty-five fathoms and a mud bottom, but the Old Man wouldn't believe we were inside the light ship. This inshore current fools the best of them. If they hadn't stopped the engines down below we should have piled her up on the rocks sure."

How The Modoc Indian War Started

THIS was fifty years ago that the first skirmish occurred which lead up to the Modoc War and the killing of General Canby and the other peace commissioners, resulting in the long and desperate resistance of Captain Jack and his warriors in the lava beds. Jeff C. Riddle was ten years old at the time and was present when the Modocs killed General Canby and his commissioners. Mr. Riddle's father was an interpreter and his mother, Wi-ne-ma Toby Riddle, a member of the Modoc Tribe, brought the warning to the commissioners of the plans of the Modocs to kill General Canby and his fellow commissioners.

"I was born at Yreka, California, November 30, 1863," said Mr. Riddle. "My father, Frank Riddle, was born in Kentucky, September 6, 1832. He came to California when he was 18 years old and worked as a prospector, miner, packer and at freighting, stock-raising, hunting and trapping. My father and mother were married in 1862. My mother is a full-blooded Modoc Indian and is a cousin of Captain Jack who, with the other Modoc warriors was hung for killing General Canby. Captain Jack's Indian name was Kei-in-to-poses. My father prospected and mined in the various mining camps of California from 1850 to 1856 when he settled at Yreka, where he lived until 1862. Shortly after marrying my mother he settled on Bogus Creek, about 20 miles east of Yreka. My father was a typical Kentuckian. He loved to hunt and trap. In 1868 and 1869 we moved to the Upper Gap country on Lost River where father ran a line of traps. There was never any shortage of meat in our camp for father killed hundreds of bears for their skins and we always had elk or deer meat hanging outside the cabin. Father died on February 21, 1906 at Yainax in Klamath County. He was 74 at the time of his death."

"Shortly after the close of the Modoc War, Colonel A. B. Meacham with Captain O. C. Applegate, my father, my mother, myself and some Modoc Indians made a tour of the United States. This was in 1876, the year of the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia. When I was 19 years old I married the daughter of Chief Schonchin, whose brother John was hung at Fort Klamath. What's that? Am I an author? Yes, I suppose you might say that I was, though my business is raising stock. I wrote the Indian history of the Modoc War, because men like Drannan and other irresponsible and sensational writers who know nothing whatever of the facts,

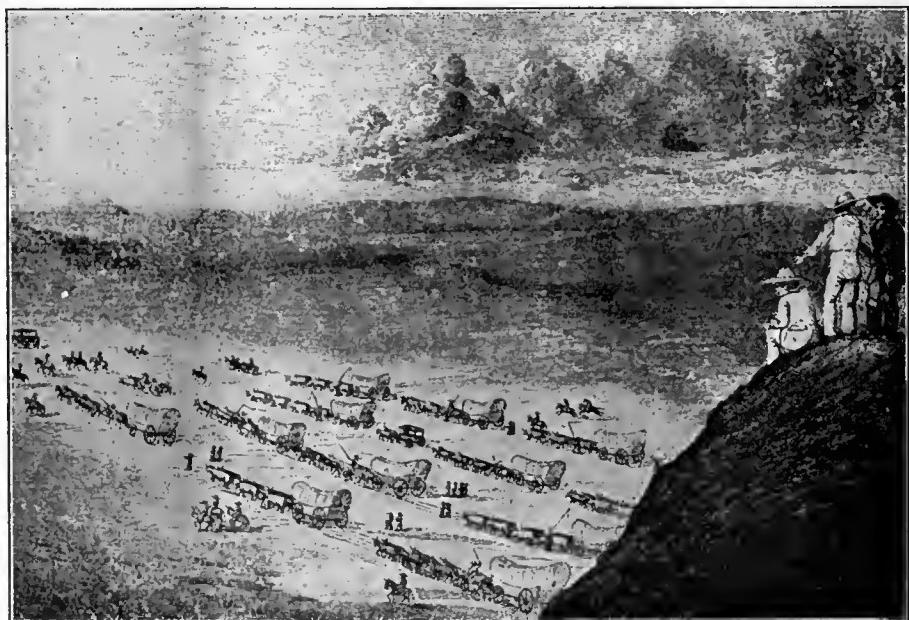
By FRED LOCKLEY

wrote books which purported to tell the story of the Modoc War and I wanted the public to know the real facts about the contest in which Captain Jack with 51 warriors held over 1,000 Government troops, 78 Warm Springs Indian scouts and a company of Oregon volunteers at bay from November 18, 1872, to June 1, 1873.

"If you will read the history of our troubles with the Indians, you will find invariably that the trouble has started through the unjust action of bad whites who, after getting into trouble, appealed to the Government to help them out of it. My only interest in writing my history of the Modoc War was to give both sides without color or without prejudice, so that the truth might be known and so that the people having all of the facts before them could form their judgment correctly. In 1900, 27 years after the close of the contest, my mother was granted a pension of \$25 a month for her services in the Modoc War. She saved the life of A. B. Meacham and if her warning had been heeded, General Canby and the others would not have been killed.

"The Modoc Indians got along peacefully with the white miners and emigrants till about 1853. Some irresponsible white men fired on some Indians of the Pitt River tribe, killing several. The Pitt River Indians waylaid and killed some emigrants near the present site of Alturas, California, in 1853. Some of the emigrants hurried to Yreka and

gave the alarm. Jim Crosby with about 60 miners, started out to punish the Pitt River Indians. They met several bands of Modoc Indians with whom they had no trouble. They were unable to find the guilty Pitt River Indians. On their return from their trip Crosby and his men camped near a band of Modoc Indians. Crosby visited the Modocs and gave them some bacon and bread. Knowing that the Modocs were friendly, Crosby's men did not put out any sentinels that night. They were attacked by a band of about 20 Pitt River Indians and several of the white men were wounded. Crosby, not knowing that the attack was made by the Pitt River Indians, ordered his men to clean up the Indians in the Modoc camp nearby. There were 14 men, women and children in the Modoc camp and they were getting breakfast when Crosby's men came and they did not know of the attack during the night and were utterly unsuspecting. Crosby and his men fired at them, killing 11 out of the 14. Three of the Indians got away and going from village to village, told how they had been attacked by the white men without provocation. This was the first Modoc blood spilled by the white men. The Modocs scattered, some going to the mountains and others hiding in the thick tules. The Modocs had not been able to get word to one of the Modoc bands called the Hot Creek Modocs. They came out to greet Crosby's men with signs of friendship. The volunteers fired at them, killing men, women and children.



The Emigrants Traveled in Long Trains to Ward off Indian Attacks

"Next day Captain Crosby with his men, reached Yreka with a large number of fresh scalps of Modoc Indians to exhibit as a sign of their prowess. Most of these scalps however, were the scalps of old squaws or children. Captain Crosby and his men were given a big dinner and a dance and his men told how in two pitched battles with the Indians, in which they were outnumbered, they had defeated them. While this needless slaughter of peaceable Indians happened in 1853, twenty years before the Modoc War, it was really the underlying cause of the Modoc War. Shortly after the massacre of the Indians by Captain Crosby's men, the Modoc chiefs called a council of all the Indians in that part of the country. Captain Jack's father was one of the principal chiefs in those days. Most of the head men decided that the only thing to do was to fight for their homes for it seemed they would be killed anyway and they might as well try to defend their long-time homes and protect their wives and children.

"During this council, Captain Jack was a mere boy not over 15 years old. Boys were not allowed to speak in council, but being the son of the head chief, he asked to say a few words and was given permission. He said, 'So far the Modocs have not killed any white people. Our hands are not yet stained with their blood. The white people killed us by mistake, thinking that it was the Modocs, not the Pitt River Indians that had attacked them. If we kill the emigrants and the other white people, it will simply mean that we will be killing innocent people and we ourselves will be killed for our acts.' Jack's father arose and said, 'My son is but a child but

he has spoken good words. I hope in time to come that he will be a good chief of our tribe.' Some of the Indians refused to agree not to kill any white men. Among these was a chief named Legugyokes. He and some of his young men attacked an emigrant train shortly after this, killing some of the white people. Survivors of this emigrant train carried the word of the attack of the Modoc Indians to Yreka and a company of volunteers was raised to hunt down the Indians, my father being one of these volunteer soldiers who came out to kill the Modocs. After the massacre of these emigrants by the Indians, practically all the Modocs took to the mountains where they lived for the next two or three years. No emigrants were killed in the Modoc country, though quite a few were killed from time to time in the Pitt River country.

"In the summer of 1856, during the Rogue River Indian war, Ben Wright, with some of his friends, joined a number of volunteers from Yreka and started out to find and kill the Modoc Indians. They killed the Indians wherever they found them, irrespective of whether they were peaceable or on the warpath. Meeting a Modoc Indian who could talk English, Ben Wright asked him to gather the Indians together for a peace talk. The runner was sent from village to village and 45 Modoc Indians with their squaws, gathered at the Natural Bridge to attend the council. Wright and his men returned as they had promised, dismounting near the Indian camp, Wright came to the Modocs and asked the Indians to camp nearer his men where he could hold a council more easily. He picked out a camp site for them on the river bank while he posted

his men just back of the Indian camp. Wright furnished the Indians a beef and some flour. Captain Jack's father was there and said that he was glad to be able to make peace with the whites, because they were tired of hiding in the mountains. Just at daylight Wright's men attacked the Modocs. Wright met Captain Jack's father, who was gathering small brush to make a fire for breakfast. Drawing his revolver, he shot Captain Jack's father dead and gave the command to his men to fire. The Indians were unarmed and before they could get their bows the whites charged them. The Indians ran to the river, but Wright had posted his men there and as the Indians swam across the river they were fired at and killed. Not a white man was injured because the Indians were unarmed when attacked. Only five of all of the Indian men escaped and these five were badly wounded. After the Indians had been butchered, Wright told his men to get the scalps and so the men, women and children were scalped and the scalps taken to Yreka and shown to the citizens who gave Ben Wright and his men a big banquet and dance.

"Captain Jack's father was dead. The Indians met in council, went to the scene of the butchery and gathered all of the bodies they could and cremated them. Many of the Indians though, had been shot while swimming the river and were never recovered. For many months the Indians watched the river banks and found more bodies which they buried. The Modocs took to the hills again where they hid for the next several years. Jack though a young man, went to Yreka where he met the county judge of Siskiyou County, and some of the leading citizens, who had learned the real facts of the unwarranted massacre and who promised Jack that such a thing would not be repeated. They told Jack that if he would keep his people at peace and not retaliate for the massacre of his father and the Indians that they would see that the white men did not attack the Indians again. They also promised that they would not let the white men disturb the Indians nor take their land. However, in 1859 a good many white people began taking up land where Captain Jack's tribe had their home near the Natural Bridge on Lost River. Captain Jack was able to keep his Indians from making any trouble and on their part, the emigrants did not kill nor disturb the Indians.

"In 1868 a settler named A. Ball had trouble with a Modoc Indian over a Modoc's squaw. Ball decided to let the Government settle his trouble for him so he wrote to Captain Knapp the agent of the Klamath Agency, saying that the Modocs were secretly planning trouble for the white settlers. Captain



No Emigrants Were Killed in the Modoc Country



Knapp wrote to Washington, D. C., and in answer to his letter the Indian Commissioner in Washington appointed a peace commission to investigate. A. B. Meacham of Salem, Oregon was appointed peace commissioner. Colonel Meacham in company with I. D. Applegate, John Meacham, George Nurse, Gus Horn and a company of cavalry were ordered in November 1869 to go to the home of the Modocs and hold a conference with the Modoc Indians. My father and mother were the interpreters. I was present. At this council the Modocs were ordered to leave their homes and go to the Klamath Agency. Captain Jack agreed to do this providing the white men would protect them from the Klamath Indians who outnumbered the Modocs and were unfriendly to them. The Indians were told to get ready to leave next day which they did. The soldiers provided eight government wagons with mule teams to carry the women and children to their new home.

"Captain Jack with his men began making rails which they could sell to the settlers. Some Klamath Indians came with wagons and loaded them with the rails that the Modoc Indians had made and drove away. Captain Jack went to the Indians and asked them why they were hauling away the rails. The Klamath Indians said, "This is our country and you have no right to cut

our timber. The white men have no right to bring you on our land. Everything here—the trees, the grass, the deer and the fish belong to the Klamaths. We will not let you have any of them. You will have to go back to Tule Lake where you belong. Captain Jack with one other Modoc went to the agency to see Captain Knapp. Captain Knapp said, 'If I were you Jack, I would move my people up on Williamson River. Let the Klamath Indians have what rails you have cut—they are not worth quarreling about, but if they bother you on Williamson River, let me know. Don't fight with them for I will protect you.'

"Captain Jack called a council and the Modocs moved to the new site selected by the agent, Captain O. C. Knapp. Next spring Captain Jack and his men began making rails. The Klamath Indians, true to their promise, came and took the rails away and warned Captain Jack not to cut any more timber. Captain Jack went to the agent as he had requested him to do and said the Klamath Indians were hauling away the rails they made. The agent happened to be in a very bad humor and cursed Captain Jack and said, 'If you come and bother me any more with your complaints I'll put you where you will never be able to bother anyone. Get out of here and get out damn quick.' Captain Jack said, 'If the government refuses to

protect me, where shall I look for protection?' The agent threatened Captain Jack and drove him out. Captain Jack said 'I am not a dog as you have called me. I am not a slave. If you will not protect me here and if the Klamaths will not let me live in peace, we will have to go back to our old home.' Captain Jack called a council and said, 'We will either have to fight the white man and the Klamaths or go back to Lost River!' So they decided to return to Lost River.

"They returned to their homes in 1870 and the government ignored the matter and allowed them to live there peaceably till 1872, when the matter was taken up and the government decided to make the Modocs return to the Klamath Agency. On November 28, 1872, the agent at the Klamath Agency received a telegram from the Secretary of War which said: 'Major Jackson. Go to Lost River and move Captain Jack and band of Modoc Indians to Klamath reservation, peaceable if you can but forcible if you must.' My mother heard of the telegram and caught her horse, Snippy, and rode 58 miles as hard as she could ride to warn Captain Jack of the impending trouble. She asked Captain Jack not to resist the soldiers. She told them it would be better to go and submit to the Klamaths than to fight the white men and have all their women and children killed. My mother rode 75 miles that day.

"This was on the 17th of November, 1872. Scarface Charley, Shagnasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, Bogus Charley, Hooker, Jim Skookum Horse and Curley-headed Jack caught their horses and riding around to the north side of Tule Lake, they visited their white friends at the different ranches, asking them to stay at home next day as if the soldiers attacked them they did not want by accident to kill any of the settlers or their white friends. The settlers promised to stay on their ranches and not take part in the trouble next day. That night Major Jackson with his cavalry came and camped four miles from the Modoc village on Lost River. The Indians held a council till late into the night, Captain Jack urging them not to have trouble with the soldiers because if they did, it would mean the wiping out of his band. Finally the Indians agreed to go peaceably if the soldiers did not attack them. The Indians went to their lodges and went to sleep supposing that if they went with the soldiers peaceably there would be no trouble.

"The soldiers, however, had different plans. They believed that the only good Indian was a dead Indian and so at dawn on November 29, 1872, the soldiers rode into the camp so that they
(Continued on page 43)

The Invisible Guide

IN ANYTHING but a pleasant frame of mind, Grant Crowell, owner of the Hesper mine, completed his morning inspection of the underground workings and retraced his way to the surface. It had been a repetition of the same old story—nothing new in the stopes, not even a promising stringer in his prospect tunnels. He had already glanced over the previous day's assay reports, checked up his bank balance, and found himself facing the disagreeable fact that the Hesper's days as a working mine were numbered. The gloomy December sky was quite in keeping with his mood as he strode along the car track towards the outer end of the dump. Rounding a curve in the deep snow-trench he discovered the lean, sinewy figure of Andy Wilson, his foreman, approaching from the opposite direction, a pair of long skis balanced over one shoulder.

"Mornin', Grant," the latter greeted him. Crowell came to an abrupt halt.

"Oh, so it's you, is it? Where've you been?" he demanded irritably, ignoring the salutation. "I've been searching the whole works for you! Why aren't you underground, where you belong at this hour of day? Those muttonheads in Number Two stope are trying to put in a finger-chute this morning, and a sweet bungle they're making of it! You'd better chase in there and see that the job's done right!"

"Well, Grant, I'll admit I've been playin' hookey from my job all mornin'," confessed Andy, quite unperturbed by the other's wrath. "But I had a darn good reason—somethin' a helluva lot more important than finger-chutes, I'll tell the world!"

"Well, let's have it, Andy!" snapped the young mine owner impatiently. "Don't be all day!"

"Grant, there's somethin' almighty queer goin' on in the mine! It's a kind of a long story, an' I'll have to begin at the beginnin'. I haven't mentioned it before because it sounds so all-fired looney I knew yuh'd laugh at me. Yuh know, I've always enforced that rule of yours about the men countin' their shots, to guard against missed holes. Well, one day about a month ago, the boys workin' way back in the new raise an' the two cross-cuts leadin' out of it tried to tell me that at quittin' time they'd set off a total of eighteen shots in all three faces—an' counted twenty-four when they went off! I laughed at 'em, naturally—told 'em they was gettin' bats in their belfries! That made 'em sore,

By JOHN McLOUGHLIN HARVEY

an' not a one of 'em mentioned the matter again, but about a week later the whole bunch—both shifts—threatened to quit if I didn't change 'em to some other part of the mine! I tried to find out the trouble, but they were mum as clams—said they didn't aim to be laughed at no more! So I changed 'em, an' put a new bunch in their places. Grant, since then I've had to change crews on that work three times—had to put on a new bunch last night! I had a talk with some of the boys that had kicked about goin' in there again. One old-timer—old Jim McCormick, it was, blabbed it all at last—that same old yarn about the extra shots! He said it happens every shift. An' Grant, what do yuh s'pose that superstitious old cuss tried to tell me? Said it was the spooks of the McGonigal boys, blastin' in the stope where they was killed!"

"The McGonigal boys!" Crowell snorted. "Well, of all the ridiculous propositions I've ever heard of, that takes the cake! Andy, I'd like to laugh, but the memroy of that thing is still too fresh in my mind for that!"

Mention of the McGonigals had recalled, in all its distressing details, the tragedy that a year before had marred the Hesper's otherwise unbroken record of forty years operation without a fatality. The two brothers, working alone in one of the old stopes, had been caught in a great cave-in and their bodies never recovered from the debris-filled ore-chamber, although Crowell had spent thousands in the attempt.

"How about the rest of the bunch?" he demanded after a brief silence. "Are they all superstitious enough to take stock in any such an absurd belief as that?"

"Not a one would admit it, Grant. But all the same, you can't hire one of those boys to work in there again for love nor money! They'll quit first—they told me so. It's a lucky thing, though, every man of them has kept a stiff upper lip about the whole thing, fearin' the rest of the force would guy the life out of 'em—so that's left me plenty of new men to shove into the places of them I've transferred."

"Andy, the whole thing is ridiculous! For two cents I'd fire the whole superstitious gang! What's the matter with those fellows, anyhow—have they forgotten how to count?"

"Grant, the boys are right about those extra shots!"

"Well, for the love of Mike! Andy,

you're as bad as the rest! Don't tell me you believe that cock-and-bull story too!"

"I sure didn't until today, Grant! The boys had caused me so much bother, shiftin' crews around, that I decided I'd investigate. At four o'clock this mornin' I went into the mine an' visited the night shift gangs in all three headin's. I counted their holes an' watched 'em load—there was a total of sixteen loaded in all three faces. The night shift quits at five, yuh know, an' so at four-fifty they lit their fuses an' we all lit out. It's a thousand feet or so from those headin's out to the main stope, an' the boys out there never spits fuses 'till all three prospectin' crews is out an' past, 'count of the smoke an' the danger of flyin' rocks. One man from each crew waits in the tunnel this side of the stope an' counts shots. Well, Grant, I stayed with the boys an' checked the count. There was twenty-one shots went off somewhere back in them old workin's—where I knew there was only sixteen loaded holes!"

"Rats!" snorted Crowell. "Andy, don't look me in the face and tell me any such whopper as that! Man, you must have counted the echoes, too!"

"Echoes be damned!" retorted the other with heat. "Grant, I know what I'm talkin' about! Yuh know when you're underground at blastin' time how the concussion of every shot comes through the rock before yuh hear the sound? Sort of like a hammer-tap alongside of yuh—an' then a couple of seconds later yuh hear the explosion. Well, every one of them twenty-one shots sent its concussion first, plain an' distinct! The last five shots sounded different from the others—both the concussions an' explosions was fainter, an' as near as I could tell they come from somewhere higher up—to tell the truth, Grant, straight from the direction of the old stope where the McGonigal boys was killed! Yuh can't realize it, out here in daylight—but inside there, with darkness all around, it was uncanny, I'm tellin' yuh! In a way, yuh can't blame the boys for the way they're actin'!"

"Well, Andy, this yarn of yours sounds like a pipe-dream! I don't suppose you stopped to consider that those other shots—if there were any, which I confess I doubt—might have been in the Eagle? Their stopes are only a couple of thousand feet in an air-line from where you were listening."

"No chance, Grant! I heard the Eagle's blastin', too, after our was over—mighty faint, but clear an' distinct,

an' different altogether. Them five shots was a heap closer than the Eagle, I'm tellin' the world!"

"Bushwa! I'll investigate this thing myself at blasting time this afternoon! I suppose you'll be telling me next you've fallen for that spook stuff yourself!"

"Yuh're wrong there, Grant. But I've got an idea! Yuh see, I went back in the mine again when the smoke had cleared away, an' done a little investigatin'. I tumbled to somethin' that looked mighty queer to me! Since breakfast I've been snoopin' around some more—not underground, though—an' what I learned sure set me to thinkin'."

"Well, what's your idea about it?"

"Grant, the conclusion I come to is so all-fired big I'm liable to swell up an' bust if I have to hold it in much longer! But I sure don't aim to be laughed at, so I reckon I'll take the risk. But I tell yuh what I'll do—I'll bet yuh a new twenty-dollar Stetson I can take yuh right to the spot them extra shots went off, an' on top of that I'll bet yuh that pearl-handled, silver-mounted Colt that's for sale down at the Mono Commercial Company's store that yuh'll get the biggest surprise of your life besides! Take me up, Grant?"

"I'll take you, Andy! If I lose, I buy the hat and gun for you; if you lose, vice versa. That the idea?"

"Yuh've got it, Grant! We may have a hard trip, an' we want to get back before blastin' time, 'count of the smoke in the mine."

"I'll be ready, Andy. Meet me at the office at one o'clock. And now you'd better get back on your job."

The foreman started away, then paused. "Grant," he began after a brief hesitation. "There's somethin' botherin' yuh. Yuh ain't been your old, natural self for a long time—even the boys in the mine are beginnin' to notice it. What's wrong, old man?"

"Everything! And, I'm at the end of my rope. Barring some unforeseen dispensation of Providence, I'll have to shut the Hesper down at the end of the month!"

The foreman whistled. "I knew you was runnin' under a big handicap, Grant, but I sure never dreamed things was that bad."

"The Hesper's on its last legs, Andy! There isn't a ton of ore exposed in the stopes that'll pay the cost of mining and milling with labor and supplies at their present figures. I've been working at a loss for the past year. There's only one end to that sort of thing, you know." A huskiness came into Crowell's voice as he went on. "It's tough, Andy! I've grown to love the old Hesper—just as Dad did—and all of this, too!" He indicated with a wave of his hand the snow-clad slopes and saw-tooth peaks

that walled them in. "It's all become my very life, and I don't want any other. It's my home and my world. Mother and Edith are different—you couldn't tear them away from their society affairs and the old home in San Francisco. They can't understand my love for this sort of thing—I guess that's my heritage from Dad. He understood it, all right—that's why he willed the Hesper to me. I tell you what, Andy—it's going to tear my heart out by the roots to give it all up and go! I'll have to, though—there's no other way out." He paused, shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness. "Oh, well, there's nothing to be gained by worrying, I suppose!"

"Grant, I've got a thousand bucks locked up in Jim McNamara's safe down there in the Northern. Yuh're welcome to the whole pile, if it'll help yuh any."

"I know you mean that, Andy, and I thoroughly appreciate it—but I couldn't take it. It'd just sink out of sight in those old holes, like the rest of my pile."

Andy laid a reassuring hand on Crowell's shoulder. "Well, Grant, don't holler 'til yuh're bit!" he admonished cheerily. "It's two weeks yet 'til the end of the month, an' a heap can happen in that time! It likely will, too, or I sure miss my guess!" he predicted. "Well, I reckon I'll trail along inside an' show them dummies how to build a finger-chute! So long—see yuh later!"

Crowell watched him as he went whistling cheerily away toward the mine entrance. The loyal, happy-go-lucky son of the Sierras had been his chum and playmate in boyhood years, their acquaintance dating from the occasion of Crowell's first, never-to-be-forgotten vacation visit to his father's gold mine. In later years that boyhood friendship had deepened into a bond that was akin to brotherhood. Together they had learned the trails and passes of their wild mountain playground, hunted deer in its timbered valleys, fished for silvery beauties in the emerald depths of its ice-girdled lakes among the summit ridges. They were both the same age—twenty-six—but in his ways, Crowell was a full dozen years the other's senior. Andy seemed quite incapable of outgrowing the reckless, irresponsible spirit of his boyhood years. Aside from all this, he was a skilled miner and competent foreman, his position at the mine ranking next to that of Crowell, who found him quite indispensable.

Dismissing from his mind Andy's story of the mysterious blasting as too absurd for consideration, Crowell resumed his way along the track to the outer end of the dump. There, where the car men had shovelled the snow away and the view about was unobstructed, he paused, his gaze roving absently

about over the familiar scenes that since boyhood, of all places he had known, he had loved the best.

Beneath him lay Tamarack Valley, its floor buried beneath twelve feet of snow, double that depth in places where the winter winds had piled it in drifts. From where he stood, a trail in the snow, packed by the daily tramping of many feet, zig-zagged down the steep slope to where on the level ground two hundred yards below, a cluster of white mounds surmounted by smoking chimneys marked the site of the cabins and log buildings of Hecla, highest gold camp west of the Rockies, ten thousand feet above the sea. Just below him he spied a chunky, red-faced individual toiling up the last steep stretch of the trail, and his worried frown melted away in an amused grin as he watched the other's laborious approach.

"The top of the marnin' to ye, Misther Crowell!" the newcomer hailed as he puffed up the side of the dump.

Good morning, Pat! Well, how's the Callahan family getting along?"

"Barrin' thot me ould woman's got the lumbago, an' little Nora's got the mumps, we's all middlin' fair, thank ye kindly, sor."

"Well, Pat, what can I do for you?"

"Misther Crowell, I'm ashkin' ye if ye'll take me back on me ould job."

"What's the matter, Pat? Fired again, already?"

"No, sor! I shtill got me job, but I don't loike me boss."

Crowell laughed. "Can you tell me anyone who does like Austin, Pat?"

"Faith, an' thot I cannot, Misther Crowell, onliss bechance it's thim gunpackin' Tonypah rowdies he kapes on his pay roll, an' a bullyin', black-hearted lot they be, sor! Misther Crowell, if ye'll only take me back, ye'll niver agin kitch ould Pat shlapin' whin he's shpoised to be wurrukin', he's a-promisin' ye that!"

"Pat, I'd be glad to give you another chance, if things were different here. I couldn't promise you more than two weeks' work, though. After that, a shut-down is about the only thing in sight. The old Hesper's about finished, Pat."

"Ye don't mane it! Well, lad, an' I'm throubled to hear ye sayin' so! Sure now an' thot's hell, Misther Crowell!"

"Old Dame Fortune deals the cards, Pat, and it's no use to kick, though I'm sorry I can't take you on again. The old lady seems to be smiling on your new boss, though! Say, Pat, whereabouts in the Eagle is he getting all this rich rock I hear so much about?"

"Bejabers, I don't know meself, sor! Aushtin's kapin' it moighty myshterious, he is, an' barrin' him, divil a man in camp but thim Tonypahs what's minin' it knows where the shtuff's a-comin'

from. Thim bullies is wurrukin' somewhere back in Crosscut Number Sivin, on the Angle's top livil, an' thot's all I knows, sor. Aushtin's give every man Jack of us but thim Tonypahs ordhers to kape the hell out o' there."

Crowell beheld a sudden look of apprehension on the old miner's face.

"Lad, who's comin' from the Aigle mine? Me ould eyes ain't what they once was."

Crowell glanced toward the snowmantled plant of the Eagle, a quarter of a mile away, the Hesper's nearest neighbor and scene of a recent sensational gold discovery which had been the talk of the district for the past few days. Midway of the intervening space, silhouetted against the white slope, he discovered a dark figure approaching on snowshoes.

"Pat, speak of the devil and he's sure to appear!" he laughed, after a brief scrutiny. "It's your highly esteemed employer, Mr. J. B. Austin!"

"Holy Saint Pathrick! If thot divil sh'picons ould Pat's been a-thryin' to git back on his ould job, he sure will tie a can to me tail! Lad, I'll be goin', an' the good Lord kape ye 'til Pat sees ye agin'!"

Callahan went lumbering down the slippery trail, and Crowell turned to await the arrival of his second visitor, wondering at the nature of the business that had brought him. The manager and part owner of the Eagle had never before honored—or rather, as Crowell would put it, dishonored—the Hesper with his presence. Austin climbed the steep dump on a long slant, twisted his toes loose from the straps of his skis and advanced with smiling face and extended hand.

"Good morning, Crowell! How's everything?" the visitor inquired genially, the effort required for this unusual affability but poorly concealed. Crowell's response was courteous but cool as he strove to mask his dislike of the man.

"Hope I'm not intruding at a busy time, Crowell," Austin purred on. "If you can spare me a few moments I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Certainly. Shall we go to my office?"

"Oh, no! Not necessary at all! We can talk here quite as well. Crowell, I understand things are going badly with the mine. I'll put it a little more bluntly—I've been led to believe that you're in a serious fix financially and facing an immediate shut-down. Am I right?"

"You seem to be pretty well posted with regard to my affairs, Austin. What business is that of yours?"

"No offense intended, Crowell! You needn't answer that question if you prefer not to. But assuming that certain rumors I've heard are true, I've come prepared to make you an offer, and in-

cidentally save you from a disastrous smash. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for the Hesper, cash down!"

Crowell studied the other for a long moment. "Am I to understand that you are making this offer on behalf of all Eagle stockholders, Austin, or as a private speculation of your own?"

The other laughed loudly. "Stockholders!" he guffawed. "Say, Crowell, you certainly don't imagine I was fool enough to let out the news of a bonanza such as I've uncovered without first getting rid of those poor fish, do you? Why, man, every share of Eagle stock has stood in my name for more than a month! Every single dollar in dividends the Eagle pays from now on goes into the pockets of J. B. Austin!" He slapped his thigh in emphasis of this statement. "Stockholders! Haw! Haw! Call 'em suckers, Crowell! I already owned the controlling interest, as you know, and I hammered the stock down to almost nothing by letting out some discouraging reports and then voting a heavy assessment. That made the boobs let go, you can bet! After my brokers had corralled the last outstanding share I let the news out—big strike just made, and all that! Pretty slick, eh?"

Apparently expecting commendation for his astuteness, he paused, leering at Crowell with a familiarity disgusting to the latter.

"Well, how about it, Crowell?" he pursued. "You'd better take my advice and sell while you've got a chance! Think over my offer for a day or two if you like. I'm in no rush."

"You can have my answer now, Austin. I don't care to sell."

"I'll make it twenty-five thousand, then!"

Crowell's face darkened.

"Austin, if you offered me a million for the mine, it would make no difference! I won't sell—to you! For the ten years past you and your methods have been a disgrace to this camp! Your reputation and your rotten, swindling deals have smelled to high heaven until your name has become a byword in the mining world! You've given the entire Hecla district a black eye amongst mining men, so that it's no longer possible to get a dollar of outside capital for investment here! If there was any justice in this old world, every dollar you're taking out of that new bonanza of yours would go into the pockets of the poor dupes you've swindled of their hard-earned savings! Before I'd see the Hester in your dirty hands and its name decorating the pages of your lying circulars, you crook, I'd shut the mine down and let it lie idle and caving until the crack of doom!"

"That's what it's going to do, all right!" sneered Austin. "Crowell,

you're a sentimental fool! You've lost your last chance to pull out of the hole you're in! I retract that offer—I wouldn't buy your damned mine from you now if I could get it for a plugged nickel!"

"Get off my ground, you red-handed cur!" Crowell was fast losing control of himself.

Austin's face went white and this thin lips curled back in a wolfish snarl. "What do you mean by that?"

"You know well enough what I mean!" Crowell pointed his finger accusingly in the other's distorted face. "There's thirty graves down there in the cemetery at Hecla that were filled on Christmas day, two years ago—eighteen of them women and children! You're as guilty of their murder as if you'd killed them with your own hands, you hound!"

For a single instant he saw fear written in every line of the other's face; then defiance took its place.

"To hell with you!" Austin spat the words viciously, kicking his toes into his ski straps. "To hell with you!" he flung back over his shoulder, side-stepping until the up-curved points lined towards his distant camp. Crowell watched his departure with mingled feelings of anger and disgust. At last, chilled from his long stay in the open without exertion, he shivered, buttoned his mackinaw and retraced his steps toward his office.

Passing through a short tunnel with roof and walls of shovel-marked snow, he entered the big snow-shed beyond. Electric lights glittered brightly in the enclosed space that otherwise would have been dark as night. The mill and all of the buildings of the Hesper, including the living quarters of the men, stood huddled in a great excavation at the tunnel entrance. A roof of heavy timber, built flush with the slope of the mountain side and supported by a massive system of posts, braces and cribbing, protected the frail structures beneath from the danger of snow-slides.

Twice these terrible agents of destruction had thundered harmlessly over the shed, spending their titanic force upon unprotected Hecla below, with fearful results to the little town.

Crowell, as well as almost every other resident of the district, blamed the last of these disasters directly upon Austin. There had been a thaw, followed by a day of heavy rain. Andy, returning from a dangerous snow-shoe trip, had reported that the snow on the steep slope all the way from Tioga Crest down to the level of the Hesper and Eagle mines was in a dangerous condition, cracking and ready to slide. The two mines, protected by their sheds, were in no danger whatever, but Crowell,

thinking of the dwellers in the town below, and fearing that the concussion of underground blasting—slight though it would be at the surface—might possibly start that fearful downward rush, had decided not to risk the firing of a single shot in the Hesper until the next freeze had ended the peril.

He had immediately dispatched a trustworthy snow-shoe messenger to Austin, acquainting him with the facts and suggesting that he take a similar precaution. Whether that message had ever reached Austin or not had been a much-debated question in Hecla ever since. The ugly fact remained that shortly afterward the muffled detonations of exploding dynamite in the Eagle mine and the first crash of the impending slide had come simultaneously. Whether it had been a ghastly coincidence or because, as Crowell had feared, the slight jar had precipitated the catastrophe, was another open question, with the majority strongly inclining to the latter belief. It had been Hecla's most disastrous of all slides, and when Crowell and his men had descended to the harrowing work of rescue, the scenes in the little town had defied description.

On a gloomy Christmas day, the saddest of all days in its history, Hecla buried its dead, and when the last rites were over, a column of grim, silent men had wound its way over the gigantic debris piles to the Eagle mine. Austin had pleaded his ignorance of conditions, swearing that Crowell's message had not been received. There had been no witness to that fact. The messenger himself had perished in the slide—on his return, Crowell had always firmly believed, after accomplishing his mission, for there had been ample time for the delivery of the message and issuing of the necessary orders. That Austin himself was still living was due solely to the fact that the men of Hecla had given him the benefit of the doubt.

Since that day, dark suspicions had lingered in the minds of all Heclans, and Austin had been hated by the mountain people with a bitterness that time had failed to dull. Because jobs were scarce, Hecla men still worked in his mine, accepting his tainted money in return for their toil, though one and all cursing the necessity that drove them to it. Undaunted by the disaster, a new Hecla had risen upon the ruins of the old, its people imbued with that indomitable spirit which has made the West what it is today.

Following the car track, Crowell continued along a narrow passageway, flanked by doorways, lighted windows and orderly piles of framed mine timbers, past the opening of a branch passage in which the steamy air pulsed with the deep throbbing of a compressor and the

rumble of pounding stamps, coming at last to the little building that served for his office and living quarters. Poking up the fire and seating himself with feet braced against the nickeled guard-rail of the big heater, he wasted a fruitless hour mentally groping for a way out of his financial difficulties. The clangor of the boarding-house gong announcing the noon meal aroused him at last and he went to lunch. An hour later Andy found him waiting at the office, scowling and irritable.

"Ready, Grant?"

"Any time, Andy. I want you to distinctly understand, though, that I consider this the biggest fool expedition I've ever embarked on. I don't take any stock whatever in that crazy yarn of yours, I can tell you that!"

"Maybe yuh'll change your mind later! Bring along your compass, Grant, an' the blue-print that shows the old upper levels. Maybe we'll need the map, but most likely we won't. Yuh see, I've got a guide waitin' to take us right to where that spooky blastin's goin' on, map or no map!"

"Oh, you have, have you?" Crowell's tone was edged with sarcasm. "Anything else you'd advise me to take?"

"You bet! All of that missin' good nature of yours yuh can dig up, Grant—it ain't so heavy to pack around as a grouch." Crowell had no come-back for this thrust.

With a plentiful supply of matches and their pockets filled with extra candles, they entered the long main tunnel. A thousand feet in from the portal, hollow rumblings and clankings and the rhythmic purring of machine drills became audible, filling the darkness about them with weird echoes, the sounds growing more distinct as they approached the big stope ahead. Their way led through the ore-chamber and into the extension of the tunnel beyond. Five hundred feet more, and Andy turned off into an unused cross-cut that branched to the right. At its farther end they paused beneath the foot of an old vertical raise extending upward into the higher levels of the mine—old levels worked out and abandoned twenty to forty years before.

The light from their candles revealed the rotten ladderway and crumbling timbers for a short distance above their heads. Above that, timbers and ladderway vanished in unfathomable darkness.

"Where's that guide you were talking about?" demanded Crowell, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"He's right here, an' from now on he'll be with us, showin' us the way. Yuh won't see him, though—he's plumb invisible."

"Spook, huh?" Crowell's sarcasm was

cutting. He skeptically studied the other for symptoms of insanity, finding none.

"I never said that!" retorted Andy. "Now quit pesterin' me with questions. Yuh'll sure need all your breath climbin' these old raises. Grant, these old ladders are mighty rotten. We'll go up 'em one at a time. Don't start climbin' 'til yuh see my light wave three times—that'll mean I'm at the top. An' stand clear—if anythin' busts, I'm goin' to land down here like a ton of brick!"

Crowell watched his companion's upward progress until his candle became a flickering pin-point of light far above. Then, at the signal agreed upon, he commenced his climb. The ladder was indeed rotten, and he proceeded cautiously, ready at an instant's warning to grab for the heavy wall-timbers. At last he joined Andy at the top, and together the two toiled up a long, steep incline partially filled with loose rock and old timbers. After that came another vertical raise, followed by a short stretch of level drift, and they found themselves in an old stope. It was a very large one. Great boulders and masses of crumbled rock that had caved from the roof and walls littered the floor, and their lights revealed other masses, tons in weight, hanging and tottering, ready to crash at the slightest jar. A sudden sharp cracking sound startled them. Crowell knew that sound—the miner's warning of "working" ground—the danger-signal of an impending cave-in that might come in moments or perhaps not for days. It was a sound no miner likes to hear. Andy hesitated, then came to a halt.

"What are you waiting for?" growled Crowell, with an uneasy glance overhead. "This place is a death-trap! Let's get out of here!"

"Hold your horses, Grant! Look at your map an' tell me how many ways there is out, an' where they're at. That'll save us a heap of prowlin' around."

"Where's that spooky guide of yours? He's a jim-dandy!" jeered Crowell, impatient to be gone from this dangerous spot.

"He's showed me the way so far, but he goes on strike when he gets into a big hole like this," explained Andy. "We'll find him ready an' waitin', though, somewhere ahead at the proper outlet for us to take. What does the map say, Grant?"

The map indicated four outlets from the old ore-chamber.

"No use tryin' the winzes," decided Andy. "We're headin' up, not down. That leaves the drift an' the raise. Steer us a compass course to that raise, Grant."

Consulting the map, Crowell led the way, compass in hand.

"Look out you don't touch this roof!"

he warned anxiously as they crawled over the tops of huge piles of rock and shattered timbers. When the farther wall became visible, Andy went ahead and soon discovered the foot of the old raise. He stood for a moment beneath the black opening, his candle lifted as high as he could reach.

"Nothin' doin', Grant! I reckon it'll be the drift." As they proceeded along the wall in the direction indicated by the map, there was a muffled crash somewhere behind them and Crowell felt the rock floor tremble beneath a heavy impact. A violent puff of air extinguished their candles, leaving them in Stygian darkness.

"Some cave-in, that!" laughed Andy as they relighted their candles. "Grant, if we'd been under that, we'd be lookin' like a couple of Cookee's flapjacks about now!"

"Ugh!" shivered Crowell. "Don't talk about it! Let's get out of here!"

A few moments later they discovered the drift. The entrance was caved so that the opening would barely admit the body of a man. Andy poked his candle into the hole and peered through.

"Looks like bad goin' ahead, Grant," he announced. "But my guide's here, an' says this is the way, so in we go!"

The next half hour was one that tried their patience and courage to the utmost. In places the drift had caved until the space between roof and debris piles beneath was so small that for yards at a time they were forced to crawl. In many such places the crumbling roof threatened to collapse at a touch and

crush the life from them. As they toiled along, numerous branch passages led off to the side or gaped above them. Andy paused at each of these points and Crowell watched him curiously, mystified by his actions. After a brief study of his candle flame he would announce "Nothin' doin'," or "This is her," as the case happened to be. Enlightenment slowly came to Crowell, and with it his temper rose to boiling point. Crawling through a particularly difficult hole he caught up with the other in a place where the space between floor and roof permitted them to stand erect.

"Hold on a minute!" he exploded. "I'm calling this wild-goose chase off, here and now! I've had enough! Andy you blamed idiot, I've tumbled to that 'guide' of yours—you're following the air current that's circulating through these old workings—regardless of where it takes us! You dummy, the air circulating through any mine flows in through the lower-most openings, out through the higher ones—you ought to know that! It's the simplest and most fundamental of all the laws of mine ventilation. I can tell you right now, without going another step, where this 'guide' of yours will lead us to—the mouth of the Bill Bodie tunnel! The Hesper's only surface outlet above the lower tunnel, you idiot!"

Andy took this call-down good-naturedly. "Grant, yuh're plumb wrong! This mornin' I thought it was darn queer when I found air a-blowin' up that old raise down in the west cross-cut, with all that snow outside. Right after breakfast I snowshoed up to the

mouth of that old Bill Bodie tunnel. Just like I thought, she's sealed up tighter'n a drum with twenty feet or more of hard, packed snow!"

He paused, noting the effect of his words. "I'm glad to see yuh're comin' around to my way of thinkin'," he grinned. "This air couldn't be circulatin' unless there was a surface openin' somewhere else. I've a darn good idea where it is! I reckon yuh get the drift of my remarks, Grant."

Crowell was dumfounded as he digested the other's surprising statement. One possible point of egress for the moving air flashed into his mind, almost instantly suggesting a possible explanation of the mysterious blasting. At best it was but a remote possibility, yet so startling that it fairly stunned him.

"Andy, you don't mean—you don't suppose—" he gasped incredulously. "Good Lord."

"We'll darn soon know, Grant! Well, let's go!"

For half an hour more they toiled through a twisting, branching, caving labyrinth, dangerous in the extreme. At every branch opening. Andy consulted his invisible guide. The faint movement of the air was almost imperceptible to the senses, but readily revealed and its direction indicated by the flickering of the candle flame. At last they crawled wearily out of the top of a long, steep incline and seated themselves for a rest on a level rock floor.

(To Be Continued)



One of Many Scenes of Mining Operations

How Hawaiian Islands Came on the Map

(Continued From August)

ON one occasion Kamehameha proposed that his spiritual adviser should leap from a certain precipice, calling upon his God to save him from destruction; Kamehameha said that if the prayer were answered, he would accept the white man's God, which reminds us of a similar incident recorded in the Bible.

Hawaiian commerce began with the exchange of food products for trinkets and articles of substantial value made of iron and steel. It was soon discovered, however, that in their fragrant sandalwood the Hawaiians possessed an article eagerly sought for by the Chinese; whereupon an extensive and lucrative trade in this prized commodity was quickly built up and from it the King and Chiefs received large revenues. With funds thus obtained, the King purchased a luxurious, sea-going American yacht, a schooner of considerable size, and many expensive articles of personal and household use. Chiefs and natives of lower rank were not slow to follow the King's example of extravagance, insofar as opportunity availed, and the introduction of alcoholic liquors and their immoderate use, was productive of great increase in debauchery and crime. For many years the Hawaiian Islands were considered a hotbed for licentiousness and vice of every description, while a saying, much in use at that period, seems to have been well grounded in fact: "Beyond Cape Horn there is no God."

Most important of all historical events in Hawaii was the advent of the first Christian missionaries already referred to. These Christian pioneers left Boston in 1819, reaching the islands after a perilous and distressful voyage of five months. The party included three clergymen and their wives; a physician, a farmer and a printer, all three accompanied by their wives, as well as by several children; there were also three young native Hawaiians, who had received a Christian education in New England.

After some days, during

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and
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which the weary missionaries were not permitted to land, the King went out to the ship. His clothing consisted of the malo (breech clout), a green silk scarf and necklace. At this time he gave reluctant consent for the missionaries to remain on the islands for a period of one year; at a later period he agreed to their permanent residence.

These first missionaries and their subsequent followers were truly remarkable people. To the sturdy qualities characterizing that New England stock to which the people of the United States will ever owe a debt of grateful recognition, there was the added element of a liberal New England education; for these were highly educated and refined people, whose first contact with savages came with a rude shock.

Though happily they found the Hawaiians were not cannibals, as Cook had supposed them to be, they were savages none the less. They had destroyed the

symbols of their heathen worship, but they still worshipped their gods; they practiced polygamy and polyandry; they practiced infanticide without penalty or reproof; they believed in witchcraft, and employed kahunas, or magicians, to destroy their enemies by prayer and magic; they were licentious, drunken and dissolute. In times of public mourning, as when a chief had died, they gave themselves up to a frenzied saturnalia of crime and violence surpassing the practices of the ancient Romans. And yet they had their virtues, for though improvident, they were generous; without any word in their language representative of the idea of gratitude, they were kindly in disposition. They were essentially a careless, merry, pleasure-loving, childish, tractible lot, easily influenced to good or evil.

The moral regeneration of such a population as this offered a task of most formidable proportions. But instruction was soon begun and the co-operation of the chiefs having been secured, attendance of the common people was required by those in authority. As soon as

possible the missionaries gave the natives a written language, a most remarkable achievement, translating into it the Bible and various educational books. Conversion of the natives to Christianity, at first a difficult task, became less so through the influence and example of the chiefs and chieftainesses, particularly the latter. Two chieftainesses especially aided in this endeavor; one of these was Kaahumanu, a wife of Kamehameha I, who later influenced King Liholiho to aid her in abolishing the tabu and in overthrowing the idols; the other was Kapiolani, a high chieftainess who, attended by a great retinue and in the presence of a multitude, descended into the crater of Kilauea and there defied Pele, goddess of the volcano. This distinguished act of heroism, as dramatic as anything in history, is fittingly commemorated in one of Tennyson's poems.

In the second decade of missionary influence, great religious revivals took place and many thousands of converts were made. Mean-



A Mirror Lake in Picturesque Hawaii



Riding the Surf Is a Popular Sport of the Hawaiians

while so rapid was the progress of the natives in the acquisition to general education, that in a very few years, there was actually less illiteracy in the Hawaiian Islands than in New England. Still further, guided by the precepts of Christianity, the King gave the Hawaiian people a constitutional form of government, and in the forties Kamehameha IV promulgated the Great Mehele, by which an equitable distribution of property was made, and in which the entire population participated, thus freeing the people from what amounted to serfdom.

Four successive descendants of Kamehameha the Great ruled over the islands as hereditary monarchs. The direct Kamehameha line being then extinct, Lunalilo was elected king. Upon his death, Kalakaua was chosen, he in turn being succeeded by his sister, Lilioukalani, the last of the native monarchs, who lost her throne in an unrighteous attempt to usurp ancient powers. A provisional government was formed in the year 1892; this was followed by the formation of the Republic of Hawaii and finally in the year 1898, the islands were annexed to the United States, becoming the Territory of Hawaii, as it is now officially known.

For the tourist, particularly for one seeking new experiences, the Hawaiian Islands offer attractions many and varied. The steep, rugged mountains of lava, except in their loftiest heights, are

clothed in mantles of verdure. Basking in a genial climate which knows no extremes of heat or cold, the rich soil supports a luxuriant flora of surpassing beauty. The warm rays of a tropic sun are tempered by constant cool trade winds. Here the breath of winter never blights a leaf or flower. The drought, which other farmers dread, is scarcely feared at all by the tiller of Hawaiian

A SUNSET

When you've watched the magic blending
Of the earth and sea and sky,
And gazed in breathless wonder at the sight,
As the purple glory gathers
When the day begins to die
And fade into the shadows of the night,
With raptured eyes you look, and ask
No greater boon of Fate
Than just to see the sun go down
Beyond the Golden Gate.

—Suzanne McKelvy

soil, for the dependable trade wind bears its welcome burden of moisture caught up from the wide ocean, and distributed generously over the plantations. Upon some of the loftier mountain peaks the fall of rain is almost incessant; but this bounty of nature is not entirely wasted, but directed by skilled hands it flows into pools for storage and is used in times of need. Strange as it may seem, though in some localities there is an abundance of moisture, in others quite nearby there

may be an equally constant dearth of rain; and yet in these very dry localities the diverted water may through irrigation be made to produce results superior to those known in wetter regions.

The eye, then, is everywhere greeted by the most charming aspects of nature. Strangely enough lava thrown up from unknown depths of earth, in time disintegrated and softened by exposure to rain and weather, yields a rich soil. Go to the Island of Hawaii and here the secrets of nature are unfolded before your very eyes. Here are lava flows which took place within the memories of living men and yet upon their hardened surfaces vegetation is thriving, even to the extent of large trees. Ferns and shrubs are growing right in the hot mouth of mighty Kilauea. At times a vast river of molten rock has burst forth, far up on the sides of Mauna Loa and with resistless force, overcoming every obstacle in its way, has destroyed all objects in its path, pursuing its fiery course only to be checked by the cool depths of the encircling ocean. Here a new headland has appeared or perhaps a small islet comes up and the area of Hawaii has been increased. In fact the entire mass of the Hawaiian Islands is formed of lava which has been thrown up from the floor of the sea and the process of world-building thus begun may still be witnessed at the present day at the great volcano and upon the sides of Mauna Loa, one of the great snow-capped island peaks of Hawaii.

Last Laugh

By PARK ABBOTT

THE NIGHT was warm and filled with the strange, clanging music of the tea shops. The day's sun had penetrated dank spots in the alleys roundabout, and brought out heavy odors for the evening breeze to catch up and sift through open eating houses there to mix with spicy steam from cauldrons of boiling food. It was a night hanging closely to earth to cover the sins of men, and the clanging brasses and oriental fiddles were an encouragement to play with the devil. The road seemed to seethe with the breath of dragons, purple-eyed, grotesque.

Riding slowly down to the river, Lane was rejoicing in his Anglo-Saxon ability to go through nights like this, touched and yet unhurt, breathing the drugged air without being defiled, seeing with clear eyes that remained clear. The ricscha coolie trotted slowly along, and Lane looked about him with the same eager curiosity that had characterized his attitude towards things Chinese in his early days in Shanghai. On nights such as this, the old wonder and amazement returned, and things lost the familiarity that had come to be attached to them and loomed again strangely wonderful, tantalizingly mysterious. So it was that he gazed with interest into the windows of the passing shops as the coolie jogged along Woosung Road.

He had begun to feel almost a stranger in his own land when a glance into an open front tea room and the sight of a familiar face brought him quickly to a realization of the present. It was the Lai Lai Tea Shop, and in the tea room sat the captain of the Japanese steamer which was moored opposite Lane's mill. The captain had been using the mill's jetty in journeying to and from the city, so Lane had come to know him slightly. What amazed him was the fact that the Jap held an earnest conversation with a meanly dressed Chinaman, while old Lai Lai was endorsing this foreign customer of a hated nation by lending his august presence to this singular tete-a-tete. There was something incongruous about a Jap having tea in any Chinese house at that time, but Lai Lai's place above all! Lai Lai, the Japan hater! Had not the old man been a moving spirit in the 1918 Japanese boycott raids that Lane himself had helped to quell?

Ridiculing himself for the desire to do a bit of sleuth pidgin, Lane nevertheless dismissed his ricscha at the next corner and started back towards the tea shop, impelled by an eager curiosity to learn the why and wherefore of the odd

conference. But no sooner had he reached the alley adjoining Lai Lai's than something occurred which put an end for the time being to his hunt for an answer to the riddle of Lai Lai, plus a meanly dressed Chinaman, plus a Japanese skipper.

Hurtling from the alley, a man landed doubled up in a ball in the center of Lane's stomach, knocking him down. The blow was below that breath taking spot just under the chest, so Lane suffered no more than a moment before striking out at the figure which was now atop him. The figure slid over into the alley on his back and exposed to the light of the overhanging lanterns a narrow, black-clad Chinaman with knees drawn almost to his quivering chin. He was in greater pain than had been caused by the blow from Lane, for his eyes were nearly out of their sockets and blood was tracing black patterns around him in the warm dust. Glancing quickly around, Lane saw only a group of ricscha coolies halfway down the block, while the alley was silent and empty. The immediate shadows were not deep enough to hide anyone, so Lane bent over the small form, and trying to ease the crooked back, asked, "What thing?"

The man opened his fingers, closed them, shook his head as though he had lost something from his hand, and finally spoke weakly, gaspingly, "B'long captain . . . launch Chu Pang . . . have got opium . . . Hash . . ." There was a silence during which he summoned the rest of his strength. "Hash . . ." he gasped, and again, "Hashi . . ." He choked and coughed and suddenly lay quite still and rigid.

Lane picked him up, carried him to the corner ricscha stand, and turned him over to a Sikh, saying, "Chinaman killed close by Lai Lai shop. Go chop chop station side." The Sikh reluctantly left the yarn he was telling the coolies and took the body with him, while Lane hastily retraced his steps to the tea house. No hurtling body met him at the alley, but all was silent and deserted in the tea room. The three figures had disappeared, and but for the bowls and plates still in evidence Lane might have doubted ever seeing the strange trio.

On the way down the river to the mill Lane went over the events of the night again and again, in spite of a desire to dismiss them from his mind. He seemed to arrive at no more definite conclusion than he had been a donkey

for starting to pry into the business of old Lai Lai. Lai Lai could go to the devil taking with him any Jap who cared to go along. And yet it was clear that something was wrong about the boatman of the Chu Pang claiming to have "opium hash." "He couldn't have been speaking of a sickness that was killing him," mused Lane, "for there is nothing called by that name, and besides it was manhandling that did it for him."

Again he tried to dismiss it from his mind, but the subject persisted until sleep finally put an end to his conjecturings.

THE FOLLOWING morning the chairman of the mill board called for Lane after an inspection of the plant.

"Good morning, David," he puffed. "I've something to talk over with you. Shall we go into the office?"

"Certainly, sir."

Seated beneath swinging punkahs in Lane's office, windows open to a faint breeze from the river, the two men thrashed over an old problem. With minor variations the conversation was the same as that of the previous week, and of all the weeks since Lane had taken over the mill.

"Tsung is a damnable crook," said the chairman.

"Aye," replied Lane, "but we're bound to have our old trouble with the men unless we can house them, and where else can we build a village for them except on his property to the north?"

Tsung owned the property in question and he was willing to sell at a fair figure. But it was his very fairness that frightened the chairman, for he had had experience with Tsung. Besides being a landowner, the man was an official. It was his particular business to sign all property deeds in his territory which included the mill, and the law read that no deed was legal without his signature. When the mill site was purchased years before, he was nowhere to be found, but by virtue of British gunboats on the river, the buildings were erected on this land that legally did not belong to the mill company. When Tsung returned opportunely after the buildings were completed, he wrote a subtle communication to the mill directors, saying that the government had intended using the property for military purposes, but that the government might accept a small recompense for its disappointment.

The chairman had refused to be bled by Tsung, and the years had passed with

the deeds still unsigned. The commercial attache in Peking tried to bring pressure against the government there to no avail. It was simply an unpleasant deadlock. Now in the matter of accruing more property for a village, the chairman intuitively hesitated purchasing from an affable crook.

But to return to the conversation between the chairman and David.

"Son," continued the former, "I wish you were a Sherlock Holmes."

"Yes, sir," agreed David. "I wished that last night."

"Do you know, there is one way of getting that land and Tsung at the same time, providing he is entirely a child of the devil, and susceptible to all the bribes of the land. If you could as much as smell opium on his property, and trace it just half way to him, our commercial attache in Pekin would see the land confiscated and Tsung at the arsenal."

At the word opium, Lane nearly jumped from his chair. Apparently the word intended following him. He related the events of the previous evening to the Chairman.

"Hm," conceded the gentleman at the end of Lane's narrative.

"I've phoned the police," continued Lane, "and they referred me to the Customs. The inspector talked to me as though I were a tourist. He is a new man."

"Hm." The Chairman had been looking out the window with eyes half closed. A smile started on his lips. "Come here near my chair, David. See that Jap ship swinging around on the tide? Look at the bow." The turning boat was pointing straight at them. Only the first half of the letters of her name were visible, but standing out clear in the dazzling sunlight, white against the black hull, were the letters, HASH.

"Hm."

"I wonder," said David aloud, and he continued to himself, "if there actually was a beginning and is there to be an end to what I saw last night. The boatman of the Chu Pang has passed by the Hashima Maru every day since its arrival, for the launch Chu Pang carried passengers to the wharf opposite. I wonder."

The Chairman rose abruptly. "Come with me to lunch at the club today, David, and we will talk it over further. I'll go out for a stroll around the mill now, and leave you to your work. I'll be back at noon."

ATER, on their way up to the city, David suddenly remarked, "Do you know that I have never seen our friend Tsung? I've sent two or three letters to his place, and once I asked him to come over if there were any points in my letter that were not clear. He never came,

and of course I did not go to him after your advice to the contrary."

The Chairman was silent for a moment, watching the lighters and launches that were passing. Suddenly, "Well I'm stuck, David! Here is the man. See that yellow affair with red trimmings? He will pass fairly close. There, the lone gentleman in the cockpit is Tsung. Dressed like a coolie."

Lane turned quickly and watched until the yellow boat had passed. Its occupant did not change his position from a stare dead ahead. Lane faced the Chairman. "Would you think me crazy if I were to tell you that that man was the same as the one I saw with the Jap skipper in the shop of Lai Lai?"

"No," exclaimed the Chairman, "But are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Then there seems to be good luck coming our way, David, providing the deed has not been done already, and that the Customs will wake up."

"The deed?" queried Lane.

"Certainly. There is opium, or was perhaps, on the Hashima Maru, lots of it or Lai Lai would not be in on the thing. The deed consists of bringing it ashore. Sometimes I think we are mistaken in letting you run our mill, David. Go into this thing. Catch Tsung. You will never have another chance of the sort. Your luck ran high yesterday, David. You will not see Lai Lai and Tsung in the open part of the tea shop again in a thousand years."

"I hope not," agreed Lane.

After lunch he went again to the inspector of customs, but the man was not interested. He had provided the usual watchman for the vessel and besides there were rumors of opium on every ship that entered the harbor.

IN the evening before going to bed, Lane walked over to the river's edge and listened to the noises of the night. A yula swished methodically in the water, a dog in a distant village barked at the moon. Far up the river a tug whistled as it came along-side a jetty on the French Bund. During a lull in these familiar sounds would come a wail from the village. It was a clear, loud, half chant, gaining in volume until it sounded like some savage death cry. Then it would waver and die away into a faint yodel. After a moment of silence the answer would come; here and there around the country side strange yells would blend in the weird appeal for a good joss. These would die away, and the lone chant rise again in the night, only to be answered again. Some one was sick, a husband, brother, or son was calling out for good joss and his friends and neighbors were helping. All was quiet again except the ordinary river noises, and occasional barking dogs.

Even the frogs quieted to the heavy stillness of the night. A watchman approached, saluted, and passed on into the night.

"There is one trap I might set," mused David, "if there is to be opium taken ashore by way of the creek to Tsung's compound. Probably it has already been taken there. But what harm in trying? Aloud he called "Watchman!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Catch Koo, talkee come this side."

When the foreman arrived David instructed him to keep watch from the gate for any lighters going up creek. As soon as they should turn in from the river, Koo was to cast loose one end of a mill boat and let it swing across the narrow stream by the power house gate. "Suppose tide go down, let go top end—suppose tide go up, let go bottom end, suppose slack water, push out with bamboo."

"You wanchee stop lighters?" asked Koo.

"Yes," replied Lane. "You talk their men you make mistake, lose rope or something, then ask what cargo they have got. Make some fun, ask plenty questions. Suppose they no answer, you call gate watchman and look see their cargo. Suppose anything from Jap steamer, you call me." Pointing to the Hashima, he added, "You see? Jap no work tonight."

"Opium?" Koo asked eagerly.

"I think so."

"I watchee good," assured the foreman.

That night Lane was awakened from troubled dreams by shrill blasts of a police whistle, the sound apparently coming from the gate. He jumped from the bed, put on a pair of shoes, got his shot gun from his clothes press and ran towards the power house, praying that Koo had not made a mistake and interfered with some honestly objected up-country freight lighter. Turning off the cinder path and coming into an open space between the bund and power house, Lane saw a small battle going on abroad three jamped up lighters. The watchmen were shooting at the men on the lighters with poor luck. The power house men, armed with long bolts and lengths of old cable, were fighting like demons. Koo was yelling orders here and there and lending a hand wherever he could. Lane followed the foreman, also lending a hand, and Koo, upon recognizing him called out half gleefully, half madly, "Ha got, Ha got, opium master!"

The melee finished abruptly, the mill men either sitting on the vanquished, three to a man, or holding their hard breathing individuals by the arms.

"Opium what side Koo?" asked Lane.

Koo motioned him to a small hatch filled with Japanese oak shooks in bundles, and breaking the wire about one,

spread the staves around the deck. Small packages covered with brown oil paper were wired separately to practically all the inside shooks. These in turn contained tins of opium. It was a large haul, and half the market value of the stuff would be paid by the customs to the men who had captured it.

Lane left the lighters in charge of Koo, had their boatman taken into the power house, summoned one of his office men who had been routed from his bunk, and proceeded to question the smugglers through this interpreter.

"Ask them where they were going?" said Lane.

"They were to land at Tsung's jetty," replied his man a moment later.

"Where did they come from?"

"They say the Hashima Maru."

Lane was elated at the fact that the expedition was not so perfectly organized that the lighter men would keep quiet. Perhaps they were actually innocent.

"Ask them if they knew opium was aboard."

"They say no, I think so too," replied the interpreter.

"Good, have them locked here."

Lane went out to help in sending all but the watchmen and Koo back to quarters, dressed wounds that his men had received, and returned to his bungalow where he telephoned to the customs hulk. After being assured that a launch would come over immediately, Lane turned in, weary and happy.

TUESDAY morning he called together Koo, the twiner, Lung, and the other men who had fought, and informed them that a reward of twenty thousand taels was due for their seizures. He explained his ideas for a model village back of the mill and told them that the old Chairman would like to have them invest in it. "This is very good, Koo, tell them they will not have to work when they are old men."

Koo spoke rapidly to the men for a few moments, silencing interruptions, bullying the undecided, using caustic on the stand-patters. Lane smiled, Koo could certainly handle these hard working, good hearted yellow men.

When the Chinese left the office, Lane called at the Chairman's home. It was right enough to pat one's self on the back, but it would be sweet to hear what the Old Gentleman had to say. It would be good to report Tsung at the arsenal, out of the way of doing further mischief, and the coveted village site in the hands of the public magistrate for auction. The magistrate was a square fellow too. All in all Lane's whole scheme was on the rosy path.

The phone rang and David heard from the Chairman—

"We're in a bad place now."

"What?" yelled David.

"The Chinese have money for the buildings?"

"How did you guess, they have just left the office?" asked David.

"And the property is where we can get it?"

"Yes."

"And everything is as smooth as a China Sea calm, with Tsung at the arsenal?"

"Yes," answered a mystified David.

"All right, let me read a wire that I received this morning from the commercial attache at Peking—

"Tsung can not sign mill property deeds while a prisoner. Get him out with the help of the consulate.—MacIntyre."

"Oh Lord."

"Yes," mimicked the Chairman.

"What's the matter with those gun-boats up river?" asked David.

"I don't know, listen to this. It followed the other wire."

"Tsung friendship here tremendous. As a convict he cannot sign your old mill deeds. Also Tsung interests in a position to cause bad odor between H. M. and H. M. Sir H advises—for reasons in mail today—it will be excellent stroke for you to obtain release of Tsung. Sir H understands your position in its entirety.—MacIntyre."

"That hardly sounds like Sir Harry. It's a sort of back down," said Lane.

"You can be sure he will make a club of it to use on something bigger. The thing for us to do is to get Tsung from the arsenal."

THE following evening David sat on his porch, gloomily ruminating on the plain fact that matters of the mill stood somewhat worse than ever. To be sure he was some thousands of dollars to the good personally, and this gave a glow of satisfaction when other things did not come to mind, such as Tsung being free, and probably in an unhealthy mood. The offset that Sir Harry offered had certainly put the Chairman in fine spirits that day, but only an inkling of this was given to David when the Chairman rather smirked over the lunch table at the club and said, "There are concessions above Pukow, David." Thought David, "There is a mill below Shanghai." And now that he was alone on his porch, watching the lazy junks make slowly up the river on an ebb, he said aloud, "You would think that every one, including the British Official Empire, is for giving Tsung a friendly handshake for being so rotten."

And after considerable silence, "As the Chairman would say, hm." More silence. Dusk was deepening, lights appeared on every hand below the horizon and the sky was filled with its first sprinkling of "soft, laveecious stars." David broke

this mystery with "Eeny meeny miney if he hollers, let him go."

"Hey, Ah Loo!"

"Yes, master?"

"Catch loadah, I go Shanghai. Catch strong box." And he added to himself, "I'll need some paper for this mess."

After a few moments the loadah came up the walk from the river.

"Have got steam, master." And while they made for the jetty together he asked, "You go Shanghai side, master?"

"No. And see here loadah, me and you go river. Do plenty things. Plenty bad. Bye'n bye come back this side, you no talk. Savee? You no talk any man, brother, sister, uncle, wife. Talkee we go Shanghai. Savee?"

"I savee," said the boatman.

When they were opposite Tsung's jetty, a hundred yards up river, Lane called for a stop. "Loadah?"

"Yes, master."

"Go Tsung's house, take this letter. Litty time Tsung will come with you this side."

"Aw li."

But no sooner had the launch swung around, than they were accommodated by the arrival of the man Tsung in his giddily colored boat. It had come from Shanghai way and was also turning in midstream to make a proper landing at the jetty. This altered Lane's plans, but made them far simpler.

"Mr. Tsung," he called out over the water, "will you come alongside?"

"I will see you at my house," replied Tsung, with what seemed to Lane to be a voice of gloating.

"Loadah," called Lane softly, "back quick; go astern. Damn it, stern, man, stern."

"Aw li, aw li."

The steam launch backed swiftly with the help of the ebb, towards the broad of the small red and yellow craft. Tsung jumped from his seat in the cockpit, evidently intending to call for more speed from his loadah. But the loadah had seen, and opened his throttle the full quadrant. Lane sprang to the stern of his launch just before the two boats struck, and called again, "Will you come aboard now, Mr. Tsung? Jump aboard you idiot!" And Tsung came, in a terror stricken leap. Lane stood by him while the launch put about for Tsung's loadah and the stove-in boat. When the man was picked up and the small boat tied to the rail, Lane asked politely, "Will you go below with me?"

Tsung had regained his feet and some of his composure. His fear, judging by the look on his face, was giving way to rage.

"Yes," he spluttered.

Lane guided him to the cabin, half above and half below deck, pointed to a chair, and returned to call the loadah.

"Yes, master."

"Go back mill jetty, loadah. Tie up. Finish steam. You go sleep. You savee we have just come from Shanghai? Go very slow."

"I savee."

"All right, about ship, let's go home."

A bell tinkled in the small engine room and the launch was on its way back to the mill. Tsung's boat was in water to the rail, invisible ten feet away. Tsung's loadah sat perched on the cabin, shivering as though it were a winter night. His frightened face showed pained surprise as David held the lantern near. His shivering increased a trifle as he asked, "Wh- Wh- What thing?"

"Come," said David, and the two went below with Tsung, where David opened the gear locker and closed its door on the frightened boatman.

Without speech the two men waited the fifteen minutes it took the loadah to make the return trip, David with an eye on the shore lights and Tsung watching him with a blank expression, which gave lie to the tumult of rage within him. It was a weird and, for Lane, a solemn fifteen minutes. He had gone far beyond bluff, as he had intended. China was no longer large enough to contain both Tsung and himself.

After the launch was tied to the jetty and Lane was satisfied that his loadah and engineer were in their small forecastle, and no one near but the watchman on shore, he turned to Tsung and said in Chinese, "The Kymon sails tomorrow for Singapore. You will go aboard and give a letter to my friend the captain. From Singapore you will be taken to Mongromali where my brother has a rubber plantation. Any relations you name may follow you. Will you go in peace, or shall I have you packed aboard the Kymoon like a lump of cargo?"

Tsung's face was blue with passion as he jumped from his chair and fronted Lane. "You white young dog, you lie! You will leave tomorrow yourself. Hear Tsung, your master. A thousand eyes will watch you go to America. A false step and none will know who worried you into a grave of your own making. You speak with brave, large words as a baby handles a clumsy toy, and yet you fear. You fear!" Tsung nearly screamed with fury.

"Yes," said David, "I fear, I fear." He took both of Tsung's arms at the elbows and with all his strength pulled him down. He knelt, bringing Tsung struggling futilely, to the floor. "Why doesn't he scream?" Lane asked himself. With a knee across Tsung's back, he reached the door of the gear locker, opened it, took a coil of rope from a peg just inside, noticed the loadah shivering as with ague, slammed the door shut again, and proceeded to bind Tsung, arm at side, legs tightly together. This

done, he opened the small doors that gave way to the engine room, reached down where the fire bars were leaning against the ladder, and brought forth a short heavy bar which he carried past Tsung and up to the deck. He repeated this operation until there were a dozen heavy iron bars of different lengths lying on the deck between the cabin and the rail.

With perspiration dripping from his face, with his shirt and trousers clinging to his body, black ash from the fire bars smeared over his arms, Lane was not a pretty sight.

Tsung was worse. His small face was changing from copper to blue and from blue to dark red. The veins down his forehead and neck were black. Foul execration radiated from his body as molten sparks from boiling metal. Lane felt the maddened unsaid curses, the festering spleen, and wavered. It was as though unhealthy, foul gases were loosened in the cabin. Suddenly he took the silent, writhing body up to the deck and stood Tsung like a mummy against the cabin. Then with Tsung watching him from bloodshot eyes, he proceeded to lash together all the fire bars but one, and to push an end of this bundle into the sunken cockpit of Tsung's boat, tying the bars firmly to the boat's rail. This done he looked at Tsung for a full moment, praying that the man had some sense left, some shreds of saneness not burnt by the paroxysms of depravity that were apparently eating him body and soul.

After pushing the loose ends of the bars overside, Lane took out his pocket knife and cut the ropes that were holding Tsung's boat to his own. When it had sunk for the tides and undercurrents to play with, Lane picked up the remaining bar and tied it to Tsung's feet, and then passing a turn of rope about his body below the shoulders, stopped to look for a long time at the man. And still no sign passed the lips of Tsung.

He seemed all face. No, all eyes, for his lips were a small white line. A cold shiver passed through Lane. And imps of thought. "He wont speak—I can't kill him—Yes he has a nose, and a body—Lord, those eyes—it's too tight—his eyes are protruding—of course he can speak—Heaven, I'm near crazy myself." He lowered Tsung into the river, and hauled him up, only to see two great eyes filled with hate. "They are green like a cat's eyes—much larger. Good God, man, speak! There's hell for you—and the mill—take your eyes away. You would think I were to die. Speak, you fool!"

Slowly Lane put a hand in his pocket for his knife, staring the while into the bulging eyes of the Chinaman. They were all he could see; they fascinated

him.

"I'll cut the rope slowly and if you do not accept my offer before the last strand is through, you will not come up again. There's one strand gone—that's right. There goes another—"

"I will go," said Tsung.

BOTH men breathed normally again, Lane picking the Chinaman up as tenderly as though he were a friend. Cutting the coils that bound him, Lane carried him back to a chair in the cabin. A locker gave forth two bottles and a decanter of whiskey, and Tsung accepted a drink with eagerness. Then Lane drew several documents from the pocket of his coat. They were the mill deeds. Pen, ink, brushes, and paper, were in a drawer of the table. Lane smiled at Tsung. "You will write some letters as I dictate."

Tsung obeyed and copied carefully.

Honorable M. Ling Tsu,
Government House, Peking.

Honored friend: I leave the land of our fathers for a time, in order that I may guide personally some affairs of mine in the city of Singapore. Neither you nor any of my blood relations knew of their existence, for I feared that no great success could come of them, and attached no morsel of importance to them.

With the assistance of our true helper, Ming, please control my interests that must be left here somewhat uncompleted. Before the year is finished you will receive more words and greater thanks from . . . Tsung."

Ending this Tsung asked Lane "How did you know that Tsu and Ming were my friends?"

"How did you know the mill would want other property on which to build?" answered Lane.

"I inquired."

"So did I. Now write
"Chu C. Tsung,
"Yangtsepoo Road,
"Shanghai."

"Beloved wife: I am away to the city of Singapore to gather together the loose ends of my interests that subordinates are scattering witlessly. I will ask you to follow me if matters lengthen there. Send greeting to all my relatives at Peking and beg their forgiveness for my lack of goodness in not writing to all. Say I am hurried by winds that will blow good to us all. Go North beyond the reach of Lai Lai. Tsung."

When this was finished Lane put the deeds down for signature. "Your ring will seal them. Mind, take heed that your signing is good for I shall compare these writings with those I have had from you in times past, and with old documents of your making."

"They are right," said Tsung.
(Continued on page 38)



A Restful Landscape

A Page of Verse

SETTIN' ALONE

I'm a-settin' alone by the firelight,
I'm a-dreamin' of days that are gone,
When I followed the trail on the round-up—

"Roll on, little dogies, roll on!"
How the old tune ha'nts me this evenin',
Though I know that fer me ridin's done—
It calls to me over and over:
"Roll on, little dogies, roll on!"

The grass is a-greenin' around me,
The storms of the winter are done,
The sun's shinin' warmer and warmer—
"Roll on, little dogies, roll on."
How I hear it hummed over and over,
By voices whose singin' is done—
That mournful refrain of the cowboy:
"Roll on, little dogies, roll on!"

It's the saddle an' horse fer the round-up—
Though fer me all the ridin's long done—

But Lord! Jest to be there among 'em:
"Roll on, little dogies, roll on!"
It's the trail an' the cattle an' wagon—
I'm glad that night ridin' is done—
But oh, fer the cowboys a-singin':
"Roll on little dogies, roll on, roll on!"
Roll on, little dogies, roll on!"

—Pearl Barker Hart.

WILLOW SONG

When the winds are merry
And the stream is bright,
All my boughs are airy
Dancers of delight.

Winds say, "Willow, Willow,
You're a lovely sprite!"

And the waters listen
To my whispering,
Mirror leaves that glisten
While the dewdrops cling.
And they whisper, "Willow,
You're the joy of Spring!"

If the winds forever
Had such words to say
And the stream would never
Praise less than today,
Winds would shake no dead leaves,
Nor stream bear them away.

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

OPTIMIST

I thanked God last year
That things
Were no worse,
Then;
Well—
Easy to sing as curse—
Thank God again!

—Fenton Fowler.

LITTLE TOWNS

There is peace in little towns and quiet beauty,
The fragrance of cool gardens after rain,
Sweet breath of meadows and soft twilights veiling
Each wooded cot, each grass-grown blossomed lane;
The gentle hush that falls upon the valleys
Unfolds each roof in mystic arms of sleep,
The crooning winds that whisper round the windows
Chant lullabies in voices low and deep.
And then the mornings waking to new splendors
Calling to life each sleeping dell and glade,
Weaving warm shadows o'er the drowsy markets,
Kissing the cheek of matron and of maid;
Inviting trails all bordered with pink roses
Lead far to verdant nooks clematis twined,
To honeysuckle arbors and quaint bridgeways,
To sloping banks all golden violet-lined.

There is peace in little towns and quiet beauty
Where one may find again the dreams of yore,
The simple faiths in simple friendships spoken,
Old tales re-told the magic of their lore.
But sweeter still are the clear chimes of even;
The hush that falls upon the fields of grain,
For is not His the glory of the reaper
The voice of Hope that echoes in each strain? —Mabel W. Phillips.

YOUTH

O proud young head, up tilted, herowise!
O stout young heart that scorns the thought of fear!
Impatient for the march of year on year,
You face the world with challenge in your eyes.
What though the pale mists hide the golden light?
What though the foe is lustful for the kill?
You hear the calling bugle on the hill;
You feel the throb and tumult of the fight!

TO A RIVER PEARL FISHER

Grimy fingered one,
I would be your vassal,
So deeply
Am I in your debt! . . .
A thrill was yours,
When from the river's ooze
You dragged
That ugly mollusk.
Your lack-lustre eyes
Showed yellow glints,
When you forced
The mussel's hinge
And saw your prize!
Did your oar-locks sing
As you sped shore-ward? . . .
You care not,
That milady smiled,
Or that her eyes sparkled
Tonight.
But I would be your serf,
Clam fisher;
For you sought beauty
In hidden places
That I might win
Milady's
Smile!

—Jay G. Sigmund.

INDIAN BLANKETS

The somber hue of gray, tint of the storm.
The rumble of the thunder, sad, forlorn.
The zig zag of the lightning on the hills,
The rushing of its deluge when it stills,
The Indian woman weaves in blankets rare
The story of her happiness or care;
The tragedy blood-tinged of long ago,
Or tale of love and faith, white as the snow,
She weaves while in her soul a steady tide
Of things remembered well her fingers guide.
Once more the anguish of her fears she feels;
Once more on moonlit love-led tryst she steals.
The spring, the summer, and the autumn days
Once more they hold her in their mystic haze.
She skilful weaves with dyed and fleecy strand
That we may read, nor yet may understand.

—Regina Kaufman.

The Chili Cherub

By AMANDA MATHEWS CHASE

THE CHILD of the tamale parlor, known to all as the Chile Cherub, leaned against the rickety stand supporting a phonograph, its brass horn flaring out above her head. An intense little creature she was, darkly cherubic, gay enough as to her red and yellow dancing dress but with that pathetic questioning look of children smitten on either cheek by the contrary emotional winds of their parents.

Mamacita of the deep-set black eyes and straight black brows that just missed meeting, waited on the Mexican trackmenders at the tables. Each had his huge roll-brim sombrero under his chair,

Over by the door, Papacito, otherwise Alberto Montoya, clicked the cash register or rattled small change nervously; so his place in the room was never dumb. His eyes were blue as his tie and little wrinkles were beginning to sag away from them.

Mamacita threw the child a smile and Papacito tossed her a kiss. She returned both apathetically as a matter of sober duty.

Then she turned her back on the room and studied a curious object supported by the handle of the phonograph. A straight-featured elderly woman's face—an American face—was bound to a pink pin-cushion by a yellow ribbon fastened beneath the firm old chin. A setting California sun freckled the photograph with fly specks from the window panes.

The Chili Cherub stood before this image in awed entreaty. Twice her voice clicked in her throat.

"Say—Aunt Beulah Hicks—we are no pacifical family."

The face on the pin-cushion appeared sternly placid. Perhaps Aunt Beulah was not surprised. Only her photograph and her tradition remained in the Montoya family. Years before her younger sister had gone to Old Mexico as a missionary, had married a handsome convert and died soon after her baby was born, the baby who was now Alberto Montoya at the cash register. When the father died also, Aunt Beulah had taken the boy to raise. He ran away from her as soon as he was old enough and that was the last she had ever known about him though they had lived along in different quarters of the same city.

The daughter of the tamale parlor crossed herself three times.

"You see, Aunt Beulah, its Mamacita that's got the *Chili* looks, but its Papacito that's got the *Chili* ways—"

She hopped about on her rosetted

shoes to remuster her courage.

"Say—Aunt Beulah Hicks—you can see our kitchen door—how it's got a big black padlock inside. And Mamacita—she don't want to be always shutted up—"

Just then Papacito called her to him. She fetched the image at arm's length and leaned it against the cash register. Alberto Montoya's start of astonishment nearly lifted him from his chair. He made himself face his Aunt Beulah.

"A good woman, you understand, Chili Cherub—but hard—hard. She tried to lick every Mexican trait, good or bad, out of me. So different from my American mother—"

Papacito looked from Aunt Beulah Hicks to the oil portrait above his desk. The Cherub standing gravely at his knee studied anew the sweet-looking woman labelled pious by the Bible in her hands.

Then her gaze wandered across the tamale parlor to another oil portrait gleaming from a dark corner next the kitchen. This was a Spanish dancer in Carmen pose—a dancer whose fame had rung up and down California in her day. There had been an American lover. The dancer's eyes were black and deepset; her straight black brows just missed meeting.

"She was my little dancing grandmother, the child stated loyally."

Papacito's foot tapped the floor angrily. He jerked the child's chin around and pointed to the lady of the Bible.

"This is your only good grandmother!"

At this instant Mamacita swung close, delivering a *tamale*.

"How dare you, Alberto!"

Anger stiffened out the weary droop of her slimly rounded body. She wheeled and vanished into the kitchen.

"Luz!" he called her name roughly. He would have left the cash register and followed her, but, to the child's relief, the "cholo" trackmenders were turning in their checks so fast he could not get away. One table after another was refilled by California-Mexican couples of a more festal disposition—laundry girls with their fatigue painted out, gallants in silk shirts. The lights among the red and green paper festoons were flashed on. The phonograph made its shrill way through La Paloma. Mamacita came and went with a gayer step.

One young chap named Guillermo sat quite alone. He was bantered by all those who had come in pairs. Mamacita

appeared between the lace curtains pinned back with red roses, to take his order.

"Chicken or beef?" she questioned with a smile.

Chili Cherub, lingering near the desk, looked quickly at her father. Yes, there were the three straight lines down his forehead, and his eyebrows fairly sticking out over his eyes. When Mamacita smiled, it always pulled a string nobody could see, a string which reached to Papacito's forehead, making him look thus terrible.

In swaggered Bravo Juan. His black mustachios were long and fierce. A red kerchief was knotted about his neck. His hair went into heavy oily ringlets on his big bullet-head.

"What will you?" Mamacita inquired in Spanish with the slightest shrug of contempt.

He leaned back in his chair, spread his elbows and puffed out his cheeks.

"Your tamales are poor mild things. Fetch me one which tastes like Mexico—*viva Mexico!* And hurry yourself!"

The Chili Cherub stamped an indignant little foot. The *cholo* grinned and beckoned.

"What do you dance tonight for my amusement?"

The child backed away from him but yielded a civil answer.

"A dance of my little grandmother's—the bird tired of its cage."

"Bird—cage," jeered Bravo Juan.

"I have a cage for keeping a bird."

The child drew near as if under some unwilling spell.

"Is there—a bird—in your cage?"

"Not yet." He grinned evilly and puffed out his cheeks again. "But the door stands open, and a pretty bird might fly into it this very night."

Mamacita appeared with the chicken tamale for Guillermo in time to hear his speech. Her face reddened and her lips curled curiously. She lingered near to listen for the child's answer.

The Chili Cherub's eyes widened and she stood as if bracing herself against being drawn closer.

"No bird will fly into your cage, Bravo Juan, because of you it would be much afraid. So it would fly off in the sky and never to your cage."

Silently Luz Montoya clapped her hands. Yet when Bravo Juan wheeled in his chair, she smiled upon him, but as if she merely made her face do it.

The Chili Cherub looked at her father. Yes, the string was working. This last smile of Mamacita's had pulled

into view a fiercer frown than any before.

When the wife returned to the kitchen, the husband followed. Chili Cherub tagged along, her gay little person drooping forlornly.

Trouble was on at once—trouble which the child knew by heart—Papacito scolding at too many smiles and Mamacita answering wearily “only sauce to sell the tamales” and the Cherub wondering as usual how a smile could be fetched in a thick little pitcher and poured over a tamale.

Chili Cherub knew to her sorrow that the battle over the smiles was only a light preliminary skirmish which led rapidly into the heavy battle over the grandmothers.

“Hours of kneeling there at the grinding—like any Indian woman—too stiff and sore for the famous dances of my mother—even if you did not forbid. Hours of roasting your *chili*—how I loathe *chili*—and my throat being ruined for the songs of my mother—”

Papacito stood, his hands curling and uncurling themselves faster and faster.

“Yes,—your mother,” he sneered, “with her American lover, your father—and you trying to sink to her level—”

“Your missionary mother,” she flung back—“married a Mexican who wouldn’t let her pray for anyone but himself. And her prayers burned in her till she died of them. So do I burn with my gifts—”

The child saw the flame of this burning in her mother’s cheeks.

“Luz!” cried Papacito coming close as if to take her into his arms. “It is my love—I am your husband—”

“Love! Love!” Mamacita smote the air so furiously with both hands that he drew back. “Not my husband!” she raved pointing to the big black padlock on the kitchen door,—“but my jailer!”

Papacito dismissed this accusation by an impatient shake of his whole body. Mamacita came close now of her own will but in such a despairing fury that Papacito dared not touch her.

“I tell you, Alberto, the American blood in me hates and detests the Mexican blood in you which shuts me up with padlocks!”

Papacito stepped back from her but answered doggedly:

“I fear all men where you are concerned—even *cholos*.”

Mamacita followed him up, bringing her face still closer.

“I warn you tonight, Alberto Montoya, that I shall accept the key to that door from any man who offers it—even a *cholo*!”

The little thing crouched by the table shivered at the ice in her father’s voice as he returned to the other room, saying over his shoulder almost carelessly:

“That I can well believe. Well, I

am Mexican, and I shall continue to guard what is mine in the way of Mexican husbands.”

A moment later, Senora Montoya flung down the tamale before Bravo Juan.

“Eat and burn!” she commanded.

He leered up at her as his big, hairy hand reached over to lift the tamale to his plate. He wrinkled his forehead humorously.

“I love birds which peck at my finger. And I have ways of taming them.”

Mamacita moved away with scornful abruptness. The smoke of many cigarettes curled up through the tissue paper festoons. The Cherub drew quite near in her wonder at seeing the *cholo* gulp down great red chunks of burning tamale. On the inner husk she caught sight of a rude ink picture.

“What’s that in your tamale?” She leaned both elbows on his table. “I see—Why, it looks like—”

The man hastily shoved the remaining morsels about with his knife to hide the striated hieroglyph.

“Silence yourself, evil born one!” he growled. “Here—am I not a Mexican *caballero*, equal to your custom of rewarding cook?” He slipped something inside the husks. “Take it to your mother—tell her I bestow it freely though the tamale was far from hot enough.”

In the kitchen Mamacita sat hunched over and very quiet. Yet she roused herself to snatch Bravo Juan’s plate from the child’s hands—to run her fingers about eagerly inside the husks, to slip whatever she found there inside her handkerchief, and to cram the handkerchief in the front of her dress.

“Run along and dance. Guillermo will put on the record for you.”

“Oh, Mamacita! And you not to see me dance!”

The mother dropped down on her knees and hugged the child to her. But the next moment she was on her feet with her head thrown back, her arms curved as if tinkling castanets.

“Run along and dance your darlingest, so no one will turn a head for fear of losing one of your little steps.”

Cherub looked back at Mamacita from the kitchen doorway. She was still holding the imaginary castanets above her head, but the smile was gone. Instead, she seemed to be looking right through the wall, and seeing that which made her very sad.

The little dancer came slowly to her place near the phonograph. Distant tables were deserted while all crowded near.

Bravo Juan, however, rose and marched out.

“I go to look at my cage,” he snorted. No one heeded him.

Guillermo put on the record, the

plaintive old Moorish air of La Golondrina, without the words—only a strummed guitar.

“I am a tired little bird!” she chanted as she stepped. Even the castanets tinkled faintly as from far away. “I am a tired little bird! I flutter this way! I flutter that way! My cage door is shut. Open the door of my cage and let me fly!”

Then across her face there blew a chill, small wind. Only a moment—and it ceased. Yet to the child it seemed to blow across her heart. She had no idea why that breath of breeze thus chilled and frightened her. Her feet went heavy, the castanets seemed to tinkle from a still greater distance. But it only made the dance more exquisitely realistic.

“I flutter this way! I flutter that way! Oh, open the door of my cage that I may not die!”

A hush fell upon all—a hush so profound that she heard one girl whisper to another:

“Poor Luz! It is her own sorrow she has put into her child’s dance.”

S-sh!” warned the other. Suddenly Chili Cherub knew that her father stood back of the rest; he was stern and angry. The sight of him almost stopped her feet, but some instinct of devotion to her mother held her level to her task.

“I flutter this way! I flutter that way! Oh, open—”

“Quit that fool performance!” he yelled at her; then wheeled and strode into the kitchen. He was back almost on the instant, his face so distorted that the child—transfixed in her place—thought at first he was laughing.

“My wife is gone!” He shrieked insanely. “I tell you, Senores, she is gone!”

He glared around the circle, glaring most at Guillermo who gave him back frank and open astonishment.

Cherub raced to the kitchen. The padlock hung to the kitchen door unfastened, a key still in it. She looked into the bedroom. That was empty as the kitchen. Back she came to the others, vainly seeking comfort.

“Mamacita! Mamacita!” she wailed, flinging herself on the floor. Two of the girls knelt by her and tried to lift her up.

She heard her father shouting something about a search—that he suspected any who would not help him search—that no one must remain when he went. She lifted her head from a girl’s shoulder and saw him dash forth into the street. The others followed, whispering that he was crazy.

The Chili Cherub sobbed herself to sleep on the floor beneath the picture of her little dancing grandmother.

She roused to heavy steps and loud

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Camp Fire Talk

Four Rangers of the High Sierras Seek to Solve the Marriage Problem as the Sparks Fly Upward

By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

IT WAS a dreary sort of a camp on polished granite slabs in the edge of snow, eleven thousand feet above the Pacific, in old San Joaquin Forest, where four rangers gathered about a small but comforting fire, made of scanty roots and branches of the dwarf Albicaulis pine of the high Sierras. The youngest, Little Jo, was really on a vacation; he had to go back and graduate from college.

Big Ramsden was there, quiet and grave as always, pulling away at his old pipe. Irish Charley sat next, softly obliging the cold, and now and then departing to dig another root out of the snow. Solid and chunky Aroostook, who loved Ramsden as brother of his heart, looked into the fire, seeing his wife and girl. Little Joe was absolutely happy, this being his first real adventure in the high mountains. Now and then he tore out into the star-lit darkness with a lighted brand, climbed up the snow-slope, rushed into a thicket of dwarf pines and brought back huge armfuls of fragrant boughs, rejoicing over them.

Ramsden noted the difference between Little Jo and Irish Charley; he smiled across the fire at Aroostook. All he said was "Some boys make livelier rangers than others do!" It called for no argument, but Irish Charley, observing Little Jo whispered: "Just a kid!"

They felt rather good, these four rangers, because they had found the narrow cleft, almost a tunnel, between rocks and rock-walls, close to the edge of a thousand-foot cliff, for which rangers had long hunted in vain. It had been the secret pass of Little Pete the Basque to the high mountain meadows and the slopes of short-hair grass. Too low was the cleft for a horse to pass through; a burro could just manage it; the rocks closing overhead made twilight at noon, but as tradition had it, the last rays of sunset, on two or three days of the year, shone through it from end to end, and thus it had been revealed to the pasture-seeking shepherds some twenty years before.

One might have supposed that these four rangers would have talked of the historic struggles in old San Joaquin Forest, with famous Basque sheep-herders, in that hap-hazard, frontier, guerrilla-like warfare which went on between 1895 and 1905. They had spoken at intervals all day about those half for-

gotten times and those little sheep-men who fed their flocks for years in the Sierras, in spite of Government rules and rangers. Their names and fames still clung to the land—Little Pete, Big Pete, Asiter, Soldumbehere, and twenty more. This was their country too; their ineffacable mark had been set on these high places.

Irish Charley, who had his flashes of insight, spoke of it first:

"This country is Basque and tourist; we don't belong in it; we never did; no timber up here."

"Belong where we are sent!" said low-voiced Ramsden.

"All the same," put in Aroostook, "it's me for the tall timber; we naturally do belong down in the sugar pines."

Little Joe listened without a word. He felt that the whole thing, clear to the top of the highest peak, and all the skies over them, belonged to his own San Joaquin Forest. But he hated to say that; it sounded like "gush," as he very well knew.

It grew colder, and still no ranger cared to sleep. They piled on more wood, rolled up in their blankets, and still talked together. Their thoughts turned towards roof-trees, firesides, and memories of home and boyhood.

Then Ramsden, the most quiet and firm of men, whose home sorrows, not of his own making, had been a heavy load for years, suddenly turned the talk on marriage, not speaking of himself, by even the faintest indirection, but as if the star-light on the snow, and the great outer spaces, were compelling him to reveal to others a little of his most secret philosophies.

Little Jo listened awhile to the sober talk of these three older men. It struck him, young as he was; that the whole atmosphere of their conversation was so clean and honest that his own mother and sisters, in their far city home, might have heard it without wishing tone or word altered.

It struck him, too, that men were more alike, city and country, than his college course had taught him. Here was Ramsden, who was all man, and a fine one, so clearly forgetting his own home burdens, so entirely believing in

the higher possibilities of all human beings. Famous old clubmen, his uncle had once said, sometimes in moments of confidence, whether confirmed bachelors or discontented benedicts, brought up just such topics as Ramsden had started, giving expression, according to their natures, to cheap cynicism, or to long-hidden sentiment.

Little Jo thought how funny it would look to see Ranger Ramsden in a dress suit after a banquet, leaning back in an arm chair at the Cosmopolitan Club, setting forth his philosophies of marriage. He laughed inside. Ramsden was much better up here on the snow-edge.

After a little Ramsden summed up in his easy, peaceful way: "We appear to agree that wife and home and children, no matter what difficulties come tied up in the same bundle, are always worth while."

"But lots of men and women," he went on, "will tell you such talk as that is foolish. Jack, you remember that freckle-faced preacher who came down Dinkey creek fishing last summer, and near starved, so we took him into camp and fed him our last grub."

"He was an honest little minister," said Aroostook, "but he warn't no Van Dyke when it come to fishin'."

"Well, boys, that minister paid for his two meals a dozen times over by sending me lots of magazines last winter. One of them had a really exciting article telling that marriage was a plumb failure in this country. I read it very carefully, and I've had six months to think about it. Now I'll tell you, boys."

"That article, to sum it up," he went on, "said that one fellow out of every eight had to secure a divorce. It added that the chances of happiness were becoming less, instead of better. Then it argues that if every man and woman who is really unhappy in their marriage relations was absolutely freed from fear of public criticism, there would be so many more divorces that the whole earth would say "Marriage is a dead institution in the United States of America."

"Must be something wrong with that article," said little Jo.

"That view," said Aroostook, "might describe city conditions. Prob'lly it was written by a man who didn't marry his

little red-cheeked schoolmate back in Maine as I did."

"All rubbish!" said Irish Charley. "It's easy to have a home with plenty of happiness. But I suppose it is mainly in 'the bringing up' that people get, on both sides."

"Sure!" said Ramsden. "Now my own boyhood was passed in a little Lincoln sort of a neighborhood, where we had happily married couples, young and old, all about us. In forty years there, out in eastern Kansas, the whole township had only two actual divorces, with several more couples that did not pull well in harness. But we had hundreds of cases of old-fashioned once-for-all homes."

"Tell us about it, Ramsden," said Aroostook, "takes the taste of that magazine man's talk out of our mouths. If there's truth in what he said, and if the thing's getting worse, it simply knocks out this Republic."

"It beats everything," thought Little Jo, listening in silence, "how straight the thinking of these ranger chums of mine goes to the mark. They never heard of sociology, nor of the sex problem, nor yet of the vast readjustments which a growing civilization requires of its institutions. But they know that the home must not be lost; they see nothing to put in its place. Neither do I."

Irish Charley suddenly remarked: "You dance with a girl, and you like her style. But what is the rule, Ramsden for a young fellow to be dead sure beforehand that the one he cottons to is going to make a really fine cabin-keeping, forest-loving, ranger's wife?"

"Hasn't he any sense," thought Little Jo. "He knows well enough that Mrs. Ramsden is doing all she can to make her husband leave old San Joaquin. She prefers a three-room shanty in some dismal village."

But Ranger Ramsden never took anything as personal; he merely followed up his own thread of thought.

"It was back in that old Lincoln-like township," he said, choosing his words with care, dropping his easy indifference. "Ramsden can talk like one of the bosses, whenever he chooses," the boys always said.

". . . When I went to school down in that old township, there was a girl in our neighborhood who had a chance in life, a better one than most of us. She was sent off to some college; she fell into the right hands. She was strong all over, inside and out, and she was polished too—no paint, no tinsel—just natural finish to the timber and that timber was curly maple, or bird's eye, or the finest sort of walnut."

"Make it Russian River Redwood burl, Ramsden," urged Aroostook, who had lumbered in several places in the West as well as in Maine.

"She came of a good, plain, honest Scotch-American family," continued Ramsden. "She had a fine mother and a father whom everyone respected; she had grandparents of good stock on both sides."

"I've noticed," said Aroostook, "that a family of about that sort settles down in every country neighborhood all over American. They count for a lot."

"But," asked Little Jo, "Isn't it always true that the people who carry on the real work of the world come from just such reading, thinking, and somewhat lonesome country families?"

"Yes, it is that way, Little Joe. It was so with Clara's people. They gave her a chance, somehow to be herself. Like most of our girls, she taught school awhile. Then she married a young farmer, and they lived near my father so that I saw a lot of them while I was growing up. Now, I only desire to illustrate my notions about married life by the way this young couple managed.

"From the first," he continued, "it was plain that Clara and her husband were busy and happy together. He helped in the house, and she helped on the farm. He took the best care of her and she did the same by him.

"My father liked them both. 'Clara Tate and her man are of more value every year to this township,' he told me once. 'They started right; they like the road, and they stick to it.'

"One time my father asked Clara Tate what was the inside reason for their so visible happiness. He said the recipe shouldn't be kept secret; it ought to be published.

"She answered him, quick as a flash: 'Because we think together, read together, work together, and play together. Because we are enough of the same sort, and enough different. Because we stay interesting to each other.' Then she straightened up and said, 'Because, Mr. Ramsden, he is really my chosen friend, and I am his.'

"No modern social unrest about that," said Little Jo to himself. "No chance whatever for the sex-problem novel down in that Lincoln-like place."

"Well," the ranger went on, "when father repeated that to mother, she said: 'The Tates will show dozens of other young people 'How to Be Happy Though Married.' That was the title of an article we had been reading and laughing about. 'The chains drag!' quoted mother, looking at father just the way that Mrs. Tate looked at her man.

"They do!" said father, laughing back—"and they clank when I come in to breakfast." And he looked that way at mother.

"There are hundreds of such marriages," Ramsden concluded.

"How dull! How commonplace!" whispered Little Jo. "In fact, how sad; how unprogressive."

"Strange to say, folks liked it!" said Ramsden.

Aroostook spoke up "I have seen just as many women who neglected their husbands as I have seen men who neglected their wives. The lecturers and newspapers are saying that your happy people of thirty years ago were full of hope, and had plenty of room out in the country; that they had chances, and were not merely wage-earners."

"All so, Jack," answered Ramsden. "There certainly is a marriage problem. There are thousands of divorces and more than thousands of hopeless failures. It is the fault of the social order that so many young people start too soon, or are untrained, or too heavily handicapped. But something else is harder to obtain in these days, and harder to give. You young fellows can say it better than I do."

"I think," ventured Little Jo, "that what you mean is that each of the Tates put something spiritual into the partnership. It's vastly old-fashioned, but I think they were unselfish, each to the other. I think that each one tried to consider the other one first."

"That's it," said Ramsden. Now, men and women can live like the Tates, right here in this old forest. But can it be done in the same spirit if one lives in a city, under much more artificial conditions?"

"It's got to be done that way," said Irish Charley.

Then the rangers curled up to rest in that high, clear air. Little Jo built all sorts of dream visions. He had read Mrs. Mary Austin's "The Flock" and "The Land of Little Rain" and so for a time he trod the desert and the mountain trails with Basque shepherds. Then he half awoke, and when he slept again, he heard the singing of Grecian maidens; he talked with Shakespeare's heroines; sentences from the Letters of the Brownings, which he had once read, filled the air about him. As these died, he broke a lance for some princess fair as Tennyson's, and so awoke in the first paleness of dawn. He thought, half remembering all this, that he had been speaking with glorious and imperial women, and so just under his breath, he said, to himself only—"Always will one man and one woman, if they are able, choose to walk together in the wonderful companionship of a happy marriage."

The Darling Strad

By JO HARTMAN

IN yon Greenwich Village where aspiring geniuses reside and the Muses abide, Gabriel Meschi was one of many struggling young virtuosos with, seemingly, no great reason to be singled out by fortune from the rest. He lived with the hunchback, Carl, a kindly and clever cartoonist who, lone-handed, managed to keep the wolf half a length from the door. Gabriel's efforts along this line, we might add, had proved sadly abortive.

Adjoining them on the right was the rather successful *portraiteur*, as his sign read, Paul Du Lord. Paul was patronized by numbers of the socially elite. They imbibed "atmosphere" while he did exquisite delineations. Annabelle Darling, only daughter of Colonel Darling, the rich traction magnate, was a frequently present protegee of his. First, she had spent innumerable sittings with Foy, her temperamental Pekinese—Foy never posed except under duress—and, second, was having her own pretty features limned on a colored, sort-of-cameo design.

Colonel Darling boasted a genuine Antonio Stradavarius, which had come through his wife's side of the family, and though the fair Annabelle merely fiddled with the art that had amounted to a passion with her maternal grandfather, she possessed an ear for strings. So when a rippling scherzo from Gabriel's pedigree-less violin floated into Du Lord's studio, she made a gesture of surprise and listened. The spell of his playing grew as he shifted to a mournful obligato. Du Lord glanced at her covertly. The Eternal Feminine, symphony of wildwood springtimes and age-old subtleties, omnipresent yet elusive, was all for the moment in her pose. In a flash his esthetic brush caught what greater music ceased abruptly, and Annabelle turned.

"Paul," she exclaimed, "what couldn't that man do with a master's instrument!"

Du Lord was ever ready for romance, fine and poetic. One felt there was nothing of the profligate in his vision of it or of life. He loved, in spite of his theatrical effects and affectations, the sweet and primal and simple, the glimpse of an early sunrise—he had made a study, out of his imagination, of Aurora, goddess of the dawn. So he piloted a meeting between the violinist and the social butterfly, and made a note, as was his habit: "True affinities; Miss Darling interested; Gabriel enraptured; developments probable." Which appeared likely enough.

Annabelle felt a sudden desire to run her fingers through Gabriel's blue-black hair, and Gabriel thought there never was such a piquant, rosebud mouth, though he was almost haughtily shy. And the Darlings having planned a reception before sailing for Europe, Annabelle was inspired to ask Gabriel if he would come and play her father's Strad. *Would* he? He thanked goodness that Carl called him to the phone in time to hide his perturbation.

The next day Annabelle tripped blithely into Gabriel's own studio under cover of a commission for Carl. She had heard of the hunchback's ingenious pen and was, actually, needing certain sketches. And again she longed to stroke Gabriel's hair. She pleaded guilty, to herself, of atavism, of feeling like a lady shouldn't (Annabelle had been properly brought up) but the feeling persisted. Gabriel's attitude was, so to speak, pseudo-spiritual. While the sight of her warm red lips occasioned a tremulo when he meant staccato, he regarded her as a sort of goddess. Psyche, he decided to call her in his day-dreaming. And, metaphorically, he hugged the knowledge to his breast that he was to be almost-a-guest in her house in just six days and eighteen hours!

The endless eon passed, with Gabriel in the seventh heaven of anticipation. But for Carl's practical sense he would have refused mundane food. He was, they later discovered, on the verge of a nervous collapse and his very weakness seemed to exalt him. When the golden evening finally came, he was ushered like a lord into the Darling drawing room. Annabelle tantalized him by holding her hands behind her while she flashed him a smile of welcome. This left him at a loss what to do with his own, which were throbbing unmercifully. Then she wheeled around, and he saw she held the violin. He was immediately all awe, artist, not man. He took it from her with the air of a mother reaching for her babe. Annabelle seated herself at the piano and struck a few soft chords. Gabriel drew the bow across the ancient strings, and the Strad was soon in an ecstasy of attune.

The night ended as auspicious as it had begun. Gabriel responded to encores until he was faint from the sheer, dizzying thrill of applause. In the meantime a rain had set in and Carl, ever concerned over Gabriel's health, indulged in the wild extravagance of a taxi and called for him. A servant admitted

the hunchback suavely, since he was a friend of the violinist.

Carl looked about for Gabriel, it seemed everyone else had gone, and felt like a sacrileger when he located him. Gabriel was laying the violin in its drawer with hands whose very touch was a benediction. Annabelle was standing near, silent.

When Gabriel turned to her he could find no words, but his eyes ran the whole gamut of utterance. Then after voiceless minutes the girl spoke. Carl could not hear her telling Gabriel to call the following afternoon, but a beatific smile told him nothing was amiss.

But days went by with no sign of Gabriel, and Annabelle was piqued and hurt and generally miserable. She was tempted to drive around to his studio, but her woman's code of ethics stood in the way. Besides, she was busier than ever in her unhurried life with London—but a week off. So she did not know that Gabriel was in the throes of brain fever, scarcely expected to live, when she waved home shores a listless good bye.

It was now that Carl executed the drawings of his career. Gabriel had to have things. The hunchback displayed the qualities of mother, brother, nurse, in one. He was a wizard at rising to occasions. And he was more troubled because Gabriel raved incessantly over the wonderful violin. Once in Gabriel's lurid imaginings Annabelle came, in a filmy creation and with flowers in her hair, and handed him the Stradavarius.

"Take it, Gabriel," she said, with a radiant face, "and play for Kings!"

When Gabriel babbled this, it was the last straw. "That darn fiddle would cure him!" Carl snapped out, as he commenced flicking his nails against his teeth—a stunt that invariably brought something.

What took place was never published, only the garbled version of it. The hunchback was neither vicious nor daring, but he loved his friend and acted on an inspiration. He went to the Darling home on the servants' day out. The house was empty, save for the butler and housekeeper, and he waited the psychological moment—or knew it when it arrived. Ames, the butler, had started out on the veranda when the telephone rang. He cavorted sidewise and hurried inside, leaving the door partly ajar. The hunchback tiptoed in, following behind while the butler picked up the receiver. Then, with a scientifically noiseless blow, he swung against the unsus-

pecting Ames' head. Once, twice, three times, to make sure of his job. The stolid six-footer crumpled to the floor. Fortunately, the trustworthy Mrs. Dix was giving her saxon head its biennial tubbing in the third story bathroom.

It took but a jiffy to steal into the drawing room and manipulate the lock of the drawer that held the Strad. Carl's wits were nimble as his fingers, and vice versa. For once he thanked God for his deformity. Secreting the violin beneath his coat so that it tallied with the bump on his right shoulder, he was safely down the steps and away before Ames began to stir.

Gabriel convalesced like magic under the wand of the Stradavarius. His first conscious thought, naturally, was of Annabelle—who had entrusted him with her precious heirloom. He effervesced gratitude. This prompted him to start for the Darling home with legs that were not yet dependable, and a heart that tom-tomed to the shiver in his knees. Then, alas, he was doomed to disappointment. The Darlings had been a fortnight abroad!

He was too weak to reckon with dates, but Annabelle had probably given him the violin just prior to sailing. And he hadn't the courage to enquire her address. Later he suggested writing her at the Fifth Avenue mansion, a letter would be forwarded, but Carl advised not.

No doubt it was a co-incidence that the morning of Gabriel's fruitless call at the Darling residence brought news of the Strad's loss to Annabelle and her father. Ames created quite a melodrama around the theft. They were puzzled, though they did not remotely connect its disappearance with young Meschi. Colonel Darling perfunctorily sent an offer of reward to the papers of the metropolis, also a short write-up of the famous instrument—which disturbed Carl not a little, for fear it might get to Gabriel. But Gabriel was not addicted to ferreting for news, and it didn't reach his dreamy eyes.

When Carl persuaded Gabriel to try out with a noted prima donna, he was booked on the spot as her added attraction. As it developed, the singer would have been glad to split the laurels fifty-fifty, but she bore her chagrin like a Spartan. They covered the east, then went abroad. London was to witness Gabriel's foreign début—the city whose pall of fog was a roseate mist because Annabelle was somewhere near. The indefatigable Carl, signing himself Gabriel's manager, stuck along, doing mostly funnies.

Annabelle and the Colonel were loitering. Annabelle was not aware that her father had brought her over with a suitable marriage in mind, even if it was patent to everyone else. The Col-

onel was a stickler for breeding with a big B. He often said he would have become a British subject were it not for the memory of his beautiful American wife. So he looked with favor on Sir Roger Ashbury, who was bally attentive, and who had an even bet for an M. P. seat. A trifling hundred thousand would put the chap's estate in best repair.

When the Colonel let his stand be known, Annabelle's sense of values told her he was right. Gabriel represented romance, that irised-hued illusion and, too, he had proved ungrateful for her kindness, real and proffered. Still . . . the look in his eyes the night after her reception would haunt her always. Why *hadn't* he written some explanation?

But Gabriel didn't write. And Annabelle accepted Sir Roger. The engagement was announced with a fitting amount of pomp. Annabelle would not have been human had she experienced no inflation of the ego. Yes, her English veneer was getting deeper—she would be a thorough gentlewoman in time; fate was enveloping her in a kind of magnificent haze. Yet for an instant she let her fancy drift back to the bizarre studio of Paul's, and heard Gabriel's violin wailing in through the corridor. The soft, inquiring draw of Sir Roger brought her to.

She passed a sleepless night and the morrow found her unaccountably restless. She cancelled a matinee affair simply to be alone. After luncheon she ordered her car and started out willy nilly, skimming along until she came to Lord Childres' grounds. The Lord, dying childless and hating the nephew who would succeed him, had made a park of half of his domain. Annabelle slowed down so that she barely moved through the lacy-green avenue.

A bird with a headdress such as she had never seen, twittered querulously in a leafy bough. Some avian misunderstanding, Annabelle mused. Perhaps bird hearts ached too. She stopped and tried to answer. In this mood she failed to see Carl, the hunchback, alight from his car and come quickly toward her. She gave a gasp of surprise when he called her name. He removed his hat and smiled his rare smile. Annabelle was glad to see him, gladder than she let him know. Could not he tell her of Gabriel!

And this was Carl's specific intent. He plunged in, for Gabriel, who was rambling about, might return any minute. He told of Gabriel's illness, of his delirious moaning for the Stradavarius.

"He would imagine you were in his studio often. And once he thought you brought him the violin. Why, these were the words he said you used, 'Take it, Gabriel, and play for Kings!' So," the hunchback went on, "I—secured it for him. And the idea that it came from

you has been most of his success. He wanted to write and thank you. But you see," with a lifting of his shaggy eyebrows, "that would not have done."

Annabelle was amazed. If she had only waited a little longer before despairing of Gabriel. Yet this, somehow, was the way of life. And though Carl had asked nothing of her except, tacitly, her pardon, she knew that the Strad should always be Gabriel's. How fine had been the hunchback's devotion!

Carl, who saw Gabriel coming up, got dexterously to his machine and began studying the mechanism. So it was the old, ineffable story in Gabriel's eyes that broke in upon her reverie. The days of waiting and wondering and suspense seemed evanescent as April showers in the blissful reality of each other's presence. Yet what they both said would not have filled a sheet of note paper. The heart has symbols of its own.

At last Gabriel's glance rested on the beautiful stone Sir Roger had placed on Annabelle's slim, white finger. She met his questioning.

"Yes," she managed, with an effort at poise, "it happened—yesterday, Gabriel. It is—Sir Roger Ashbury."

Gabriel did not answer, but a quiver of bitter rebellion shook him. He was like a weary pilgrim in sight of his Mecca who, at his cry of triumph, finds an unscalable wall in front of him. There was a tense silence, which Anna belle was the first to break.

"Will you come to me Thursday afternoon, Gabriel—and bring the Strad? I am giving an informal tea. We have the Duchess Alicia Macrombie's house, you know!"

And Gabriel could say only yes, her slightest wish must ever be his command. Nevertheless he was sorry. Would not Sir Roger be there, drawling around the Psyche of his, Gabriel's dreams!

A select coterie had gathered at the Macrombie castle for the Thursday tea, chiefly those accustomed to bask in the presence of royalty. Annabelle's informals were pleasing events, always, and today the great virtuoso, the sensation of the season, was scheduled for an hour.

Annabelle had delayed explaining the Stradavarius incident to the Colonel until the last when, having to be done in a hurry, it would be easier. So now she drew his arm into hers and whisked him off to the conservatory. There, she sat him down and with the impulsiveness she was fast outgrowing, plumped on his knee. She was New York-ish clean through again. She clasped one hand over his mouth and waved the other forefinger at him.

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What Christmas Brought to Celia

SHE CROSSED to the sink to wash out the big wooden bowl in which were chopped the apples for the Christmas mince meat. Twilight had deepened to dusk. She lighted the lamp; and the cheerful, homely room smiled like a friendly face.

Celia needed a friendly face in the empty kitchen, tonight. She was thinking of Grace as she placed a plate, a cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon on the round table built for two. She moved briskly about, bringing from the pantry a pat of butter, a small jar of raspberry jam, a plate of cold biscuits; and from the ice chest, sliced cold beef. And step by step, Grace went with her—Gracie, the half-sister that she had sent away!

The sound of heavy footsteps crunching the gravel walk came to her ears; someone rapped sharply on the door.

Celia Carr set down the teapot. Her hands flew to her hair, her throat. The mellow lamplight showed the startled pink in her cheeks.

"Come in!" she called, as was the neighborly custom of Fairfax folk. "Oh! It's you!"

Aunt Dibby Brown, the dressmaker, chuckled knowingly, and not without a touch of malice as she entered, bringing with her a cold whiff of air that hinted of storm, for this was the season of rain in California.

"I saw him turn in at the Jones place," she teased. "Mebbe Bobby has the croup again. Prob'lly the doctor'll see you later. Don't let me keep you from your supper—No, I've had mine. I sh'd think you'd be lonesome, here by yourself." She took the low rocking-chair, and allowed the knitted black shawl to slip from her angular shoulders to the floor. "I must say, I don't think much of Grace Carr, goin' off to San Francisco and leavin' you, after all you and William done for her. She lived with you 'most ten years, didn't she?"

This harping on a sore topic, following closely the plaguing thoughts that swarmed about her like angry bees, annoyed Celia Carr past speech. She hesitated. Finally, as if resolved to make known the worst of herself, and breaking a silence of months, she began:

"It wasn't her fault that she went. I told her to go. I gave her the money and told her to go—to go where she chose—to do what she chose. I was tired looking after her as though she was a baby."

Level-eyed, Celia met the amazed, incredulous stare of her visitor; but the soft lips trembled.

By CAROLINE KATHRINE FRANKLIN

"Of course, Celia," Aunt Dibby stammered, gathering up her shawl, "I know Grace's been awful tryin' with her silly ways. But after all, she's John's sister—half-sister, that is; and he didn't hold with givin' her any money. But—I dunno what to say! I—I just came in to ask if us two lone women sh'd go in together on a Chris'mas dinner. You let me know. Guess I'll be goin' now."

She rose, and Celia rose with her.

"I'd just as soon plan it that way," Celia returned. "I'll ask Dr. Grant and his sister, too."

Aunt Dibby's thoughts were evidently still occupied with Grace's affairs.

"How much money did you give her?" she asked. "As soon as it's spent, she's sure to come home ag'in."

"I gave her half the insurance money, and all that was in the bank; and I told her to go and never to come back."

There was silence in the room for a moment. The loud ticking of the clock, unnoticed before, became suddenly intrusive. At last Aunt Dibby spoke:

"Why Celia! You—you—must—be crazy!"

"If I'm not crazy, it's not Grace's fault. For years I've stood her foolishness; heard her talk and seen her act like a girl of sixteen—and she's as old as I am. I just couldn't stand it any longer, Aunt Dibby! I didn't have to divide with her. I needn't have given her a cent. I gave her half, and told her to go."

"She'll spend it. She'll lose it in some way, sure's fate. Mebbe she'll come to harm—"

"That is not my affair," said Celia Carr; but her voice shook.

"And when it's gone, she'll come back on you to support—she sure will."

"I stood her foolishness 'till I can't endure it any longer. I'm not responsible for anything that may happen to her. She's as old as I am—and I gave her half."

"We—ll, I don't know. Mebbe you're right, in a way of speakin'. But what'll become of Grace Carr in a big city?"

Celia made no answer. She watched Aunt Dibby as she walked down the graveled path to the gate. Just so she had stood two months before to watch Grace Carr pass through the yard and down the street. Grace had stopped at the turn to throw a kiss, looking small and childlike and helpless. Grace hadn't even understood how "Sister Celia" had felt toward her—the little fool! But was she such a fool, after all? She al-

ways had her own way; and her childishness, her very helplessness, appealed to men—to Dr. Grant . . . Well, Grace was out of the way, now.

Celia was making fresh tea when another step sounded on the walk. After an instant of tense listening, her dilated eyes left the window. She went to the door.

"Good evening, Doctor," she said. "You are just in time for supper."

"Thought I should be," chuckled Dr. Grant. He came briskly in, pulling off his top coat and tossing his hat into the corner. There was something boyish in his manner; crows-feet and gray hair were poor witnesses, at best, against the youth of his eyes.

"Will you draw up to the fire and get warm?" she asked, a shy smile on her lips. She pushed the big chair toward him. "I haven't lighted the sitting-room fire today. I've been up to my elbows in mincemeat. That's just as you like it," she said, placing a cup of tea before him.

Celia, pondering, watched him as he ate; finally:

"Dr. Grant," she said, "do you think John counted on my looking after Grace?"

"I know he did, Celia. Did you ever stop to think that Grace can't help her foolishness any more than you can help your impulsiveness? When she comes back, just shut your eyes to the things that annoy you. You'll find you will be glad of even Grace's company, now that you are alone."

"It is lonely with John gone. But Grace—she seems to make it worse. I'd try to stand it—if you think John wanted it. But she'll never come back, Doctor."

"Oh, yes, she will!" chuckled the doctor, rising and shrugging into his coat. "She'll come back as soon as she's spent all the money she has."

"You—know?" Celia faltered, looking up quickly.

The doctor nodded. He stood a moment, gazing down at the woman's bowed head, his face a benediction; but he gave his usual dry laugh as he passed out into the night.

"Oh, John, John!" Celia whispered, her face against the polished back of John's big chair. "You can trust me."

Grace had written in the first week of absence. Celia had read with impatience, and flung aside, the first letter. The second letter was carried to Dr. Grant's sister and laid before her. She

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Early California Brigands

How the Gentle Art of Banditry Flourished in Pioneer Days

By B. G. ROUSSEAU

ACCORDING to William Hepworth Dixon, the historian, "A brigand is a mal-content, who waits his chance to raise in a more threatening shape."

In the early days in California, from the 50's to the late 70's, and even as early as the days of '49 there were several well organized robber bands, closely united, who used pass words, grips, etc., operating in this state. The Mexicans were criminals for several reasons. One of them was hatred for the dominant Americans, whom they spoke of contemptuously as "gringos," because these same hated and despised "gringos" were proving themselves the stronger race, and slowly, but none the less surely, taking the country and its gold away from them. The ignorant peons argued that since this was the case, it was no more than right that they in turn should kill off the unwelcome intruders and thus regain possession of the country for themselves.

From the Mexican point of view, a bandit attained a high position in life, and was proclaimed to the world by his admirers as a modern Claude du Val. The most lucrative end of the bandit's profession was horse stealing. To be a successful horse thief one had to be calm and daring, as well as possess unusual strength. He had to know the country like a book and be able to sit in the saddle like a centaur.

These knights of the road faithfully followed the old axiom: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." Each day, each hour might be his last, so he made the most of his time. One day they spent in Los Angeles flirting with the pretty dark eyed señoritas of the Mexican quarter, drinking wine or dancing the fandango with them. The next day they might be fleeing for their lives before the sheriff and a posse of outraged citizens.

Salomon Pico was one of the most celebrated bandits who operated in the central part of the state. He and his followers ranged in the vicinity of Monterey. One day in April, 1851, Pico decided to make a raid on the rich Escobar rancho, six miles from Monterey, which was in charge of an American named Josiah Swain. Swain was slated to be killed for if he were allowed his freedom he would no doubt summon help, and the whole band be exterminated. This proceeding was quite agreeable to all of Pico's men,

save one, and he, for some inexplicable reason refused to take any part in the proposed raid. Jeers and threats were alike powerless to move him, and finally, threatened with death by his companions, he fled the camp, and exposed the band to the authorities.

A company of Rangers was raised in Monterey, and Pico and his followers were run to earth and captured on April 18; but justice, as in many instances, went all awry. Five members of the gang were discharged on the ground of insufficient evidence, while Pico secured bail for himself through State Senator de la Guerre. He jumped his bail and was never afterward heard of. He is supposed to have returned to Mexico.

Another member of the gang, William Otis Hall, alias Bill Woods, an American, was in prison a long time on a charge of horse stealing. He finally escaped, but was recaptured and hanged.

* * *

In May, 1851, a band of robbers under the leadership of John Irving, a native of Texas, raided Los Angeles county, striking terror into the hearts of the populace, many of whom fled to the militia camp of Major General Joshua H. Bean, encamped at Cajon Pass.

One of the most daring and atrocious deeds perpetrated by this band was the murder of eleven men on a ferry crossing the Colorado River.

Irving was held in such fear that when he threatened to raid the ranchos of several prosperous Spaniards they fled in terror before him, leaving their possessions behind to be plundered and pillaged at the pleasure of the outlaws.

Irving finally met his end at the hands of Juan Antonio, an Indian chief of the Cohuilla tribe, and an alcalde of his district. Antonio and his warriors followed the bandits to their mountain stronghold, and in the ensuing battle Irving was killed by the chief and the rest of the bandits put to flight.

Having rid the country of the feared and hated Irving, Antonio was afraid to return to his rancho, having heard that a band of 200 whites were about to attack him in revenge for Irving's death. There was no truth in this rumor, and Antonio was finally found and returned to his family who were waiting for him at Apolitan in San Bernardino county. Governor Bean personally assured Antonio that he had nothing whatever to

fear from the law abiding whites who were only too glad to be rid of Irving and his cut throat followers.

Governor Bean was later assassinated in Los Angeles by three Mexicans, it was thought out of revenge for his activities in having Irving's band exterminated. The Mexicans were later caught and hanged for the crime.

* * *

One of the most picturesque characters of California in the early days was Jack Powers, an Irishman, who came to the Golden State in the early 50's with Stephenson's Volunteers, and was a well-known figure among the sporting fraternity.

Powers was known in the vernacular as a "gentleman gambler." He was always faultlessly attired, and had the manners and bearing of a man far above his chosen station in life. He was endowed with unusual intelligence and his influence was far reaching, not only among the gamblers with whom he fraternized, but he also had powerful and influential friends at the State Capital. He was a personal friend of Governors Bigler and McDougall, and numbered among his acquaintances many other men of prominence. If Powers had had political ambitions there is no doubt he could have had any office he desired, but he had no such ambitions and was content to be known as the "king of the gamblers."

He was a born sportsman, and preferred his ranch at Santa Barbara with its string of racing horses and hounds to any political plum the state legislature could throw his way. He maintained on his ranch, and at his own expense, a large number of retainers, who did his bidding in all things. He considered himself outside the slavish observance of the law, and because of his influential friends and "pull," did practically what he pleased, snapping his fingers at law and order when it conflicted with his desires.

At last there came a bad year and Powers was nearly swamped financially trying to meet both ends and keep his large ranch going. He was heavily in debt and Sheriff W. W. Twist held a writ of ejectment against him. Powers got word that the sheriff was on his way to the ranch, and summoning his retainers he prepared to receive them. A fight ensued in which the sheriff was worsted and two of his men killed. Twist temporarily retired and during

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BOOKS and WRITERS



THE MEXICAN NATION

Dr. Herbert Ingram Priestley, who is the librarian of that wonderful collection of books and documents, the Bancroft Library, and is also the associate professor of Mexican history at our State University, has now written, and the Macmillan Company has published the best history of Mexico and its people that is in existence. We say this in all earnestness after years of more or less intimate knowledge of any sympathy with those neighbors of ours whose country is so full of possibilities and whose problems are so difficult. In reading the book, one's thoughts go back to old college school days in Oakland, when among fellow-students were twenty or more bright, attractive, hard-working boys from Mexico.

The *Overland Monthly* had just been started by Anton Roman, with Bret Harte as editor, and a reference to its earlier volumes will show how serious many Americans considered the presence of Mexican miners on the Mother Lode.

Dr. Priestley is wise when he tells us that we must know more of this neighbor of ours—and this applies with especial force to Californians, every one of whom should study this book, and should forever drop the use of such terms as "greaser." Our author puts the case this way:

"The characteristic attitude of most Americans toward Mexico is one of ignorant good will, combined with skepticism concerning the value of her culture and the solidity of her political institutions. There can be little, they think, in the social traditions of so turbulent a nation to command her history to serious study. Nothing could be farther from the actuality. Public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, Mexico has a consumingly interesting story, almost unique in its relationship with the primitive epoch and in its significance for present and future world problems. . . . Something more than a well-meaning, ignorant good will is necessary if the United States is to maintain an adequately satisfactory relationship with her nearest Hispanic American neighbor."

Assumption of superiority and impatience with the unsuccessful gropings of the Mexicans toward nationality and stability do not constitute essential prerequisites for the solution of the problem created by the geographical juxtaposition of Mexico and the United States, both exemplars of Americanized European culture introduced by the two most successful nations of the modern colonizing epoch, Spain and England. . . . The Republicanism which accompanied independence in the English colonies had been a progressive evolution, while that which developed when Spanish America was freed, constituted an abrupt and definitive break with the past, in the formal aspects, though in spirit and essence the autocracy of the colonial epoch survived and still rules in the political and social organization in Mexico as elsewhere in Hispanic America."

This history, with its excellent biography and index, covers 507 pages. It has maps and illustrations and is brought down to the latest possible moment. The conclusion reached by this very careful historian is that: "The more recent attitude of the American administration, seeking a reasonable solution of outstanding problems without insistence on any specified form of agreement, has met with sympathetic response in both Mexico and the United States. . . . A well safeguarded recognition will make for stability, and the problem of stabilizing social conditions in Mexico is one of almost as much direct moment to Americans as to Mexicans. . . . The day of the enthronement of social and political sanity, consent in majority rule and sensitiveness to the demands of justice whether internal or external, has not fully dawned in Mexico. But its coming is desired by thousands of loyal conservative and liberal Mexicans who cherish the hope that their growth in national consciousness will be directly encouraged by the United States."

"The Mexican Nation" is the most interesting piece of recent historical work that has come to this desk. It is issued by the Macmillan Company at \$4.00.

Charles Howard Shinn.

NEW LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

Chesterton's Key to Happiness

"Gilbert Keith Chesterton, has never lost mental contact with the cosmic simplicity of human existence," says Arthur F. Thorn in his Preface to GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON by Patrick Braybrooke published by Lippincott this fall. "He knows, as well as anybody has ever known, that the life of man goes wrong simply because we are too lazy to be pleased with simple, fundamental things. G. K. Chesterton would restore the primitive joys of wonder and child-like delight in simple things. His ideal is the real, not the merely impossible. Unlike most would-be saviors of the race, he seeks not to merge a new humanity into a brand new glittering civilization. He would have us awaken once more to the ancient mysteries and eternal truths. He would have us turn back in order to progress."

In Witch-Bound Africa

If you had lived for ten or eleven years in the heart of darkest Africa, dispensing justice to some of the dark inhabitants of that strange continent, it would be reasonable to suppose that you could write an interesting account of the locality in which you lived. This is what Frank H. Melland has done in his book, IN WITCH-BOUND AFRICA, published this Fall by Lippincott. Mr. Melland was a magistrate in the Kazemba District of northern Rhodesia, and was awarded the Cuthbert Peek Grant in 1922 by the Royal Geographical Society.

A New Story by Johanna Spyri

J. P. Lippincott Company has added to the STORIES ALL CHILDREN LOVE SERIES, a new one by Johanna Spyri entitled VINZI. This, as many others of the series, is illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk. Madame Spyri has again taken Switzerland as the scene of her latest story.

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(Continued from page 25)

"Good, now I will use the paper and ink," and Lane wrote to his brother. Perhaps half an hour later he had finished.

"You say my wife may be with me?" asked Tsung.

"Yes," answered Lane.

"Let her come now, with me, we should not be apart, we are life one to the other." He ended this outburst pleadingly, Lane thought. "I wonder if there is any good in the man," he asked himself. "It is strange that he should beg."

"You would send ashore for help," he added aloud.

"No, no, she waits for me at Nanking jetty. Will you pass close by and land only if she be alone?"

"All right, we shall see."

Lane took Tsung with him to the fore end of the boat, and roused the loadah. "Have got steam," said Lane, "Wantchee go Shanghai, Nanking Road Jetty."

On the way up stream, the two men had another drink from the launch cupboard, and Tsung made one or two remarks that impressed Lane with the feeling that Tsung was not all evil. The man seemed eagerly glad at the thought of having his wife with him. "To let him take her will be one decent thing I can do to offset tonight's work against him."

Cautiously approaching within a dozen feet of the jetty, Lane saw a tiny figure perched on a bollard. She appeared to be waiting for some one. "That is she—I will call," Tsung said.

"Langi!"

"Yes?" a voice replied softly.

"A moment!" Tsung turned to Lane and added, "You see there is no one else about. Will you take her?"

Lane had the launch brought close by and the woman stepped aboard.

Half an hour later they were alongside the Kymoon.

Lane roused the captain and explained his whole experience. Midnight saw the end of the story with the Kymoon's captain saying, "If I did not know your brother, I'd tell you to go to the devil. Good night, David, pray for us. Let me have that loadah you've kept in the locker."

THREE days passed with the usual routine at the mill. It is a hot noon and David is thankful for the swinging punkahs. A decoded wireless on his desk causes a smile to be on his lips.

"S. S. Kymoon.

"Your cargo is a good fellow. He is as charming as though it were his honeymoon.

"Proctor."

"Poor old Tsung," muses David.



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"Maybe he isn't such a bad old scout after all."

The door bangs open and admits a red faced, smiling Chairman.

"David, you scoundrel, why didn't you tell me that Tsung had signed those deeds you filed at the consulate yesterday?"

"It was too late in the afternoon, Chairman. I thought you would rather wait until today for the news."

"Speaking of news, David, I've some that will make you happy. Tsung is in Singapore indefinitely!"

"Hm?" says David.

"Heavens man! Tsung is gone! And Peking appears rather relieved to have him away now. It seems that he mixed with some bad business just after being released from the arsenal that put him in an unhealthy light there. And to cap the climax, he has run away with the favorite wife of old Lai Lai. Took her with him to Singapore. At least, she disappeared the same night. Come to life, David! Have some lunch with me!"

But David can only lean back in his chair, amazed anew at this further evidence of Tsung's perfidy, and murmur, "I can't, Chairman. I've a rotten headache."

(Continued from page 29)

voices. Back into the scene had rumbled Bravo Juan muttering Spanish curses in his throat.

"My wife!" Alberto Montoya was demanding, "Have you seen my wife?"

"I have not," he growled back. "These birds how they escape between cage and cage! But I assure you, Señor, I feel for you! And I'll drag her back to you if ever I have my hands on her."

The child saw Bravo Juan come quite close to her father and slap him on the shoulder. Her father shook him off. Bravo Juan retired through the kitchen. The child noted a pause and click at the kitchen door as of one removing key from padlock. Then he was gone.

The Cherub caught her breath and kept her face hidden in her arms when her father dashed her way, but he only reached above her to give the little dancing grandmother's portrait a mighty swing which landed it facing the wall.

Back to the desk he strode and drew a pistol from an upper drawer. This he patted caressingly between his hands. An infant a quarter of the Cherub's age would have understood. Luz Montoya's daughter whimpered and shivered at the sight. The hands playing with the pistol curled and uncurled themselves. The man's face was distorted into something of a grin yet with no slightest semblance of mirth.

Then his staring eyes chanced to focus on the pin-cushioned image of Aunt Beulah Hicks. His hand swept out in a furious gesture which it seemed would dash the object to the floor. Yet it left Aunt Beulah Hicks still on stern guard against his rashness. Spent with his own fury, Alberto Montoya half collapsed across his desk. He gave no heed to the child who once more sobbed and shivered herself to sleep.

The Chili Cherub awoke to gray dawn revealing red and green festoons torn and trampled in the excitement of the night before. Her head was on a pillow; blankets from the bedroom were under and about her.

Tousled and dazed, she came up to a sitting posture. Her father's head rested on his arms crossed upon his desk. She could not tell whether or not he slept. But directly before him stood the pin-cushion-bound photograph. And Papacito's hands seemed to be reaching towards it as if he also had been praying to Aunt Beulah.

Cherub's wail for her mother was checked at its very outset by the entrance from the kitchen of a life-size Aunt Beulah Hicks in long gray cloak and little gray bonnet. Cherub knew her from the photograph, though her face was older. It was also softer and more sweet.

She stood by Papacito and smiled with

a touch of whimsical grimness at her pin-cushioned self. Then she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Albert—my boy—"

Papacito started, looked up at her, and dropped to his knees with a fold of her gray cloak between his hands while Aunt Beulah stroked his hair.

In rumbled Bravo Juan dragging Mamacita terrified and struggling but making no sound.

"Found her by your kitchen door, Alberto. These birds—between cage and cage—

Papacito was on his feet with his pistol pointed at the *cholo*. Hastily Bravo Juan rumbled himself off.

Luz clung to Aunt Beulah. She shivered away from the pistol in her husband's hand and covered her heart as if to protect it from a bullet.

Chili Cherub clapped her little hands over her face and smothered a shriek in the blankets.

But Alberto Montoya, looking at his wife, was unconscious that he still held the weapon. Murder was not in his face, but a great gladness.

Aunt Beulah spoke to him quietly.

"Nephew, your wife fled from you to me. But she finds she loves her *chili* husband—"

"Not husband!" shouted Papacito! "her jailer! her tyrant! I have been *chili* fool and *chili* devil! Can she forgive?"

Mamacita was in Papacito's arms at that.

The Chili Cherub darted across the room and into the midst of the group at the desk. After being hugged by both parents, the child found herself standing directly in front of Aunt Beulah. With this miracle-working personage she was still only on terms of prayer. She raised her little clasped hands:

"Aunt Beulah Hicks, we thank thee for making us to be one pacifical family."

THANKSGIVING

I have been thankful—yes—
In a carefree way
For love and happiness,
For hours bright and gay,
That made life so secure
And warmth and food so sure
On each Thanksgiving day.

But now since passing years
Have bade me climb alone,
Under a sky of tears
Over a path of stone,
I breathe a grateful prayer
For all the love and care
My youthful years have known.

—Ruth Harwood.

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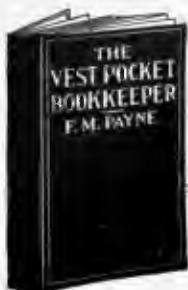
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Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine

(Consolidated)
825 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

(Continued from page 35)
his absence Powers fortified his house like a fortress, even installing a miniature home made cannon fashioned from a stove pipe. In this manner he successfully defied the sheriff until January when a truce was declared and the siege raised, but from that day Powers never again appeared in public without a weapon.

For a long time after this Powers maintained his leadership, but it was broken in 1856 when the San Francisco Vigilance Committee pursued Ned McGowan, the outlaw, and a personal friend of Powers, as far as Santa Barbara. McGowan was saved only by the shrewd resourcefulness of his friend, who thereby fell under the suspicions of the Vigilantes himself. He lost his prestige, his retainers fell away one by one and at last he found himself hounded and harried from place to place, shorn of all his powerful influence.

In despair he fled to Sonora, Mexico, where he was later killed.

* * *

In the beginning of the year 1857 Pancho Daniell, a Mexican, struck terror into the hearts of the citizens of Los Angeles. Daniell was an escaped state's prison convict, and a leader of one of the most lawless bands that ever operated in the southern part of the state. Lucian Tapia and Juan Flores were his two lieutenants.

Early in January the bandits entered the store of a German named Pflugardt, at San Juan Capistrano. The store keeper was in the act of preparing his evening meal when the bandits entered and for no particular reason, shot him down. The outlaws then placed the body on a table, seated themselves, and calmly ate the meal their victim had prepared for himself. They then plundered the store at their leisure and escaped. That same night they robbed a number of other stores in different localities.

Word of these depredations reached Sheriff Barton of Los Angeles, and he set out after them, accompanied by six deputies.

At San Juan ranch, 18 miles from San Juan Capistrano, the sheriff was warned by a friendly Californian of a trap he had learned the outlaws had set for the sheriff and his party. He said the outlaws outnumbered the posse two to one and advised Barton to send to Los Angeles for reinforcements, but the sheriff refused to take the advice and next morning started on the trail of the bandits. They met the band at Santiago canyon and Barton and two of his men were killed.

When news of the killing of the sheriff reached Los Angeles the city at once went under martial law. All the

whites in the small settlement went and Spanish who for that the Mexicans part of the population, the greater thizze with the outlaws, and would sympathize. The state legislature was al seek revenge. funds, and a certain sum appealed to for purposes of defense. Bespranted them meager handful of Americansides this the forced by fifty soldiers broug.were rein-Angeles from Fort Tejon; aht to Los from San Diego with food and horses.

Mounted Rangers scoured the co and outlying hills. One company a entry Monte and two at San Bernardino. T El detachments of native Californians wero with each company.

Nearly the whole of the Mexican population were in sympathy with the bandits, supplying them with food and fresh horses in their flight. Finally 100 armed and determined men chased the outlaws into the mountains. This posse was accompanied by a wagon containing coffins in which to bring back the body of the sheriff and his men.

The body of the sheriff and his companions were found and brought back to Los Angeles, reaching the city Sunday noon. Monday all business was suspended while the victims were buried under the impressive auspices of the Masonic order.

Immediately after the funeral General Andreas Pico, a native Californian, and a company of mounted men, set out to run down the bandits. Two of them were captured after a desperate resistance and immediately hanged.

Juan Flores was captured by James Thornton, who afterwards became sheriff. The bandit was caught on the topmost peak of the Santiago range. In all 52 members of the band were captured and lodged in jail. Out of this number 11 were hanged, including the leader, Daniell. Flores at the time of his death was only 21, yet the year before he had been arrested for horse stealing.

Two members of the band, Espinosa and Lopez succeeded in making their escape, but were eventually caught at San Benaventura, and on the following morning Espinosa was hanged. Lopez again made his escape, but was re-captured February 16th and paid the full penalty for his crimes. With the later hanging of Luciano Tapia and Thomas King the last of the band was wiped out.

* * *

Captain Sanati was a romantic villain, whose specialty was stealing horses, and as a side line he abducted such pretty Mexican girls as pleased his errant fancy. His first lieutenant was a man named Moreno.

One day Sanati heard that a large ball was to be given in Los Angeles in honor of some ladies from San Francisco,

(Continued on page 42)

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POETS AND THINGS

Impertinent Comment on Contemporary Periodicals by the Poetry Editor

THE POETRY EDITOR can't talk about his own contributors—that wouldn't do when he has expressed his opinion in accepting their stuff—so that is left to others. And, already comment is coming in on October Overland's verse; the Poetry Editor is passing it on to you before anything adverse turns up, for all the comment so far is very favorable.

And for himself, the Poetry Editor reserves the privilege of discussing other periodicals as they come to his desk. No doubt his opinion is faulty. Possibly you had best read these other periodicals and check up. The worst of it is that definitions of poetry—and things—vary. What is one man's poetry is another man's poison. Possibly that is the reason why the Poetry Editor doesn't seem to grow at all enthusiastic over that new publication down in Los Angeles to which its parents—there are four of them—have given the name of "FOUR."

* * *

Since the Poetry Editor believes that there is still a ray of hope for a wearied world—even with its over-plus of poets—it is likely that his definition of poetry is far aside from that of the contributor to this quarterly who speaks thus in his tribute "To a Mocking Bird":

"I dare not look, yet allow myself to feel the outlines of this hideous nude, to smell the strong odors of her body and to hear her esoteric breathing."

What is this hideous nude? Not the mocking bird? Surely not! No. No, we turn back and find that it is the "derelict day" which lies there "naked, terrible, a thing of horror."

The Poetry Editor turns from this uncensored day as portrayed by H. Thompson Rich, to the following "Song of My Native Land," by W. H. Lench: "I ask you

Have you seen finer harbors, have you seen finer boats?

Have you seen better looking girls, or stronger men?

Have you seen greater fearlessness, courage, patience?"

M-hm!" says the Poetry Editor, "Lench is evidently a native son." But no;

"Have you experienced fiercer blizzards, whiter snow, more exhilarating climate?"

"No," said the Poetry Editor, "that has nothing to do with California." And then he turned the page:

"I was never alone even in loneliness, All sounds were voices speaking to me, All creeping things friends to me, Everything was mysterious and full of mystery.

I wondered about the birds finding their nests in the cliffs,
I wondered how the ships sailed across trackless seas.

I loved to reflect on the love of birds for each other,
And the way a cow suckled its young calf and came home in the evening to feed it again.

All these were the mysteries of youth, They are still mysteries to the man."

"There," said the Poetry Editor, "is a near approach to real poetry."

The next to follow in "FOUR" was David N. Grokowsky's "Douglas Park—Chicago:"

"Sad was the autumn of Douglas Park. Everything was cold, as the wind That wept in dreary monotone, and flooded the park
With a towering doubt; a cruel symphony

A holy nakedness surrounded me"

"Well, maybe," said the Poetry Editor, "but I doubt it." Still let's read on: "Winter came like silver love.

The park, that slept in white blessedness,

Concealed beneath its robe of lively warmth

A pungent loftiness of impassioned height

Where no stilted thought could live serene.

The air was powerful and sublime.

The snowflakes fell in sparkling eloquence

On the silver pond that radiated frost-beams."

Grokowsky climbs close to the heights in this.

* * *

Down in San Diego is published one of the newest of the poetry magazines, but one which is taking its place in the front rank of publications devoted to verse, "Pegasus," which is edited by one of this group of "FOUR," W. H. Lench. Strangely enough, in view of "FOUR," the contents of Pegasus are for the most part sane and beautiful. It must be admitted that the contents of the October number is deeply colored with that note of utter hopelessness which marks so many of the young—the very young—writers. Perhaps it does not attain the standards of the two previous issues, yet it contains one poem of splendid beauty, and this—another remarkable thing!—is by H. Thompson Rich, his "To Beg Your Charity." Space does not permit its quotation, but that poem alone is worth the year's subscription. And Ben Field has a powerful bit of imagery in his "Master Earth."

Colonel Hofer's unique publication "The Lariat" is always a welcome visitor to the Poetry Editor's desk. Not that he agrees that The Lariat's verse

(Continued on page 43)

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(Continued from page 40)

who were visiting at the home of a prominent society leader. Sanati saw in this an opportunity not to be lost. There would not only be many rare jewels in evidence, but any number of beautiful maidens and the soul of the doughty Captain rejoiced.

On the night of the ball Captain Sanati and his men were also on hand, and after robbing the guests in the ball room, they entered the dining room, where they compelled the terrified servants to wait on them. They then returned to the ball room where each of the bandits seized a partner with whom he danced, while the frightened chaperons and cowed men looked on helplessly. They kept this diversion up, changing partners as often as fancy dictated, until at a signal from their leader they filed one by one from the ball room, pointing their weapons at the men and gallantly kissing their hands to the women.

Later that same night they broke into a farm house where Moreno stole a valuable watch.

Next day the Mounted Rangers were on their trail. Finding himself cornered Sanati shot the sheriff, rode back to Los Angeles where he plundered several houses and rode off with a number of Mexican girls. A reward of \$1,500 was offered for his body, dead or alive. The money tempted Moreno and one night when he and Sanati were alone in camp, he crept up behind the unsuspecting leader and shot him in the head. But the shot was heard by Bulvid, one of the men returning to camp. He came forward to investigate and as he leaned over Sanati's body Moreno stabbed him in the back.

The latter then placed both bodies in a cart and returned with them to Los Angeles where he claimed the reward from the sheriff. He told a plausible story of having killed the men in a desperate encounter and was given the reward. He proceeded to celebrate the occasion by getting gloriously drunk. The liquor unloosed his tongue and in a reckless moment he exhibited the watch he had stolen from the farm house and offered it for sale. A jeweler who was present, recognized the time piece and secretly sent for the Rangers. They surrounded the place quietly and before he realized what had happened the handcuffs were on his wrists and he was taken to jail, where he was charged with burglary. He was convicted on this count and given 14 years. During his imprisonment he voluntarily confessed the crime of murdering Sanati and Bulveda, but justice is often as really blind as she is depicted, as in this instance no notice whatever was taken of the larger crime.

* * *

Joe Stokes was known as the "Most

LAUS DEO!

Henry Walker Noyes

Now cheer and plenty rule the board,
And in the purse is gold:
In every home where love is lord,
By multitudes in glad accord,
(Save here where hopeless bondmen
hoard)

Thy giving is extolled:

Oh, suffer us to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou dost withhold!

The warm bright lights, the festal
throng,

The gracious company—!
Long have we dwelt in silence, long
The years have held no note of song,
No recompense of pain and wrong,
No love of man—or Thee;

Yet, Lord—to Thee our thanks belong!
Thou gavest Memory.

We thank Thee for the "might have
been",

The hope that never dies,
The victory we never win;
We thank Thee for the light within,
The knowledge that our brother's sin
Upon our threshhold lies;

That Thy great love hath circled in
The lowly and despised!

We thank Thee that howe'er we climb
There still is something higher;
That though through all the reach of
Time,

(Beyond this life in pantomine—
This unrequited toil and grime)
We to the stars aspire,

Still, still beyond us burns sublime
The pure, sidereal fire!

We thank Thee that these man-made
walls

May not shut out Thy stars;
That when each waking dream recalls
Some memory our heart entralls
A mystic gleam benignly falls
Between these iron bars;

We thank Thee for the Inner Halls,
Whose only key is ours!

We thank Thee for the voice that sings
To those who dwell alone;
For all the upward spread of wings
That leads to purer, higher things,
For Mystery—the dream it brings
That makes man's soul his own!

But more than all for Hope, that clings
When all but hope hath flown.

Henry Walker Noyes.

dangerous man in California."

He came of a good family, his father being a banker in Philadelphia. When Joe first emigrated to the state he went first to Sacramento where he became a bookkeeper. This was in 1852, when he was just 20 years of age. At that time there were three large gambling houses in the capital city, the "Woodcock," the "Humboldt," and the "Empire." Joe frequented them all, but was seen most frequently at the "Humboldt." One night while there he shot and killed a gambler named Tom Collins, whom he claimed he caught cheating at cards. Hot words followed. Collins drew his gun and commenced firing at Stokes who was unarmed, but all the shots went wild. At last some one thrust his gun into Stokes' hand. He fired one shot at the gambler, who had retreated behind a pillar. The bullet found its mark and Collins fell, shot through the heart.

From that time a change came over Stokes. He gave up his position and became an outlaw. He was never a coward and his greatest pleasure seemed to be derived in the face of danger. Ordinarily Stokes was cool, quiet and good humored but when aroused became a veritable fighting demon. He was eventually killed.

* * *

The last robber chief of Mexican birth to trouble the border countries was Santos Sotella, the successor of Tiberucio Vasquez. Santello was arrested in 1877 by a young Californian, Rafael Lopez, and served a long prison term for horse stealing. Chevrez, one of Santello's lieutenants, was later captured and killed. Lopez later laid claim before the legislature for the reward offered for the capture of the bandits, but it is not recorded whether it was ever paid.

BRET HARTE DAY

The San Francisco branch League of American Pen Women open their club year with a Bret Harte day on Saturday, October 27 in the terrace of the Fairmont Hotel, 3 to 6 o'clock.

There will be a diversified Bret Harte program with Mrs. George McGowan in charge. Mrs. McGowan is noted for her ability to arrange and carry out successfully programs of merit and excellence. The new president for the year is Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn, well-known as a speaker and writer. Mrs. Colburn is the author of "Kinship of Mount Lassen" and other literary productions.

The guest of honor will be Clay Green, the well-known veteran producer. There will be both music and literary numbers with dancing and social hour.

(Continued from page 14)

could surprise the Indians. The Indians came out unarmed from their lodges. Major Jackson made a demand for Captain Jack. When they were waiting for Captain Jack the Indians armed themselves. Captain Jack came out and when Major Jackson told him that he had come to take them to the Klamath Agency, Jack said, 'We are ready to go. I will take my people with me. You come here to my camp while it is still dark. I won't run from you. I do not place any confidence in what the white man says.' Major Jackson said that he had not come for trouble but merely to escort the Modocs to the Klamath Agency. The Indians were afraid that the soldiers were going to do what Ben Wright had done once before—murder them all. Major Jackson ordered the Indians to lay down their guns. He said to Jack, 'If you will give up your gun I won't let anyone hurt you or your band.' Captain Jack told his men to lay down their guns. The Indians stepped up and laid their guns down in front of the soldiers. One of the Indians had a pistol hanging in his belt. Major Jackson said to Lieutenant Boutelle, 'Disarm that Indian, he has turned in his gun but he still has a revolver.' Lieutenant Boutelle stepped up and said 'Give that pistol here, damn you, and give it quick.' Scarface Charley laughed and said, 'Me not a dog, me a man, me not afraid of you. You talk good, I listen—not talk to me like a dog.' This made Lieutenant Boutelle very angry. He said, 'I'll show you how to talk back to me,' and he drew his revolver. Levelling at Scarface's breast. Instantly Scarface drew his pistol and both men shot, neither bullet doing any damage. Scarface jumped for his gun, and the soldiers opened fire. The Indians were without their guns but they rushed to the pile of guns where they had left them and catching up whatever gun came handiest, they ran. The soldiers killed one Modoc Indian and wounded quite a few. As the soldiers retreated, the Indians killed one soldier and wounded seven. Some of the settlers had come out to see the surrender and when the shooting commenced, they began shooting. They killed a little baby in its mother's arms and one old squaw.

"This was the start of the Modoc War. The white men did things that the Indians would scorn to do. Captain Jack, even in warfare, did not let his Indians injure a woman or a child in any way and yet the soldiers, when the Modoc Indians had taken to the woods, came back to the village, found an old squaw who was blind and lame and heaping tule mats over her they lit a match to it and burned her alive. One

(Continued from page 41)

content approaches poetic standards in more than a few instances, but the Poetry Editor is so thoroughly in sympathy with the magazine's policy of encouragement to the younger writers that he can almost forgive some of the lines which are accepted in pursuance of that policy. In the midst of a profusion of fair newspaper verse which is given space in the October Lariat, is found a poem which deserves clipping:

LOVE'S INSPIRATION

You lash my spirit as never a lash
Has welted the flesh of me,
You burn in my soul as never a flash
Of sunlight has burned in the sea;
And I flame in my spirit
And burn in my soul
To be what you'd have me be.

My spirit uplifts at the word you leave,
Like an ember left to burn;
My soul grows stronger—though it must
grieve
O'er the weaknesses you spurn;
You have not dreamed that your laugh
might be
A flame that is white-hot fire,
But, humbled by love's stern mastery,
I strive for its high desire.

—Grace E. Hall

But it does seem that with so many young writers producing really fine verse 'The Lariat' might draw its lines just a bit tighter. That would be encouragement more worth while.

* * *

And now for what folks say of Overland's October verse: Ben Field, President of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, writes thus: "On the Dune is a big, strong poem and it grows on me as I read it again and again. I think it is almost if not quite a great poem. W. H. Lench's 'Rain Soaked Palms' makes the finest picture on the page, for me. It is a gem of its kind. The 'Midwatch' is another fine picture, and 'Mirror Lake' is beautiful. 'Cherry Blosoms' by Annice Calland is sweet, S. Omar Barker's 'New Mexico Siesta' is appealing and of a typical nature. John Brayton's 'Evening Fog' is unusual and fine."

Another comment, terse and expressive, comes to the Poetry Editor from Gilbert Moyle, the Berkeley poet and writer of operas whose work has been having increasing recognition. Says Mr. Moyle, "Your page of October verse is finer than any recent page of selected verse in the Literary Digest."

of the officers seeing what the soldiers had done, reproved them and told them to kick some sand over the body of the old Indian woman as it didn't look good."



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(Continued from page 34)

read it and shook her head.

"Too bad Grace didn't think to put on her address. But don't worry too much, Celia. She'll come back when the money's gone."

What a sad Christmas for Grace, alone in a strange city!

"No address!" Celia groaned. "Oh, Grace, Grace! How on earth am I going to find you?"

In five years Celia had been only twice to San Francisco. The day of feverish search, in a chaos of clanging street cars, honking automobiles, jostling crowds, intent on Christmas shopping, was like an unbelievable nightmare. The necessity for baring her inmost secrets to those who aided her search was torture beyond words. Under a dogged impassivity of manner, she writhed and bled; and through all her fierce efforts to find her sister-in-law, all her resentment that others must share those efforts and her unwilling confidence, was a gnawing pain as she thought of Grace herself, a helpless atom in the great city.

Awful thoughts of the bay near at hand had added to her agony. In snatches of sleep she saw Grace, sometimes wandering a childish outcast, sometimes floating, with white face turned to the skies, on the heaving waters beyond the great city. When at last, by the aid of the police, she found the house where Grace had last stayed, her trembling lips could barely frame her question.

"Miss Carr? Yas'm. She did live here; but she left yest'day," the stolid servant mumbled, staring at the white-faced woman who swayed and caught at the door-casing. "Leave any address? No'm; leastwise, if she did, I didn't hear it. The landlady's out. If you'd come back—"

But Celia had gone. For some reason, the thought that she must go home—go home at once—took possession of her mind. Leaving instructions with the detective that the search was to go on, she took the train for Fairfax. Her faculties seemed benumbed. When she left the train, after dark, and started along the familiar road to her home, she walked as one in a dream, hardly conscious that the storm, which all day had threatened, was beating on her face.

The house stood, dark and lonely, at the turn of the street. Celia paused a moment at the gate and looked back, for she had seemed to hear footsteps behind her; but there was no one in sight. With a sigh, she went on to the house, unlocked the door and entered. It was Christmas Eve; and she was alone.

When she had lighted the lamp, she made a fire and changed her draggled garments. She crouched before the stove, to weary and indifferent to prepare food for herself. Once or twice

THE GOLDEN QUEST

When the great, red moon is hanging
Low in the starless sky;
When the tall, dark pines are silent,
I hear them passing by—
I hear the shuffle of rough-clad feet
A-tramp on the dim old trail,
And I know they are off on their restless
search,
Who seek for a golden grail.

I hear the click of the rocks as they pass,
The clatter of pack and pan.
I see dim shapes on the brush-grown
trail
Of burro and horse and man.
You think they are sleeping in valley and
hill,
At rest in their grass-grown plot;
I know they're a-search for the golden
dust
Though their headstones crumble and
rot.

For I hear them on bar, on ravine and
flat,
A-stir in their quest for gold;
I see their weird forms in the river mist,
Bent and weary and old.
I hear the shuffle and tramp of feet
As they pass by my camping place—
Yet on the trail in the silver dawn
I find no print or trace.

From "Hill Trails and Open Sky," by
Harry Noyes Pratt

she glanced at the window. The rain battered at it with frantic force, seeking an entrance. Unconsciously, she was comforted and strengthened by the warmth and the familiar surroundings.

But—what was that? She raised her head to listen. There was someone at the door! She rose and flung it open. A small shivering figure lurched against her, as though flung at her by the storm.

"Grace!" she cried incredulously. "Go—in!" she gasped, as she struggled with the outer door.

She managed to shut and bolt it; then she crossed to where the other woman had fallen into John's chair. The newcomer threw back a dripping veil and showed a scared face and lifeless, blonde hair.

"You told me—not—to come back, Celia," she faltered, "but—I had nowhere else to go."

"I have been searching for you," Celia said, as she mechanically removed the girl's hat and wraps. "In San Fran-

cisco. You wrote two weeks ago that you hadn't any money."

"The woman where I lived, she gave me enough to get home. I told her you'd pay it back; but she said it didn't matter. Oh, I'm so cold!"

She held out her trembling hands to the grateful warmth of the stove. Half crying, she broke into a recital of her troubles. Celia, silent, stood looking down at her. Grace glanced up now and then. There was no anger in Celia's grave face. The younger woman's manner changed. Before she had finished her tale, she was the old, voluble Grace, self-excusing, forgetful of the past. She sank back luxuriously into the chair.

"My, but it's nice to be home! I don't know but it's worth all I went through just to enjoy coming back. But wasn't it terrible, the way people treated me, Celia? I'm glad to get home for Christmas. Is anybody else coming? You're such a good cook, it's a pity to have dinner for just us two."

"I've asked Aunt Dibby, and I'll ask Dr. Grant and Susan tomorrow."

Grace suddenly sat up.

"Dr. Grant is just as bad as the San Francisco folks," she exclaimed. "He had all the money I left with him, and he wouldn't send me a cent."

"Dr. Grant—had the money?" Celia said faintly, staring at Grace. "What money?"

"Why, all you gave me, except three hundred dollars that I spent. I called on him before I left, and he coaxed me to leave most of the money with him. He said he'd send it as I wanted it; but I wrote twice, and he never sent a penny."

"Did you give your address, Grace? You didn't in your letters to me."

"Yes, I told him to send it in care of the woman I boarded with—the one who gave me money to get home. But he never sent any—"

"I guess he sent enough to bring you home," Celia broke in, staring dully at Grace. "We needn't worry about the money, if Dr. Grant has it. He—he loves you, Grace." There was no resentment in her gaze.

Grace smiled indulgently at Celia. In the lamplight, the slight, fair woman, with her blonde hair and little face, looked almost a child; but understanding sweetened the smile. In a moment the women seemed to have changed places.

"Like fun he's in love with me, you silly girl!" she chirruped. "Listen! I do believe that's his step. Now you sit right still. You don't know how pretty you look in that blue serge gown, Celia. I'll let him in—and then I'll run over to see Aunt Dibby for a while."

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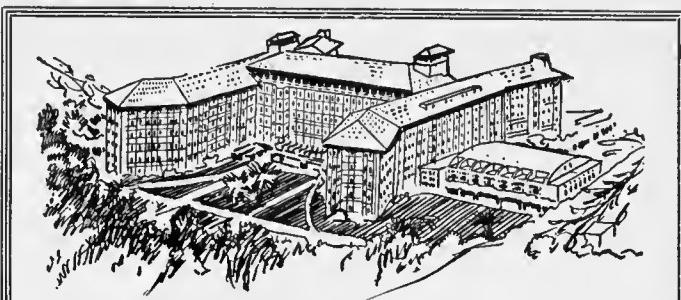
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(Continued from page 10)

A faint call from the couch interrupted John Eggleston in telling his wife what must lead up to the lie that would explain the reason for his giving up the ownership of the mine.

It was in the early forenoon of the next day. Eggleston had sat up alone through the night, caring for the man who had robbed him. He stood by the window, too tired and troubled to talk. He had done all in his power to save Burdell's life, and now that the danger was past he was anxious for him to become well enough to travel and leave them.

Nance left the house for a few minutes on an errand. Her receding footsteps had barely died away before Burdell called to Eggleston.

"You have treated me pretty white after all this," he said with a smile. "I came here for revenge and got it. But now everything's different. You saved my life. If it hadn't been for you I would be lying out there on the trail. I can't go through with it Eggle, old boy, I really can't." At the sound of returning footsteps, he hurriedly thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled forth the bill-of-sale and tore it into bits before the astonished eyes of Eggleston.

A step at the door was followed by a turning of the knob. Burdell, leaning forward, quickly whispered. "I lied to you when I said Bob Crandall was dead. He was only stunned. I kept it from you to scare you into giving me what I wanted."

With a surge of joy, Eggleston clasped his wife in his arms, his last fear of the future dispelled by Burdell's confession.

WILD LIFE CONSERVATION

One of our regular contributors, Dr. Chas. G. Plummer of Salt Lake City, recently visited Yellowstone National Park as the guest of Stephen T. Mather, Superintendent of National Parks. The occasion was the staging of a buffalo roundup and stampede by the Park rangers for the benefit of the Western Association of State Fish and Game Commissioners. This assembling of 431 head of buffalo was to impress upon them the value of wild life conservation. A portion of Dr. Plummer's graphic description, given in a personal letter to *Overland*, is here given:

"It was a wonderful spectacle, and to top the climax as the buffalo herd stampeded toward its autumnal range there sped across their front a herd of 30 antelope. How they ran to get in front of those buffalo cows crashing through the willows of that old lake bed, which now is an immense meadow!"

"Then a member of the party turned his attention to scouring the adjacent mountains, about 9000 feet up and called

TRAILS OF THE WEST

I remember trails along the sky-line;
I remember trails along the sea;
Trails black with pine, or where the
white-drawn line
Of the sky's immensity
Vies with the ocean's, and from where
my feet
Track the wet sand, I gaze at worlds
complete.

I remember trails with cedar tangled;
I remember trails along the plain
Where the sagebrush high taunts the
cruel sky,
And the hot dust cries for rain;
Trails where a bronc's feet climb the
steep,
And trails where only a man can creep.

I remember trails with a comrade,
And trails I took alone;
Trails where the bars of the trees held
stars,
Or past walls of colored stone.
'Till I die, there's a place for them all
in my breast—
The strong, true trails of the strong, true
West.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

WHEN DARK DAYS COME

When dies the mind, 'tis time that man
should die,
Not stand within the world like some
dead tree
That lifts its withered branches to the
sky
Till great winds come and wrench its
old roots free.
When I can sing no more: when I
behold
No more the morn and feel no mighty
thrill
Of joy; when all the ways of spring
unfold
Their loveliness, and I no cup may fill
With nectar of the gods, I pray you
pass
To me the draught of darkness—let me
go;
For I shall sigh to slumber where the
grass
Grows tall, and little winds run to and
fro—
For I shall be but dust, and dust shall
call
To dust until the stricken dreamer fall.

—*Charles Granger Blanden.*

out excitedly—"I see some mountain sheep!" And sure enough there wandered into view six head of the big-horns. A moment later another called out—"There goes a band of elk!" Yes, we looked at them a spell as they fed leisurely across a steep rock face on a series of flat-bedded ledges and then we mounted the old-fashioned Concord stages and hurried back to the buffalo ranch house behind dashing teams of fours!"

(Continued from page 33)

"The floor's mine, Colonel Darling, and not a word till I've spilled the beans!"

He grinned in spite of himself, as Annabelle verbally went to the bat.

"And, father," she insisted positively after she had related Carl's story, "Gabriel is to think it my gift always. I've loved him all along. Don't worry," she smiled at his start of consternation, "I shall duly marry Sir Roger—and aim to have a son."

They did not see Gabriel who was coming in search of them, a little in advance of Sir Roger. So Annabelle kissed her father on the forehead in token of conclusion, as she added:

"But—my heart goes with the Stradavarius!"

Gabriel escaped backwards. Let Sir Roger have the first greeting, or the last. It mattered not at all. He, the artist, had the Stradavarius and the other gift without price—Love.

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(Continued from page 1)

MABEL W. PHILLIPS is a member of that enterprising Southern California group which is working together along poetic lines under the name of the Verse Writers' Club of Southern California. Their new anthology of members' verse—which is about to come from the press—contains many poems by Mrs. Phillips, and since the selection is made by impartial judges you may know what the critics think of her work.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES is another of those names which require neither introduction nor comment. Her work has appeared widely during the past decade in the best of the country's periodicals.

HENRY WALKER NOYES is a San Francisco man whose work in prose and verse has appeared in Overland. We think you will like his "Laus Deo."

RUTH HARWOOD and *ANNICE CALLAND* have had previous introduction to Overland readers and are always welcome.

FENTON FOWLER is a new name. Anyone know anything about him?

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OUR DECEMBER POETS

CLINTON SCOLLARD is nationally known as poet and author, and is incidentally one of Overland's oldest contributors. It was back in 1884 or thereabouts that this since famous writer sent in his first verse to Overland; and it was about that time, too, that he published his first volume of poems. Since then he has published many and many a book. Overland is glad to welcome him again to its pages. Scolland, by the way, will spend the winter in California, at Carmel.

DERRICK NORMAN LEHMER has appeared before in Overland, but we believe has not been formally introduced to you. Allow us to present Professor Lehmer of the University of California, widely recognized as an authority in mathematical lines. Prof. Lehmer is editor of that fine quarterly publication, the University "Chronicle," which is taking with each issue a stronger place in the literary world. It comes as something of a surprise, perhaps, to find a professor of mathematics producing dainty lyrics; but Lehmer not only does that, he sets them to music. And he can—and does—sing them as well, if occasion demands.

JO HARTMAN is a familiar name to Overland readers. Miss Hartman (Nanæe Neal Springer), makes her home in San Diego, from whence come occasional short stories and bits of verse. You will like that homely bit of philosophy which appears over her name in this issue.

MARHTA NEWLAND sends in her verse from across the bay. This Oakland poet is of English extraction, which no doubt accounts for the real Christmasy flavor of the poem which appears this month. She has had the pleasure of acceptance in many periodicals and was included by Dr. Davis in his "Anthology of Newspaper Verse, 1922."

JOY O'HARA is something of a mystery as she prefers to be listed as "A-Nothing-Much." Possibly a visit to a certain Santa Rosa office might unveil much of the mystery. At any rate she has sent to Overland verse which has strong appeal. We share some of it with you this month.

AMANDA MATHEWS CHASE is another poet whose name is known to you through her Overland connection,

(Continued on page 48)

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Overland Monthly Established by Bret Harte in 1868

VOLUME LXXXI

DECEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 8

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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: Phelan Building, San Francisco, Phone Douglas 8338. Los Angeles Office, Frost Building. Chicago Representative, George H. Meyers, 14 West Washington Street.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the postoffice, San Francisco, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 PER YEAR 25 CENTS PER COPY
(Contents of this magazine copyrighted)



Mill Sparks,

The Wayside Inn

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXI

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 8

Restoring the Original Monroe Doctrine

WHEN Congress assembles this month to commence its "long session," its first important privilege will be to crowd into Representatives' Hall for the purpose of hearing Calvin Coolidge's first annual message.

Members of the lower house, already so numerous that they must deny themselves desks for lack of floor space, will squeeze tightly together in order to permit the ninety-odd visiting senators to rub elbows with them. With mingled motives they will listen while Mr. Coolidge furnishes them with "information of the state of the Union" and recommends "to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," in accordance with Article II, Section 3, of the Constitution.

Despite the crowded condition on the floor and in the galleries, the discomforts are not likely to equal those experienced by Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Martin Van Buren and other national legislators as they listened in the incomplete and drafty Capitol to the seventh annual message of James Monroe, just a century before. And regardless of what earthquakes of geography and politics transpire before Mr. Coolidge's message is delivered, it is unthinkable that he can formulate any doctrine that will affect this republic throughout the next century as vitally as has his illustrious predecessor's message shaped American destinies since 1823. No discredit to Mr. Coolidge, either; similar conditions no longer exist. If our problems are greater, we as a nation are relatively enormous.

Unless the quiet executive from Massachusetts refers to the fact, it is unlikely that a score of those present in Representatives' Hall on Monday, December 3, 1923, will recall that precisely a century has passed since the Monroe Doctrine was first announced. To those who realize what an anchor to windward the Monroe Doctrine has been for this republic, it is worth pondering on the curious fact that it is largely the gist of an ordinary presidential message such as will be read throughout the country this December.

Practically no one ever reads the Monroe Doctrine in its original form. Perhaps some official in the Department of State occasionally refers to it, and we have heard that a few university professors infrequently take a dip to refresh their time-fogged memories. But of the rank and file, you and me, none bothers with it. Yet, if ever you feel the impulse to pass up "The Little Sheepherder Who Would Be King" in

By MARK G. TROXELL

The Monroe Doctrine has, like an old ship, contracted with the passing years new barnacles on its bottom. It is strangely entangled with the League of Nations pact. It gets mixed up with Philippine emancipation and Haitian occupation, instead of standing for the two clear and comprehensive statements which originally formed its backbone. These mishaps are to be regretted, perhaps, but they are not allowed to submerge the great truth that the Americas are for the Americans, and that Europe must keep hands off.

Speaking before the American Bar Association, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes said, in August last: "The Monroe Doctrine as a particular declaration in no way exhausts American right or policy; the United States has rights and obligations which that Doctrine does not define. And in the unsettled condition of certain countries in the region of the Caribbean it has been necessary to assert these rights and obligations as well as the limited principles of the Monroe Doctrine."

order to spend the same amount of time in getting an intimate glimpse of the problems confronting our nation a century ago, Monroe's seventh annual message is a good place to begin. You can find it among Richardson's "Messages of the Presidents," either as a separate set or among House Miscellaneous Documents.

Fortunately no one has to read Monroe's original message in order to have decided, not to say tenacious, opinions regarding the Monroe Doctrine. Editorials in the daily press bristle with references to it. Thumbs are promptly turned down on any proposition that fails to run parallel to its oft-repaired path.

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Secretary Hughes hereby outlines a condition too often ignored. The cloak of the Monroe Doctrine has frequently been thrown over acts, especially acts involving Latin-American diplomacy, which were certainly not contemplated by the authors of the original message.

What is the Monroe Doctrine?

Almost every political scientist or historian will give you a different answer; hence these gentlemen "on the inside" are hardly in position, collectively speaking, to hurl stones at those of us who make answer as laymen. They have access to wider backgrounds of history and current diplomatic problems, of course; but in the last analysis any ordinary citizen

can go to simple sources, just as any church man, whether Catholic, Methodist, or Scientist, can go to the Bible for Christ's teachings.

The message delivered on Dec. 2, 1823, contained two vital points, bound to affect the foreign policy of the United States. These were as follows:

"That the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European powers."

This broadside was fired from the protecting shelter of a harmless-sounding paragraph concerning "amicable negotiations" on our northwest boundary, where Russia and Great Britain were at that time eyeing each other—and the United States—with distinctly avaricious eyes. In passing it is worth noting that about twenty-three years later we secured the coveted Oregon territory.

The preliminary cannonading being over, Mr. Monroe ambled peacefully along through his annual message, referring en route to the evils of the slave trade, the annoyances of Spanish pirates, and the excellent condition of our army and navy. Then, rounding a sudden turn on the unfortunate situation in Spain and Portugal, where France had—with the sanction of the Quadruple (autocrats') Alliance—just put the finishing touches on an unsuccessful effort to attain representative government, he boldly declared, "We cherish sentiments in favor of liberty among our fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic" but in the internal affairs of European powers "we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so."

Such a restraint could not be expected if the crowned heads of Europe attempted to enforce their anti-democratic views on the newly organized South American republics.

"With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected," asserted the President. "We owe it to candor.....on their part" (their refers to Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, although naturally no specification is made) "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Gathering boldness as he neared the end of his 7000-word message, Mr. Monroe announced, "We could not view any interposition" (intervention) for the purpose of oppressing them (the South American republics) or of controlling their destinies by any European power "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." For it would be "impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to

any portion of either (American) continent without endangering our peace and happiness."

After hearing the address, Henry Clay remarked to a friend, "It sounded like the work of several authors." His conjecture was correct.

In Monroe's cabinet were men having widely different instincts and methods of thought. Their combined ability suggests that, as a cabinet, they deserve a place alongside the cabinets of Washington and of Lincoln—the two greatest cabinets, by general consensus of histor-

The message delivered on Dec. 2, 1823, contained two vital points, bound to affect the foreign policy of the United States. These are as follows:

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ical opinion, in our national history. Instead of there being ten portfolios, as at present, there were but six. Four of these men served throughout Monroe's second term. The other two, Postmaster General John McLean, of Ohio, and Secretary of the Navy, S. L. Southard, of New Jersey, had taken their positions in the latter half of 1823, hence they were comparative newcomers.

Of the four leading members, three were from the Old South. W. H. Crawford of Georgia, J. C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and William Wirt of Virginia, were holding the Treasury, War, and Attorney General's offices. New England's sole representative, John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, held the important post of Secretary of State. Nat-

"We cherish sentiments in favor of liberty among our fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic," but in the internal affairs of European powers we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so."

urally these men held divergent views. The West of that period was almost as distinct a political unit as was New England or the South. Friendship for England might signify enmity toward slavery or disapproval of the republican remnants of France. Zeal for struggling Greece might imply hostility toward Austria. The skein of foreign affairs was badly tangled.

Adams, though outnumbered, maintained his views against all opposition. The original draft of Monroe's message, now in the State files at Washington,

proves that he took an impressive part in formulating the message. Against the expressed wishes of ex-President Madison, Monroe's god-father in politics and predecessor in office, Adams successfully argued against extending an American doctrine to include Spain and Greece, both of which countries were then waging unhappy struggles against autocratic powers.

In spite of several capable defenses recently published of Monroe and the "Virginia Dynasty," the sentiment among nearly all historians remains unshaken that the limitation of the Monroe Doctrine to the Americas and its not having been made a joint declaration with Great Britain are due largely to the stalwart Americanism of John Quincy Adams. His father's letters to his mother reveal the staunch spirit of his parents, who were always "isolation Americans." A boyhood spent at European capitals only strengthened the illustrious son of John and Abigail Adams to pursue a course "free from European entanglements."

"Why all this hullabaloo about one presidential message?" my impatient reader may be asking. The highly important thing about Monroe's message is that it marked a new path for American thinking. This fact is even more vital than the one that European powers were forced to regard the United States in a new light.

This continent north of Mexico had been colonized by the English and the French. The occasional Spanish, Russian, Dutch, and Swedish settlements were comparatively unimportant. For two centuries traditions in this country had been building the fixed idea that, when France and Great Britain cleared the decks for action, it was up to us to man a gun at one of the ports. Due to Franklin's sagacity, we had lined up France just in the nick of time to secure independence from Britain. Scarcely had our federal constitution begun functioning when the awful reverberations of the Napoleonic wars reached our shores.

During the protracted struggle that convulsed Europe during the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, we suffered about every indignity in the catalog. Plenty of patriotic Americans believed we would have been better off to fight on the side of one or the other of the two great combatants. Ultimately we fought England, although we had equal cause for fighting France.

When Napoleon Bonaparte placed his brother, Joseph, on the throne of Spain, the South American colonies eagerly seized the long-awaited opportunity to declare their independence. During the general turmoil, Russia crept stealthily

(Continued on Page 38)

The Invisible Guide

(Continued from November)

THE Bill Bodie tunnel!" ejaculated Crowell, wiping his streaming, mud-stained face. "See those square timbers, Andy! The Bill Bodie's the only level in the mine timbered with mill-cut stuff. Andy, we've climbed a thousand feet since we started!"

"It's the Bill Bodie, all right!" the other agreed. "An' say, Grant, look at this candle flame! The air's a-blowlin' in, 'stead of towards the mouth!"

"Andy, you're right!" ejaculated Crowell, after a moment of tense watching. He was on his feet now, pacing excitedly about, weariness forgotten, his pulse leaping at thought of what the next few moments might reveal. That which at first he had considered only as a bare possibility now loomed before him as a certainty. Austin's offer flashed into his mind. Why should the wily crook have been willing to pay \$25,000 for a worked-out mine, such as the Hesper was supposed to be? and again, why should he conceal the exact location of his big strike from all but a chosen few of his men?

"Hang it, I ought to have smelled a nigger in the woodpile!" he ejaculated aloud.

"What's that?" queried Andy.

"I hadn't told you, Andy—Austin offered me \$25,000 for the Hesper this morning. I turned him down good and hard!"

"The son of a gun! Ain't he a slick one, though, Grant? Say, I wish I'd known that before we started—I'd have got ten-to-one odds on another bet!"

After a brief breathing spell they went forward again. "Grant, I reckon we'd better go quiet from now on," Andy advised in a whisper. "By golly, I wisht I'd worn my gun! No tellin' what sort of surprise them spooks has got rigged up for visitors!" he finished with a grin.

Proceeding cautiously, ears trained to catch the faintest sound, they stole silently along the tunnel towards the inner end. Andy suddenly lifted a warning hand.

"Listen!"

Crowell paused, holding his breath. At first he could hear nothing but the pounding of his heart and the roaring of the blood in his ears. Then another sound made its impression upon his straining senses—the distant, measured beat of steel upon steel, faint and far away, like the ticking of a distant clock.

"Hand drillin'!" whispered Andy.

By JOHN McLOUGHLIN HARVEY

Crowell could scarcely believe his ears. He knew that mines had been looted before, under the very noses of their owners. He remembered sitting wide-eyed on his father's knee; thrilling to blood-curdling tales of stolen bonanzas and desperate gun-fights in the underground darkness. He knew that in the old days such things had formed the setting for more than one tragedy of the western mountains—but those old, lawless times had long since passed into tradition. He was fully aware that Austin was a crook—crafty, scheming and unscrupulous—and he realized with what ease and little risk he might have tunneled into Hesper territory from the concealment of his own mine workings, discovering some hidden bonanza that the senior Crowell's systematic development of this upper ground had failed to reveal. Yet, studying the possibility in the cold light of reason, even with that unmistakable tap of steel upon steel beating upon his straining ears, the whole thing seemed utterly preposterous.

The sound seemed straight ahead, and they proceeded cautiously toward it. After a few hundred feet their ears warned them that they were nearing its source.

"Put out your light!" Andy's hoarse whisper warned him of danger. In less time than it takes to tell, they were in inky darkness. A hundred feet ahead, Crowell detected a faint glow of light on the wall timbers. The light itself was invisible, indicating a turn in the tunnel or a branch to the left. Crowell, familiar with the Bill Bodie's ramifications, could remember neither.

"We're right onto 'em, boss!" Andy whispered in his ear. "I'm takin' my orders from you, now. What's next?"

"I'm going to feel my way along the wall to that light and see what's going on. You wait here, Andy. If anything happens—if by any chance they get me—you get out of here and get help as quick as the Lord'll let you!"

"I get yuh, Grant!"

Feeling his way with his hands along the damp timbers, Crowell crept toward the flickering gleam, forced at last to acknowledge to himself the meaning of it—there could be but one explanation. His heart pounded wildly as he stole ahead, and he found himself trembling—but not with fear. Inch by inch he felt his way, scarcely daring to breathe. When the light was still some ten yards

ahead he felt his knee come in contact with a taut wire. Simultaneously with that touch a dazzling flood of light shone into his eyes and he heard a chorus of startled oaths nearby.

"Put 'em up!" came a stern command. For a brief, startled interval, almost blinded by the glare, he stood frozen in his tracks.

"Put 'em up, you!" repeated the voice, this time with a note of menace in it that was not wasted. Crowell's hands went up. His eyes were slowly becoming accustomed to the light, he made out a barrier of broken rock, four feet in height, blocking the tunnel ahead. Above this a powerful electric light was secured to the roof timbers, its brilliance full upon him. In the darkness behind the barricade he dimly made out the crouching forms of men.

"Keep him covered while I get his gat, boys!" the same voice ordered. A burly figure, gun in hand, crossed the barricade and made a rapid search of Crowell's person.

"Nary a gun! What do you know—by God, there's another!"

His six-shooter crashed twice almost in Crowell's ear. The latter whirled in time to catch a brief glimpse of Andy, his retreating figure plainly visible in the lamp's powerful glare as he vanished around a bend in the tunnel.

"Tex, you watch this guy" his captor commanded. "Jake, you an' Bill come with me! We'll git that feller!"

With drawn six-shooters the trio dashed after Andy, lighting their way with pocket flash lamps. Crowell remained standing, hands in air as he had been bidden. Footsteps sounded behind the barrier and two men with lighted candles emerged from an opening on the left. Crowell surmised these to be the miners whose drilling he had heard.

"What's goin' on out here, Tex?" one demanded.

"Couple of fellers come driftin' in from the Hesper. One got away an' the boys is after him. Yonder's the other. Know him?"

"Hell's hinges!" ejaculated one of the miners after a brief scrutiny. "It's Grant Crowell hisself!"

"Glory be!" laughed Tex. "We've sure nabbed a prize! Red'll be tickled most to death! Say, Mr. Crowell, this is sure one hell of a reception we're givin' yuh on your first visit to Austin's new diggin's! Sorry, but orders is orders, yuh know. Yuh can put down your hands.

I reckon your arms is gettin' heavy. But don't make no breaks—this gun's loaded with buckshot, an' she sure scatters like sin! Set down on the floor if yuh want an' make yourself comfortable 'til Red comes back. An' don't forget I'm watchin' yuh!"

With a sigh of relief Crowell settled down with his back against a wall timber. The two miners returned to work, and the click of their drill hammers went on as before. Behind the barricade he could dimly make out the head and shoulders of his captor, seated less than a dozen feet away, the muzzle of a shotgun projecting over the wall into the light. He realized that he had been neatly trapped. Resistance would probably be fatal, escape impossible. What would be his fate he could not guess—but realizing what Austin and these thugs had at stake, and the penalty they must expect to pay if brought to justice, he had good reason to fear the worst. His one hope lay in Andy's escape and return with reinforcements.

The moments dragged by like hours. There were occasional short pauses in the rhythmic beat of the drill hammers, and during these intervals the silence was oppressive; he could hear the breathing of the man beyond the barrier and the ticking of his own watch in his pocket. From time to time he consulted the timepiece, incredulous at the slow movement of its hands. The trip up through the old working had consumed an hour and a half. If all went well, Andy should make the return in a shorter time. He mentally gauged his progress as the minutes ticked away. In one of the brief periods of silence he heard distant shots. The sounds were faint, but the echoes came rolling from distant walls time and time again. The silence afterward seemed deeper than before, and he welcomed the cheerful ring of the drill hammer when the sound was resumed.

After nearly two hours of suspense one of the trio returned—he whose voice had first so startled Crowell.

"Get him, Red?" inquired Tex.

"Naw!" snarled the other, cursing. "He was still a-goin' when I left! We foltered him down into the damnedest mess of caved holes I ever see. But he's hit hard, an' the boys is trackin' him by the bloody trail he's leavin' behind. He's goin' slow an' they're gettin' close. He'll never git out of them workin's alive!"

A wave of sick horror went surging through Crowell as he pictured his comrade's plight somewhere in the depths below on that terrible back-trail of caving drifts, rotten ladders and debris-choked inclines. Wounded, unarmed, the course of his flight marked by his blood as he searched his way through that sub-

terranean maze with only an intangible breath of moving air to guide him—it would be little short of a miracle if he escaped his desperate trailers. If Andy only had his gun! With it, he would stand a chance . . . but without it . . . suppose he should stray into some blind drift . . . The picture was so shocking that Crowell put it from his mind with a shudder.

"Red, I've got some news!" announced Tex. "This here feller is Grant Crowell hisself!"

"The hell you say!" roared Red, turning savagely on the prisoner. "Well, this sure is one pretty kettle of fish! Get up on your legs, you!"

Cowell obeyed, blazing with wrath, yet helpless in the face of the odds against him.

"Git across them rocks!" commanded Red, lighting the way with his flash. Red followed. Tex, still armed with his six-shooter, leaned his shotgun against the wall, lighted several candles and extinguished the electric light overhead. Crowell was surprised to find him a slim young fellow with a rather likable face, of quite a different type from what he had expected. While his captors conversed in low tones, he darted quick, eager glances about, although fully comprehending the slimness of his chance to ever make use of any information he might gain.

A black opening branched off to his right, into which led a narrow car track, and he knew this must be the surreptitious bore by means of which Austin had gained entry from the Eagle—old Pat's "Crosschut Number Sivin." The opening on his left, into which the two miners had passed, proved to be a small stope, its farther end less than thirty feet from the wall of the Bill Bodie tunnel. The men were busy at their drilling. Their candles, hanging beside them, illuminated all of the stope's interior. A pile of filled ore-sacks lay stacked against one wall. His searching glance discovered a two-foot vein of quartz, extending from floor to roof, into which the two were putting an "upper."

His heart leaped as he realized that he was looking upon the scene of Austin's great strike—a full three hundred feet or more inside of the Hesper lines! In spite of his desperate situation, he found himself filled with curiosity as to what possible clue could have guided the wily trespasser to the location of that hidden vein. He could not help a momentary pang of bitterness, too, at the thought that while his father had been driving thousands of feet of costly but profitless holes through this upper territory, this bonanza had lain within a few feet of discovery, waiting for Aus-

tin and his hired thugs to loot it in later years. Tex's voice roused him from his reflections, and he turned his attention to his captors.

"Sure I know Austin's orders, well as you do!" the younger guard was saying. "But hang Austin! This is one time his orders ain't goin' to be carried out! Put that in your pipe an' smoke it, Red!"

This ultimatum was delivered in a slow drawl, devoid of passion or excitement. Red's hand crept to his gun.

"What you meanin' by that?" he snarled.

"Just what I say! An' take your hand off your gun, Red—or pull it, if yuh think you're quicker'n me!"

The two stood facing one another, Red scowling and wrathful, the other calm, alert and tense. Crowell, sensing the deadly possibilities of the moment, sidled out of range against the wall. Red dropped his hand with an oath.

"What's got into you, Tex? We're all in this; deep as the boss himself! If it leaks out, it's the pen for the bunch of us, an' you know it! What the boss said to do is the only safe way!"

"What I said before goes! Ore stealin's one thing, murder's another! I ain't never mixed up in that sorta thing yet, an' I ain't aimin' to begin now!"

"Well, then, if you're so damned squeamish, git the hell outa here an' leave it to me, you white-livered fool!"

The seconds dragged by like years while Crowell held his breath, knowing that his life depended upon the other's decision.

"Nothin' doin'," Tex stated laconically at last. Red glared at him in a baffled fury.

"Well, what's your plan, then?"

"We can lock him up somewhere," suggested Tex.

The other snorted. "Some people is sure lackin' in gizzard! But seein' as you're dead set on it, we'll have it that way. I s'pose you got a nice place all picked out, lock an' all, waitin' to take him to?"

"Sure I have! That bunk-house in the snow-shed down at Austin's old Number Three tunnel. No one ever goes there. There's a stove, fuel, bunks an' everythin' necessary. Yuh could put two of us to watchin' him, one to a shift."

"An' what do you s'pose Austin'll say to that?" growled Red. "That ain't carryin' out his orders, by a dam sight!"

"To hell with Austin! He dassent shoot off his mouth in our direction, an' yuh know it! We know too darn much about him!"

Red reflected. "Well, maybe you're right," he admitted at last. "Seein' as that other feller might get away after all an' spill the news, I ain't so stuck on

this killin' business, myself. Anyhow, nobody was ever swung for kidnappin', an' if this thing ever leaks out, it'll go a darn sight easier with us if they find Crowell livin' than if they find him dead. reckon your plan's O. K., Tex." He turned to Crowell. "Come on, you!"

Flashing Tex a silent but heartfelt message of gratitude, Crowell fell in behind the burly leader, the other bringing up the rear. After fifteen minutes' brisk walk a square of brightness loomed ahead which Crowell knew to be the mouth of the Eagle's upper tunnel, with the lighted snow-shed beyond. Red came to a sudden halt, listening.

"What the hell's goin' on out there?"

Somewhere ahead Crowell became aware of a confused murmur of voices.

"Put out your light!" Red commanded, extinguishing his own. "You keep quiet now, or I'll bat you over the head with my gun!" he warned Crowell. Prisoner and captors stole out into the shed, Red growling low curses as he led the way into the deep shadow behind a pile of timbers.

"Stay here an' keep this feller quiet, Tex! I'm goin' ahead an' see what's up."

With Tex crouching beside him, Crowell listened intently, as puzzled as his captor at the strange uproar nearby. At first he could distinguish little save an occasional word, but finally above the babel he caught several sentences clearly.

"I tell you I don't know!" some one declared breathlessly. "I didn't wait to hear no more! I lit right out, an' boys, believe me, I sure made speed up that hill! I'm all in, I'm tellin' you!"

The brief silence that followed was broken by a familiar voice. "Byes, if what Bill sez is shstraight sthuff, we've been wurrukin' for a dhrity, ore-shtaln' thafe!"

"That's old Pat Callahan!" ejaculated Tex. "Crowell, sounds to me like the cat's out of the bag!"

Crowell, too, had recognized that voice, so richly tinged with its unforgettable brogue, and his heart leaped wildly as he listened, for the words could have but one meaning.

"Good old Andy!" he exulted thankfully. "Thank God, he made it through, after all!"

A great load lifted from his mind with the realization that his comrade had won his desperate race, and with it came certainty that his own rescue would quickly follow.

"Now, me Hecla buckoes!" Pat's voice launched forth in an impassioned harangue. "Listhen to what I sez, every mother's son of yes! There's many a wan of ye here thot's been helped by the Crowell lad when ye naded ut bad! Ray-

miber them black days of the shnow-shlides, byes! Who but Grant Crowell wur-ruked like a naygur, widout rest nor shlape, diggin' some of yez out, thot divil-a-bit'd be shtandin' here now, barrin' him? Whose money was ut, I'm ashkin' ye, thot fed yez, an' brought in dhoctors an' midicine, an' shtaked the hardest hit of yez to new cabins for yez loved wans to take shilter bainth? Whose but young Crowell's, I'm wantin' to know? Now, min, be yez goin' to shtand here loike a jabberin' bunch of ould wimmin whin yez know the lad's in the hands of them bloody-minded Tonypahs, beloike to be murdhered somewhere back in them black holes?"

"You bet we ain't, Pat!" a clear voice san out. "Come on, boys! Guns an' candles, everybody, and in we go!" There was a roar of assent, followed by the rush of many feet, opening and slamming of doors. A desperate plan flashed into Crowell's mind. He knew those Hecla boys would stand by him to the last ditch in whatever might happen—and they must pass within ten feet of him to enter the tunnel. A quick dash—even a single cry as they passed—and he would be free! Out of the corner of his eye he measured the distance between himself and Tex, noting the latter's position and estimating his chances. As though divining his thoughts, Tex pressed the muzzle of his six-shooter against Crowell's side and whispered in his ear.

"I sure don't want to hurt you, Crowell, but I don't aim to be taken by that bunch. So no breaks while they're passin'. Savy?"

Don't shoot, Tex!" Crowell laughed. "I'll be good!" A moment later the excited Heclans, almost every one of whom he knew by name and counted as a friend, went streaming by, passing within a few steps of his place of concealment. He could not repress a smile as he glimpsed old Pat's rotund figure puffing along among the foremost, lighted candle in one hand and a pick-handle brandidly aggressively in the other. When the last man had vanished into the tunnel and quiet reigned in the deserted shed, Tex holstered his gun and rose to his feet with a short laugh.

"Well, Crowell, I reckon the jig's up! Your pardner's got through, an' he sure has spilled Austin's beans! I'm almighty glad I ain't in that crook's boots! Crowell, so far as I'm concerned, you're free as the air. As for me, I'm goin' on a little trip. I'm startin' right, now, an' I don't aim to stop this side of Sonora!"

"If you don't mind, I'll travel with you as far as the dump," Crowell laughed. "You see, I've got no gun—and I might meet Red!"

"Red? Huh?" the other snorted as they started out. "Yuh don't know that

feller, Crowell! Red's a mile or more from here by now, an' still travellin'! I know that guy to a fare-ye-well! Red lit out for parts unknown the minute he tumbled to the drift of Pats' oration! He's cold-blooded as they make 'em, but yellow clean through. Austin's a damn sight worse—that's why I'm set on travellin'! That bird will ditch the bunch of us to save his own skin. See if I ain't right, Crowell!"

No one appeared to dispute their progress. A stolid, white-aproned Chinaman watched them with Oriental indifference from the boarding-house doorway as they passed.

"Tex, I'd like to know how Austin ever got onto that bonanza in my ground!" Crowell burst out, unable to withstand his curiosity.

The other laughed. "That's easy! It's a cross-vein, cuttin' across the line of both the Eagle and Bill Bodie veins, maybe the Hesper vein, too. Austin picked it up in his own ground two years ago. Where it cut the Eagle vein it made a rich chute—Austin took out close onto a hundred thousand, I think. He hushed it up—didn't want to have to pay none of it out in dividends to the other stockholders, yuh see. He figured there'd be other bonanzas where it cut your Bill Bodie an' Hesper veins, so we commenced driftin' along it. From Austin's line 'til we'd crossed your Bill Bodie tunnel there was no quartz in the fissure, an' it was all pickin' ground, so blastin' wasn't necessary. Where the fissure cut through your tunnel it was only a knife-blade seam—no wonder your dad never noticed it! Ten feet across the tunnel the quartz come in an' we struck the biggest bonanza ever opened in this district. We had to blast in the quartz, of course—began about a month ago but we used short fuses an' never set off our shots until we heard the blastin' begin down in your workin's below, hopin' they wouldn't be noticed. Say, Crowell, is that how yuh got on to us? I thought so! Well, here's the boys' snow-shoe rack. Better cop a pair—yuh'll need 'em."

Darkness had already fallen, and it was snowing. Sharp, icy little particles, driven by the wind, stung their faces like needles.

"Hell of a night for travellin' ain't it!" shivered Tex. "It'll hide my tracks, though, so I ain't kickin'. Well, Crowell, I sure wish yuh luck with the big bonanza!"

Crowell held out his hand. "Tex, I owe you my life, and I hardly know how to thank you. But so far as I'm concerned, you needn't break any speed records on that Sonora trip! And if ever there's a way I can help you, you know

where to send your S. O. S.! So long and good luck!"

He listened to the crunch of Tex's skis die away in the darkness, then slipping into his own, cut across the level top of the dump to its outer edge, where he paused in amazement. Far below, where he knew Hecla lay, scores of lights were twinkling and moving about, dimly visible through the falling snow. Closer at hand, a long, slim line of sparkling specks was creeping like a glittering serpent up the slope to where he stood. Another similar serpent was winding along the edge of the valley toward the main camp of the Eagle, and off to his right, on a level with him, a score or more of stationary lights were clustered about the snow-filled entrance to the Bill Bodie tunnel.

For a brief, puzzled interval he pondered the meaning of it all, and then like a flash the solution came. His eyes grew misty and an odd tightness crept into his throat as it dawned upon him that all of that stir and excitement below was over one lone, unimportant being—himself! Never before had he comprehended the full extent to which this mountain land had become his land, its life his life, its people his people.

Aroused at last to the needs of the present, he slid over the steep side of the dump, the toes of his skis pointed straight for the Eagle's main camp—Austin's headquarters. The wind roared past his ears in the speed of his downward rush through the deepening darkness. When he slowed by "riding his pole" at the entrance to the Eagle, the nearest of the approaching lights was still a quarter of a mile away. A moment later he was inside of the snow-shed, which was similar to that at the Hesper. A light shone dimly behind the drawn shades of the little building he took to be Austin's office. The door yielded to his touch and he entered silently, turning the key behind him.

Austin was seated behind a low desk, facing him, an unlighted cigar between his thin lips, a paper of some sort in his hands. In three swift strides Crowell covered the distance between them, and with palms resting on the desk's polished top, stood looking silently down into his startled eyes. Austin's face slowly changed to a mottled gray. The muscles of his cheeks twitched, the cigar fell from his lips, and his eyes finally lowered before the other's accusing, unwavering gaze. Crowell watched little beads of sweat ooze out upon the man's forehead, and then, out of the corner of his eye, detected the stealthy creep of a hand toward a half-open drawer. The creep ended in a move of incredible swiftness, but Crowell's was swifter still. Every ounce of the concentrated strength of his six-feet-one went into his grip on the

other's wrist. Austin whimpered with the pain, and the gun clattered to the desk from his powerless fingers. Crowell, pocketing it, released his hold.

"I don't need to tell you why I'm here, Austin—you know that already!" he blazed. "I want to know how much you've stolen from inside of my lines!"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Crowell!" Austin's tone was sullen and defiant. "What are you accusing me of, anyhow?"

"Don't try to deny it! I've been in your workings, talked with your men! I've seen where you've been stoppin, three hundred feet or more across my sideline!"

"If there's been anything of that sort going on, Crowell, it has been done without my knowledge. If it has actually happened—which I must confess I strongly doubt—it's simply a case of looting on the part of my men, in which event I must disclaim all responsibility." Austin tried to face the other's steady eyes, but the attempt ended in failure and his own shifted uneasily away. Crowell's wrath flamed beyond control.

"Don't lie to me, you dirty crook! What's the total of your loot? Answer me, damn you!"

"I've told you I don't know what you're talking about!"

Austin sat with lowered eyes fixed upon his nervous, fidgeting hands. Crowell reached over, seized him by the collar, and bracing his knees against the desk, put all of his strength into a single tremendous pull. Austin catapulted headlong across the desk, landing with a crash upon the floor. Like a cat, he was almost instantly upon his feet, fighting with a desperate fury that amazed the other. Austin was the heavier of the two and powerfully built, though some ten years Crowell's senior. Unlike the latter, however, he lacked the endurance that comes of an active life and clean living. While his blows were hard, there was little science behind them, and most of them went wild. At last a well-directed swing from the younger man caught him squarely on the point of the chin and sent him crashing against the opposite wall. Austin's fury died as suddenly as it had flared, and slowly getting to his feet, he tottered to a chair, dazed and shaken. Crowell surveyed him in disgust.

"Austin, you've done just what Tex said you would! You're what he said you are—yellow to the core! I can respect a man like Tex—but you! Ugh!" He paused, regaining his self-control. Well, must I give you another dose, or will you answer my question.

Austin licked his bleeding lips. "You needn't," he mumbled. "I've had enough. I know when I'm licked. I've milled

ninety thousand dollars out of your rock to date."

"Where is it?"

"In that safe."

"You haven't made a shipment? Mind now, I'm going to check you up in every possible way, and if I find a single misstatement I'll break every bone in your rotten carcass!"

"I haven't shipped an ounce. All I've cleaned up is in there."

"All right. Open the safe!"

Crowell stood over him while with trembling fingers he twirled the knob. When the heavy door swung open, he counted the yellow bricks piled within—nine of them. His experienced eyes measured their size and weight, and he knew that Austin had spoken the truth.

"How about the mill? When was your last clean-up?"

"Three days ago. There's probably four hundred ounces more in the batteries and on the plates."

"All from my ground?"

"Yes. The Eagle's played out, to the last dollar."

Crowell whirled as the office door burst inward, torn from its hinges by a single terrific blow. Simultaneously with its crash, Andy plunged into the room, followed by Jack Darrel, town marshal of Hecla. Crowell glimpsed the amazement on their faces at sight of him. Both covered Austin with their guns. Behind them Hesper miners and residents of Hecla filled the shed, crowding about the doorway, every man with a rifle or six-shooter in hand.

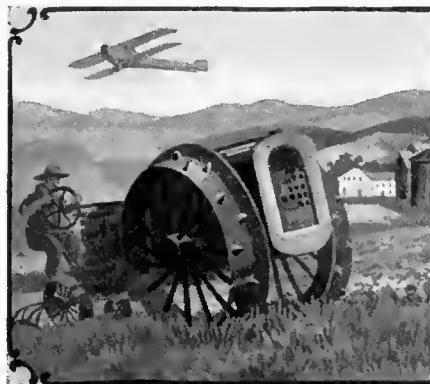
"You can put up your guns, boys," Crowell laughed. "All the fight went out of that bird some time ago." And to Darrel he added, by way of a special greeting: "Hullo, Jack! The rest of the job's up to you!"

Darrel, with a nod and grin, snapped handcuffs on Austin's unresisting wrists, then turning to the doorway, issued brief orders for the recall of other rescue parties. Andy, shoving his blue Colt into its holster, turned to Crowell, seizing him affectionately by the shoulders. The latter's greeting was no less joyful.

"It's you all right, old-timer, an' I ain't a-dreamin'!" Andy exulted. "Gee, but it's good to see yuh standin' there, Grant! Most everybody in Hecla is climbin' the hill to search the Eagle mine for yuh. Some of the Hesper boys is diggin' out the mouth of the Bill Bodie tunnel—I planned goin' in that way, takin' Austin along as a sort of hostage. Grant, boy, after the way them devils tried to get me, I was afraid—I sure never expected I'd——"

"Well, I'm alive, safe and sound!" laughed Crowell. "But good heavens, Andy, you're a sight!"

(Continued on Page 40)



RESOURCES and INDUSTRIES



LITTLE did they, who in the early days of the gold excitement in California, washed the yellow metal from the streams or dug it from the rocks, dream that under the surface of portions of the state there lay a foul-appearing liquid of far greater value than the coveted gold. Neither the argonauts nor others who followed could foresee paved highways linking together the mountains and the valleys of California, nor could they catch the vision of the more than one million gasoline-driven vehicles traversing these magnificent highways. To such an extent has petroleum and its products entered into the daily lives of the people, that were we for a single day, deprived of the use of these commodities the inconvenience and financial loss would be beyond common belief.

August 28, 1859 marks the beginning of an important epoch in the development of transportation, for it was on that date that the first oil well in the United States was brought in. The well was dug by Colonel E. L. Drake, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, and was but sixty nine and one-half feet deep. It yielded some 2,000 barrels the first year, which sold at \$20.00 per barrel.

About the year 1866 the petroleum industry began to develop in California. For a time oil was obtained from natural seepages in Ventura County and in Pico Canyon, near Newhall in Los Angeles County. Steadily the yield in California has increased and for several years past she has competed with Oklahoma for first place among the states in oil production.

Distribution

This enormous output of over one hundred twelve million barrels in 1921 amounted to about 23 per cent of the total for the United States in that year. Of the nine Counties in California contributing, Kern supplied in 1921 practically 50 per cent and Orange 20 per cent of the total for the State.

For the above named fields the average length of time between the beginning of production and the maximum output was

The Petroleum Industry in California

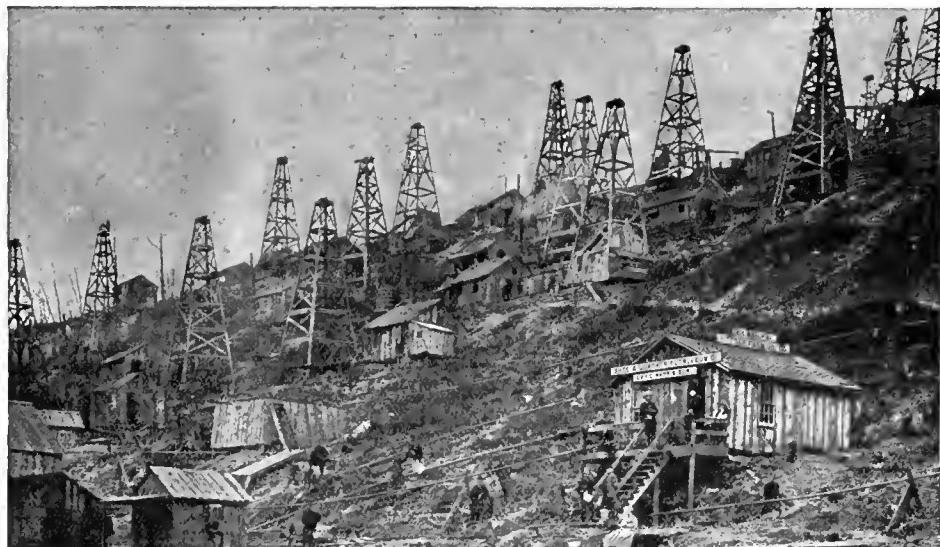
By JAMES F. CHAMBERLAIN

Field	Produc. Began	Max. Output
Los Angeles and Salt Lake.....	1893	1908
Summerfield	1894	1899
Coalinga	1896	1912
McKittrick	1898	1909
Kern River	1900	1904
Sunset	1900	1914
Midway	1901	1914
Santa Maria and Lompoc.....	1902	1908

about ten years. For wells in Pennsylvania, the average is about seven years. "The average daily production from California wells decreases about two bar-

ted States we are handling our oil resource as though it were inexhaustible. Our action is far from reflecting the true facts in the case. Long experience has shown that an oil well reaches the peak of its production in a relatively short time after pumping begins, after which the output sometimes slowly sometimes rapidly declines. For a time the output from a field can be kept up by the addition of new productive wells.

Petroleum is believed to result from the distillation of organic matter, both animal and vegetable. This material accumulated in seas and swamps. Slowly sediments were deposited, and later some of these areas were slowly uplifted.



A Typical Oil Farm of the Early Days.

Production and Value of Oil, by Counties ¹

	Barrels	Value	Barrels	Value
Fresno	15,375,454	\$22,801,798	12,161,565	\$18,643,679
Kern	50,660,438	86,831,991	57,434,945	97,639,407
Los Angeles	14,026,536	21,488,653	12,395,605	25,795,254
Orange	15,462,741	33,059,340	22,929,466	45,996,509
San Luis Obispo	+2,511	59,515	30,725	+3,691
San Mateo	322	966	322	966
Santa Barbara	5,803,583	9,140,643	5,465,942	9,122,657
Santa Clara	16,095	23,901	13,964	26,943
Ventura	1,989,681	4,988,130	2,167,326	5,869,119
Totals.....	103,377,361	\$178,394,937	*112,599,860	\$203,138,225

rels per well each year." 2. The occasional well yields for a long period. For example a well on the Joy farm in Ohio, drilled in 1864 is still a producer.

In California, as elsewhere in the Uni-

1. Mining in California, September 1922, p. 438.
2. Mining in California, November 1922, p. 619.
3. Mining in California, September 1922, p. 440.

Where layers of sand or of sandstone are capped above and sealed below by impervious layers of rock, they constitute reservoirs capable of holding oil. Where such conditions do not exist, petroleum is not found. This shows the fallacy of the statement frequently given utterance, that oil is as likely to be found in one place as in another.

People sometimes ask why the owners of oil-bearing land, do not themselves drill wells and thus secure all of the profit. In California wells range in depth from a few hundred to several thousand feet. The cost of drilling depends upon the depth and the character of the material encountered. The average cost of a completed well may be \$20.00 or even \$30.00 per foot. In other words a well 3,000 feet deep may be expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000.

Petroleum is moved from the fields to the refineries chiefly in pipe lines. Thus little extra burden is placed upon the railroads. Much of our California oil has an asphaltum base and in order that it may flow readily through the pipe lines it must be heated at intervals. This, of course, increases the cost of transportation. As the lines are from eight to twelve inches in diameter, the establishment of a long line necessitates the expenditure of a large sum of money. At intervals of from fourteen to twenty-five miles pumping stations are located along the lines. Oil from the San Joaquin Valley fields is piped to the shore of San Francisco Bay and to Monterey and San Luis on the west. Pipe lines extend from the southern fields to the coast.

For a long time California oil was not refined but today more than one-half of the total output is refined to some extent. Refineries are located at various points between the shore of San Francisco Bay and El Segundo in southern California, thus serving all of the oil fields.

Formerly kerosene was the most valuable product obtained as a result of refining. At the present time its value is completely over-shadowed by gasoline. Fuel and lubricating oils are also of great value. There are now some three hundred products having a commercial value, obtained as a result of the refining process, among them being naptha, benzine, vaseline and paraffin. For the purpose of refining, the crude oil is run into large iron tanks and heated. The resulting vapor passes through coils immersed in cold water. Condensation leads to the recovery of the products in liquid form. Gasoline is one of the first to be secured, as it vaporizes at a relatively low temperature.

Wonderful, indeed, are the changes which have occurred in human life since 1859. At that time there was not a gas-



A Group of Oil Derricks.

Total Petroleum Productions in California³

Year	Barrels	Value
To and inc. 1875..	a175,000	b\$472,500
1876.....	12,000	30,000
1877.....	13,000	29,250
1878.....	15,227	30,454
1879.....	19,858	39,716
1880.....	40,552	60,828
1881.....	99,862	124,828
1882.....	128,636	257,272
1883.....	142,857	285,714
1884.....	262,000	655,000
1885.....	325,000	750,750
1886.....	377,145	b870,205
1887.....	678,572	1,357,144
1888.....	690,333	1,380,666
1889.....	303,220	368,048
1890.....	307,360	384,200
1891.....	323,600	401,264
1892.....	385,049	561,333
1893.....	470,179	608,092
1894.....	783,078	1,064,521
1895.....	1,245,339	1,000,235
1896.....	1,257,780	1,180,793
1897.....	1,911,569	1,918,269
1898.....	2,249,088	2,376,420
1899.....	2,677,875	2,660,793
1900.....	4,329,950	4,152,928
1901.....	7,710,315	2,961,102
1902.....	14,356,910	4,692,189
1903.....	24,340,839	7,313,271
1904.....	29,736,003	8,317,809
1905.....	34,275,701	9,007,820
1906.....	32,624,000	9,238,020
1907.....	40,311,171	16,783,943
1908.....	48,306,910	26,566,181
1909.....	58,191,723	32,398,187
1910.....	77,697,568	37,689,542
1911.....	84,648,157	40,552,088
1912.....	89,689,250	41,868,344
1913.....	98,494,532	48,578,014
1914.....	102,881,907	47,487,109
1915.....	91,146,620	43,503,837
1916.....	90,262,557	57,421,334
1917.....	95,396,309	86,976,209
1918.....	99,731,177	127,459,221
1919.....	101,182,962	142,610,563
1920.....	103,377,361	178,394,937
1921.....	112,599,860	203,138,225

Totals 1,456,185,961 \$1,195,979,174

online-driven vehicle in our country. In 1905 there were in California alone ap-

proximately 9,000. In 1910 the number had increased to 45,000. Six years later there were 200,000 and today there are more than 1,000,000.

California crude oil is used as a fuel for locomotives throughout the state and in other western states as well. The wheels of industry are lubricated by oils obtained from petroleum. The use of crude oil as a fuel has stimulated manufacturing in our state. Water is pumped, land plowed, crops cultivated, grain threshed and wood sawed by engines burning petroleum products. Countless homes in Asia are illuminated by California kerosene.

As has been stated, our supply of petroleum although very large, is by no means inexhaustible. To large legitimate use we have added enormous waste, not alone of petroleum, but also of the natural gas which is frequently associated with it. Only a small part of the total supply is recovered by pumping. This waste is to some extent, now being remedied through the use of compressed air. The seepage of water into oil wells is another cause of large loss. This can, of course, be remedied by cementing the wells. In the case of gushers, large quantities of oil have been lost because of inability to cap the well or store the unexpected flow. Greater care exercised in

³aU. S. G. S., Min. Res. of U. S., 1886, p. 440, for quantities to and including 1886.

bValues have been estimated for the years to and including 1886, after consulting a number of contemporaneous publications, including the Mining & Scientific Press, Reports of the State Mineralogist, and U. S. Reports. The figures for 1887 to date are from the records of the State Mining Bureau.

the use of automobiles and trucks would result in large saving. If in connection with each of these vehicles in California there was a saving of one pint of gasoline per week (and this is easily possible) the yearly saving would amount to about 6,500,000 gallons.

The amount of money invested in the petroleum industry in California is enormous. In 1921 the total amount of dividends paid by 161 companies was \$49,015,295. In the same year there were 25,000 persons in the state, exclusive of those working in refineries, employed in

the oil industry. The average value of the output of each man thus employed was \$8,300.

More and more the work of oil companies is being placed upon a scientific basis. The application of the principles of geological science is steadily eliminating mere chance. Indeed the amount of oil which a given well may be expected to yield may be approximated. Wage earners, engineers, oil companies, those interested in transportation and the manufacturers of supplies for the oil industry may regard its future with much con-

fidence. "As has already been mentioned, the production of petroleum from proved oil land should continue for many years with profit to the producers, as well as to the benefit of industries dependent upon oil, and to the state at large. It is almost an assured fact that other oil deposits in California remain to be discovered, and further prospecting under the guidance of qualified geologists should be profitable." 4.

4. Mining in California, November 1922,
p. 622.



A Large Gusher Ablaze.

The Sojee-Mojee Man

By ART REAL

"EASY, Nim; there's a police launch nosin' near," whispered Reade, bucko second mate of the challenger. "Heave him aboard, Crimp, and get away."

The unconscious man was dragged roughly over the bulwarks and thrown into a dark bunk in the starboard forecastle; the crimp's small launch disappeared silently in the fog, and the puffing tug slowly dragged the heavily laden windjammer down the bay. To the dirge of creaking blocks and straining tackle the clattering sails were spread to catch the vagrant breeze; the tug cast off and scurried back toward the city, hidden in the mist.

When dawn broke wetly through the haze, Buckley, the first mate, roused the shanghaied man from his lethargy in the musty bunk. "Get on deck, you, and turn to; belay onto a broom and scrub decks," growled Buckley.

"I refuse," mumbled the man, sullenly. "I was shanghaied, and the law——"

"I'm the law in this fo'c'sle," snarled Buckley, as he dragged the man from his bunk and thrust him viciously onto the slippery deck outside. "Turn to, or I'll throw you in irons."

Stumbling across the deck, the man sprawled into the lee scuppers; he staggered to his feet and glared murderously at Buckley as Captain Gould came forward from the poop.

"What's your name, you?" asked Gould.

The man hesitated, then looked at his bleeding hands.

"I guess Slivers will do as well as any," he replied bitterly.

"Slivers, what?" snarled Buckley, seizing a belaying pin.

"Slivers nothing," replied the man, impudently.

"Say 'Sir' when you address your superiors, Slivers," admonished Gould. "Turn to and do your duty; you're signed up for the voyage, and if you act like a man you'll be treated like a man. Go forward."

Slivers made as if to reply, when he stopped and stared at a girl who stepped from the forward door of the after house and stood beside Gould. She frowned and drew back in disgust as she noticed the dirty, shivering Slivers.

"Father, that's the man who annoyed me last night," she exclaimed. Gould seized an iron belaying pin from the rail; the girl laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't strike him, father," she coaxed, "he was drunk and didn't know what he was saying, perhaps."

Slivers, who had drawn himself erect to face the expected blow unflinchingly, frowned at the girl. A slow flush spread over his pallid features.

"I do not need your intercession, Miss," he said haughtily, "I am a better man than either of these scum. I was shanghaied aboard this ship, and those responsible will surely pay dearly for their fun."

Gould took a step towards him, and raised the pin; then restrained himself with an effort.

"Get forward," ordered Gould. "Mr. Buckley, put this dog in the starboard watch, and tell Mr. Reade to work up his old iron; if he refuses duty, put him in irons in the lower lazerette."

Slivers turned away and walked forward without waiting for Buckley's kick, and Gould turned to his daughter.

"We can't do anything with such scum by drawing room methods, Marian," he said. "We have to manhandle 'em or they think they own the ship."

"I suppose so, Father," assented Marian, as they mounted the poop together, "But I dislike to see you do it yourself; can't you leave it to the mates?"

"I have the best pair of buckos I ever shipped with me; especially Buckley; he's pretty reckless with a gun, but he gets the work out of 'em. I dare say this Slivers will remember the Challenger as long as he lives, if he gets to port," answered Gould, confidently.

* * *

Slivers was scarcely able to stomach the salt horse and weevily hardtack which was served out as food, and only his hatred of the ship officers, and the knowledge that he must conserve and increase his strength in anticipation of the time when he could attempt a suitable revenge, gave him the power to force down the unpalatable stuff. After his scanty breakfast, Reade handed Slivers a can of sojee-mojee.

"Take this here sojee-mojee and scour that white paint work around the after house, you," ordered Reade. "And be careful to keep the deck clean, or you'll suffer."

Slivers scoured paintwork till his fingers were raw from the alkaline sojee-mojee. He stopped a moment to gaze at a small black cloud which rapidly grew to windward. Reade approached stealthily, but before he could deliver the intended blow, Buckley staggered on deck, a revolver in one hand, and an empty bottle in the other.

"Call all hands, Mr. Reade," he bellowed, "Stow royals, T' gant s'l's and upper tops'l's, lively; there's a big blow coming."

"Call the watch, Slivers," shouted Reade, as he loosed the gear and the starboard watch climbed into the rigging and out on the yards. While they were snugging the topsails on the yards, the wind came up suddenly, and nearly threw the vessel on her beam ends. Buckley let go the mizzen, main, and fore lower topsail halyards and they came down with a run.

"Stow the mizzen, and main lower tops'l's, Mr. Reade, and put a reef in the fore tops'l." yelled Buckley.

The Baron, a powerful, surly A. B., slid out on the weather yard arm, with Old Ned to leeward, and the two watches spread along the yard clawing at the bunt. The Baron, vainly hauling on the clew, was nearly yanked off the yard arm, as the ship wallowed to windward.

"Keep her off, Sir, so's to spill this wind," he shouted to Buckley on the poop.

"Who are you, damn you?" howled Buckley in a rage. "I'll teach you to give orders on this ship," and he aimed carefully at the Baron, just as Gould and Marian came on deck. Marian caught Buckley's arm, so the bullet missed the Baron, but hit the clew he held, and knocked him off the yard arm. Luckily, he fell clear of the vessel's side; no sooner had he hit the water than Slivers dove after him; the longshoreman didn't know enough to take a rope's end with him. But that girl Marian hove the end of the weather main brace to the Baron as the ship surged past; he came abreast with Slivers over his shoulder in a dead faint; he'd hit the water all spread out.

"Mr. Buckley," said Gould, when the two men were aloft again. "Please be a little more careful, or we'll be short handed rounding the Cape."

"How could I tell that fool Slivers would go overboard after him?" asked Buckley, plaintively. "It's enough to make an angel swear, the way these wharf rats act."

"I think it was a brave thing to do," said Marian.

"Brave?" mocked Buckley, "He's crazy, that's what he is."

* * *

The Challenger had slipped into the Doldrums and everyone was hot and touchy, when Big Frank, a red haired Maine man, boss of the port forecastle,

picked on Slivers till he just naturally had to fight. They were on the forecastle head when it started; Big Frank closed in and tried to throw Slivers so he could stamp in his face, but Slivers worked some kind of a wrestling trick and before anyone could help, Big Frank was overboard, nearly in the mouth of a sixteen foot shark which had been laying under the bows for days. Slivers never hesitated, but jumped in feet first, and grabbed Frank before he sunk the second time, while the rest of the watch splashed ropes ends in the water to keep Mr. Shark from taking hold of them. When the men pulled them aboard, Frank grasped the hand of Slivers.

"Slivers," he said, "I'm licked; I never learned to swim. I'll make this up to you some day, mate."

The two and the Baron chummed together after that and kept order in the two forecastles; which naturally didn't make them any friends among the rest of the crew, which was a hard-bitten outfit at the best.

There's always someone in a crew that's willing and ready to start a mutiny, especially on a "full and plenty" ship like the Challenger. Reade started it, and he got Sago Joe and Berger to join in; and they fixed the rest of the crew. It was agreed they'd kill Gould and seize the ship; Reade told the men there was treasure aboard and he promised to smuggle them whiskey, also rifles, from the lazerette.

Now, the only treasure aboard the vessel was Marian Gould, and from the way Slivers watched her when no one was looking, he had desires on that treasure for himself. And she was worth going after; twenty years and lovely, she stood as high as the bulwarks, nearly. Pretty, too, like one of them figureheads of an angel, like the old Dirigo used to carry; brown hair, bobbed short, framed her face and her eyes looked like the Farallones light from ten miles away on a clear night.

Slivers was six years older, and a trim enough hulk when he got his sea legs on. Built like a schooner yacht, slim and rangy looking, with speed showing all over, but able to stand the rough going. He stood a fathom high, and weighed most as much as a barrel of salt horse at that time. He'd sailed some in a teakettle, from his talk, for he knew Aden, and Sitka, Port au Prince and Christian sand, but in spite of that he learned sailing fast, and did A. B. duty with the rest of the crew, using a sailor's palm as well as anyone when we was put to work making up a Cape Horn suit for the rough weather. But he sensed an uneasiness in the men which Gould didn't seem to notice until that night the Challenger was drifting along in the blistering heat below the line.

And the sky was clear when the starboard watch turned in at midnight. About four bells in the middle watch Slivers woke the Baron cautiously; the starboard forecastle was empty except for the two, but someone was talking on the main deck just outside the open port.

"Tonight's the right time," said Reade's voice, "We'll seize the ship and bear away for the Kermadec Islands; there's a safe place there to beach the old scow, and we'll get the treasure out and make for Auckland in the longboat, pretending we're shipwrecked. Buckley's aft now, taking care of the old man."

"Hurray for Cap'n Reade," growled several voices, thick with whiskey.

"What's up?" whispered the Baron.

"Mutiny; Reade's got them all drunk, and they're armed. It looks bad for there's a storm coming up; see the lightning."

"Where's Big Frank?"

"He's at the wheel," replied Slivers. "Let's go aft."

A dash of rain came through the porthole, and the men outside scurried into the port forecastle.

"What about them fallars in the starboard fo'c'sle?" asked Danish Tom's voice.

"We'll heave 'em over the side," answered Reade. "Dead men can't squeal on us."

"How about the girl?" asked another.

"She's mine," replied Reade, truculently. "Buckley wants her, but we'll throw him overboard if he makes trouble; we'll have bigger shares, anyway, without him."

Slivers pulled the Baron's arm and they stole aft to the poop. The storm was breaking fast; as the wind rose slightly the lightening flashed with increasing frequency, and soon a crashing electrical storm was sparkling around the Challenger. Cautiously mounting the poop to leeward, the two men saw that the helm was lashed fast, and the helmsman gone. Suddenly there came the sound of a shot from the cabin below; Slivers leaped down the open companionway without hesitating, and the Baron followed as quickly as he could tear a belaying pin from the taffrail.

Marian was struggling in the grasp of Buckley; Big Frank lay on the cabin floor, blood streaming from his head. Buckley fired one wild shot at Slivers and pushed Marian away as Slivers leaped savagely towards him. While Slivers caught Marian to prevent her falling, Buckley staggered towards the cabin door, and out onto the main deck just as the ship heeled over nearly on her beam ends under a terrific sea. A rush of water came over the weather bulwarks, swashed across the deck, and out where the lee bulwarks were smashed

out. When the ship righted again, Buckley was gone. Locking the door, Slivers returned to the cabin where Marian and the Baron were working over Big Frank.

"He tried to save me," sobbed Marian, shrinking from Slivers.

"I tried to have her—for you, mate," gasped Frank.

"Hush, mate," whispered Slivers, noting Marian's look of fear. "Where's Captain Gould, Miss?"

"He must be in his berth," she replied, striving to restrain her gasping breath. She went to Gould's door, knocked, and entered.

"Look after Frank, Baron," said Slivers, "We'll take him with us."

"Too late," groaned the Baron. "He's cast anchor in Davy Jones' locker. I hope them rats that started this gets cast on a lee shore, and burnt in hellfire, everyone."

Marian ran from the Captain's berth, wringing her hands wildly.

"Father's dying, Mr. Slivers," she gasped, "Buckley stabbed him. Save him and I'll pay you well."

She dragged Slivers to the cabin where Gould lay breathing heavily in his bunk. When Slivers entered, Gould opened his eyes and frowned.

"The crew has taken charge of the ship," explained Slivers.

"Buckley's overboard, Big Frank is dead, and Read's leading the men."

"Where's Marian?" asked Gould in a faint voice.

"Here I am, Father," she whispered, taking his hand gently.

"I'm going fast, Marian," muttered Gould, feebly, "There's a little canvas sack in my desk; take it with you." He stopped, gasping for breath. "Man," he continued, beckoning to Slivers, "Save my girl."

"I will take care of her, Captain," replied Slivers gravely. "She'll be safe with us, Sir."

"We'll take to the boats, Father," cried Marian, frantically. "We'll take you away to safety." There was no answer.

"He's gone, Miss," said Slivers. "Come, we must leave or those fiends will be atop of us."

"No, no, I won't go with you," cried Marian, as Slivers half led, half carried her to the main cabin.

"You'll go with us in the boat," snarled Slivers, "I promised your father I'd take care of you. Get on your oil-skins and be ready." He went on deck. Marian staggered to her father's cabin, entered and locked the door. Searching the small desk, she found the small canvas sack, which she thrust into the pocket of her oilskin coat. She eagerly took possession of an automatic pistol which she found in the drawer of the desk, and

when Slivers knocked at the cabin door, she did not answer.

"Open that door and come out," growled Slivers. "Don't be a fool. The men are preparing to come aft. Hurry." Marian crouched against the bunk in which her father lay, and answered nothing. There was a crash; the door smashed to the floor under the impact of Sliver's rush, and he fell upon it, as Marian shot at him, and missed. Slivers seized her arm, but she managed to thrust the pistol into the bosom of her dress; Slivers lifted her in his arms and carried her on deck.

"I ought to leave you aboard, and wash my hands of you," growled Slivers. "Only I promised your father," and he lowered her gently into the waiting arms of the Baron, who held the quarter boat against the vessel's lee side. The lightning was flashing with slight intermittence; balls of fire ran round the rigging as the three fugitives crouched in the boat; the Baron cast off the fall and took the tiller ropes while Slivers raised the sail and took his place amidships to steady the small craft with a pair of oars. As the boat drifted away from the vessel's side and out into the wind, several of the mutineers caught sight of it in the glare of the lightning, and opened fire.

"Get up under the breakwater, Miss," shouted Slivers, "and take care of the water keg." Marian hesitated a moment, then crept forward as directed. The

boat gathered headway rapidly; the mutineers fired one last volley in the general direction of the craft as a tremendous thunder crash, following closely on the heels of a dazzling flare of lightning, pealed over the ocean. Then darkness, black, impenetrable, settled again; the rain fell in torrents, smoothing out the wave crests with its force.

"All right, Baron?" called Slivers, as the darkness wrapped them close.

"Aye, aye, Sir," replied the Baron, in a firm voice, "All's well, and lights are burning bright, Sir. Keep her steady as she is."

After that great thunderbolt the storm abated; the boat skimmed over the waters under the force of the steady breeze and Slivers alternately bailed, or steadied the craft with an oar over the side when the waves seemed to break against the stern too heavily.

When morning dawned bright and clear, the waves were settled to an easy swell. Nearby a patch of charred and tangled wreckage floated drearily upon the heaving ocean.

"Port your helm, Baron," cried Slivers. The Baron sat seemingly asleep, while the boat was swinging in a wide circle to starboard. There was no response; Slivers crept aft cautiously and placed his hand on the Baron's arm. Then he cut the tiller ropes.

"He's dead, Miss," choked Slivers, "Shot through the chest; he was dying when he called out 'All Right' so I

wouldn't go aft and endanger the boat."

"He did it for us," whispered Marion, tears welling in her eyes. She turned away as Slivers gently heaved the Baron over the stern and took his place in the sternsheets. The boat ploughed through the wreckage towards the west; Marian fished out a piece of the charred wood with several letters painted upon it.

"Challen—" she spelled aloud, "What is this, Mr. Slivers?"

Slivers examined the board and gazed out over the wreckage floating clod and black on every side.

"This floatsam is all that remains of the Challenger, Miss," he answered gravely. "This piece is the stern of the long boat. That last great thunderbolt must have struck the ship and finished her; we've been running in a big circle all night, while the Baron's dead fist held the tiller to starboard."

"What will become of me?" cried Marian, hysterically.

"Don't despair, Miss," replied Slivers, as cheerfully as possible, "Buckley said we were not far from Tongareva Island last night; that cloud on the water to the westward may be it. There we can get fresh water and provisions sufficient to carry us into the ship lane which lies only six hundred miles to the northwest where we'll be able to signal a ship and get back to civilization. I know the island; stopped there once in my—in my sailing, before I was a

(Continued on Page 34)

A Touch of Spain

By STELLA GERTRUDE TRASK

THE FLOOD of moonlight under which Monterey slept did not penetrate the deep shadows beneath the fig trees of Dutra street, a rambling lane which leads up the hill through the town. A single ray of light filtering through the branches of a straggling pine, fell aslant of the red-tiled roof of the Alvarado house, and that was all.

To some the surroundings would have been alarming, but they were not so to Carmelita, crouching there in the shadow of the old adobe. To her they were only hateful—for had not Ignacio Gonzales told her that Felipe—her Felipe—was going to take *un paseo* that evening with that artist woman to view the adobes by moonlight? Adobes! Bah! Dusty, tumble-down old places not fit to live in. Ah, he was bewitched by that pale-faced artist woman one saw sketching every day in Monterey!

Carmelita clasped her hands convulsively as she thought of it. Had not she seen him dance with her once, twice, three times at the ball last night? A feeling of increased bitterness arose in her heart as she thought how charming the artist woman looked in her dainty white gown and how well she and Felipe danced together—and Felipe talking, talking, talking to her all the time.

Ignacio had said, also, that this very day he had seen her sketching under the oaks up by the Peters place, and that Felipe was teaching her how to roll cigarettes. The thought was unendurable. *Maldita mujer!* Let her keep to her beastly sketching and let Felipe alone!

But she would see for herself tonight. She would watch. She would follow them, and Senor Felipe Miranda would know whether he could play fast and loose with her—Carmelita Castro. But why did they not come? The artists always came here. She glanced at the innocent adobe with intense hatred. Perhaps the moon was not high enough yet. They would come later. Could she wait? *Jamas!* she would find them!

By this time the old Washington hotel must be in a flood of moonlight. She was sure they would be there for she knew the charm of that place. Had she not seen the old weather-stained walls transformed by the effect of emerald moonlight? And when Felipe had told those wonderful stories of the early days when his grandfather had been entertained by the *Americanos* at their banquets and balls she could almost see the beautifully dressed women and the

men in military uniforms thronging the corridors and broad porches of the hotel. Perhaps even now he was telling the artist woman about it as he had told her.

"*Madre de Dios!*" she muttered, and instinctively her hand sought the dagger concealed in her bosom, and the resolve to use it took firm hold upon her. All summer her feelings of jealous anger toward Hilda Cameron had daily increased until now it amounted almost to an obsession. No feeling of compunction weakened her vengeful spirit. Clutching her *mantilla* more closely to her throat to stop the throbbing, she started down the road.

As she emerged from under the trees her graceful form and her beautiful flashing eyes added just the touch needed to make one imagine himself back in the "Fifties" in the quaint street of some old Mexican town.

When she neared the old adobe which early settlers called "*La Casa de los Quartros Vientos*" she heard voices. Stepping into the shadow of the crumbling, vine-clad wall, she listened breathlessly to the approaching footsteps. But it was only a party from Del Monte "doing" Monterey by moonlight. Their exclamations of wonder and delight, as they fell under the spell of these historic buildings, seen in the weird light of the moon, only added to her fury.

Hurriedly she crossed the *Plaza*, passed the old drinking fountain, and turned into the street where stood the old hotel. Even her jealous forebodings did not prepare her for the strange sinking at her heart, as she saw her worst fears confirmed.

At the foot of the broad stairway, in the bright moonlight, sat that hated ar-

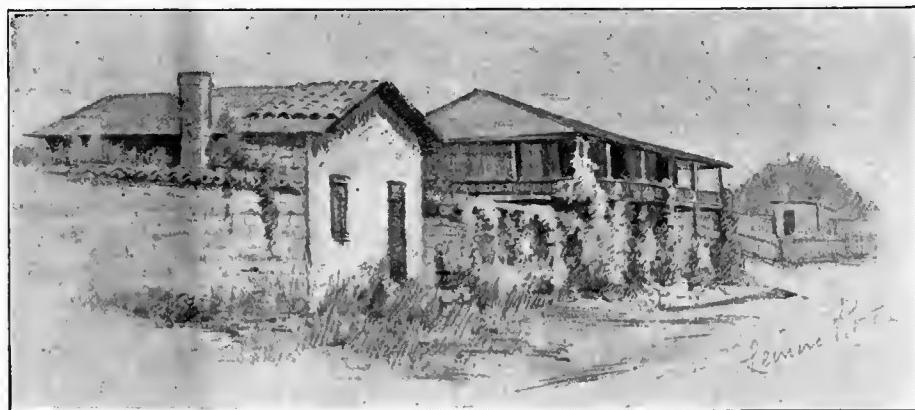
tist woman in her pretty summer gown. Her brown hair was being blown across her upturned face as she listened to Felipe, who was leaning on the railing and looking down at her, talking and laughing—oh, how she hated them both! Into her eyes blazed all the concentrated fury of jealous rage that had come down to her from a long line of ancestors. Again her hand sought the dagger, all her fury now directed toward Felipe. The sight of his handsome face with its clear-cut features only added to the pain tugging at her heart.

In her rage she thought no punishment too great for him. And the artist woman? She should live—she should suffer; and the burden of his death should be forever on her soul! The bells chiming out from San Carlos Mission did not rouse her. A distant bugle call from the Presidio broke the stillness, but fell unheeding on her ears. She stood transfixed, and was only recalled to herself by voices close at hand. Not till then had she noticed others amongst the party of artists busy with their note-books. With half a sob she glided under the protecting branches of a willow tree that overhung the adjoining walls and screened her from view.

"Did you see that, Jack?" whispered one of their number to Jack Manning, who was sketching. "That little beauty, I mean, who disappeared under the trees?" He indicated the place where Carmelita had vanished from view. "She didn't take her eyes off Hilda and her Spanish cavalier for a second, until she noticed us."

"What's the matter with Hilda, anyway?" grumbled Jack. "Seems to me she's going it pretty strong with that greaser."

"Oh, Hilda's all right! Studying the native at first hand. She'll let him down



In Old Monterey.



Spreading Friendly Arms on the Shores of Monterey Bay.

easy, never fear, if that beauty over yonder doesn't take a hand. But you had better not say 'greaser' to Hilda. Why, she's traced his lineage back to Montezuma already."

Jack's answer was highly uncomplimentary to that ancient king and his descendants. Hilda's flirtation had done more than a little to shatter his impermeability.

Presently Carmelita, from her hiding place, saw them all move off in the direction of the Custom House.

Later the same party of artists were sitting under the awning on the beach eating *tamales*. The military band had just concluded its last number, and the crowd of summer visitors from the neighboring resorts, who, all evening, had mingled in true from the neighboring resorts, who, all evening, had mingled in true Bohemian fashion with the picturesque vaqueros, Spanish fishermen, and gaily dressed *senoritas*, was beginning to disperse. A few strolling couples wandered up from the beach or along the board walk, and among them were Hilda and Felipe Miranda. Jack, who had been anything but amiable during the last hour, and whose attention had been completely centered upon the

passing crowd, was the first to notice their approach.

He saw a frown on Hilda's pretty face and caught a mute look of appeal in her eyes as she glanced at him. Quickly stepping to her side, he slipped her arm through his. She clung convulsively to him for a moment, and scarcely looked at Felipe as she dismissed him with a curt: "*Buenos noches, Señor.*" Jack noticed that she omitted to offer her hand to Felipe.

"Hilda, has that fellow been saying anything to you?" asked Jack as they moved off together.

"Jack!" and Hilda's eyes flashed. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, Hilda!" and the look he bent upon her was both masterful and tender. "You can't play with fire—you've found that out. Now, tell me. Shall I thrash him?"

"No, Jack! No! He meant no harm—he— Oh, it's absolutely absurd, you know!" Her voice was tremulous. "I think I've had all the flirting I want this summer."

"And I've seen all I want, Hilda. What do you say? Shall we agree on that?"

But Hilda's answer was lost in the

dashing of the waves upon the beach. Bohemia has not yet ceased to wonder how the invincible Jack Manning fell a victim to Cupid's wiles.

There was an ugly look on Felipe's face as he turned away and mingled with the crowd—a look of baffled rage which gave way to one of bitterness—as he threaded his way past the Custom House and out into the quiet of Fisherman's wharf.

Leaning heavily against the railing at the edge of the plank walk, he gazed long and earnestly at the waves which broke upon the rocks at his feet. In a way, they seemed to give expression to the tumult of anger and wounded pride that surged in his heart. Why had he allowed himself to be led on, and flattered and encouraged, when he knew the *Americanos* always set themselves up to be so much better than his people! Had he not always avoided them? Hilda herself had said that was why she admired him—because he was so proud! And yet—tonight—when—"Oh, well," he muttered with an angry toss of his head, "I'm done with those *Americanos* with their superior airs! Carmelita would not have been angry," he thought. A satisfied smile crept over his face and a feeling of assurance came to him when he remembered her all to evident adoration of him.

Whether the thought of Carmelita caused him to move, or whether her light footfall had reached his consciousness, he turned just in time to see a flash of glittering steel, and to catch with a firm grasp the little brown hand that was directing the blow.

"Carmelita!" he exclaimed. "Mi querida! Porque aquí?"

Into his tones and into his face flashed all the love that had been held in abeyance and which now leaped forth to find its own.

With a smothered sob the dagger dropped from her hand into the sea, as Felipe's arms closed about her. With tears and convulsive sobs she told how she had followed him all evening, and when she saw him standing there, alone, thinking, thinking of that hateful artist woman, she was maddened beyond endurance and— But Felipe's kisses stopped further confession.

WITH this issue of the Overland Monthly and Out-West Magazine we close volume eighty-one. Beginning with last May, the publication was enlarged to the standard 9 x 12 inches in size. From the year 1868, when the Overland was founded by Bret Harte, to May, 1923, the magazine was issued continuously as a 7 x 10 publication. The new size signals the beginning of volume eighty-one, which consists of eight numbers—May, 1923 to December, 1923, inclusive. In future a given volume will run through the entire year. Volume eighty-two begins with the next issue—January, 1924.

The Girl At the Tank House

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

ANNETTE HAZELTON WEATHERBY was a school ma'am, but she was not like any girl anybody else had ever seen. The whole town said that; and Annette was teaching in a small enough place for everybody to know everybody else's business. And they did.

"What d'ye think? The new school ma'am has bought Jim Wright's house and lot. She paid five hundred dollars down and is to pay the other five hundred in six months."

The speaker was one of the populace who spent much time on the verandah of the combined hotel, post office and grocery store, settling the affairs of the neighborhood.

"I can't see what she wants with that property. The house ain't finished inside, and there's nothing on the lot but a bay tree or two and an old broken down windmill." The other male gossip spat out onto the sidewalk and kept on whittling.

"I hear she's going to fix up the windmill, so's to let the folks on each side of her have water, and she's going to build a double garage in the rear. The water rent and them two garages will bring her twenty-five dollars a month, easy."

"She landed in this town with two hundred and fifty in cash and a year's school contract at a hundred a month."

"Well, she'll save most of her pay for she earns her room and board by keeping books and writing letters after school's out for this hotel and grocery store."

"They says she's as quick as chained lightning on a typewritin' machine. Well, this is election year and she's already applied for the publicity work during school vacation. If she gets it, that will be worth five hundred to her."

"She'll get it all right, young Hitchcock will see to that. His dad's got the say up at the Court House."

"That may all be, but Reggy Hitchcock ain't got any chance with the school ma'am. Ever notice the diamond ring she wears? That's an engagement ring."

"You don't say so! Hitchcock is awfully hard hit if I'm any judge."

"If I know anything about women, Annette Weatherby bought a bicycle to ride to school to keep from walking up the street with Reggy Hitchcock."

"You don't tell me?"

"Yes, and more than that, his aristocratic mother ain't one bit pleased about it. Up to the Church social the other night the school ma'am didn't dance but once with anybody. Reggy got sulky after her third refusal, and his mother

tried to cover it by saying, 'Reggy, dear, Miss Weatherby is a most unusual girl. She looks like a Madonna tonight—a very modernified one to be sure, but we must not expect her to be like the rest of us.'

The tone of mimicry was what the narrator supposed was "good form in the most select circles of society," as he often declared.

"She came home with the Burtons in their machine. Old man Burton and her mother's brother, Henry Hazelton, are cronies. They're both big Masons. Since the father died Uncle Henry has been a sort of guardian to Annette. I've always suspected that he's got an interest in Burton's Bank. Her step-father's away up in the railroad business, in San Francisco."

"Whee! Maybe that's the reason the young lady is so high headed."

"Nope; that's not it. Reggy Hitchcock will have money enough to buy the whole kit and kaboodle of 'em?"

The two men had talked themselves out and sat staring at each other moodily for a few minutes. Then by a common impulse both turned to a silent but interested listener.

"Well, what's your idea?" Both waited impatiently.

"You're dead wrong. I'm around the post office enough to know that that girl ain't in correspondence with any man. If she was engaged, there'd be stacks of letters comin' and goin' all the time."

This statement was accompanied by a deep nod and a slow, decisive wink. "I don't figger the situation as you fellers do at all. You say the girl's step-father is in the railroad business. Her uncle's interested in the electric light plant just bein' put in. The site for the power house adjoins Jim Wright's lot in the rear. Put two and two together, and you've got a boom comin' to this burg. The fruit business is lookin' up all over the Santa Clara Valley, and this neck o' the woods is on the railroad map for fair. That big warehouse ain't bein' built here for nothin'. There's lots of talk goin' round about a new fruit packin' plant for this locality. Your school ma'am's got an eye for future values and she ain't botherin' her head about matrimony local or otherwise."

What a scattering there was a few minutes later when the subject of such particularized conversation jumped off her wheel, and came briskly up to the post office window as she habitually did

at the close of each school day. There was the usual clumsy maneuvering to note the handwriting on the mail received, and the same craning of necks to see her go behind the counter, on the grocery side to begin the grind of posting a lot of uninteresting items. If she ever glanced up from her work she was certain to catch a half dozen staring at her from various angles. There was always more or less of a crowd to see her close the books at the dinner hour and if she worked at night someone was there until the lights went out.

"Why this everlasting curiosity? Is it my fault, or is this the way of small towns people?"

Over and over again Annette asked herself these questions. Sometimes when a sense of utter loneliness came over her she was tempted to throw up the whole situation and go home. Pride really prevented this.

"Simply because I am making a business of learning practically how to be the right kind of a woman, am I a freak? Are these people trying to drive me into marrying Reggy Hitchcock? I'll not do it. He will never amount to anything. Instead of making something of himself, he plays around waiting for his father to die and leave him rich. He has no initiative, and cannot do any one thing efficiently. If I had his chance I'd make a million dollars. And it is not the money, but the ability to make it that counts. The self-restraint the discipline necessary to success is what I am out after."

In her fits of discouragement Annette told herself these things many times, and she occasionally told others the same thing when she was not in a mood to be questioned.

"Most girls think that a housewife's knowledge is born with her. I know better and I am not going to be a make-believe; I am going to be the last word in home making. That's the biggest thing in the life of any woman."

Ever since she could remember Annette had held to this fixed purpose. After graduating at Stanford University at twenty-two she served a thorough apprenticeship in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, then learned millinery in a wholesale house. During all this time her evenings were spent in a commercial college. At the end of a year of such intensive preparation Annette had earned and saved the money with which she made her first venture in teaching.

"Here in the schoolroom is the best place to learn the ways of childhood and

adolescence," she said to herself. "And I am going to build and own a home while I am doing it."

Village life in California is a curious mixture of New England Puritanism, Southern aristocratic ideals and a certain hearty Western camaraderie. One has freedom of action within well defined limits—and the atmosphere of each community reflects the dominant faction composing it. There are sleepy Spanish pueblos, typical mining towns, middle west villages, and down east commonwealths, non-progressive, oppressively aristocratic southern hamlets ambitiously designated cities almost touch elbows with frankly mushroom western boom towns. Then there are the intermediate mixtures of all these types. Sometimes the background is oil; again it is cattle or the lowly hen that gives local color. In other localities it is grain fields or orchards or vineyards that impart a distinctive air. There is a wide divergence between the deciduous fruits, and the orange, walnut and olive groves, and each community reflects the difference.

College towns stand separate and alone.

The ubiquitous prune crowns and glorifies the Santa Clara Valley. Blended with the odor of the blossoms and the fragrance of the ripened fruit, there is the appeal of the whirring windmills in all shapes, sizes and degrees of well-being. Some swing merrily on skeleton frames, while others top buildings in which utility and beauty struggle for supremacy.

There is a distinctive flavor of higher education mingled with the characteristics of a Santa Clara town. The Valley possesses three Universities and a State Teacher's College. It was these peculiarities which attracted Annette and finally decided her to locate where she did.

"I want to go some place where I will not know a soul," she informed her family. "I may make a complete failure, and I don't want any sympathizers. Besides, horticulturists are the highest grade farmers, and I may fall in love with one."

"I hope you do not feel that it is necessary for you to go out in the world to earn your living," her step-father said. "Your father left something of an estate, and I have a sufficient income for all of us."

Before Annette could answer fittingly her Uncle Henry interrupted with—

"Look here, child, if it's money you want, I'll make you an allowance." She was near tears when her mother pleaded:

"Don't be strong-minded, dear. Be content with the second place. Let the men be superior and lead."

"It isn't that, Mother. If any man

is my superior, I haven't sense enough to know it, and I don't suffer from imaginary disparities. I loathe all this talk about sex equality. With Tennyson I say, 'Thank God for the difference, else sweet love were slain'. I want to be a wholesome, sweet tempered, lovable woman and you must just have faith that I'll work out my own salvation. I've had a purposeful education and I feel fit."

At the end of the first year Annette's property had been fenced with a close webbed fancy wire stretched between square posts pointed at the top. Over the front entrance was a rustic pergola of the same shingles as covered the bungalow. There was the spick, span newness of green roofs, brown stained shingles and white paint about the entire premises. White pebble walks neatly bordered with bricks wound through the grounds, except the main entrance which was covered with penciled bricks corresponding with the foundation of the house. The lot had been plowed, fertilized, and apportioned for lawn, trees and shrubbery. The windmill and double garage were in perfect condition and producing the expected income. The unsightly open door and window spaces had been boarded up making the outside quite presentable.

Henry Hazleton looked over these details approvingly, upon the occasion of his first visit to Annette. "My company is about to put in an electric light tower, near here," he told her. "If you don't drive too hard a bargain with me, I'll put it in the extreme left rear corner of your property."

"You may do it if you will wire the bungalow, the garages, the two front gates and the windmill."

"I'll do better than that. I'll put you up an arc light anywhere on the lot you say."

"Put it between the bay trees. That will light all around the tank house I am going to build for my own use."

"Good God! You don't intend to come down here and live by yourself, do you?"

"Not now, but I will later. I want to learn to cook and its against my conscience to practice on anybody else."

"You certainly are the limit. Why don't you get married and settle down like a sane girl should do?" Surprise and irritation made Henry Hazleton stop short and glare at his niece.

"For one thing this isn't leap year. Another thing is I haven't seen the right man yet."

"Nothing short of a millionaire would do—I suppose."

"Don't be insulting, Uncle—you know me better than that."

"What's the next move you've got in your head?"

"I will try to finish the bungalow. It was planned to cost twenty-five hundred dollars, and I'll have to mortgage the whole thing, and work during next vacation in order to do it, and come out even at the end of the year."

"Annette, you haven't any idea how you worry me. Why do you want to take so much risk?"

"I have a tenant who will take a lease at twenty-five dollars a month, beginning July first. I can pay the street assessments now, and I've arranged with the Court House gardener, to plant my trees, shrubs and lawn, and take care of them for the use of two rooms over the garages. He will cook in one and sleep in the other."

Her uncle turned his back upon her and did not deign to answer.

"May I count upon your company putting in the electric lights in the near future?" There was something formal and stiff in Annette's tone and manner. Henry Hazleton answered in kind.

"I should like the light tower to conform to the general style of architecture," added Annette, "particularly as I shall name this place Bay Towers."

"Why towers?" ironically, glancing at the low flat roof of the bungalow.

"Because the tank house will be two stories high, and will be topped by a tall tank with a sharply pointed roof."

"Are you serious in this, Annette? You bought before the new addition was laid out below here, and before many knew our plans. You can double your money by selling now. Why don't you do it and quit all this foolishness?"

"Because I've not yet solved my problem."

"You would give me the Willies if I was around you much," saying which, he walked off and left her standing with a pathetically wan smile upon her face.

"The dear old bear! He's peeved because I don't live up to the southern traditions of our family. I'd simply die if I had to be the clinging vine kind, but I hate a strong muscled, bossy woman. I've no intention of keeping this up more than five years. If a woman teaches school longer than that she is liable to cease to be human. Constant association with immature minds bankrupts one psychically. To succeed without becoming destitute of the humanities one needs to be sound to the very core."

The third year found Annette fagged. She was homesick, and starved for a glimpse of the big city, and for the companionship of her own kind. The villagers had gotten on her nerves. Even her pretty bungalow with its happy tenant, the growing things in the well kept grounds and the demonstrative affection of her pupils palled upon her senses. She felt that she could not endure the tittle

tattle of the people about for another day.

Reggy Hitchcock had never ceased to pester her with unwelcome attentions. She was often at her wit's ends to know how to prevent an open rupture. He was drinking intermittently, and at such times was liable to be violently abusive. His mother stubbornly refused to see that it was the weak character of her son but blamed Annette for the whole situation. She was bitter in denunciation of the popular young teacher, who tried always to treat both fairly. Factions sprung up on each side, and then Henry Hazleton had some real trouble on his hands.

Judge Hitchcock made a determined effort to have the School Board dismiss Annette!

Judge Hitchcock was not only a leading citizen, but he had given the land on which the school house stood. He was the main support of the church, and his opinion could not be lightly set aside. He was properly scandalized over the idea of having children taught by a person whose ways of living were in any way objectionable.

"Who ever heard of a mere slip of a girl building a tank house and living alone in it?" he demanded as soon as the School Directors' special meeting was called to order.

Burton, the bank president, unrolled the blue print details of the Tank House plans, and spread them out on the table.

"Our architect drew these plans and specifications; made the estimates of the cost of construction, and we will lend the money necessary to build," he said. "You will note that the windmill is near the center of the lot, and that the tank house will be well to the rear of the bungalow. The location is away from the street and partially hidden by a big bay tree. The living rooms are on the second floor and within speaking distance of the bungalow. What objection can there be to the owner occupying the premises if she so desires?"

"The principal reason is that people will talk about it," retorted Judge Hitchcock.

"Quite likely the busy bodies have something to say about our bank lending the money. We find Miss Weatherby a good risk. She meets her notes promptly, and she has built up one of the most attractive homes in town."

"My children are crying themselves sick over it," declared one trustee.

"My wife asked me not to vote for dismissal," said another.

"I don't think the Trustees should interfere with a teacher's private affairs," said a third.

Judge Hitchcock, scenting defeat, remembered a pressing engagement, and

graciously "deferred to the fine judgment of the majority" before leaving.

As soon as the Judge's back was turned the ever recurring subject of his son's infatuation for the teacher was openly interjected into the matter up for consideration.

"Reggy Hitchcock is a willful, undisciplined boy, who is determined to have the first and only thing ever denied him before in his life," declared James Burton.

"This is really none of our business," interrupted the Chairman. "We are here either to dismiss or retain our present instructor."

"I move that Miss Annette Weatherby be re-employed next year at the same salary." The motion carried.

It was a Friday afternoon, near the close of the term, and Annette had been telling the children the story of the founding of Stanford University which had mother love for its inspiration. The children crowded up close around Annette and hung onto her hands as she came down the school house steps. They were still under the spell of her inspiring talk, and she was flushed with enthusiasm over her work.

Suddenly she came face to face with the Trustees! They had been looking over the neatly kept grounds while waiting for an opportunity to consider her case. Now they slowly filed up the steps, at a word from Judge Hitchcock. None of them did more than give the teacher, a cool, stiff bow.

On the way to the post office, Annette was accosted by one of her unknown champions.

"Miss Annette may I ask you something?"

"Yes," Annette answered mechanically. She was stunned by the sudden opposition to herself apparent in the unusual behavior of the school trustees. She was too preoccupied to notice anything else.

"Wasn't the diamond you wear so much an engagement ring?"

"Yes," murmured Annette, not fully comprehending the import of the question.

"The man who bought the ring is dead ain't he?"

"Yes, sometime ago. Why do you want to know?" There was a note of irritation in Annette's voice. She was distinctly annoyed.

"I've had my own idee ever since you've been here. The whole town is stirred up about you now, but I'm your friend."

"Deliver me from my friends," thought Annette, as she hurried on. At the hotel she found her Uncle Henry waiting for her.

"Now I am in for it," she said to her-

self after the first greetings, as she hung up her hat and seated herself opposite, silent but expectant.

"You've got yourself into a pretty mess down here. I suppose you know that the School Directors are about to dismiss you on account of that crazy tank house notion of yours."

"But, Uncle, it is not built yet," protested Annette.

"But it will be. I know you. It would take surgery to make you change your mind. I've seen that trait in you ever since you were a babe in arms. Then you used to sit for hours trying to get your big toe in your mouth. You'll go right on with this tank house business if it busts up the whole community."

"Why should I—"

"Oh, shut up! What's this nonsense about you and Reggy Hitchcock? Does he still want to marry you?"

"He seems to think he does."

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"Mentally, he's about ten years old and he'll never grow up."

"Oh, I see; you're waiting for the perfect man. Well, there is only two of them. One's dead, and the other hasn't been born yet. You'll wind up by dying an old maid. I can see that coming fast enough."

"In that case we could be company for each other," Annette smiled bravely, but if her Uncle had looked at her he would have seen that her lips trembled and that she was on the verge of a breakdown.

It was hours later, that he called her on the telephone and said:

"Burton has just told me that the Board of Trustees decided to keep you in the school for another year." His tone was gentle and caressing as he added: "Sunny skies, kiddo, you're all right now."

This was the last straw, and poor Annette sobbed herself to sleep that night.

Everybody seemed to know that the Trustees were holding a special meeting. The crowds around the postoffice window, separated into groups and there was much wagging of tongues and shaking of unwise heads, as rumor, speculation, and comment were accepted as proven facts.

"Yes siree! I've been dead right all along. That diamond is an engagement ring, and the man's dead. The school ma'am just told me so."

Annette's champion stopped arguing long enough to shift his chew of tobacco and expectorate copiously as he sagely added: "That girl is mournin' for the dead. Most likely that's the reason Reggy Hitchcock's cake turned out to be dough."

Without consulting Annette, Henry

Hazleton took the architect's drawings of the proposed tank house with him when he went back to San Francisco. Before going to his own office he stopped and showed the plans to Annette's step-father. The latter made notes of the amount of materials required, and said:

"I'll buy these things for whoever takes the contract. I can do better than any small buyer, and Annette needn't know anything about it."

"I can have our general contractor put up the tank house, at the same time he builds the light tower on her lot. That will save some money, and make sure of a good job," said Henry Hazelton.

Then he sputtered, and fumed over the way the townspeople were acting, and declared that he was nearly sick with worry over the whole situation. The other man laughed heartily at some of the details and said:

"Henry, you fuss around like an old hen when her brood of ducks first take to the water. If Annette was a good-for-nothing hussy nobody would pick at her."

"I know it and that's what makes me so damned mad."

"You say that Annette will take a vacation this year. Now, when she gets here let's give the girl a square deal. It's her money, and I'm for letting her invest it to suit herself."

"Good God! man! You don't think I'm trying to interfere with Annette's money, do you? She will get all of mine, bye and bye, and I'm going to help pay these bills if she needs it," saying which the speaker rolled up the specifications, and started for the door.

"You are all right, Henry, and so is Annette. She will tell her mother all about it, so why should we work ourselves up in a frazzle.

Invited and made much of by the Burton crowd, snubbed or ignored by the Hitchcock faction, and talked about by the whole town Annette's last days of the third year were anything but pleasant. She came to a final rupture with Reggy Hitchcock, and he had been drunk for a week when she started on her first vacation.

Heartsick and weary, she settled herself for what she fervently hoped would be a quiet ride homeward. Her nerves were so rasped and raw that she could not have endured another hour of present surroundings. On looking about her she was glad to see only strange faces, and the noise and clatter of the train shut off the voices, leaving a sense of isolation for which Annette was profoundly grateful.

She was in no mood to read.

Gradually the beauty of the panorama unfolding before her, soothed her feelings and absorbed her attention. Over

against the skyline were huge wavelike rows of brown hills, naked looking and bare of trees but liberally sprinkled with patches of green shrubbery. A soft blue haze hung in the depressed places, while a thick blanket of fog rolled in slowly over the tops. Heat waves shimmered across the valleys.

Close up to the winding railroad track stretched miles of orchards, and the perfume of ripe fruit wafted appetizingly through the open car windows. Thousands of trays contained partially sundried fruit, while an army of pickers fetched and carried to the big evaporating plants. The ground was purple with fallen fruit, and the trees in many places were propped and braced to support the extra burden of a bumper crop.

Amateur venders consisting mainly of old men and children did a thriving business at the stations. The passengers reverting to the primitive ate their fill with undisguised enjoyment. Long lines of cars laden with ripe fruit were moving in every direction. All Santa Clara Valley was alive with bustle and confusion. The prune harvest was at its height.

Gradually the nervous tension relaxed and Annette came back into old familiar city haunts soothed and revived in spirit. Annette's step-father opened the family conclave immediately after dinner by saying in his mildest manner,

"Before we go into the details of the building itself, tell us how you intend to finance the scheme."

"I have mortgaged the property for twelve hundred dollars needed to build the tank house."

"On what terms?"

"Six per cent interest, and one year's time. I have sufficient funds to buy some of the furnishing now."

"Why not put on a chattel mortgage and buy everything needed at once?"

Uncle Henry looked supernaturally innocent as he asked this question, but he was quick to wink at Annette's mother in answer to her reprobating look.

"Because that would not be good management. By doing without things I couldn't afford to pay for, I've learned that there are one hundred cents in a dollar and I also know the difference between a chattel mortgage and a check."

Annette was so slim and girlish, with her sparkling eyes and heightened color, that her family still found it hard to take her seriously.

"That is more than some women learn in a lifetime," commented the step-father.

"But it is what every wife ought to know," declared Annette, while each hearer had difficulty in preserving gravity. Uncle Henry heroically curbed a disposition to explode.

"With the tank house completed my

property will have cost me five thousand dollars and will be easily worth seven thousand. I expect to have it free of debt by the end of the fourth year."

"Then what are you going to do?" There was latent belligerency in Uncle Henry's tone.

"Get married—if I can. That's why I want to have a year's practical experience in cooking and housekeeping."

In obedience to a frantic pantomime summons Uncle Henry followed Annette's mother into the kitchen.

"I tell you, sis, that girl's crazy. You ought to insist on her giving up all this foolishness."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Henry. She tells me that the new addition is building up rapidly below her place and that she is now in the center of a nice residence section."

"Her business sense is sound enough, but I don't like the notion of her living alone."

"In her domestic instincts Annette is as primitive as a cave woman. She is old fashioned in her ideas of modesty and womanliness. She is devout and conscientious to a degree and with it all has the fine mental poise of a modern college girl," defended the mother with a touch of pride.

"And you're banking on all that moonshine?"

"No, I am counting on the child's character. She knows what she wants and I am willing she should have it. I don't believe in family tyranny."

"Neither do I, sis; only I wish, Annette was normal like other girls."

"You mean conventional, Henry. She is normal."

Looking up from the blue prints under examination, Annette drew her mother down into her own hastily vacated chair, and motioned Uncle Henry to the other side of the table, as the two returned to the sitting room.

"We've got the main points about the tank house settled. It is to be twenty-five feet square, two stories high, with a tall tank and a high cupola-topped roof. The windmill will have separate shingle-covered supports, and will stand opposite the roof. There will be a wide balcony, with fancy posts and balustrade, and boxed in seats on all sides of the tank. Brown shingles, white woodwork and green roof will be the same as the other buildings."

"What's the idea of boxing in the seats?" asked Uncle Henry, busy with the plans.

"Oh, I'll use the box seats to store cushions, hammocks, books, magazines, flags and Japanese lanterns, and all kinds of decorations, later on."

"I suppose you will want the cupola
(Continued on Page 32)

One Christmas Eve

THE moonlight turned Ray's curly locks, under a wisp of some sort of thin stuff, into a halo of spun gold; it showed the smile in her eyes, but not their color. A fellow would need an awful lot of words to describe Ray's eyes. "Blue lakelets" was as near as I could ever come to it. The white fur of her collar kissed her cheek. Later, I intended to help out the fur.

We had been out to a Christmas Eve dinner and a late dance; and I was taking her home in an automobile built for two. We cut through Golden Gate Park—which was the longest way home. All evening I had debated whether or not I should make myself the present of a brand new wife. Ray was pretty! For five minutes I had felt that it was all up with me.

"Tomorrow morning," I told myself. "I'll wake up an engaged man."

"Ray—Miss Stannard," I said, and stopped.

"Yes, Mr. Hal Hayden," she came back, sweetly, though she giggled.

Now, I'm a shy man. If I think a person is making sport of me, I'm like a phonograph suddenly shut off. Just like that! And the giggle did it.

Somehow, I was glad that I hadn't committed myself. There was Anne Burney, Anne, of the melting brown eyes, with a fetching dimple in her chin. Anne was the other dear charmer—I had never known how dear until this moment, when I had almost tied myself to Ray. (Anne is rich—and I have a fine singing voice and aspirations.) I said something about the moonlight, and how many pounds of hair did Ray have on that small head of hers, anyhow, and let it go at that.

Anne and I had a heap of things in common: Reincarnation, to mention one of them. I mean, we didn't believe in it. We held that when a man was through with this merry-go-round world, that tries to be square with everyone, he doesn't come back a tomcat, to sing on a backyard fence. Ray, on the contrary, had a good deal to say (in her sober moods) of working out destinies in other spheres.

All this time, only half of my mind was on the things Ray was saying to me, the things I was saying to Ray. I was wondering how the matter would end, how I could make sure which of the dear charmers was the one to hold my heart in her little hands. And then I heard songs, growing from distant to near, of

By CAROLINE KATHERINE FRANKLIN
Author of What Christmas Brought to Celia, Etc.

riotous joy-riders . . . the bark of an exhaust.

Around a curve swept a huge machine, roaring, running wild . . . No room to turn out . . . I stopped, drew the terrified Ray into the shelter of my arms, bent over her, to shield her body with my own.

Death, roaring, barking, was upon us . . .

Something seemed to shake the cloud my soul was drifting in, and with fear-inspiring faintness, I felt myself falling through space. I landed, looked up to see both Anne and Ray standing over me. I wondered, stupidly, how Anne came to be there; and at the same time I tried to speak—to say how thankful I was that Ray was not hurt . . . No sound came from my lips!

A glance showed the two wrecked automobiles; three men standing, while a fourth, evidently a doctor, fussed with an elderly woman whose arm had been hurt. That was it! Anne had been with the party in the other car.

Of course I kept quiet—I couldn't do otherwise until my voice found me. But the girls—Could I believe my ears? They were quarreling over me!

"I love him," said Ray.

"Prove it!" cried Anne. "I love him, too. I can give him everything that you can't. He'll never do anything worth while with his voice without money to back him."

I wanted my voice again—oh, how I wanted it! I saw trouble ahead. I heard terrible sounds. I tried vainly to reach,

to lay hold of something solid, to attract their attention. But the argument went on and on, Ray pleading with tears that she did, indeed, love me, Anne insisting that only by sacrificing that love to my greater good could Ray prove it.

Mist, creeping in from the sea, shrouded the scene; the figures grouped about became ghostly, unreal. The voices sounded indistinct, as if muffled by folds of cotton. And now the doctor turned his attention to me.

"We must get him to the hospital; here comes the ambulance. He is seriously hurt. Will have to have new—"

The rest was drowned in the clangor of the ambulance gong; and that was the last thing that I heard as I drifted off.

I came to my senses in a hospital ward. I at once began to take stock of myself. The doctor had said that I must have new—What? How long had I been here, anyway?

I found that my right arm had been broken, but the surgeon was so skilful that only the owner, or a disembodied spirit, could tell it. I disliked the tatooed decoration that I discovered on it, later; but I was afraid, from the way I had suddenly lost my voice, that beggars could not be choosers. The left arm did not match my right, being some inches shorter. This left had a big, hairy hand! Immediately I realized that somebody had made a mistake in choosing my arms at random.

I wasn't hungry or thirsty; but I naturally wished for a place to carry food; and that part of my body didn't seem to be there. I realized that soul and body are two different things—distinctly different things! Then, too, I had no lungs. My soul did not need air. But I knew that my body would.

I hoped that they would select a new stomach that was guaranteed to be able to eat midnight suppers without penalty.

"I'll need a gall-bladder," I thought.

"No," some one unseen spoke up. "You've had so much gall in your last incarnation, you won't need any this time. But you will need more back-bone and less self-esteem."

At that my mind became a blank as an arm grabbed me, and a hand was clapped over my mouth. The hand that was across my mouth finally relaxed. Then the arm let go its hold. My voice had been replaced! Everything was dark. I could not see a foot ahead of me. My heart, in spite of Cupid-arrow-holes, was

—Martha Newland.

(Continued on Page 43)

TWELFTH NIGHT *Old Christmas*

Tonight the Christmas season passes,
The embers of the yule log fire
Tomorrow morn will be dead ashes.
Tonight we make a funeral pyre
Of all the boughs of evergreen,
The holly wreaths and mistletoe;
Their leaping flames cast reddened
screen

On window panes above the snow,
While in and out the dancers sway.
Old Christmas, tired, still keeps yule
time
With zest, for he must steal away
When on the air breaks midnight's
chime.

The Luck of the Storm

By PERCY WALTON WHITTAKER

DAN BRODING had built his camp close to Duck Lake because it was the exact center of his logging contract. The heavy timber had been cut out, and the white tents, with board foundations, and four foot walls, were pitched close to the rippling water. When McGowan of the Mammoth Pine company signed the contract, he asked if the camp lay in the right place.

"There isn't a better site in Lassen, or all California," said Dan confidently. "Here will be the main logging road, when the railway people put that main line switch in. And as we cut out, we'll move; two thousand feet will be the longest haul, for I'll lay track in the middle of each quarter section. The general manager drove away satisfied, after promising that the rails and ties would be shipped at once."

McGowan hurried the material out, but in the next six weeks, Dan learned that a railway corporation can not always be hurried. His road was ready, but the switch had not been put in.

Early in the morning he stood on the logging road, watching his teams straggle in single file towards the woods. The great creaking red wheels under which the logs were slung, crunched and rocked past him on their way for a load. The leading teamster spoke as he drove by.

"I come from Bale's camp this morning, an' that extra crew is loading up their tools again, without putting the switch in. What'll we do, Dan?" Broding's face flushed to an angry red.

"Keep on wheeling the logs to the old Westwood spur, Dick. It's all we can do. I'll bet that's some of Shad Bale's work, but payday between him and me will come sometime." He repeated the order to each teamster, and after the last wheel rolled out of sight, he strode rapidly across the clearing, following a path which wound through the low, swampy tamarack ground to the railroad. At the Westwood switch he found Dick's news to be true; the freight was pulling out with the extra crew on board, and he had to run to catch the caboose. Johnson, the lanky, rawhomed foreman, stood on the platform.

"How about my switch, Johnson?"

"Got orders to load everything and come to Honey Lake, 'til you fellows found out where you wanted the blamed switch."

"I showed Reynolds, the chief engineer, where I wanted it," said Dan furiously.

"I guess Shad Bale, superintendent of the Mammoth camps let on that he had all the say," and the foreman bit into a huge chunk of tobacco and went inside.

As the train slowed down at the Honey Lake whistling post, Dan dropped off the caboose steps, and hurried across the flat to the big pond. The Mammoth mills and offices were on the opposite side. McGowan, a wiry, dark eyed southerner, and boss of the plant, stood at the landing, watching the huge load of logs go booming into the water. He looked sharply at Broding.

"What's the trouble! "It's always trouble when anyone wants me! You can't send in too many logs, for Bale's camps have fallen down badly. We've two mills running day and night and the pond's half empty now."

"Mebbe it's the man that running your camps that's falling down," remarked Dan dryly. McGowan nodded.

"He hadn't better let us run out. When you were his foreman we had no trouble. But what do you want?" As they walked over to the office Broding explained.

"Get me the roadmaster's office; quick girl," said McGowan, and the operator manipulated the plugs rapidly.

"Say, Seeley," he began rapidly, "what's the meaning of that Duck Lake siding sidetrack. Do you want us to kick to your head office, that we have to close our mills on account of a switch?" Seeley answered, and McGowan slammed the receiver on the hook, and asked for the line to Bale at the Mammoth camps.

"Say, Mr. Bale, what did you butt in on that Duck Lake switch for? I want you to run your own camps hereafter, and let the contractor's business alone. You didn't? Well somebody mixed it up," and he cut his superintendent off before he had finished. "Mack" was mad and the office staff listened gleefully, for he had talked to a five thousand a year man, as he would to the office boy.

"He says it's a misunderstanding, Dan, and we can't swear different. You go back and give us every log you can, and I'll try to get permission from Reynolds to put the switch in with our own crew, and we'll pay the bill," he finished persuasively.

"Will you pay for what I lose? I'm hauling logs half a mile past the switch, to the old Westwood spur," but Mc-

Gowan shook his head. That had been omitted from the contract, and if the contractor ruined himself by signing a bad contract, that was his affair.

Honey Lake mills were thirty miles from Duck Lake, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when Dan left the train at Westwood siding, and walked across the clearing. He could see by the moonlight that the bunching teams had done a good day's work. The logs were hunched in twos and threes, the big ones standing single, for the eleven foot wheels to back over. If the thing hadn't been muddled up, he stood to make big money this year. And he didn't believe that Bale was innocent. He had been Shad's foreman two seasons, and between them had always lurked a concealed dislike. Bale had kept him because he could get out logs cheaper than himself, which helped Bale to hold his job. When Dan quit, he had mentioned this fact, and it had enraged the superintendent mightily. There was the motive.

So thinking, he walked until the white tents gleamed in the moonlight, and he looked at them with pride. He was twenty six, and the savings of ten years' work he had invested here. Tents, cots for fifty men, a well equipped cook house, saws, axes, and a donkey engine for loading, and it was more than half paid for.

In the married men's quarters a light gleamed from a tent under a small grove of pines. Dan's face relaxed pleasantly. Nora Nordmark lived here with her folks; Nordmark was his saw filer, and Nora kept the commissary and the men's time. She looked out of the open door.

"My, Dan! That you wandering around all day and night? Don't forget you asked me to go to the Westwood dance tomorrow night."

"I'm not forgetting it, Nora, and I hope I'll be taking you out more, when I get things running right here. But what are you doing up so late?"

"Five men quit today, and five came, poor ones from Bale's; cast-offs, I guess, so I'm fixing the books."

"If they stay, I'll make them into good men," he answered laughing. "And don't forget that when you go anywhere, Nora, it's me that takes you."

"I won't! But you might have to come after me a bit further, Dan," and she closed the door while Dan went to his tent wondering what she had meant by that. Nora was dark eyed, pretty and lithe. She had entered the Honey Lake High school the year he had left, and he had not seen her for three years, but

Dan's allegiance had not wavered.

In the morning McGowan's fast roadster came purring along the trail, dodging the stumps at a city speed limit.

"I came up to tell you we've deposited five thousand more to your credit, Broding, and you've got to send us that amount in logs, before we advance you more money. Have you got the timber cut?"

"Yes, and three times that. When's the switch going in, for that means logs to you, and money to me?"

"Reynold's on his vacation. Nothing doing 'til he comes back."

"Wire Reynolds that his darned vacation is costing me a hundred dollars a day," rejoined Dan bitterly. "And what did Bale say about it?"

"Denied it flat, said he only talked about it in a general way. What do you think?"

"I've known him to lie," said Broding reflectively, and McGowan grinned as he drove away. The fights of contractor and superintendent, did not disturb him, if he got logs to run his mills. "Deliver the goods; that's the only excuse for your pay," was the sign painted over McGowan's private office—that was his only philosophy.

At half past eight, just as the early camp men were rolling into their bunks, Nora Nordmark stepped into Dan's car ready for the dance. He hadn't seen her dressed up this summer and he felt proud of his partner. Sometimes she wore khaki and leggings around camp, but tonight she looked ravishingly pretty in a smart dress, and the faint perfume of her dainty summery costume pleased him. Dan longed to put his arm around the gay silk sweater she wore as a wrap, and swore inwardly to find out how Nora felt about becoming mistress of his home, before he brought her back.

The dance hall of the lumber town gaily decorated with flags and colored lanterns, looked pretty enough, and Broding enjoyed himself immensely. For one thing, he had a monopoly of the prettiest girl, for they scarcely knew anyone there. With Nora's soft figure in his arms, he temporarily forgot the twin annoyances, Shad Bale, and the missing switch. Nora felt the glee of the girl in glowing health, and talked gaily to her partner. They danced lightly, with just a shade of perceptible fondness, not overlooked by the old ladies who occupied the seats, who nodded their heads meaningly. The sweet scent of a budding match made them young again.

Nora looked kindly, more kindly than she ever had at Dan, for he was tall and clearcut, with pleasant gray eyes. Perhaps if the perfect day could be taken from its idealistic frame, Dan might have asked Nora that very moment, a

most propitious one, but Shad Bale stepped up, and introduced young Hurst, his timekeeper, who carried her away. And when Hurst brought her back, an audible remark made Broding uneasy. He heard him say, "I'll see more of you when you move to the Mammoth office."

A few minutes later Shad Bale stepped up, and introduced young Hurst, his timekeeper, who carried her away. And when Hurst brought her back, an audible remark made Broding uneasy. He heard him say, "I'll see more of you when you move to the Mammoth office."

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"Hello Broding!" said Bale after seating his partner. "You've been blaming me over that switch business, but I had nothing to do with it, that's straight."

"The engineer said straight that you had, and it's mighty queer how two straights, could turn out something so crooked," replied Dan looking his dislike. Bale turned to Nora.

"Thanks for the dance, and when you join our office force, we'll have some dances in camp. There are more than twenty women and girls in the married quarters," and he looked maliciously at Dan to see how he took the news. Bale's eyes dropped. He could not mistake the message flashed from his enemy.

"I know you're a liar, and I'll fight you to a finish over this," and words could not have been plainer.

On the home drive Nora seemed tired and preoccupied, and Dan found no opportunity to say what he had sworn to say that night. Something had come between them; the acid blight of his enemy had spoilt the outing. Once when the rough road threw the girl's yielding figure against him, he held her tightly to him, and she laughed sweetly. A moment of silence and he would have spoken, but Nora's words broke the spell, and he released her.

"I hate to give up your time keeping, Dan, but you see Mr. Bale has offered me a hundred a month. They have nearly three hundred men, and I'll get so much business experience with the typing and adding machines, for Mr. Bale is going to teach me. I'm getting ambitious for bigger things." After thinking deliberately Broding answered.

"It's more than this job could stand, for we're losing money, and I'll not say what I think about Bale—it wouldn't be polite and you'd think it selfish. So I'll hope you get along well," and he stopped the car at Nora's tent. But that night he went to bed smarting and badly

discouraged.

Early in the morning Nordmark hurried into his tent with more bad news. The barnman had reported ten horses sick with distemper, and a hasty trip to the barn confirmed him in his suspicions. Only recently Bale had shot three of the Mammoth stock for glanders, an incurable disease. And he learned that while he had been away in Honey Lake, two of Bale's teams had driven over with wheels leased from MacGowan, and as it rained hard, they had stayed until morning. Dan's face hardened

"The sneaking hound!" And he never warned me of horse sickness, for he'd be pleased at my going broke. Put the teamsters limbing, Nordmark, and take charge while I'm away," and he drove to Honey Lake for the district veterinarian.

He got back soon after dinner with Cooper, and the horse doctor frowned after a few minutes inspection of the horses.

"I hate to say it, Broding, but the sooner you shoot them, the safer it will be for the rest of your stock, which must be stalled in a barn free from infection, and at Dan's request he carried out the sentence himself. He left the camps in Nordmark's charge and started off to hunt for heavy horses.

At the Mammoth lumber office, he found MacGowan busily engaged with a director's meeting, but he took time to curtly refuse Broding's plea for two thousand dollars to buy horses.

"I'm sorry, Broding, but that's none of our funeral, and you're badly in the hole now. You'll have to rustle money on the outside, or buy on time," and hurried back into his private office.

Down in the valley, Dan found plenty of horses for sale, but on credit, the price was too high; the news had gone out that Broding was a poor risk. So he went three hundred miles to Bishop, and secured horses on liberal terms from an old ranch friend. But it took the price of a team to ship the stock to Duck Lake.

A full week had been wasted when the car was switched into the Westwood spur, and he found half of his crew loafing in camp, for Bale had hired Nordmark as camp foreman, and the family had moved over. After starting the new teams, and lining out the crew at their jobs, he rode to the Mammoth headquarters to see Nordmark.

"I have to look out a bit, Dan, for I'm getting on in years, so fifty dollars more means a lot to me," he said rather shamed.

"You could have waited 'til I got back. Anyway, here's your check. I came over to see Nora; where is she?"

"Been out riding with Mr. Bale, but you'll find her in the office alone,

Dan," said Nordmark, pleased to turn the subject.

She greeted him pleasantly. "I've been riding with Mr. Bale, but he had to go out on the engine, some cars were ditched up the line. How's the business, Dan?"

"Two more weeks like last, and there'll be no business, Nora," he said gloomily. Nora leaned over the counter distressed at his manner. Dan clasped her hands suddenly. "Nora, I'll win out yet, but I want you back to keep time, and a little heart in me. Will you marry me today? What do you say, girlie?" She stood pouting in pretty indecision, for though she considered Dan as hers, she had not yet wholly given herself.

"Oh, Dan! Don't ask me now, I want to work, and promised Mr. McGowan that I would stay this season out. I'll go to the Fourth of July picnic and dance with you," she promised eagerly, to soften her refusal of an immediate marriage. "Do you want me to go?"

"I want you anywhere, Nora, and anyway I can get you," and leaning quickly he took the lover's privilege, after Nora made a vain attempt to escape. He rode home feeling an undercurrent of wrath at Bale; if it had not been for the office job, he might have had his way with his girl.

The next week was one of tigerish work for Broding. Every night the local backed in seven empty cars which must be loaded the next day, and his teams were driven unmercifully on the long haul. With his switch half a mile nearer, he could have loaded fourteen flats, with an average of ten thousand feet to the car, and could have cleared fifty dollars a day. And now he lost money. It had settled into a game of patient waiting with ruin creeping on, for counting the cost of the new horses, he now owed nearly four thousand dollars.

In the big valley below, harvest came on, and the scarcity of labor affected the mountain camps, for men were going out and few coming in. The night before the Fourth, twelve of his crew quit, so Dan reluctantly wrote a note to Nora explaining the situation, and drove into Honey Lake to hire a crew. The Greek stableman who took the message gave it to Shad Bale, who had no scruples in playing the game, so Nora never knew that Dan had written, and Shad Bale took her to the picnic in his new car.

Broding had only succeeded in getting half a crew together, and he went through another racking week of work, which only increased his debts. His smouldering rage did not calm, when the news came that Shad Bale now took Nora out riding regularly, and he meditated bitterly that Bale's position had turned the girl's head, so he kept sullenly away. It was bad strategy, for she had

missed him, and accepted Bale's attentions through pique at Broding's desertion.

In the spring, he had stocked his commissary heavily, but as the stock dwindled, he was forced to ask McGowan for more money.

Balder sat in the office and backed McGowan up in a flat refusal, hinting that they had more important business to settle. Dan's jaws set and in three hours he wore them out.

"Give him a thousand, Mack, to get rid of him, and mind you this is the last penny," said Balder wearily. This met his payroll for the week, and he managed a new credit for supplies at Westwood, and kept the camp running, and his debts increased for two more months. In this time Nora had apparently passed out of his life, for a rumor that she was engaged to Shad Bale had spread through the married quarters.

The weather began to break with early rains of uncommon length, which increased his grimness, for the elements joined in with his enemies, and his back was to the wall, with little hope of winning. After the storm had mired the roads badly for logging, it quit, and then McGowan drove in with the news that the switch would be put in that day. Dan swore at him. "I'm broke and you know it, Mack, but I'll bet you a thousand that your logs from Duck Lake cost less than Bale's after all the bills are paid." McGowan just laughed and replied as he drove off:

"After the bills are paid, you'll have no money to bet, Broding, and I'll gamble on that for a sure thing."

Even after the switch cut off the extra haul, he could only load ten cars a day, which broke even with his camp expenses, and winter loomed ahead. The days were shorter, men were scarce, each storm increasing the number who rolled their blankets and left, for they quit at a word, lured away by the sunshine of the southern valleys. Dan didn't deceive himself about the matter. He had worked like a madman, and beaten by adverse conditions, had failed on his contract. The climax came two days before Thanksgiving, when ten inches of fresh snow had fallen.

Shad Bale rode up with word that McGowan had telephoned orders to close the Duck Lake contract out, and that the men would have their time checks cashed in Honey Lake at the Mammoth office. Dan had just come out from breakfast, and leaned against the cook house door. He sensed the malignant glee Bale felt in delivering McGowan's orders, for his final ruin. His rage boiled over as he sprang towards Bale, to drag him to the ground, but Shad's horse shied away, and he listened smil-

ingly to Dan's imprecations.

"You know I could tear you in two, if I'd get hold of you, you glanders spreading hound. You tell McGowan if he wants this camp closed to bring his books here, for my contract has six days to run yet. And you keep away from my camp, and you'll be safer." Shad Bale still smiled mockingly without replying to the outburst as he turned his horse into the trail. "Come on, boys," said Dan, "there's time to get your checks, and make the down train to Honey Lake," and the last worker rolled up and trudged out of camp before night fell, carrying a message for McGowan to come to Duck Lake to settle up. The contractor knew that beyond signing over the equipment to the company, there was little to do.

Balder and McGowan arrived promptly on the next train, but had to walk through the deep snow from the spur. Apparently they were in good humor at the prospect, for at times they playfully snowballed each other, when they stopped to rest. The ruined man saw this and cursed them heartily.

"What do you think of Broding?" asked Balder when they turned in to the buildings.

"Best logger in the mountains; he never had a chance," came the laconic answer.

"Then you're going to deal with him as I suggested?" McGowan nodded, and called out cheerily to Dan, who had watched their playfulness bitterly, feeling that they were buzzards coming to feast on his ruin. He led them into the office tent, and built up a roaring fire before bringing out his books.

It took less than an hour to arrive at the correct and painful result in plain figures. He had delivered five million feet at the price of nine dollars per thousand on the car, and the money advanced, exceeded fifty thousand dollars. He owed the Mammoth five thousand and some odd dollars, after they had made a fairly liberal allowance for the trees felled, and other unfinished work. His eight months' killing work had brought nothing but the loss of his own three thousand, the amount he had put in.

"Bad management, Broding! Very bad! I'll say that you're a poor contractor," said the stout Mr. Balder, looking keenly out of his sharp gray eyes at Dan. He glared at the corpulent president and exploded.

"If it hadn't been for the glanders from your poisoned stable, and that cursed switch, I'd have made good money," he roared, and Mr. Balder nodded emphatically, striking the table with his hand.

"That's just it! No head for business, Broding! Now if you had given orders to your stable man that no strange horses could enter, it might have helped. But you didn't. You will next time, I bet, and your experience will be worth three thousand dollars to you. Would it have helped if you'd bound us in the contract to get your switch in on time, or pay the loss? That's why you lost; signing a bad contract is bad management."

"I'll say it is; No head for business at all, Broding," agreed McGowan with that peculiar grin on his face.

"I wasn't crooked enough to hold my own with Bale," sneered Dan. But even at that, the Duck Lake logs cost you less than your own, so you needn't rub it in, and I'll get even with Shad Bale someday."

"Pooh, pooh! Someday is very indefinite about getting even. Why not make it tomorrow. Go over and fire Shad Bale for us." Dan stared at Balder incredulously. "Your logs cost us five dollars a thousand less than Bale's delivered at Honey Lake," he resumed with vexation, "so on my advice, McGowan offers you a contract as woods superintendent for three years, and we'll give six thousand a year, for you're worth more to us than Bale ever was."

"I thank you—" began Dan, with just a shade of emotion shaking his voice.

"Not necessary at all, Mr. Broding," said McGowan. "You're a crackerjack logger. We found that out when you left Bale; we didn't get the logs, and we're doing this, not for philanthropy, but for your own interests. We think that you'll give us all the logs we can use, even if you can't draw up a good contract for yourself" and then they both shook hands with him cordially. "It's going to storm, let's get back to town," said Mack.

Dan walked over to the spur with them, and when the train pulled out, McGowan shouted, "We'll notify Mr. Bale ourselves, for we think that you've wiped off scores with him." Dan couldn't reply, for at that moment, a snowball from Mr. Balder's hand broke on the back of his neck, and the genial president's stout frame shook with mirth, as he dodged Dan's ineffectual throw. Having only seen these men in business hours, Dan felt a deep surprise at their boyish playfulness, for he had only seen their hard, keen qualities. Now he felt reasonably sure that they were human to the point of being good to their families. So men get acquainted by graduated degrees of surprise.

He hurried home, taking the short cut across the tamarack swamp, for the eerie soughing of the wind in the tree tops heralded the coming storm. It had been agreed that he should take care of

the stock, until the company sent out men to stay for the winter.

The waters of the narrow lake below the camp, were barely disturbed with a slight ripple, but already the wind roared overhead. He watered and fed the horses, and went around the tents tying all the flaps securely, before he carried in enough wood to last two days. When all loose articles were gathered in, he stood in the doorway gazing across the clearing, watching the wind pick up the dry leaves in furious gusts. With the marvelous improvement in financial position, which the day had brought, he still felt discontent, for the affair with Nora had left a wound.

His new job was a big one with a growing company. The items of his new responsibilities loomed large. There would be three hundred men, fifty miles of logging railroad, four locomotives, all equipment, and over a hundred head of horses. The bookkeepers and commissary men would all be under his orders, and Dan Broding would sign the checks for wages and all outlay. If he did his work well, he could fairly earn six thousand a year.

The wind had gathered force until it went shrieking through the tree tops, and he prepared to close the door, for the rain swept along the ground, almost a solid sheet of water. A minute of straining sight to see clearer, and bareheaded he dashed off up the trail. Just before the clearing had been whipped out of sight in the storm, he had seen the figure of a slight girl struggling towards camp. He found her cowering, exhausted under a tree two hundred yards away. "My God, Nora! What are you doing here in such weather?" he shouted.

"Let's get under cover, Dan, and I'll tell you," she screamed, taking his arm. She was drenched to the skin, the furious wind tangled Nora's wet skirt around her limbs, until Dan snatched her up in his arms, and with lowered head

WINTER RAIN

The rain caresses our old grey house,
And scampers over the roof like a mouse;
It silver-stipples the window panes;
And whistles weird staccato strains
Where it plumbs a puddle beneath the eaves.

It weaves a soggy carpet of leaves
In the orchard; cautiously coaxes down
The last old leaf that is crumpled and brown;

And around my shivering fig tree tosses
A velvet cloak of saffron mosses.

It hushes this little low house of ours
With a lullaby for the lonely hours.

—Winifred Gray Stewart.

plunged along the path. She snuggled her wet face against him, and Dan knew that this prize also would be his, for his doubts disappeared at her touch.

Nora found some of her old clothes in the Nordmark tent, and changed by the red hot stove, while Broding changed in the bunkhouse. And then he listened with joyous interest to her explanation of her visit. The Nordmarks had moved to Honey Lake, and when she came back to finish up her work, she discovered that the families had all left. "I could have gone back on the two o'clock train, Dan, but I felt so sorry for you, for I had heard that you had lost everything. Half way over, I changed my mind, and started back, and then the storm drove me on." Dan looked thankfully out of the window at this.

"I heard that you were going to marry Shad Bale, Nora." Her cheeks flamed in sudden resentment.

"That's old women gossip from Bale's camp, Dan. I went out riding once, and to two dances, because you never came again. Oh, I'm so sorry that things turned out so bad for you."

"Would you marry a failure, Nora?"

"You're not a failure, Dan, and I'm sure—" but further speech became impossible, for Dan held her so tight and crumpled in his strong arms. Nora gently extricated herself after a time, and noticed Dan's consternation.

"Say, girlie, did you know there's not a soul in this camp but us two?"

"No families?" in alarm.

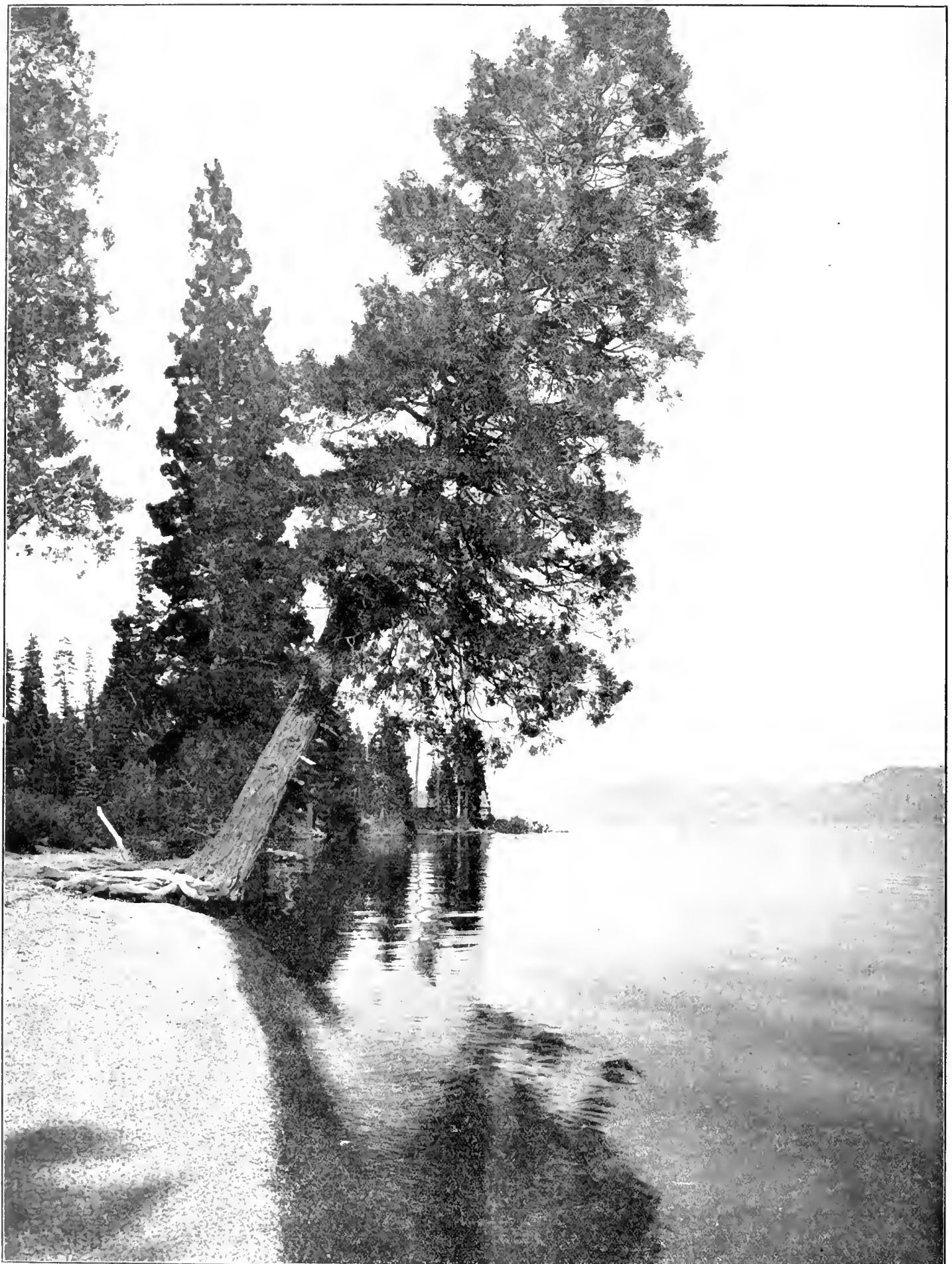
"Not one, but there will be. Now listen, today Balder made me superintendent of the Mammoth logging operations. I'm boss. You'll get in this rainsuit while I start the engine of my car, and there's a license and preacher in Westwood. We'll take a chance through the storm."

"Yes Dan," said the sweet voice meekly. And somehow, by virtue of its maker's thoroughness, the strong engine throbbed steadily, and drove the plunging car along, until Nora had become Dan's wife, and brought them safely back to the cozy walled tent, all through that awful storm.

During the hour that Nora tripped happily around the stove, cooking a wonderful supper, Dan hunted up all the rugs and wild animal skins, and arranged a pretty wedding bower for her. "Come to supper, Dan," came the sweet call."

But before joining her he opened the door to gaze fixedly at the whirling and tortured clouds and solemnly said.

"I thank you storm, for pouring down and wetting that girl through, for she'd changed her mind and was going back, but she's now my wife. Amen."



All Nature Seemed Asleep.

A Page of Verse

I BURNED MY BREAD TODAY

I burned my bread this morning....
while I dreamed
Beside my kitchen window. Ah, the
breeze
Played thru the palms, and silver dew
drops gleamed
Upon my neighbor's eave (he never sees
The early things of day, the sun's first
burst
Of rose and gold or birds a-chorusing:
His shade is drawn till noon), was why
I durst
A momentary reverie of Spring;
Just for the once forgot the endless
chores
That waited always my familiar touch
And let my soul steal past to God's out-
doors!
Then as unknowing tears (I'd not wept
much)
Gushed from my eyes and blurred the
spotless pane,
I heard the shuffling of my husband's
feet,
His dumstruck, "Where's yer nose at,
Sarah Jane?
Th' biscuit's black as heck—what kin
we eat!"

—Jo Hartman.

PROFANITY

The Lord Christ's name is often spoken,
In the cigar store next to me;
All day in jest, careless and free,
They call on Him whose heart was
broken,
They call on Him who wept for them
In a far garden, bitterly,
Oh, far Gethsemane.

What do they know, who call on Him,
In the cigar store next to me,
Of that great soul of Galilee?
A light, a cigarette, these men
Ask in Christ's name, so merrily.
I bow my head, unconsciously,
Remembering Calvary.

—Joy O'Hara.

RECOMPENSE

When the day breaks with the sun
"Thank God," say I.
When with cloud the day's begun,
Why—
Still thank God,
Mist or clear—
Love's here!

—Fenton Fowler.

THE POET

Here by the rushing highway, sheltered
close
Behind the hollyhocks,
With many a fleur-de-lis and radiant
rose
And sweet, old-fashioned phlox
My little garden lies,
Concealed from passing eyes.
Behind the eucalyptus, tall and slim,
Upon the other side,
Stretches the tawny desert, lean and
grim,
Hungry and gloomy-eyed;
His hot and angry breath
A messenger of death.
Here by the road-side all day long I
stand,
Under the open sky,
Holding a bunch of blossoms in each
hand
To every passer-by;
Poppies and fragrant peas,
And shy anemones.
And all day long the cars go roaring
past;
No one will stop for me;
No one will buy my flowers, nor even
taste
My golden honey. See!—
They do not hear my cry!
The cars go roaring by!

Their eyes are on the desert. They can
see
Only its starveling grasses;
Only its spiny blossoms, bold and free,
Flaunting their painted faces!
They will not turn their eyes
To where my garden lies!
Oh foolish travellers! Many a dreary
mile
The highway stretches on!
Are you not weary? Rest yourselves
awhile
Before the sun is gone!....
I do but waste my hours;
They do not see my flowers!

—Derrick Norman Lehmer.

ACACIA GOLD

A thousand tiny golden suns
Have burst this morning into bloom.
And through the open windows come
The bright acacia's sweet perfume.
Far winter trees of snowy hills
Are stripped of leafage, bare and
brown;
But here the golden splendor spills
A-down the byways of the town.

—Linda Lee.

ALTAGRACIA'S DYING PARTY

They fetched her from the hospital,
Ten, and carried like a three-year-old,
Weazened face, shrunken body,
Great eyes pondering mysteries of pain,
Too busy with the labor of her breath
For much rejoicing in her pink silk robe;
Nor could blue slippers rouse her feet
to dance.
The oldsters glided in and sat about
To watch her die. Children dashed in
from play.
Gray shadows crept from murky corners
Enveloping the girl. She pushed aside
The Little Jesus she was begged to kiss,
Put a chilling finger to her mother's
cheek.
Tears! They flung her into fretful
terror,
"Laugh!" she gasped, "Laugh! Laugh
aloud!"
The mother laughe d,—a mirthless
broken sound;
It might have been the cracking of a
heart.
The daughter flashed an answering smile
Fading into gray. Her dying party
Had been to Altagracia's wish.

—Amanda Mathews Chase.

RONDEL OF THE WHITE ELEPHANTS

I have a gift from old Japan—
Twelve elephants carved in ivory!
As a Christmas gift they came to me
With a parasol and a painted fan.
A lone, homesick Nippon man,
Who longs for his love across the sea,
Gave me this gift from Old Japan—
Twelve elephants carved in ivory!
I soothe his sadness whenever I can,
With a bowl of rice and a cup of tea,
And now he has shared our Christmas
tree,
This quiet ivory-colored man—
And brought his gift from old Japan—
Twelve elephants carved in ivory!

—Marie Drennan.

THE HOMEWARD TRAIL

The witching paths had lured me on
Until, at length, the evening gloam
Gave warning that the day was gone,
And, wearily, I turned toward home.

But, as the garish scenes of day
Were blotted out by Night's grim pall,
Lightly I strode along the way:
The homeward trail seemed best of all.

—Arthur William Beer.

The Patched Heart

PROFESSOR IMBERGER, of the Academy of Medicine, was returning one evening from a visit at his hospital, on the lower side of Saint-Ouen, to a patient in whom he was especially interested, having tried upon him a daring experiment—a most hazardous operation—the results of which he was watching with intense solicitude.

In his silent and rapid automobile, the professor, under a small electric light, scanned the notes handed to him by his chief of the clinic that he might interrupt himself as little as possible in the active work that represented his entire interest in life, and that had brought him unsought fame. The light illuminated his pale, clean-shaven face, framed with grey hair; his gold spectacles, and his long, sagacious nose. In accordance with his usual habit, when alone, he talked to himself in an undertone, sharply arguing some problem of suffering humanity when suddenly, in the middle of an interminable avenue, deserted and badly lighted, the automobile stopped.

"Well, what is it? What's the matter? What has happened to you?

Imberger, annoyed at the interruption to his meditations, had opened the door and questioned his chauffeur with the brusqueness with which he invariably masked his kindness and shyness.

The chauffeur, who was tapping the machinery, lifted a dismayed countenance.

"A breakdown! I don't understand what's the matter. The motor... I'm trying... Monsieur will please excuse me...."

"A breakdown! A breakdown! Are you mocking me? You find it amusing to have a breakdown at nine o'clock of the evening, in a deserted quarter, when they are waiting dinner for me at the boulevard Saint-Germain. It's senseless!"

The professor, impetuously, descended from the car.

"Manage your breakdown, as best you can, young man! Do whatever you choose, but be on hand tomorrow, at eight o'clock, with the car! As for me, I shall return in a taxi."

"If Monsieur will be patient but a moment," implored the chauffeur, "I shall get it mended—perhaps. Monsieur should not go alone. This place is little frequented, unless by bandits..."

"Silence! No foolishness!"

* * * *

Imberger, incensed, strode off at a rapid pace, storming against automobiles,

By FREDERICK BOUTET
Translated from the French by Sarah R. Heath

the lateness of the hour. In the lonesome and sinister street, bordered by uncertain ground and dirty hovels, dimly lighted by thinly scattered street lamps, on conveyance, of any kind, could be seen, and a piercing autumn wind swept the sidewalk.

But Imberger was again preoccupied with his own thoughts. The incident already forgotten, he resumed the discussion with himself.

"To graft a lung... Why not? One grafts the arteries, the kidney, entire limbs... What an astonishing expedient, later on, when better understood. To patch a living body as one would patch a worn garment... To replace human machinery like a piece of mechanism.

He walked along completely absorbed in his own thoughts, to which he gave utterance in an undertone, hence did not observe four silent men who, in the shadows of the street, persistently dogged his footsteps with prudent and menacing haste.

The violent and silent attack surprised him. He was suddenly thrown down, suffocated by a handkerchief folded about his throat; strong hands held his arms; he caught a glimpse of gleam in steel.

He felt himself lost. In a flash, with the lightning rapidity of thought in the seconds facing death, he reviewed his life; his constant labor for the alleviation of human suffering; his unfinished he had hoped to accomplish; all ended business; his incomplete work—all that by chance; by his own imprudence, the outcome of a commonplace incident.

"Blood and thunder! Release him! It's Imberger!" commanded a gruff voice.

And, immediately, the professor found himself on his feet, released from a frightful embrace. It all happened more rapidly than a dream. Although still suffocated, he was astounded to be alive. He staggered. But powerful hands prevented him from falling. Two of the bandits supported him by the elbows; a third restored his hat that had rolled away. Finally, a fourth, the chief of the band, he who had brandished a knife and searched his pockets, now approached him, cap in hand, amicably grinning.

"Monsieur le docteur recognizes me?" asked the same raucous voice that had suspended assassination.

Imberger, surprised, studied more attentively the pale face; the heavy jaws; the sinister eyes, under hair clinging to the forehead.

"At the hospital, eh?" he quietly asked.

The countenance of the other expanded with delight.

"Even so, Monsieur le docteur.... You undoubtedly remember the case; a man whose heart you patched last year... I am that man... A wonderful operation... It was written up in the newspapers. They published my picture... I received a new lease of life... Without you I should have been a dead man. Everybody said so. No one but Monsieur Imberger could have performed such a miracle."

"Exactly, Exactly." Intensely interested, Imberger inspected the man yet more closely. "As a matter of fact that was a most interesting operation. To sew the heart! Heretofore, that would have been judged insane! It would have been looked upon with horror! And, notwithstanding, like many other impossible things, it is possible. You are the proof of it, my boy. I am happy to have found you again."

"I, too, Monsieur le docteur, am very glad. I shall never forget that you saved my life. Just now you were not recognized... You must excuse us...."

But Imberger paid no heed. He had resumed the sole preoccupation of his life. He had forgotten the savage attack, the peril of death. The man, upon whom he had operated, alone interested him. He took him by the shoulder and questioned him as he did his other patients.

"No pain? No suffocation? You feel no ill effects? Truly?"

"Truly, Monsieur le docteur, nothing at all. Solid as a new bridge! That was a fine job."

"Perfect. Good evening. Come to see me some morning at the hospital that I may make a thorough examination.... That was an interesting operation.... To sew up the heart.... Naturally all may be done... all."

* * * *

Absorbed anew in his own thoughts he strode rapidly on, forgetting the world about him, and for the entire length of the deserted street he continued to soliloquize.

"There goes one... No his superior doesn't exist!" murmured, with profound admiration, the man with the sewed

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The Road to Heaven

THEY reined up their horses. The silent, pine-clad mountains cast perpetual shade on the fork of the road where the two men met.

"How's the game, Hal?" The marshal spurred his horse alongside that of Gentleman Hal.

"I'm playing fair, Marshal; how about you?"

"Haven't said a word ag'in yuh. I s'pose she likes me better nor you, that's all. She's a fine little gal, too, with lands 'nd timber 'nd fat cattle."

Trained as he was in the schools of the gambler, Gentleman Hal's poker face could scarcely conceal his disgust, as they headed towards Good Water Grove.

The big marshal was shifty of eye. His mouth was wide and cruel; his nose hawk-like. He bent an appraising glance on Gentleman Hal, whose fresh, aquiline features were emboldened by long, black hair and accentuated by gray eyes under their arches of dark, refined brows. Hal was lithe of figure but strong, alert, graceful. His frame gave line to the blue coat and trousers, and blue shirt adorned by a red kerchief at his throat. He wore a belt round his slim waist and a big revolver on his hip; over all, an ornate sombrero.

"I likes her furst rate, too," continued the marshal, "'nd I got an advantage o' yuh, Hal. The Wild Rose thinks a heap o' this here star. I'm the marshal, ye see!"

"The majesty of the law," laughed Hal. "Marshal, you've given me an idea. I'm going to take that star away from you."

"How 're yuh goin' ter do it?"

"After the next election it will be mine."

"Yuh goin' to run?" The marshal jerked on the lines so hard that his horse reared. Hal pulled up too. He looked the marshal in the eye.

"Yes!" he said, "and I'll be elected."

"The hell yuh say!" exclaimed the marshal who knew that every man in the town would vote for Gentleman Hal.

"And Marshal, I've got a card up my sleeve. I know a man named Hank Watson, who told me about a fellow back in his village in the States, who deserted a wife and baby."

"Hal, yuh knows too much! I throws down my hand. I'll keep away from the Wild Rose if yuh won't run for marshal."

"I don't want the office," said Hal. They rode along in silence. The mar-

By WM. B. COMPTON

shal's crafty face was turned away. He seemed deep in meditation as though there was something that had long been on his mind which he wanted to execute, yet experiencing a degree of hesitation amounting to fear.... Suddenly he reined in his horse.

"Fer that, let me tell yer something," he said, his little eyes looking everywhere but into those of Hal. "The Wild Rose is always askin' about yer, and it's been some disconcertin'" to me."

Hal fixed the marshal's eyes with a flash from his own.

"They say you play with a loaded deck," he exclaimed, "and that you play to win; but—you know what happens to a man who plays a crooked game with me.... understand?"

"I was only goin' ter tell yuh something ter help yuh," expostulated the marshal.

"I'm listening."

"The Wild Rose is some admirous of yuh, but she thinks yuh 're all fer show. She's got the idea yuh might be lackin' in courage."

"She knows I'm not reputed to be a coward. What lies have you been telling about me?"

"I ain't been telling lies," said the marshal in hurt tones. "I'm tryin' ter tell yuh that all yuh needs ter win this game is a heroic act."

"You think that if I do something spectacular I can win the Wild Rose," laughed Hal.

"Perzactly! I was goin' ter do it myself, but I passes the chanst ter you. Yuh ain't afraid of Big John, the half-breed, are yuh?"

"Why should I be afraid of a half-breed or any *other* kind of a breed?"

"Big John's a dead shot 'nd jest as quick as what you are."

"What has he got to do with the Wild Rose?"

"Yuh knows what half-breeds is, liable to get crazy in the blood 'nd commit a crime on a white woman.... well that's what's the matter with Big John. Does yuh want 'er perfect the Wild Rose ter night 'stead o' me."

"You slinking coyote!" cried Hal. "You're afraid of that half-breed."

Jerking his horse around, he galloped back to the fork of the road and took the one leading to the rancho. The marshal gazed after him with a quiet chuckle. The two of 'em knows too much for my good health, and they is both

dead shot. Now I got 'er find Big John 'nd tell him 'bout the whiskey."

II.

Gentleman Hal took the road leading thru a canon to the other side of the mountain. His speed was calculated to carry him in an hour's time to the O'Connor Rancho. He expected that the half-breed would choose the first hour of darkness. Nightfall comes suddenly in the mountains after the sun sinks below the high peaks. The road hugged the right wall of the canon. To the left was a noisy stream. Beyond the stream, the gray cliffs rose a thousand feet. Colorful wild flowers bloomed in many clefts. High up, the white skeleton of a pine tree stuck straight out from a precipice. A river of green, climbing vines gushed midway from the wall and cascaded to its foot. Pine trees along the brink appeared so tiny that they looked like the milling on the edge of a coin. As the gorge widened, giant red fir trees spread their foliage a hundred feet from the ground, like lace against the sky.

From a crag a stray sheep looked down. It caught Hal's eye and raised the parable of the "Ninety and Nine." He felt like that lost sheep. He was from Boston. There had been a girl—contingent on riches. He had come to where life was swift, in search of sudden fortune, following the gold rushes; staking a claim here and there. Then a letter came—from the girl... The road to Hell is short in a land where politics point to the coroner and sheriff as the most important officials. Hal had become skillful at cards and quick on the trigger. He had never killed a man, but had always disabled his opponent. His Boston culture remained; it gave his distinction. His character stood out boldly in a community where a man's individuality is recognized. They spoke of him as Gentleman Hal. Whether this was due to his actions or personality was not known. It might have been both. He had admirers among the women, too; but as to them there was no reciprocity. Then, at the store in Good Water Grove, he had seen the Wild Rose...

The Wild Rose, or to be precise, Leonora O'Connor, was known by the charms due to the parentage suggested by her name. Her father, possessing all the characteristics for which his race is famed, had suffered a stroke. It called Leonora from the boarding school to which she had been sent at the death of her mother. She was now mistress and manager of the rancho. Nature had en-

dowed her with two personalities. There were times when she was Spanish, with a heritage of beauty from her mother; and there were times when she was all Irish, with her handsome father's whimsicalities. But when the two were merged she was the most captivating. The people of the county had named her the Wild Rose, and every man among them was—self-appointed—her guardian. Hal aspired to more than this; his friendship had prospered until the marshal appeared.

Hal was not vain, but he could not understand Leonora's partiality for his coarse rival. Was it his star? Did she feel safe under its protection? That could not be it! She knew that every man in the county was her knight. The marshal must have lied about him. The problem was too big to solve now; the Wild Rose was in danger! His horse was urged to a faster pace. Shadows were crossing the canon and soon it would be dark.

Emerging from the black throat of the gorge, the road crested a hill and wound down to the sun-bathed valley of the rancho. Serrated peaks cast upon its floor shadows which were slowly creeping toward the hacienda. Its red-tiled roof could be seen above the green of the fig trees. The sun was shining on it; a scene in miniature so tiny that it might have come out of a toy Noah's Ark. Soon the shadows would blot it out. Even now the shadows of some of the lofty, landmark pine trees left standing in the orchard fell like dark bars across it. When he should reach it, it would be night, but the sun would still be shining on the peaks beyond.

At a fork of the road he paused for a moment. It led to the rodeo from which the cattle were driven. Keeping to the main road and descending almost to the floor of the valley, his backward glance discovered two horsemen, tiny on the distant line of sky. They took the road to the rodeo and were probably vaqueros. He rode on through a forest of pine trees. There had been no fresh tracks along the way, but then Big John would probably make his approach from the rodeo or some other part of the rancho. It was natural that the Indian should keep to the trees and it was possible that he would be located on the other side of the forest, which ended within a half mile of the hacienda. There were intervening vineyards and orchards, however, under cover of which the fiend could approach the house. As he neared the edge of the forest, a horse whinnied. Jerking on the bit so that his own would not answer, Gentleman Hal dismounted. Placing his hand on the muzzle of the animal and quietly leading it to the edge of the trees, he was in time to see Big

John ride from cover leading an extra horse. The half breed stealthily rode into the vineyard on the plowed ground of which the hoofs of the animals made no sound. Hal tied his horse and followed on foot. At the end of a furrow Big John stopped, looked furtively around, then passed on into the orchard. The devil made for one of the big pine trees, looked around in the growing darkness, and leaving his horses there, went on to another great tree. Hal watched him from behind a third. Big John searched around the foot of the tree and returned to his horses. Here he examined the first tree again. Stooping down, the fellow seemed to be hunting for something. When he raised up there was a bottle in his hand. With head thrown back, the bottle was at his lips . . . bad stuff for a half-breed on such an errand.

Gentleman Hal drew his gun and fired. The bottle was shattered.

"Hands up!" he ordered. The half-breed's hands went up.

At this juncture a shot from one side hit the tree just above Hal's head. He turned quickly.

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I thought you was the Indian! Did yer get him?"

"I didn't aim to get him. I was going to kick him off the place with the warning that if he ever came back I'd scalp him."

"Then he got away?"

Hal looked for Big John. A red flash spurted from the dark, and a bullet passed through his hat.

"Yes, thanks to you, Marshal, but he left one of his horses."

"I—I—tried ter help yuh..."

"I'm glad you're not a better shot," drawled Hal.

He suddenly became conscious of the barking of dogs. Voices sounded and lanterns were swinging far down the vista of trees.

"The Wild Rose," said the marshal.

"I must not be seen," muttered Hal.

"I'll fix it. I'll tell her I was arter a man but he got away."

"How about Big John?"

"He dar'nt come back this way. I'll take the horse and ride arter him. He'll cross the rancho and hit for Angel's Camp. It's the long way round. If yer rides back to Good Water Grove yer can have a good night's sleep, 'nd get 'im on the road to Heaven along in the arter noon."

"Don't tell the Wild Rose anything about it, Marshal, it would only frighten and worry her . . ."

"I warn't born yesterday."

Dark figures carrying lanterns were approaching.

"You're welcome to all the credit for

this night's work," said Hal, and he disappeared in the dark.

Hal was determined to get Big John. He wanted to get him alive; Judge Lynch could do the rest. Failing in this, it would be his first killing, but the half-breed was dangerous and should be put out of the way. The marshal would keep him on the move. It was a long way across the rancho and over the road, so Hal did not hurry as he rode back through the canon to Good Water Grove. There was time for a night's rest. He put up at "The Peaks Hotel." At ten in the morning he got up and had breakfast. His horse was at the door. Mounting, he rode over to "The Turf." The barkeeper was standing in the door looking across the deserted road to where church services were in progress. He smiled at Hal as he listened to a rousing hymn; there would be an era of opulence for "The Turf" when the back-slide came . . .

Entering the bar room, Hal looked at himself in the gaudy mirror and adjusted the kerchief at his throat.

"Good enough lookin' fer any man's daughter," said the barkeeper. "How be you and the Wild Rose gettin' an?"

Gentleman Hal's frown had an immediate effect.

"The same's usual?" nervously asked the mixer of drinks, putting the "Little Brown Jug" and a glass on the counter.

"The same," said Hal, pouring a generous measure. He threw a gold coin on the counter and left "The Turf."

With his hand on the pommel and foot in the stirrup, ready for a swing into the saddle, he heard the opening of a hymn across the way. Above the roar sounded a high, sweet note. Gentleman Hal recognized the voice and his gathering frown gave way to a smile. This revival was opportune. It necessitated a minister, and a minister might be of some use after all. Instead of mounting, Hal, followed by his horse, crossed the road.

The mission was in a store temporarily arranged as a place of worship. Were it not for the little man on the platform whose natural sphere was a sedate Eastern hamlet, Hal might have thought that he had entered a gambling hell. Fat Martin was there, and other notables ready to make fame of any kind for the little town. Hal suspected it was Martin who had rounded up the crowd and driven it in to hear the gospel.

The minister had sped the hat. The men responded generously, Hal, too. He waited patiently through the prayer following, but when the announcement came for afternoon service, he said, "Pardon me, sir. I'm in a hurry. I have some work on the road to Heaven which demands the services of a minister. You

are the only one available. I want you to officiate."

"On the way to Heaven!" gasped the minister.

"Don't be afeard, Parson, Heaven's a little town up the road," laughed Fat Martin.

"You should have no hesitation in this matter," said Hal. "It's in the line of your pious duty, but if you have any doubts, my friend Mr. Martin will vouch for me."

"O' course I will," cried Martin, whose physical development was greater than he could gracefully carry, however erect he might stand to seem careless of his burden. "Thar ain't no man this side o' the Rockies what plays squarer or shoots straighter than Gentleman Hal!" he cried, in a voice that was high pitched but incongruously faint and sweet for one of his ponderous personality. It seemed to come from the center of his being with the carrying power of a tenor. Fat Martin could sing.

"But my dear sir," cried the minister, "of what service can I be to you?"

"I wish I could make it a wedding, Parson, but it's more than likely to be a burial. The man isn't dead—yet. At the present moment he happens to be running as fast as he can go. His destination is Angels."

"Another little town, Parson," snickered Martin.

Hal walked down the aisle and out to where his horse was waiting.

"Friends," he said, "an hour from now, ride out on my trail. Bring the judge an' the minister with you."

"We'll be with yuh, Hal," yelled Fat Martin, throwing his hat into the air, and putting five bullets through it in its descent.

Gentleman Hal leaped into the saddle. His horse's feet smoked down the road, leaving a trail of dust in the air long after horse and rider were out of sight.

III.

Hal had hardly disappeared when the attention of the party at the Mission was attracted by an approaching rider. The Wild Rose, mounted on a large bay horse, pulled up in front of them. There was an unwonted austerity in her usually dimpled face. The curves were gone from Irish lips. Her mouth was a straight line that refused to reveal the small white teeth so often exposed in Irish humor. The delicate, arched brows had straightened to a dark line that gave a peculiar effect to the big Spanish eyes. Her face was a mask framed in a mass of black hair which could not be confined under a soft felt hat.

The men were stricken to silence as she looked them over. They bared their

heads. They shifted weight from foot to foot. They spat out tobacco juice simultaneously.

"Why were you men looking up the Heaven road so intently?" she asked.

After a moment's hesitation, Fat Martin came forward.

"Wal, yuh see, Miss," he faltered in his sweet falsetto, "Gentleman Hal's just gone by."

"Is there anything unusual in that?" she demanded.

"He's arter a man," said Martin.

"Who is the man, and what has he done?" she asked.

"All we knows is, Hal says as how we was ter ride on his trail an hour from date. He says to bring the judge an' the parson. He was sorry it wa'n't going ter be a weddin'. I expects somebody's going to be buried right soon."

The Wild Rose dashed up the road to Heaven.

"Wal now, cain't that little skeesicks ride!" cried Fat Martin. "She looked real pervoked about somethin'. I wonder what's botherin' of her."

"Maybe she's afeared Hal's handsome face mout git disfigured," said one.

"She don't notice Hal no more. Taint likely she'd care," cried another.

"Yuh caint tell by that," said Fat. "All the time she ain't noticin', she's lookin' at 'm out'n the corner of her eyes. It's the way of a gal."

"Hi say! but 'e cawnt happroach 'er, don't yer know!" said Thompson.

"Cocky, yuh're always expressin' yuhself contrary! Gentleman Hal kin approach any living woman! I don't care if it's the queen of Africa!"

While they were talking over the situation, the marshal and two of his deputies approached on the gallop.

"Heard the news, boys?" he asked as he drew up.

"Sumpin's in the air," said Fat, "but we ain't just smelled it out yet."

"I got wind that Big John, the half-breed, was crazy in the blood and was headin' for the O'Connor rancho, so I sent Hal out there last night to perfect the Wild Rose."

"Why didn't yuh go yuhself with yer men? Did yuh want two dead shots ter shoot each other up?"

The marshal cast a startled glance at Fat Martin, but read nothing in his innocent freckled face.

"I had somethin' else on hand," he said, "and knowed that Hal was some interested. Thar was some shootin', but the Indian got away. I'm arter 'm now."

"Yer're kinda slow, Marshal. Hal's arter 'm too. He's jest gone down the road 'bout fifteen minutes ago. I reckon he'll get that furst."

"Come on!" cried the constable, digging the spurs into his horse.

"Men," said Fat Martin, "I allus thought thar was a yellor streak in the marshal

"It looks bad to me, Fat. I never heard as thar was anythink wrong with that half-breed."

"Yuh cain't tell. These half-breeds is apt to break out anytime. It's in the blood. Better get a rope, coroner, and somebody find a horse for the parson....

IV.

The Road to Heaven, in passing from the bare, brown hills into the pine tree region, crossed a bridge, then turned around a low bluff. At the top of this bluff, at right angles to it, a ridge of rocks rose like the teeth of a saw above the chaparral; a strategic position for a highwayman. Beyond was the misty green of pine forests, terraced ridge upon ridge up to the sky. Looking back over the road, it disappeared in heat waves among the barren hills.

A lizard basked on a hot plank of the bridge, its body inert as stone. Suddenly it turned its head to one side, raised itself to the height of its short legs, and then flattened on the board. In a frenzy of agitation it rose and flattened in a series of vibrations, then scurried to its lair. The dust-muffled thud of a horse's hoofs sounded on the road. The rider thundered across the bridge and drew up at the foot of the bluff. Wiping the sweat from his face he looked back. He was a large man, swarthy of complexion, but had not the repulsive face of the Spanish and Indian cross. He was the offspring of a white man.

Dismounting, he muzzled his horse, led it up the hillside and left it in a clump of pine trees. Returning to the road he climbed to the top of the bluff and hid in the chaparral behind the rocks....

The lizard returned to the plank in the sun. A rattlesnake squirming among the rocks fell off the bluff into the deep dust and crawled to the middle of the road where it buried itself in the luxury of a hot dust-bath; only its ugly head was visible. Presently the lizard was roused to its former state of fright. After a series of contortions it streaked to its den.... Gentleman Hal dashed across the bridge. His horse shied at the snake in the dust simultaneously with the crack of a pistol. He fell from his saddle. When his eyes opened he saw Big John peering at him over the bluff. He was vaguely conscious that the half-breed had come holdly to the edge, where, with foot braced against a small projecting rock, he was carefully covering him with his revolver. He heard the discharge of the weapon as the rock gave way and his foe fell down to the road. At that moment his brain cleared and he sprang simultaneously with Big John to his

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and balcony wired for outline lights, eh?"'

"While you are at it, Henry, don't forget to provide plenty of lights for the portico entrance at the southeast corner, and for the back porch and rear entrance at the northwest corner. Wired to turn on and off with the town lights these will afford ample protection at night."

"What is the inside going to be like?" asked the mother, "I can't make out anything from these blueprints."

"After you open the leaded glass outer door you come into an arched entrance. Directly opposite is the fourteen by eighteen dining room, to the right is the winding stairway which leads to the living room upstairs of the same size and location as the dining room. From the second floor another arch continues the stairs to the balcony above."

Annette rapidly indicated these places as she spoke.

"Where are the kitchen and bedroom?"

"The kitchen is on the lower floor, on the east side of the building. The bedroom is just above it on the second floor. Back of the dining room on the north side are a lavatory, laundry and store room. Corresponding to these on the second floor are a bathroom, sewing room, and a huge combination wardrobe and linen closet. Double walls and floors with building paper between; white pine finish throughout, glass-sided back and front entrances with heavy woven wire protection over the outer screen doors."

"How are you going to heat the place?" interrupted Uncle Henry.

"Before winter I will build a lean-to of corrugated iron on the north side of the rear entrance for a coal bin and woodshed combined. In the living room I want a nickel plated wood and coal stove, where I can burn cannel coal and white oak logs. Both leave a clean ash and in lieu of a fireplace a stove affords the best ventilation. Besides that an open fire is always comfy and homelike."

"I can give you some electric heaters for the other rooms."

"No, Uncle, I don't want you to give me anything. You can make me your best price on a water heater, a fireless cooker, three heaters and two electric fans," answered Annette, consulting a little memorandum book. "I'll use a blue flame oil stove in the kitchen. Here is a list of the electroliers and other inside light needed."

"I see you've planned for indirect lighting in the dining room," commented Uncle Henry, glancing over the items submitted.

"Yes, there will be a high plate rail instead of a frieze and the lights can be concealed behind that."

"The rest of this order is regulation stuff," said Uncle Henry, as he reached for his hat. "I'll attend to it tomorrow."

"I want the ten per cent discount for cash, Uncle."

"All right, you little Jew."

"No; just a business woman and thank you so much."

After escorting her uncle to the door, Annette turned to her step-father, who said:

"I think we would better check up on this building material," which they proceeded to do. "I've included the paints, as you see. What about those small amounts of Mandarin red, black, dull gold and brown?"

"Those are the colors for the stencil designs I've made for interior finish. I've used the same pattern for the strips of leaded glass above the slightly overhanging double windows in the dining room and living room. The front door has the same colors."

"I've got it all figured out. This ivory white gros grain paper is for your bedroom. The satin finished brocade in dull gold brown and old rose shades is for the dining room and the pearl gray ingrain is for the living room." Annette's mother had been reading from the memorandum book, "White blinds for all the windows—"

"It's bedtime for you girls" interrupted the master of the house, rising. "Bring me samples of wall papers and linoleums and I'll include them in the order. I suppose you will make the same terms with me, as with your Uncle, Annette."

"Gladly," smiled Annette, surprised and pleased, as she hastily gathered up the blue prints, and bits of discarded note paper.

"The first thing this morning will be to select the locks, for windows and doors, the screens, and iron railings for the lower windows, and the bath and laundry fittings," said Annette, as she and her mother made ready for an early shopping expedition.

"We must not forget what Charles told us to do about the wall papers and linoleums."

"We can attend to that on the way down. I want to buy the curtains and sunfast draperies before we go to the rug makers."

"Do you know what kind of curtains and drapes you want?"

"Yes; I'll use sunfast draperies; old rose in the dining room, gold tissue in the living room and watermelon pink in the bedroom. The kitchen finish will be blue and white and I'll use a China blue fiber linen for the sash curtains. I've already made the double set of panel scrim curtains for the living room. They have a fancy drawn work border all

around them. I want duplicates in heavy Battenberg lace for the dining room. For the bedroom a pair of fine meshed applique lace will do."

"What floor treatment have you planned?"

"Stain and varnish for the living room and bedroom. Linoleum for the kitchen, laundry, storeroom and stairway—paint for the entrances, sewing and dining room. My one extravagance will be a Kiva Bokhara rug for the dining room. Grandmother's Kazak rugs, and the two Kis-Kilaurs will do for the floor and couch cover in the living room."

"After you refused your Uncle's offer of help last night, Charles gave me a check and told me to buy you a mahogany dining room set. Henry has already bought you a Victrola and a lot of fine records," and I've got you a silver coffee and tea set to match the knives, forks and spoons I've been sending you each Christmas."

To the mother's surprise and distress Annette burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Sobs choked her disjointed utterances as she said:

"I've stood up under all opposition, but I don't know how to meet this."

"No more work for today, Annette. You are nervous and over-tired. We will send the afternoon in the Park."

"I'd love that, mother. No matter what ails one, a trip to Golden Gate Park will cure it."

In delightful calm and seclusion the women strolled and had their visit out. Many times they stopped to rest or to enjoy some beautiful vista, natural or man-made. Nightfall found them fully agreed down to the smallest details. Each had a vivid mental picture of the completed tank house.

"My housekeeping arrangements will be as simple as possible," said Annette, on the homeward journey. "A bisque colored gloss paint will make the walls of the stairway light and easy to keep clean. Window phania solves the window treatment; brass tips will protect the edges of the steps and the stencil wall ornamentation in brown and red will correspond with the stripes in the tan-colored linoleum stair-covering."

"With your dull gold painted fancy arches and rustic lantern light effects, your entrance and stairway will be quite imposing," said the mother.

"But it will never do to use cherry stain on the floor of the dining room. Mahogany furniture calls for a dark red linoleum, penciled with black in imitation of a brick floor, and we will use that in the entrance too."

"You can afford that change, now that you don't have to buy the furniture."

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Love's Prayer

Because I know your grief and wish to share
 The weary waiting for what may or may
 Not be, a heavy heart, Dear Heart, I bear,
 And let the joyous half years day by day
 Slip by. I feel each short hope changed to long
 Despair: each pearl torn from my breast . . . a tear.
 Though I was born to be a child of song,
 Of laughter, and of dance, I love and fear.

If aught there is that now may hands withhold
 It is not that I wish it so nor plan
 To make of you a slavish fool, with gold
 And silver trinkets bringing. We shall span ,
 The years with love. Dear Heart, I only plead
 To be to you whatever is your need.

—Gladys Wilmot Graham.

The Overland Monthly
 and
 Out West Magazine
 Wish all the Readers
 A Very Merry Christmas
 and a
 Happy and Prosperous
 New Year

A Discarded Element

With peering and pathetic eyes he looked
 Through his brown glasses, asked about the weather,
 And begged me read the mercury in the tube
 Upon a pillar by the river bridge.
 I read; he nodded, gazed at me a space,
 (Bent yet substantial, garbed in rusty brown)
 Then—"once I used to see as well as you,
 But on a summer day now ten years gone
 When I was handling logs up in a camp
 Off there—" (he pointed to some mountain peaks
 That notched the cloudless azure of the noon)
 Three pines slid down and caught me in a vise,
 And made me human mince-meat." Here he paused,
 Lifted his deep pain-haunted eyes, and said,
 "I'm now but a discarded element."
 Wanly he smiled and thanked me, gripped his cane,
 And went upon his tottering, tortuous way.

—Clinton Scollard.



(Continued from Page 14)

drunken bum, shanghaied aboard the Challenger."

Marian gazed at him steadily as with averted eyes he steered towards the land to the westward.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Slivers," she said gently. "I'm not afraid of you any more. See, here's my pistol; you take it: you can use it better than I can, and I trust you, for I'm all alone, now."

Late that afternoon they reached the island, and none too soon, for the water keg was dry and the food supply was unfit for use, as generally seems to be the case in such emergencies. Marian was nearly frantic with thirst when Slivers beached the boat and drew it far up on the sand out of reach of the waves.

With the boat sail and some palm leaves, Slivers built a shelter for Marian, and set about collecting what supplies he could for the long voyage to the ship-lane. Marian helped him with all her strength; gradually her antagonism disappeared, and she wondered at herself. She was grateful for his cold aloofness, yet piqued because he never spoke to her except as a matter of duty. She did not know he was holding himself with an iron leash while every fibre of his heart yearned to tell her of his love.

At length the morning came when their little craft was stocked with water and provisions; Slivers built a little cabin in the forward end of the boat, and roofed it snugly with leaves of the palm, for Marian. Shoving off from the island, Slivers set the little sail to the trade winds, which bore them swiftly to the northwest over a gently rippling sea. Days passed—the wind died, and the small craft lay motionless upon the waters. Slivers took to the oars, and rowed steadily, stopping occasionally for a sip of water. The water was running low, and still no ship was sighted. Twelve days and nights had passed when Slivers began secretly to save his share of the precious water; he pretended to drink, but when Marion slept, he poured his share back into the nearly empty keg. One moonlight night she was awake, and seeing him fumbling with the keg, suspected that he was stealing more than his share of the life-saving water, and her old fears revived. Next morning Slivers could not answer her as she accused him; his mouth was swollen, and his tongue protruded through his cracking lips. That evening they were picked up by a steamer bound for San Francisco. Slivers was carried to the ship's hospital, while Marian was given a cabin to herself. The doctor came to her there, and showed surprise at her evident good condition.

"You don't seem to be suffering from thirst, Miss," he said, "While your sailor

has evidently had no water to drink for several days. The keg was quite empty when we took you aboard."

"And I suspected him of stealing more than his share, while all the time he was sacrificing himself for me," cried Marian, contritely. "Can I see him?"

"No, he is very low; I doubt if he will live," said the doctor, briskly.

"I am going to see him, Sir," replied Marian, determinedly, "You see, I love him."

Whether it was the Doctor's science, or Marian's love, Slivers recovered in a few days, and during the remainder of the voyage they planned their future, as they walked together under the moonlit western sky, or whispered in the reading room. Marian was grave as she considered her loneliness.

"I'm alone in the world, Slivers," she told him.

"Marry me now, Marian," he urged, "I love you more than words can tell and I can earn enough for both."

"Not now," she responded, gently, "I can't come to you with nothing; wait till I have at least earned some clothes: I don't want to be married in oilskins, Sir. Why, I don't even know your name; would I be called Mrs. Slivers?"

"No, treasure of the sea," laughed Slivers, "You will be called by my own name—"

"That reminds me of the little sack father gave me," interrupted Marian, with a little catch of her voice. "I haven't looked at it yet. Maybe it's the treasure the men were after. Wait till I get back," and she ran to her cabin, while Slivers sent a wireless message to someone in San Francisco. When he returned to the reading room, Marian was waiting impatiently.

"Here it is, Slivers," she said, in great anticipation. "It's all sealed with wax; I waited for you to open it, although I don't believe such a small sack could hold much treasure. Poor Father," she sighed.

"Open it, Marian," suggested Slivers. "I'm just as curious to see this treasure as you are."

Marian cut the cord which secured the top of the little sack, and peeped inside; her eyes grew round, and her lips puckered with amazement. Slivers took her in his arms and kissed away the pout, while the sack fell neglected to the table, until both turned to inspect its contents, which lay scattered about the table in shimmering beauty.

"Pearls," ejaculated Slivers, in astonishment, as they stared at the double handful which the sack contained. "And these are worth a fortune; some of them equal anything I have—I have ever seen."

Marian clapped her hands gleefully. "Now we can have all we want, and

you'll never have to go to sea again, nor scour white paint with sojee-mojee," she exclaimed joyfully.

Slivers watched her affectionately until she ceased and glanced at him archly. "What is it?" she asked, softly, "Don't you love me any more?"

"Certainly I do," he responded soberly, "But what about you? You are rich, now, for these pearls are worth at least two hundred thousand dollars; would you want to share that with a sojee-mojee sailorman?"

"Darn the pearls," exclaimed Marian, tearfully, "I don't want them if they stand between us; I want you. Slivers, my Sojee-Mojee man, and—and—" sobs choked her voice.

Slivers gathered her into his arms, swept up the pearls and replaced them in the sack.

"There will be no need of either, murmur of my heart," he laughed, "I'll have them made into a necklace for you."

Marian looked at him, aghast.

"You poor boy," she soothed, "Don't you feel well?"

"I am better now than I have ever been; I was useless that night I was shanghaied aboard the Challenger; now I have your love, and I'm the happiest man in existence."

* * *

As Slivers descended the gangplank with Marian in San Francisco, they were met by an agitated elderly gentleman, flanked by two men in uniform, who gravely saluted the smiling Slivers.

"I received your wireless, Mr. Norris," exclaimed the elderly gentleman. "And you must come with me immediately, for they're raiding your stocks heavily this morning."

Marian pulled back on Slivers arm.

"Are they policemen?" she whispered. "I don't care what you've done I won't let them take you. Give them the pearls and perhaps they'll let you go."

"This is my attorney, Mr. Bethell," explained Slivers, smiling at her. "And these are my own men. Bethel this is my fiancee, Miss Marian Gould; I want you to take her to your house and have Mrs. Bethell look after her a few days until the wedding."

"I don't want to leave you, Slivers," protested Marian. "I don't like his looks."

"I am absolutely harmless, Miss Marian," said Bethell, laughing heartily, "But why wait; why not go over to Judge Clarks and have the wedding today?"

Marian smiled sweetly and held out her hand.

"That's a wonderful idea, Mr. Bethell
(Continued on Page 43)

(Continued from Page 31)

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

feet. They were facing each other. Together they raised their weapons and with their free hands turned the shots aside. Thus they stood each striving to force his weapon against the other, and hold the other's off. Gentleman Hal's brows were straightened across his forehead. He smiled but it was a smile fearful in its intent. The blood from his scalp wound streamed down his face. Big John raised his chin from Hal's shoulder, and holding him off at arm's length, leered into his face. Hal felt the pistol being crushed from his grasp. His elbow was slowly bending, while Big John's gun was moving in towards his heart. Neither of them heard a horse thunder across the bridge; neither of them saw it plough the dust with iron shod hoofs as it fell back on its haunches; neither of them heard the cry of the Wild Rose as she slipped to the ground and rushed towards them.

Hal let his pistol fall. Big John released his hold and in that instant Hal—still holding the half-breed's pistol wrist—suddenly turned, shoved his back against the Indian's chest, threw his right arm over the Indian's shoulder and around his neck, bent forward with a jerk and gave him the wrestler's cross-hip throw. Big John turned a somersault over Hal's shoulder and landed on his back. Before he could rise Hal had his gun.

"Get up!" he said. Big John got slowly to his feet.

"Up with your hands!" Up went Big John's hands.

"Better not move from there!"—

Hal backed over to his horse and secured the halter rope with which to bind his captive.

"Never mind the rope," said the Wild Rose, who had stopped, spell bound, "He'll not run away!"

Hal dropped the rope, picked it up and let it fall again. The Wild Rose was looking at him with an expression he had never seen in her face before. She placed her hand on his arm.

"You are hurt!" she cried.

"Just a scalp scratch," he said, adjusting the kerchief at his throat. "The Indian shot from ambush. Luckily my horse shied at a rattlesnake at the moment. There's its tracks where it crawled away after I fell."

"John!" she said, turning to the half-breed, "You didn't fight fair!"

"Maybe so him kill me, I kill him first," said Big John.

"There won't be any killing now. Go and bring some water."

"Just a minute!" cried Hal. "He'll get away! He's a dangerous man! Why

—Miss O'Connor!—he's a menace to you!"

"I feel perfectly safe with John," she said. "He is...."

"Same father, mother not the same. My mother is squaw," said Big John.

"Now you know the skeleton in the O'Connor closet," cried the Wild Rose.

Hal was astonished. "But—what—was—the skeleton doing in your orchard last night?" he asked.

"Were you at the hacienda last night?" she demanded, turning on Big John.

"Marshal say much whiskey buried at big pine tree," said the half-breed. "Me take horse, bring um whiskey Good Water Grove for Marshal, keep much whiskey for Big John."

"I'm beginning to see through the marshal's plan," said Hal. "He lied when he said Big John had gone crazy in the blood. The whiskey had long been planted there to bait the Indian for just such a scheme. As soon as he sent me after Big John, he sent Big John for the whiskey."

"Marshal heap big liar," said the half-breed. "Last night he say Gentleman Hal after Big John to kill. He tell Big John to hide in brush up there to kill Gentleman Hal."

Hal's face became stern. "I'm going to get him," he cried, striding towards his horse. "He tried to shoot me last night when he thought I had killed Big John."

"Wait!" said the Wild Rose. "The men will be here soon."

Hal paused. "You can get the water," he said to Big John.

The Wild Rose picked up his hat, placed it on his head and flushed, dropping her eyes from his.

"You must be exhausted," she said. "Come! sit on this stone over here."

She took his hand, led him to the side of the road and forced him down on the rock in the shadow of the bluff.

V.

Big John came back with his hat full of water. The Wild Rose dipped a dainty handkerchief into it and cleansed the furrow on Hal's scalp. He looked up at her while she wiped the dust from his face.

"If the marshal should see me now!" he laughed.

"Well! What if he should?" she demanded.

"Naturally he would be upset, wouldn't he?"

"I don't see why!" she said, a dangerous flash in her eyes.

Hal was wisely silent.

"You are so provoking!" she said. "I'd leave you if you were not hurt!"

Hal grinned happily.

"You've been so stupid about that

atrocious and abominable coward," she continued. "How could you think such a thing? It was so insulting!"

"A jealous man is likely to think anything, Wild Rose."

"Were you jealous?" she asked breathlessly.

"I must admit that I was," answered Hal.

"That's what I wanted you to be!" cried the Wild Rose triumphantly.

"Leonora!—a jealous man—is a dangerous proposition! Why—did you do it?"

"Because—because of that girl in Boston!"

"Did the marshal tell you that?"

"Yes—and I believed him, because—you know—a girl is apt to believe anything—like that."

"There was—a girl, Leonora. She married—after I came out here."

(The Wild Rose's face was wreathed in smiles).

"I'm going to give up this life, Wild Rose. I have some rich claims which I shall develop, and then—"

He stood up and looked daringly into her eyes.

"And then—" she echoed.

"And then I am—"

"We—we—we'd better—ride on—to—to—the shade of the trees," stammered the Wild Rose. "You can rest there while we wait for Mr. Martin and the men."

"And then—" he persisted, when Big John had gone to find the horses.

"We're nearer Heaven than home," she parried. "We can talk about it there."

Big John returned from the thicket with his horse. They mounted and rode to the shade of an oak tree leaning across the road.

"We'll rest here," said Hal, "until the boys from Good Water Grove arrive. I expect them any minute. Here they come now."

VI.

It was the marshal's posse that galloped up. He stared in amazement at the amicable group seated under the tree, but collected his wits. "I see yuh got 'im alive," he said unconscious of his tone of disappointment.

"We're both alive!" said Hal, looking significantly into the eyes of the marshal.

"I'll put the bracelets on him," said the marshal.

"You'd better not!" said Hal, who had caught the sound of approaching horsemen.

"Hurray for Gentleman Hal, he's got his man!" shouted Fat Martin in his clear falsetto from a cloud of dust that enveloped twenty horsemen.

"Did you bring the judge, Mr. Mar-

(Continued on Page 47)



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BOOKS and WRITERS



A HARVARD STUDY

Dr. Snyder's "Celtic Revival in English Literature."

THE Harvard University Press is bringing out some of the most attractive and well written books in this country. We are surprised that they do not more often appear in our bookstores.

The book in hand, only 208 pages, belongs in a series of Eighteenth Century studies by Professors at Harvard and elsewhere. One of the best was Dr. Thaler's "Shakespeare to Sheridan."

The period somewhat arbitrarily chosen by our author, Dr. Edward D. Snyder, covers the forty years 1760-1800. This enables him to bring out much hitherto unpublished material about such men as Thomas Gray, James Macpherson of Ossian fame, Lewis Morris, Evan Evans, A. E. Mason who was Gray's biographer and many others who contributed to this new and powerful movement in literature.

Our readers can easily perceive the importance of such a study of the complex beginning of romanticism and of all which has given us in the last fifty years such plays, poems, stories and revivals of half-forgotten folk-lore of Wales, Ireland and Scotland as we find in the writings of Synge, Fiona Mac Leod, Lady Gregory, William Butler Yeats and others.

This Celtic revival resulted from an awakened spirit of revolt against out-worn classical forms to which was added a love for the strange and mysterious. The first of the pioneers was Lewis Morris, an obscure genius (1702-1765) whose Welsh name was Llewelyn Ddu. His forty years of intense application to antiquarian research into what he calls "the Ancient Celtic Empire" and its forgotten literature, make him the most remarkable character in the book. Of the other four pioneers in the field, Evan Evans served as a medium to transmit Morris's knowledge of Celtic lore; Thomas Gray dominated the movement by his poetical genius and his scholarship; Mason showed the possibility of using this material in dramatic poetry;

and James Macpherson, whose *Ossian* was the most influential production of the revival, aroused the bitterest literary controversy of the century.

It is worth one's time to read again Thomas Gray's classic poem, "The Bard," which is illustrated in the frontispiece to this volume, and begins: "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! (Edward 1st). Other famous poems of Gray are "The Death of Hail," "Conan," and "The Triumph of Owen," who is called "the Dragon Son of Mona."

It may be said that very little about ancient Erin appears in this book. But it is easy for readers to look up Lady Augusta Gregory's magnificent prose poem "Cuchulain of Muirtheime," the Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster, published in 1900. Of abiding interest also are the books of Standish O'Grady and of Seumas MacManus. Every holiday season these old Irish folklore stories are brought out in new editions.

—Charles H. Shinn.

IN THE LAND OF COTTON

Each land has its own crops, its own climate, its own happiness, its own distresses, its own problems and Texas is no exception to this. In a novel that for vividness of description of detail recalls strongly Frank Norris's "Octopus" with its wheat-raising, Dorothy Scarborough, a loving daughter of Texas, has truthfully and without fear or favor, told the fascinating story of the ups and downs, the rewards and penalties of cotton growing. It is a graphic story, well worth telling and well told, which will illuminate all who read it as to what cotton-growing means. "In the Land of Cotton," by Dorothy Scarborough, \$2.00. The MacMillan Company, New York.

OUR VANISHING FORESTS

Few men know better than Arthur Newton Pack how rapidly our forestry resources are being destroyed. It matters not—were it true which it isn't—that every stick of timber cut was fully used for beneficial purposes. The fact remains that in a comparatively short

space of time there will be no timber left in America to cut. We may well study the problem. In these pages, Mr. Pack tells us where and how our lumber is going, for what it is being used, and the demands that are growing upon our forests. He suggests practical and tried plans for a greater conservation of our forests, and is especially strong on reflecting. He shows conclusively that nothing less than a full program of replanting for nation, State, county and city will save us from speedy disaster, and his words of warning cannot be taken too earnestly, seriously and promptly. "Our Vanishing Forests," by Arthur Newton Pack, \$2.00. The MacMillan Co.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST

Written with a delicate, pathetic, poetic simplicity that yet wins its way in every page is the record of a young, educated, high-born Italian, who, after living the joyous and thoughtless life of his youth in his own sunny Piedmont, comes to New Jersey to make his way as a business man in America. Every chapter has its own charm, and every experience its own peculiar interest. It is a book that will help give to stolid and unemotional Americans, some idea of the mentality of some of the people who emigrate to this country, and ultimately become of ourselves. "The Unbidden Guest," by Silvio Villa, \$2.00. The MacMillan Company, New York.

—George Wharton James.

IF TODAY BE SWEET

When a writer with broad vision and a sympathetic understanding reviews a problem of our civilization, we are interested. When that problem is presented to us in terms of human beings; when its intricacies become the interweaving of the lives of living men and women, themselves the personification of universal qualities, the most apathetic must be roused to comprehension.

Mrs. Aiken has a distinct talent for thus dressing a problem in attractive garb, taking unaware the indifferent and in spite of themselves capturing their regard.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 4)

down the west coast of North America. Until 1840, two of her colonies remained on what is now California soil. The breathing spell following 1815 gave us a chance to renew our strength, but it also aided the autocrats who had overthrown the arch-autocrat of France. By the summer of 1823 the members of the Quadruple Alliance were busily stamping out democracy in Europe, and their designs on South America's hectic republics were well known at Washington.

At a glance, here was our situation; fettered by the old "either England or France" traditions, troubled by Russia, menaced by an armed movement to suppress democracy in the western countries at our very doors. We were in a bad hole; something had to get us out.

The Monroe Doctrine did the work. The shrewd secret back of its success was the fact that it was a purely domestic document. Monroe—or Adams or Calhoun, or whoever was the author of certain paragraphs—did not by a diplomat's communication rashly defy Russia to extend its colonies or prohibit Austria from crushing Buenos Aires; he blandly informed his own Congress that we had decided on a certain policy. In the face of the established niceties of diplomatic etiquette, how could a red-faced European minister rush to the State

Department with a bit of domestic talk he had happened to overhear?

Another neat bit of strategy was that Mr. Monroe uttered, in the main, principles highly approved by Great Britain. Given free ports in South America, England was sure of gaining most of Latin America's trade. We could count on the greatest navy in the world backing up what an American president had announced as the United States' policy.

Few people realized, in 1823, what a gem serene had been plucked from the heated cabinet meetings of November of that year. As time passed, harassed American secretaries of state found the Doctrine to be a bulwark of surprising strength and elasticity. Polk's inflexible expansionist ideas, Seward's dislodgement program toward Austria and France in Mexico, Olney's restatements for Cleveland, and Roosevelt's astounding recognition of the republic of Panama—all these found in Monroe's vial plenty of oil to pour on troubled waters. Naturally all these incidents have served to warp the Monroe Doctrine in certain minds.

In Article 21 of the Covenant for the League of Nations, we read: "Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."



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The recent address of Mr. Hughes stresses the Doctrine's present effectiveness. "It still remains an assertion of the principle of national security," said Mr. Hughes. "And as the policy embodied in the Monroe Doctrine is distinctly the policy of the United States, the government of the United States reserves to itself its definition, interpretation, and application." Nothing could be more clear and sound; but it has been noticed that the Doctrine, like the chameleon, can change its color, depending on the man or administration who handles it.

The Doctrine in its two main principles is as plain as the English language can make it. Common sense would suggest that, if some problem outside the Monroe Doctrine pops up, this problem be given the consideration it deserves, but that the name "Monroe Doctrine" be applied only when the facts will fit the molds created by the original author.

The approach of its one hundredth birthday furnishes an excellent time to scrape off the veneers and get back to first principles. The Monroe Doctrine is not ready for scrapping, but it should be freed from all unnecessary ballast.

Mr. William Pridham, of Alameda, one of the last of the original old pony express riders passed away recently. Pridham knew intimately William F. Cody and Kit Carson.

George Wharton James

Poet, Scientist, Philosopher

We have just received before going to press, announcement of the passing of Dr. George Wharton James. This announcement will be received with sadness and regret by thousands of people throughout the United States. Readers of the Overland Monthly and of the Out West Magazine especially will be sorry to know of the death of Dr. James. He had been for some days before his death resting in a sanitarium at St. Helena, his illness being of short duration only. Just previous to being taken sick he was lecturing in the vicinity of the Bay region and only a few days ago visited the office of the Overland for a friendly chat and to confer with the staff regarding certain articles he had in preparation for publication in our columns.



Dr. James was one of the best known writers and lecturers in the country. For years his home had been in Pasadena but he traveled extensively and in a sense was at home in every state in the union. No writer or explorer knew as well as he the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the Cliff Dwellings, the Painted Desert region and the land of the Pueblo Indians. His geological, ethnological and archaeological researches in California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico are considered most authentic by all scientists.

As a writer of books, Dr. James has many volumes to his credit. Among the best known are the Missions and Mission Indians of California, Picturesque Southern California, In and Around the Grand Canyon, Indian Basketry, How to Make Indian and other Baskets, the Indians of the Painted Desert Region, In and Out of the Old Missions, The Wonders of the Colorado Desert, Through Ramona's Country, Little Journeys to Strange Places and People, California Romantic and Beautiful, The Land of the Sky, Lake Tahoe, Our American Wonderlands, Reclaiming the Arid West, and many other publications

of like character. In addition Dr. James' literary publications include such books as Tourist Guide to Southern California, The Lick Observatory, Nature Sermons, Scenic Mount Lowe, Exposition Memories, House Blessing and Guest Book, Delight and Power in Speech, Singing Through Life with God, etc., etc.

Dr. James had during his lifetime many important literary connections. He had been Associate Editor of The Craftsman, Editor of the Out West Magazine before its consolidation with the Overland, literary editor of the Oakland Tribune. He contributed to many literary and scientific magazines, lectured on literary, scientific and historical subjects and was much in demand as a platform speaker. Always Dr. James had been intensely interested in the problems of the American Indian and did much in the interest of the Red Man, even up to the day of his death.

Months before the Overland Monthly began issuing in its present new form, Dr. James was taken into consultation on plans for developing a great western magazine that should give proper emphasis, not alone to the literature of the West, but should feature as well the industrial development of the country, the commercial growth, the scenic beauties and all the rest. In our first issue after the new plans were consummated, Dr. James wrote an article on the founding of the Overland Monthly and the history of the Out West Magazine. He has been a contributor to the Overland magazine for many years and knew intimately all of those who are still living who at any time had been connected with the magazine. In the July number he contributed an article on "Ednah Aiken" and in August began a series of articles under title "Early Days and Writers of the Overland," his August article being on "Ninetta Eames." In October, Dr. James' splendid story on "Clarence King" has attracted comment from many parts of the United States.

At the time of his death Dr. James was at work upon a number of articles to have appeared in this magazine, including studies of John Muir, Edwin Markham, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Gertrude Atherton, Peter B. Kyne, Wallace Irwin, who at one time was editor of the Overland Monthly, Ina Coolbrith, Stewart Edward White, Ambrose Bierce and others. His death will be felt as a great loss to us. Hardly an issue of the magazine comes from the press without a series of splendid reviews of recent books by Dr. James. Such reviews will be found in this issue on Page 37.

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IDEAL INDUSTRIAL SITES

(Continued From Page 8)

"Andy's mud-plastered clothes hung from his frame in rags and tatters. A bloody bandage encircled his hatless head, his face was spattered with dried mud and streaked with clotted blood. Crowell's smile faded as he detected a ghastly pallor beneath that facial coating.

"Boy, I'll bet you've got a tale to tell that'll stand a man's hair on end!"

Andy smiled wearily. "Say, Grant, I won both them bets, didn't I?"

"You sure did, Andy! We'll go to town tomorrow and I'll settle up!"

Darrel called his name and Crowell turned away. The marshall, who had been inspecting the contents of the open safe, looked up.

"This here bullion, Grant—what do you—" he broke off, his eyes widening as he stared past Crowell. The latter whirled in time to see Andy, groping blindly for a support which did not exist, crumple limply to the floor.

"I told him so!" growled the marshal as they knelt beside the unconscious man. I seen he was all in, an' I ordered him to go up to old Doc Wilkin's an' get fixed up—but nothin' doin'! Grant, besides a groove in his scalp, he's got a hole through him you could poke a broom handle through. Look!" The marshal lifted a blood-soaked tatter of the foreman's shirt. "That's where it come out. hore like hell, didn't it!"

"God! Jack, that hole's through a lung—or mighty close to it! The sooner we get him to the doctor the better!" Crowell turned to the anxious faces in the doorway. "Some of you boys rig up a sled from a pair of skis!" he ordered. "And get a tarp, some rope and blankets—there'll be plenty in the bunkhouse, wherever that is." A dozen men sprang away, eager to be of service, and sounds of sawing and hammering quickly arose.

"He's had a tough time, Grant," the marshal informed Crowell. "He told me a little about it, comin' up from town. Those devils trailed him plumb down into your camp! Your men nabbed the pair after they'd shot at him alongside your office. They came near gettin' him up in the old workin's. You see, he couldn't travel them old holes in the dark, an' his light made him a fine target. Climbin' down them long ladders, with nothin' but death below if he dropped, he put out his light an' went down by feel. Then they tried their damnedest to get him by droppin' big rocks! The boy's been through hell, you bet!"

Slumped in his chair, silent and gray of face, Austin listened to this recital of his hirelings' doings, his eyes shifting uneasily from the still form on the floor to the hard, hostile faces glaring at him

through the doorway. Divining his thoughts, Darrel flung him a baleful glance.

"You'd better be shakin' in your boots!" he blazed. "Austin, if Andy's done for, all the deputies I could swear in couldn't keep you from swingin' before mornin'! Wait 'til you see Hecla, man—that town's boilin' tonight, I'm tellin' you! Maybe it'll tickle you to know I've already got eight of your twelve ore-stealin' gun-fighters locked up in jail down there—an' every one of them clamorin' to turn State's evidence! An' here some more sweet news for you—there's a Federal agent arrivin' on tomorrow's sleigh from Thorne with a warrant for one J. B. Austin! You see, Uncle Sam's sort of riled at the way you've been usin' his mails to defraud in them stock-swindlin' deals of yours. Austin, you've sure run to the end of your rope in this camp!"

Crowell had scarcely heard the marshal's tirade. Anxiously feeling for the beat of his comrade's heart, a sickening dread filled him when his bungling fingers failed to detect the slightest throb. In a surprisingly short time a rude sled, cushioned with canvas and blankets, was brought to the door.

"Easy with him, boys!" Crowell warned, as with nervous haste he slipped his arm beneath the limp form.

"Grant, what about this here gold?" Darrel inquired for the second time.

"To hell with the gold! Hand me another piece of rope, somebody, and we'll lash these blankets down. That's the ticket!"

"I reckon I'll put a strong guard over it," decided the marshal.

"Throw it over the dump if you like! wait, boys, this contraption's got to have a hold-back rope at the hind end! That piece'll do! Now we'll pack the whole thing out to the snow where she'll slide. All ready!" A dozen huskies sprang to help. Darrel followed with his prisoner, a sullen, dangerous crowd trailing behind.

Two hours later, bathed and bandaged, Andy lay quietly between the clean sheets of Doc Wilkin's little one-room, one-bed hospital. Crowell, cheered by the doctor's verdict, sat beside him.

"Nothing serious—n i c k e d lung, scratch on scalp, over exhaustion, loss of blood—nothing to worry about," the camp doctor had briefly diagnosed the case. "He'll be up and around in two weeks, full of the devil as ever!"

It was almost midnight when the wounded man opened his eyes for the first time and smiled wanly up into Crowell's tired, anxious face.

"Grant," he w h i s p e r e d faintly. "There's a-goin' to be two suns rise the day I go spook-huntin' again without my gun!"

POETS AND THINGS

Impertinent Comment on Contemporary Publications by the Poetry Editor.

Imagery run riot. Imagery without rhyme or reason. That seems to be the predominating note of the contemporary poets as expressed in the pages of the poetry periodicals of the month. The more far-fetched the imagery, the greater the poet, with slight regard to what is said or implied.

And how seriously they take themselves, the majority of these poets. A moment's mood is sufficient excuse for verse after verse, and all in the full confidence that everyone is interested. Somehow the Poetry Editor isn't. When a sweet young thing declaims to the extent of lines and lines that daffodils drive her mad, the Poetry Editor inclines toward madness himself. It seems so futile. Why doesn't she leave the bloomin' things alone, and take up with buttercups or sun flowers or chrysanthemums?

In all the November periodicals that have come to his desk, the Poetry Editor finds scarce half a dozen POEMS. Plenty of verse, and some of it very good; but for the most part it is light stuff that sings itself away on the wind and is gone with its singing. And of the half dozen two at least are credited to that contemporary poet of hundreds of years ago—Patience Worth.

* * *

In the Step Ladder, official publication of The Order of Bookfellows, is given a new group of poems by this entity who gives her literary productions from the farther side of the veil. They come spontaneously through Mrs. John H. Curran as the channel. "In simplest fashion, with no trappings but normal repose, she speaks the words and rhythms with a fluency that taxes shorthand. Many of the poems presented this month we heard uttered in instantaneous response to suggested subjects."

The diction bears the mark of antiquity, though it would be impossible to locate the entity known as Patience Worth as of any definite period. The subject matter indicates wide knowledge of lands and peoples. It is full of quaint philosophy. It has imagery which is vivid, delightful and sound. Witness her "My Bird of Hope."

Behold the wicker! I have hung it
At the gateway of my heart.
Yea, I have spread sweet grain
And made soft sounds.
Oh, you bird of hope, come hither!

And the Poetry Editor would place her "The Fourth Dimension" as definitely the best poem of the month. You'll find it well worth your while to buy a copy of the November "Step Ladder," and read this for yourself.

"Palms" comes to us from Mexico, a new publication—the current number is the fourth of volume one—but one which is making earnest effort to bring contemporary verse to a higher standard. Somewhat of an innovation is the anonymous printing of the poems, the names of the writers appearing in the following number of the magazine. It occurs to the Poetry Editor that it would be somewhat more to the point if the manuscripts could be considered anonymously by the editors. Possibly a few of our much touted poets would find themselves very quickly in the discard. Editors—it is a shame to be forced to admit it!—are not infrequently swayed by expediency in their selection of material.

But to return to "Palms." There seems little of distinction, in spite of much verse which would be passed as good. "Pizzicato," perhaps, comes nearer attaining the mark than others. It is a delightful bit of fantasy, whimsical and yet with underlying seriousness.

* * * *

In spite of not a few very well known names, "The Lyric West" for November holds but little of real note. San Francisco's artist-poet, Anne Bremer, has a distinctive bit, however, in her "Still Life;" and Laura Belle Everett approaches poetry in her "The Man of One Poem."

* * * *

The November "Wanderer" is not yet at hand, but the Poetry Editor is hoping he may find it a more colorful number than the last. That was very much like a "pleasant" day, with not sufficient of contrast, of light and shade, to make it memorable. However much we may object to verse such as that put forth in "Four" for instance which deals with the darker currents of life; it must be admitted that poets of the caliber of H. Thompson Rich, W. H. Lench and David Grokowsky do bring in a richer, fuller chord in their singing. They are stirring up the depths, where the ephemeral singing of the greater number scarce ruffles the surface. And possibly they are to be forgiven if they occasionally stir too deep and bring up a modicum of mud.

* * * *

"The Lariat" comes with its usual mixture of good and—well, let's say mediocre—verse. Verne Bright has a delightfully singing melody in "The Voice," somewhat marred by the triteness of its closing. To Nannae Neal Springer (Jo Hartman) must be given the laurel, however, for her "Contrast." This is one of those brief things of etching-like quality which have real poetic value.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 41)

Herbert Bashford's "Yosemite" has just come to the Poetry Editor in brochure form. It is a poem which deserves for its inherent beauty wider distribution than it is apt to have. Bashford is an infrequent singer these days, his time being given over to other pursuits than poetry, but when he does give forth a melody there is surely that it is time to stop and listen.

In his final lines Bashford is at his best:

"One little valley lake, enraptured holds
Unworned all its weight of stars!
There is poetry."

* * *

Apologies are due H. F. Ruthrauff for the mishandling of his two poems "The Midwatch," and "Low Tide," in the October Overland. These two vivid pictures should have been given as a group under the title, "Old San Francisco Waterfront." But they have had so much of favorable comment, even though so widely separated, that perhaps Mr. Ruthrauff will forgive us.

Compositors have strange lapses at times. The one who set up the November title page evidently was impressed by Jay Sigmund's "Pearl Fisher," for he made "Pearl Barker Hart" read "Pearl Fisher Hart,"—and the proofreader passed it by! That wasn't half so bad, however, as the error the proofreader caught. Blanden's poem, "When Dark Days Come," was titled by this erratic compositor, "When Wash Days Come." The Poetry Editor is wondering if this compositor does the family washing on his days at home.

But taking it altogether that November number seems to have been well liked. Annice Calland's "Desert Rat" has had, perhaps, the greatest commendation among the poems, though several others closely follow.

(Continued from Page 37)

"If Today Be Sweet" is a good story. A man, a wine-maker, not believing in prohibition, stands firmly on the ground that since the measure has become a law the people must abide by it. The plot is concerned with the machinations of those who profited by the saloon element to revenge themselves upon him for his honorable stand. The love story though sweet is pale compared to the richness of Roedel's story. How the secret still, jealousy, murder figure in the plot, what part Madaleno, Sanchez, Winternute play in the tale must be left to the reader to find. Having begun the book he will not leave it until he has done so.

But this is not only a good story. One doesn't read far before realizing that Holt is not only an ambitious crook will-

ing to be a tool of a more venomous man to further his own ends. He is self-interested of all the world. His plot to undermine the reputation of that splendid citizen George Roedel becomes the destructive evil of self-interest. Madalena, drawn with such sweetness and sympathy, the little trouble maker, one of the thwarted ones of the world, is Youth blindly seeking joy. She runs through the title like an insistent theme in a symphony, a bright figure, but so pathetic, so undirected. One feels happy with her and heartbroken for her almost in the same instant. Elizabeth, Hamilton, Richard, the little mother and the several other well defined characters not only play a drama for our entertainment; they are Citizenship, Independence, Rebellious youth, Weakness dwelling under government. Acting and reacting upon one another, interweaving and so modifying each other that a new vision of Democracy evolves before our eyes and we close the book with an increased faith in and love for the human family.

Incidentally one of the most quotable passages (and there are many) is found on the jacket. "The test of a man's citizenship is what he does with a law he doesn't like!" That note is sounded in many ways throughout the book. The pros and cons of the eighteenth amendment are incidental to that theme, but they are given ably, justly and with discrimination.

Mrs. Aiken knows her politics and she knows her people. Her great heart uses the two to make a great book.

—Emily B. Sheafe.

TRAMP DAYS

An announcement of interest is that of the publication of a new novel by the California author, Jim Tully, which will be brought out by a California publisher in January.

"Tramp Days" is the title of the new Tully book and like Emmett Lawler, which accorded the author a place among the leading creators of a real American literature the book is colored of the writer's own experiences in vagabondia. With the true instinct of the literary artist Tully has spent several years on his second book and readers and critics are awaiting it with keen interest.

Like Jack London, Tully goes beneath the surface of things and digs deep into life. He is fearless, one might almost call him brutal, but always there is beauty about his work. His recent work in the magazines indicates the rare mastery of English this gifted writer is acquiring.

Rupert Hughes has called Tully "The American Gorky". Surely, America needs a Gorky.

(Continued from Page 34)

"ell," she exclaimed. "You and I will get along famously, I'm sure."

When Slivers, assenting eagerly, had gone to phone the Judge, Marian pressed the sack of pearls into Bethell's hand, and whispered:

"Poor Slivers hasn't been well since he nearly died of thirst; he thinks he's rich. I want you to sell these pearls and give him the money, so he won't realize he is only a poor sailor when his head is well again."

Bethell returned the sack to her with a smile.

"I don't doubt that Slivers, as you call him, is a poor sailor, for the only sailing he ever did was on his own steam yacht Rhada. Mr. Wallace Norris is one of the wealthiest young men in the State, and doubtless he will have these pearls made into a little keepsake for you rather than allow you to sell them. He's a fortunate young man, a very fortunate young man." And Bethell beamed on her with admiration in his eyes, as Marian stood in a daze; she could not think coherently.

When Slivers returned she reproached him gently.

"You might have told me," she pouted.

"Does it make any difference?" asked Slivers, anxiously.

"N-no; not if you really and truly love me," admitted Marian.

"I do, I do, more and more every minute, and always will," promised Slivers, fervently.

They were married that afternoon in Judge Clark's office, and Slivers took Marian to live in that house of the cliff. Sometimes we run down to Tongareva on the yacht, lying there beside the second pier. Yes, she's quite a sizeable boat. Me? Oh, I'm Slivers.

LAST OFFICIAL MESSAGE OF GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Under date of November 5, an announcement regarding Indian affairs and signed by George Wharton James, went out from the Indian Board of Co-operation, Inc., San Francisco. This referred to a decision affecting 20,000 Indians of California. This decision refused the petition of two Karok Indians who asked the court to grant an injunction against the Federal Power Commission compelling them to refuse to grant a license to the Electro-Metals Company which permitted the construction of a dam in the Klamath River.

It was held by the Indians that the United States has never yet extinguished the Indian's right of occupancy to the lands affected. The injunction was denied and the Indians given permission to amend their pleadings.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME

If He should come again
As on that Wonder Morning
Far and dim
To dwell with men;
And if it be as then
That scanty room is found
For humble Guest—
Then guide Him to the stable
Of my breast
And lay Him
In the manger of my heart
All meanly swathed,
For I have need of Him.

—John Brayton.

(Continued from Page 21)
thumping against my brand-new ribs.

But my heart was the heart of Hal Hayden, and it beat for Ray Stannard alone. There was no longer any dear charmer but Ray. Had I not given my life for her, in that terrible automobile accident? But—Horrible thought! Was I coming back a tomcat?

"I love you, Ray!" came in a strangely familiar voice. I tried to see her beloved face. "Why haven't they lights here? If I could only see you!"

I struggled and fought toward a dim, dawning light. There was a crash of wood, a shattering of glass, cries. Then down, down! I came to earth.

"Wha—What's the matter?" I cried, struggling up from where I lay on the greensward of Golden Gate Park, in the moonlight. Anne was not there, nor had been—I had been away—to return a man.

"Oh, Hal!" whimpered a dearly loved voice.

Ray had my hand, was kissing it and crying over it. A man who looked as if he might be a doctor rose from his knees, and turning, spoke to a group of men standing near. There was a rank smell of gasoline; the air was heavy with it. The doctor turned back, pushed me flat, and remarked casually.

"Not much amiss—a rib or two, and a wrenched shoulder. You're the only one that was injured. It beats all how everyone escaped being killed. I've sent for the ambulance to take you to the hospital—"

"To my house, Doctor," said Ray.

I swapped hands with Ray; I kissed her cold little fingers.

"We'll stop on the way for a minister," I said, speaking to the doctor. And then, beginning where I had left off, earlier in the evening: "Ray—Miss Stannard—will you—?" I had lost my self-esteem. Reincarnated, I was humbly begging that Ray accept me as a Christmas gift now—and all the years after. "Oh, my darling, will you?"

"I will," Ray responded, firmly.



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"Yes; and I can afford to have golden oak furniture upholstered with green velours for my living room. I am going to have a piano lamp near my reading table. It will be one of those gorgeous Turkish affairs of perforated brass with a deep fringe of gold beads. I will arrange the golden oak library shelves back of the stove, the same as if it were a chimney. A box couch, plenty of cushions, some rockers, and a Morris chair, will make my sitting room very cosy."

"We must find a pretty frieze of roses and butterflies for your bedroom and, of course, your twin beds and other furniture will be in ivory enamel," commented the mother.

"We must not forget the water lily border for the bathroom wall of sea-green—nor the ecru, brown and cobalt blue cretonne to make a lambrequin for the sewing room window. I've calculated that there will be enough paints left from the stairway to finish the sewing room and do the wall of the store-room downstairs. The white enamel odds and ends will finish up the other woodwork. The only excess I'll have will be the floor paints and those will come in handy later," declared Annette as they reached home.

The excitement and work entailed in building and occupying the tank house carried Annette well into the fourth school year. It was near holiday time before she was fully established in her new quarters. Then a new set of troubles began.

Mrs. Burton's set of girls and women called the first Saturday afternoon Annette held an "At Home." Mrs. Hitchcock and her following were conspicuous by absence. All the details of finish and decoration of the house itself were talked over. The price of each piece of furniture carefully estimated, and there were bets as to how soon the mortgage would be foreclosed and the property put up for sale.

Hints and innuendos brought insults and personal annoyance to Annette. Finally the town constable gave her an ivory police whistle, and advised her to make vigorous use of it in case of need. For several evenings afterward he stood around the postoffice window and told the crowd what he had done.

On the Saturday following Annette's first At Home, two young rowdies suddenly appeared at the tank house. After a surly greeting they brushed past Annette, and rushed up the first flight of stairs. Fortunately the wind had blown the sitting room door shut, and it had a spring lock.

"How dare you intrude upon me like this. What do you want?" demanded Annette, shaken with fright and anger.

"You'll soon find out what we want.

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When we get through there won't be much left of this tank house. We're onto your game, and won't stand for it any longer," retorted the bolder of the two, as they started for the balcony. They paid no attention when ordered to leave the premises.

Annette ran into the yard and blew a shrill and continuous blast with the police whistle.

It was not until the intruders heard the motorcycle of the constable that they came pell mell down the stairs. In the

meantime Annette had fastened all of the windows and locked all but the outer door. The constable lost no time in placing both culprits under arrest. Before they could offer resistance he had grabbed each by the arm and was marching them off to be locked up.

Realizing that she would have to appear as a witness, Annette begged the constable to release the accused upon their promise not to repeat the offense.

(Continued in January)

This Interesting World

Sometimes I Am Glad That I Live In It

IT is an interesting world. Let's talk it over. In spite of a tendency to regard the noises of our own time as the first echoes of the clap of doom, a tendency which has been repeated from remote ages, there is likewise a most heartening disposition to sit down together and discuss matters in general and in particular. A free discussion of what ails the world has in itself the seeds of healing, quite apart from the question of any solution.

The times have been out of joint at various stages. Hamlet discovered them so. From the Elizabethan drama and the Spectator down through the New England Lyceum and Chautauqua to the newspaper column, society has been applying osteopathic treatments with more or less success.

Our modern spirit goes still farther. Instead of reading respectfully the comments of the Spectator, over the tea-cups or listening to Jacques' philosophy from across the footlights, everybody takes a hand. Our most conservative magazines welcome the intimate discussion of questions large and small by unknown writers. Where dukes and diplomats have failed to end war, a king's ransom (a small king, of course, and kings are not worth much nowadays, anyway) is offered to the man in the street to devise a bullet-proof plan.

In spite of class and racial antagonisms, in spite of sectional jealousies and clashes of authority, the spirit that increasingly pervades our present time is one of mutual interest and desire to take a hand and help work out the question.

The outposts of the community have been extended. Once, all but the natives of the city or state were Barbarians or Outlanders, and in danger of violence. This spirit lingered in civilized communities long after its outward signs had vanished.

In traveling over the roads of our country, now the traveller sees, "Welcome to our city," upon entering a town and, "Come again," upon leaving it. Of course it is advertising, but it is advertising upon a co-operative basis and with a background of good-will and hospitality.

Like the hand-clasp of the salesman or the *thank you* written on a received bill, it may be good for business, but even more, it is good for friendliness.

man digging a ditch in the street, sometimes, almost the pedestrian, have an Esperanto which all alike use and understand, and so meet and pass without clash or disturbance.

We have Community Chests and Community Drives; one school "adopts" another school to see that every child there has a happy Christmas. When a calamity visits one city every country on the earth's circumference is its neighbor to offer sympathy and assistance. Perhaps these are only extensions of the Christmas spirit around the calendar, but they tend to encourage the custom of talking over our problems instead of fighting over them.

This valuable custom of talking things over has an especial advantage in that it implies at least to some extent, the habit of thinking, and thought upon any subject is worth while, if only as an exercise. The world is full of a number of things, many of them pleasant and most of them interesting, even though the interest may sometimes be painful. An interest in common, though it be only a common thought, helps toward a better understanding.

It has seemed to me that one of the interesting things in this very interesting world and one that will make it increasingly interesting, is this growing spirit of co-operation, and that in the spirit of talking things over we might discuss the matter in these columns.

What instances of co-operation have you noticed; in what direction does the spirit seem to be extending; or in what regard might it profitably be extended? What are the most promising indications?

Of course it is entirely possible that I may be mistaken in this matter; perhaps we are progressing backward. Evidences of this sort would be interesting and—stimulating, perhaps.

IDA CLAIRE

AN OPEN LETTER TO EX-PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE

Dear James:

*They folded it away, declaring it worn out,
And now it's come into its own,
for joy I want to shout.
Though foreign statesmen said,
"Home, James," our flag is
still unfurled,
And your wise doctrines, yours and
his,* is carrying 'round the
world.*

Gratefully yours,

Uncle Sam

*John Quincy Adams L. E.

The commingling of people from different sections and with different customs brings a clearer understanding of one another's problems and leaves less room for prejudices and misunderstandings.

We are tending more and more in many directions, toward the speaking of a common language. The truck driver, the motorist, the traffic cop, even the

This department under the title, "This Interesting World," will be continued from month to month. Contributions intended for this department should be in our hands by the eighth of each month. These articles, essay, observation or critique, should be brief and timely, of approximately three hundred words each.



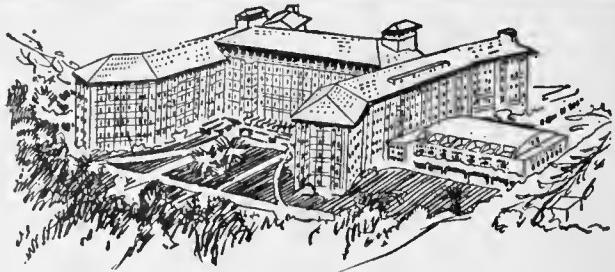
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tin?" asked Hal.

"Of course I did. Here he is." Martin flung loose a coil of rope from the pommel of his saddle. "We knows all about it. The marshal told us but o'course we didn't start sonner than you said as when we was to take the trail. The parson and the county clerk and the coroner is all here too, and lynch my legs if thar ain't the Wild Rose."

He turned to Hal. "The judge never likes to have ladies in the court so yuh better take the Wild Rose up the road a piece."

"Who do you expect to hang, Mr. Martin?"

"That thar half-breed, o'course."

"He's not the man," said Hal.

Fat Martin dropped the rope in astonishment.

"Then what in hell was he doing at the rancho and what did he shoot at yer for?"

"He thought he was shooting in defense of his life. It was a frameup to have us kill each other."

"There's work for the judge here," said Fat Martin, drawing up the rope and looking at the marshal.

"You're lookin' at a man who deserves lynching," said Hal.

"I ain't done nothing," whined the marshal, stricken with fear at the attitude of the men.

"State the facts, Hal," said Martin.

"You have all observed the attitude of this low down piece of humanity towards the Wild Rose. He admits that she is a secondary consideration to her lands and timber and cattle. He has a wife and child back in the states. Big John and I know too much about his past life. We are detrimental to his nefarious schemes, so he set us against each other at the rancho in the hope that we would kill each other, and took a shot at me when he thought I had killed the Indian."

There was an ominous silence, then a sound like the snarl of wolves.

"Give him a scare," whispered Hal to Martin.

"Let the judge get to work, men!" cried Fat Martin.

The men and deputies closed in on the marshal, who yelled with fright as they yanked him from his saddle.

Martin drew a noose round his neck and threw the other end of the rope over a limb of the oak tree.

"Don't let them do it!" cried Leonora, hiding her face in her hands.

"That will do, Mr. Martin," cried Hal. "We don't want such a thing as the lynching of a town official hanging over us. Let it be 'over the hill and down the trail' for him. We'll shoot him out of the county."

"Yer right, Gentleman Hal! as yer

always is!" said Fat Martin, who loosed the noose from the marshal's neck, while the men hustled him into his saddle. They all mounted their horses and surrounded him.

"Marshal," said Fat Martin, "we's goin' ter give yuh a chance fer yer life. Yuli can take fifty yards but we's all good shots. Open up, men. Let him through. Now hit the trail. Skedadle!"

The marshal dug the spurs into his horse and dashed down the road. The men pursued for a hundred yards sending a hail of bullets after him, aimed as near as possible without hitting; and the ceremony of ousting the marshal was accomplished to the thunder of hoofs and rattle of fire arms in an atmosphere of dust and the smell of burnt powder.

"Wal! I reckon we won't see no more of him round these diggins," said Martin when he returned from his sweat-compelling exercise. He was much concerned to see Gentleman Hal sprinkling water from Big John's hat on the face of the minister who had fainted. He looked askance at the county clerk, whereupon that official approached Hal with a documentary looking paper.

"It's yer license," he whispered. "I think the parson will come out all right."

Hal hoped that Leonora had not heard as he hid the paper in his pocket, but a flush that he could not read, mantled her cheek.

"Take me away!" she pleaded.

"Gentlemen," said Hal with much tact, "the Wild Rose and I were discussing some affairs of the rancho when interrupted by the marshal. I beg you will excuse us if we ride up the road away towards Heaven, and bring the discussion to a conclusion. In a quarter of an hour we desire you to follow..."

"Good luck to you, Gentleman Hal," they shouted in unison at a prearranged signal from Fat Martin, as Hal and the Wild Rose disappeared around a bend of the road.

VII.

They all dismounted and lounged under the trees while Fat Martin related tales of Hal's exploits.

"Gentleman Hal," he said, "can plug the bull's eye as squar' as he deals."

"You're a pretty fair shot yourself, Fat," said the coroner.

"O' course!" snorted Martin. "Any fat man with kidney feet has got 'er be!"

At the specified time they prepared to follow Gentleman Hal and the Wild Rose, but found the minister too faint to ride.

"Coroner," said Fat Martin, "it's yer 'ficial duty ter stay with the parson, in case he passes in his chips, yer'll not have far to ride. Big John'll stay with yuh!"

"All right, Fat. Get back as soon as

you can with some kind of conveyance," called the coroner after the receding Martin.

The sun was going down in mellow glory, bathing the pine trees on the ridge in yellow haze, when a turn of the road led the party into view of Heaven. The cross on the little chapel on a hill in the center of the rough mining village, was limned against the golden sky. At the door two horses were standing.

"We've trailed 'em right up to the church," cried Fat Martin, as they clattered up the stony street and dismounting, were met by Gentleman Hal, the Wild Rose, and the minister.

"You're just in time, Fat. I want you for best man, and Cocky Thompson will give the bride away."

RUBBISH

Today
I watched a toothless hag
Groping feverishly
With a hooked iron rod,
In the foul refuse
Of the city's dump.

Her frayed garments
And her sallow countenance
Harmonized weirdly
With her surroundings . . .
As the color of a worm
Matches old wood.

Her shriveled lips
Bore a cynical sneer,
Like the grin
Of a dying corpse.

And constantly she muttered,
As she jabbed this way and that,
"Why is it . . .
Men always cast aside
That of which they tire? . . .
While women hide it
To cry over? . . .

Jay G. Sigmund, in "Pinions"

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(Continued from Page 1)

usually in short stories. You may not like her poem in this issue, but you will remember it. Mrs. Chase is likewise a Californian, with residence in Los Angeles.

MARIE DRENNAN is Assistant Professor of English at Ohio Wesleyan University, of Delaware, Ohio; a short story writer—she was a prize-winner in the Scripps-McRae All-Ohio contest last year—and a playwright. She won, in 1921, the Van de Water prize for poetry at Ohio State University. After reading her "Rondel" in this issue you will wish to see more of her verse.

WINIFRED GRAY STEWART has made her home in Monrovia, California, although she is a native of Massachusetts. Her poems have found place in McClures, the Lyric West, and The Wanderer. Since Mrs. Stewart is only twenty-one she should—with the splendid promise of her verse—make for herself secure place among the California poets.

GLADYS WILMOT GRAHAM has appeared in "Poetry; A Magazine of Verse," the Lyric West, The Wanderer, and many another publication. She is a resident of San Francisco and is at present directing the destinies—as its president—of the California Poetry Club.

ARTHUR W. BEER gives his address as Washington, D. C. Aside from that Overland has no information.

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"heart." You observed that he instantly recognized me, in spite of all that happened to him at our hands.... However we have not yet finished. He must be accompanied to the end of the road, lest, by chance, some evil befall him...." he added with charming ingenuousness.

And, at a distance, they escorted the professor to the nearest cab station.

BRET HARTE DAY

The opening meeting of the San Francisco branch, League of American Penwomen, at the Fairmont Hotel October 27, was a decided success. Mrs. George McGowan was in charge of program with the new president, Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn presiding. Tables were set for some two hundred members and guests. There were responses by a considerable number of prominent members in the form of quotations from Bret Harte's works. A monologue was given with Josephine Wilson symbolizing Minerva, and Mrs. Minna McGauley as reader. Songs of long ago were rendered by Miss Leigh O'Sullivan, with Miss Marie Dillon, harpist. A Poppy dance directed by Miss Lenore Peters, attended by fairy maidens and harp accompaniment was especially attractive. Mr. Winifred Scott spoke on The Great Outdoors and Art Inspiration, and Arthur H. Chamberlain on the Romance and Literature of the Bret Hart Country. The souvenir programs were complimentary from the Overland Monthly.



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